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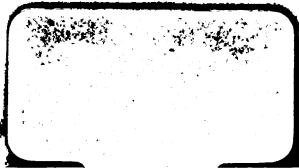
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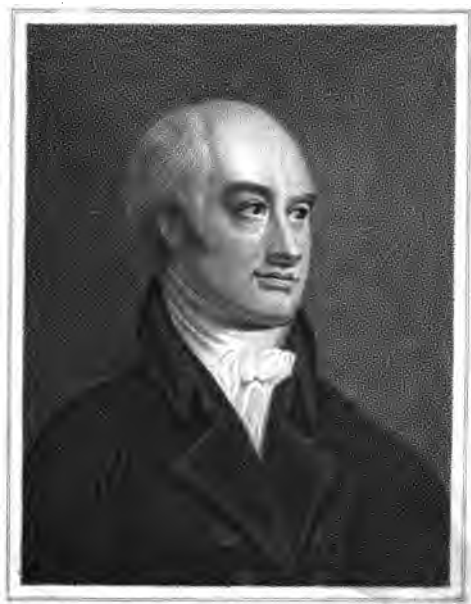
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RT HON. G. CANNING M. P.

Published by J. Limbird, 143 Strand.

INSTRUCTION:

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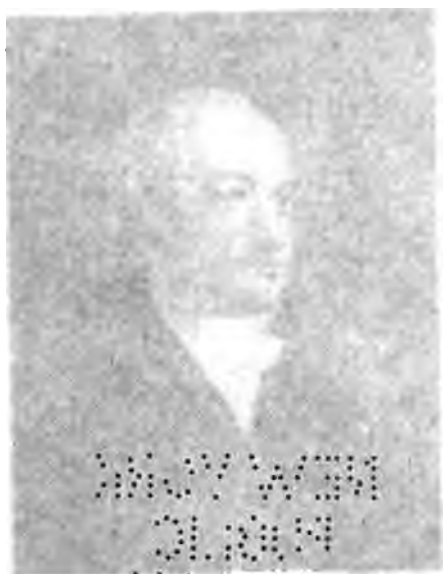
SELECT FACTS

AND THE RESULTS

OF THE

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY J. LIMBIRD, 143, STRAND,
(Near Somerset House.)

1824.



ИВАН
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THE
Mirror
OF
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT,
AND
INSTRUCTION:

CONTAINING

ORIGINAL ESSAYS;

HISTORICAL NARRATIVES; BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS; SKETCHES OF
SOCIETY; TOPOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTIONS; NOVELS
AND TALES; ANECDOTES;

SELECT EXTRACTS

FROM

NEW AND EXPENSIVE WORKS;
POETRY, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED;

The Spirit of the Public Journals;
DISCOVERIES IN THE ARTS AND SCIENCES;
USEFUL DOMESTIC HINTS;

&c. &c. &c.

VOL. IV.



LONDON:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY J. LIMBIRD, 143, STRAND,
(Near Somerset House.)

1824.

THE
MUSEUM
OF
ARTS
AND
CRAFTS

PREFACE.

IF on completing the FOURTH Volume of the MIRROR, its nature and objects are not sufficiently known, the Editor would despair of rendering them so by a Preface, which is very often the last portion of a book that is read. The extensive and constantly increasing circulation of the MIRROR, the very favourable terms in which it has been noticed in the Public Journals, the frequency with which it is quoted, and, above all, the extent and variety of the contributions to the Editor, are proofs not only of the popularity the work continues to enjoy, but convince him that the circulation of the MIRROR is by no means confined to any particular class of society, but is very generally diffused among all ranks and "degrees of men."

This circumstance, though certainly highly gratifying to the Editor, is not mentioned from ostentatious motives, but rather as a reason for his opening the door to contributions as wide as possible, and giving such a diversity as shall suit the varied tastes of his readers. How far he has been successful in doing this he leaves others to decide; but if the increasing support of the public, and a more extended and valuable list of correspondents may be deemed decisive of the question, the Editor may without vanity construe it in his favour.

The Fourth Volume of the MIRROR not only contains a great mass of original correspondence on a variety of subjects, but much curious historical and topographical information. In the "Spirit of the Public Journals," the choicest articles of the best periodicals are embodied; and the "Selector" contains the most interesting extracts from new and expensive works as soon as published, thus forming a mirror of the literature of the period.

The Editor, however, will merely refer to the index as a proof of the extent and variety of the contents of the volume. For this he has been largely indebted to correspondents, to whom he begs to return his grateful thanks, and to bespeak the continuance of their support.

The embellishments will be found not only well executed, but on subjects of interest; and to the wood engravings, the Proprietor, as in the Third Volume, has given a Portrait, engraved on steel, of a distinguished individual, with a copious and original memoir.

So much for the past; of the future the Editor has little to say, but he has every inducement to spur him on to spare no exertions calculated to render the MIRROR still more extensively known, and still more useful and instructive; and he trusts that in concluding future volumes he will, as in the present instance, have to register a host of new subscribers, and to express his gratitude to all his old ones for their continued patronage.

London, December 27, 1824.

LIST OF THE ENGRAVINGS

IN VOL. IV.

PORTRAIT OF THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE CANNING

ENGRAVED ON STEEL.

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| 1. View of Frankfort. | 19. New Chapel, Stamford-street. |
| 2. Garrick's Mulberry Tree. | 20. City of Leyden. |
| 3. Stadthouse, Amsterdam. | 21. Banian Tree. |
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| 16. Triumphal Arch in Paris. | 34. Tomb of Albert Durer. |
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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. XCI.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1824.

[PRICE 2d.

Frankfort.



FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE, of which we present a view from a drawing by Sir John Carr, is so called, to distinguish it from a town of the same name on the Oder. It is a large city of Germany, situated on the river Maine, about twenty miles above its influx into the Rhine, and it is divided by the river into two parts; the one on the north bank, called Frankfort Proper, is by far the largest, and they are connected by a stone bridge.

Frankfort was formerly fortified, but most of its outworks are now converted into gardens and promenades; part of the houses are of wood, the principal streets are wide, and there are also three extensive squares. The Catholics have here nine churches, the Lutherans seven, and the Calvinists two. The Jews, who, at Frankfort, are very numerous, formerly lived in a part of the town, through which there was no thoroughfare, having only one entrance, which was regularly closed at night; but, since the year 1796, they have been at liberty to live in other parts of the town.

This city is the seat of an extensive printing business, and carried on a great

trade in books, until Leipsic became the centre of this branch of literary commerce. The great distinction of Frankfort is its commercial activity, aided by the navigation of the Rhine and Maine, as well as by the two great fairs held here every spring and autumn. The Michaelmas fair commences early in September, and its bustle and vivacity last throughout the month. The most considerable wholesale dealings are, however, transacted within the first week, when numbers of the merchants flock to the fair at Leipsic. The exchange, a small, neat quadrangle, surrounded by a range of warehouses and shops, called the *Braunfels*, is thronged during the fair with a respectable cluster of merchants of all nations, perhaps a twentieth part of the number who assemble daily on our exchange. High change is about twelve o'clock, from which the merchants return home to dinner; they generally commence business at six or seven in the morning, and toil till ten or eleven at night; not having, as yet, attained to that methodical celerity, which, in London, despatches a hundred times the amount of affairs between the com-

modious hours of nine and six. The large rooms in the Braunfels are fitted up as show-rooms and shops, in humble imitation of the Palais-Royal, and loaded with merchandise, showy and useful, from all quarters of Germany, Switzerland, Hungary, Poland, and Bohemia. "Thomson's fine cotton goods from Manchester"—"Picard, marchand de modes de Paris"—"Zwinger, Uhrmacher aus der Schweiz;" and other such announcements of the trades and domiciles of the traders, attract notice in glittering capitals. The fairs, which had naturally declined during the obstructions of war, are gradually resuming their former alacrity. Frankfort has, during the fair, the animated aspect of a bustling, trading city. The inns, the theatre, the casino, are thronged and lively; the drives round the suburbs crowded with gay equipages; the *tables d'Hotel* with a motley assemblage of persons of all ranks and nations; the Turk and Jew, "bearded like the Pard," often meet the eye in the streets of Frankfort.

The city, which is now the permanent seat of the Germanic Diet, contains a population of forty thousand persons, of whom about eight thousand are Jews.

The Draughtsman;

OR,

HINTS ON LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

No. I.

PREPARATION OF THE PAPER, &c.

BEFORE an attempt is made to exercise the first rules of drawing, it is necessary that you should be instructed in the manner of preparing the paper.

You must procure a board: let it be of well-seasoned wood, beech, plane-tree, or mahogany, are perhaps the best. Let it be about twenty inches in length, by fifteen in breadth; about half an inch thick, with a smooth, plain surface. This will be a sufficient size till you arrive at some degree of excellence in your study.

Take then a piece of vellum paper, and cut it out to whatever magnitude you choose to begin with; say, as large as a fourth part of your board; a greater extent might fatigue the patience too much at the beginning—lay your paper flat upon the board, and go lightly over the whole surface of it with a piece of sponge and clean water, then turn over the dry side, and go over it in the like manner.—After allowing it to absorb the water for a minute or so, you again turn up the first wet side, and wipe the edges round, not

exceeding half an inch inwards, with a dry towel, or a clean handkerchief. This done, you must put a little thick paste on the point of one of your fingers, and spread it thinly along the space you formerly went over with the towel, inclining about half an inch within the edges—after which you turn down your paper, with the pasted side next the board, then press down the edges of it with your fingers, till they become so perfectly smooth that not the smallest wrinkle shall appear. You may then put down the board in some cool corner of your apartment, that the dampness of the paper may evaporate gradually; in drying too hastily, it is apt to split, and go in pieces. You must not begin your outlines immediately on the paper becoming flat with the board: it must be thoroughly dry, not retaining the smallest degree of moisture, otherwise, the black-lead pencil, instead of making lines on the surface, will make such incisions as shall defy the power of Indian rubber to efface. When the paper has been completely prepared, the next thing to be attended to is, the outlines of the piece from which you intend to draw,

CHOICE OF A SUBJECT, &c.

MAKE choice of the easiest design you possibly can procure for the first essay—small drawings in Indian ink are unquestionably the best models. If circumstances prevent your obtaining these, you can have recourse to another source of instruction, that of copying engravings in aquatinta; though very inferior to well executed, original drawings, they are, nevertheless, good substitutes, and may be considered as a rich magazine of design for beginners; they are to be had in almost all the print-seller's shops throughout the kingdom. Let the subjects you commence with consist of cottages, bridges, and single trees—by practising in such simple things, you acquire a knowledge of drawing perpendicular and horizontal lines; crowded designs in the beginning would only confuse and perhaps dishearten you, inasmuch that it might be the cause of making you relinquish all pretensions to one of the first accomplishments in the world.

Having explained the necessary arrangements before the commencement of the performance, I must endeavour to set you down to the operative part, with the black-lead pencil in your hand.

DRAWING THE OUTLINES.

OBSERVE, in sitting down to draw, that your face do not appear fronting the window by which you receive the light;

In writing it may do well enough, but sitting so while drawing would be an error of the grossest nature imaginable;—you must be placed in such a manner that the left side of your head becomes opposed to the light, by which means the rays of light pass sideways and fall upon your drawing, free from all obstruction.

The outlines being the first and most material part of a drawing, it becomes necessary that you should on that part bestow your greatest attention. The board on which your paper is prepared ought to be placed on a table directly before you, it must be equally adjusted by the eye; that is, the under part of the board ought to run in a parallel direction with the two eyes; unless it be so placed, you will find great difficulty in drawing either horizontal or perpendicular lines. One of the ends of the board must be raised a little above the level of the table, to about the slope of a writing-desk, this may be done by putting a book or two under one end. The size of the piece you intend drawing from may be measured off with a pair of compasses; or what is, perhaps, less troublesome and equally true, place your model flat down upon the paper on your board, then pierce the four corners of the square with a pin point, which, with a small pressure, will easily penetrate through your model, and also leave the impression prominent enough in your paper. After which, you may take the black-lead pencil and a ruler, and draw four pretty bold lines from point to point, which, of course, completes your square. Before you begin the outlines, take your compasses, and first divide the under part of the square of your model into five equal parts, then both the side lines—marking each of these divisions with your black-lead pencil thus | after which you must divide and mark out the square of your own piece in the like manner. You will find, in comparing these marks with the subject of your model, that some of them will happen to be opposite, or in a line with some of the most striking objects of your model, by which means you will be able to form an idea (ere you put the pencil to the paper) of the general dimensions of its outlines. By adhering carefully to this rule, you will find the outlining by no means so arduous an undertaking as you at first may imagine, it will also serve to create in you the spirit of perseverance, which will carry you with delight through the more intricate parts of your study. If your model consist of a cot-house and a single tree, let the first line you draw be the ground line, on

which the house is supposed to stand, and be sure you are accurate in that, before you proceed a step farther, it being the leading feature; consequently, it must be marked with the greatest precision. When the ground line is completed, you may begin next with the largest lines of the house; if it be represented in such a point of view as to show the gable, and one of the sides at the same time, you must make the two perpendicular lines which form the gable, then that which terminates the side of the house, making yourself sure that these three lines are perfectly correct and upright: as beginners, in general, are apt to draw the perpendicular lines inclining to one side, from the habit of writing so. To avoid this, let your drawing-board be as before mentioned, adjusted exactly before you on the table—and when you draw the upright line, let your eyes be equally divided, that is, one on each side of the line, while in the act of drawing it: the edges being so disposed must at once inform you if the perpendicular inclines in the smallest degree to the one side or the other. Your inexperienced eye may perhaps be incapable of judging in this manner: if it appear so, you can have recourse to another rule, by which you will be able to ascertain to a certainty, whether an upright line inclines but the breadth of a single hair to either side. When the upright line is lightly drawn, take a piece of paper, and measure the distance from the bottom of it, to one or other of the lines which terminate the two ends of the square of your drawing: make a point with your pencil of the exact distance: you have then to measure from the top of the line in the way you did that of the bottom; you will then find, that if the line drawn be a true perpendicular, the top of it will be precisely at the same distance from the line terminating the square of your drawing, as that at the bottom; if not, the measure will convince you to which side it inclines, which you must correct till it becomes of an equal distance at top and bottom. When you have got the first upright line drawn accurately, you may then consider it as a standard by which you may correct or regulate all other perpendicular or upright lines in your piece. Supposing you to have completed the three perpendicular lines, equal in height and breadth with those of your model, you must then endeavour to put the roof on them. Take your compasses, and find the centre of the two lines which form the gable: this done, you must draw a faint, perpendicular line between the two forming the gable, from the ground to

the top of the cot-house : from the top of which line you draw the two sloping ones, terminating in the perpendicular lines, which form the gable: you may then draw the horizontal line, or upper part of the cot-house roof, then the last sloping one, which must run in a parallel direction with one of those lines already drawn to form the roof on the gable—after which, you draw the under part of the roof, running in parallel with the upper part. The door and windows are easily delineated; you have only to remember that they are composed of short, horizontal, and perpendicular lines.

To draw the tree or trees, begin with the trunk and stems, then the extremities of the leaves, in little, irregular lines, which you will observe on examining the real leaf; you must likewise remember, although you draw straight lines, they must not have the appearance of being drawn with a rule, they ought to be broken in different parts, and seem apparently done with a trembling hand; it is necessary that they should produce such an effect, and at the same time retain their straightness.

When the outlines are completely finished, there may be a little shading added; which will give force and spirit to the composition. There can be nothing more preposterous than teachers giving their scholars highly-finished, coloured drawings to copy, before they are capable of drawing the simple outline. What is the consequence in such cases? The indulgent teacher executes, by far, the greater part of them, which not only flatters the scholar, but also prompts the fond parents to encourage the very sycophant, who is busy all the while stemming the current of their children's genius. When you have drawn so long in black-lead pencil as to become capable of delineating the outlines of any landscape whatever, with ease to yourself, it is full time then, that you be made acquainted with the practice of the hair-pencil. It is then you may with propriety betake yourself to shading in Indian ink. You must procure a cake of Indian ink, and three or four hair-pencils of different sizes: the second size for laying in the general effect or dead colouring, the third size (which I believe are all that are necessary) will answer in finishing trees, hills, buildings, figures, &c.

REFLECTIONS.

MY Fanny! years have rolled along
Since last we parted—last we met;
And many a giddy, countless throng,
Have seen life's evening sun-beam set.

Well I remember, 'twas in June,
First burst thy beauties on my gaze:
So cool the hour, so pale the moon,
It seemed some balmy eve of May's.

High hopes and cloudless then were ours,
Gilded youth's radiant ray our brow;
All seemed in promise fairy hours,—
Those hours, those hopes,—where are they now?

Ask not; enough to know they're gone,
Whether with pleasure fraught, or pain;
Yet there are others still flow on,
Tho' not youth's careless hours again.

No; manhood's noon-tide beam bursts bright,
And fair and dazzling on the soul;
But, ah! how different to the sight,
Not more the tropic from the pole.

Some, all-fulfilled their every hope,
In Love's connubial arms repose;—
Some strive with adverse Fate to cope,
And with lost hopes life's sorrows close.

Thou, Fortune's favoured favourite child,
To "auld lang syne" one wine-cup fill!
Fair Fortune once on me, too, smiled,
Yet am I left all lonely still.

Then fill to youth's past joys, and quaff,
Nor heed the while Time's ebbing sands;
For I, e'en I, can join the laugh,
When she, my first, last love commands!

June 11th, 1824. ALPHEUS.

MR. GRAHAM'S ASCENT.

ON the second of June we saw a Balloon,
Ascending with majesty high;
The day was quite fine, for the sun did hot shine,
With a few floating clouds in the sky.

The people did stare—if you had been there
You'd have seen they were eager to view,
For thousands of eyes were raised to the skies,
To look at an object so new.

"Majestic!" cries one, "O, what a Balloon!"
"How splendid and costly its hue!"
"I should like a ride!" says a third, "I've try'd,
"But, the cost!—O, the charge!—'twill not do."

"Sixty pounds is the price," exclaims Mr. Brice,
"Mr. Graham demands for a ride:"
"Were it little less, I freely confess,"
Said Madam, "I'd sit by his side."

"Though the case of Miss Stocks (as some say)
still shocks,
"But for me, I'm not such a fool;
"I've courage enough to laugh at such stuff,
"E'en though I might fall in a pool."

"We can't die but once," cried Dolt, a great dunce,
"What matters it when, how, or where?
"I'd venture a ride, whatever might betide,
"Could I sail through the clouds in the air."

Twelve minutes being past, it entered at last
In a cloud quite out of our sight;
The Balloon being gone, we try'd to get home,
To escape from the general plight.

What with coaches and carts, which came from all parts,
With crowds of both sexes wedg'd in;
Quite loud were the cries, with half-blinded eyes,
For the dust had much altered the scene.

The gay and the proud were seen in the crowd
To mix with the plebeian mob;
While here and there one, as pale as the moon,
Just able to utter a sob.

We shov'd hard to get out, for 'twas worse than
the gout
To bear such an evil so soon;
And then hurried home, leaving many to moan,
Wishing they'd never seen the Balloon.

It's true that we went, with earnest intent,
To see Mr. Graham mount high;
But, on our retreat we were glad of a seat,
And well pleas'd that the tea-cups were nigh.
For the length of the way, and heat of the day,
Were almost too much to be borne;
Besides something worse, the thick clouds of
dust
Had nearly chok'd every one.

Were it not for shame the cups I would name,
What number of Souchong we took:
Perhaps 'twould have scalded a fat pig, if small,
For we all could have lapp'd at the brook.

But, as such was the case, and could I but trace
What was drank in liquors and tea,
By all who were there, I surely should stare,
And exclaim—They have swallowed the sea!
Orchard-street, Hackney, June, 1824.

J. B.

AFRICAN MELODY.

THE following are the words to an original African Melody—an air of the Eboan nation, composed at Guiana, by a Negro watchman. When the moon was at the full, he usually sang all night; the airs were wild and strange, sometimes bold and energetic, but often languishing and melancholy. The lacerations on his body, and the skin of the forehead, cut and dragged down over his eyes, denoted a noble origin; he had been taken in battle and sold; his employment was that of a hunter by day, and a watchman by night; he deemed his labours light, and his situation happy, and was accounted by his master a faithful and excellent Negro. Pairika (for that was his name) was a poet as well as a musician, the music he sung was all Eboan, and the songs were of the wars or loves of his nation, or of the most striking objects by which he was surrounded; those on the two latter subjects were of his own composition, and sometimes extemporary. One night after heavy rains, the air was filled with fire-flies. Pairika was singing this melody; it was one of his greatest favourites; his tone and manner were unusually earnest. He continued his song a long time with very little variety, either in the words or music; and his song, which was measured, but without rhyme, and which was certainly suggested by his own situation and feelings, consisted of this idea:—

“Virtue is not visible amid the glare of pleasure (or happiness)—it shines through tears, and becomes radiant in misfortune—like the fire-fly, which lights its lamp on the shower, and sparkles most brilliantly in the thickest gloom.”

In imitation of this idea, the following lines were written and adapted to music:—

THE FIRE-FLY.

WHEN the Sun with garish eye,
Like Pleasure, spreads his splendours bright,
Then thy beams unheeded lie,
Unseen thy pole, thy purer light,
Fire-fly! Fire-fly!

B 3

But when the clouds dissolve in rain,
And night enshrouds the world in gloom;
Like Hope, thou sparkiest bright again,
And deepest shades thy rays illumo,
Fire-fly! Fire-fly!

Thus Pleasure's false and sickle light
Fades, like dim Evening's transient rays
But Virtue cheers Misfortune's night,
As cheers the gloom thy radiant blaze,
Fire-fly! Fire-fly!
F. R * * Y.

LINES,

On reading in the newspaper that a young Lady, of great musical celebrity, had stipulated with the Manager that she should never be required to appear on the stage in male attire.

THAT P-t-n, whose enchanting voice
Th' admiring town bewitches,
Should, of her own free will and choice,
Refuse to wear the br * * * * s,
Seems rather strange, and at first sight
Might very well surprise one;
Though, if you judge the matter right,
You'll think her scheme a wise one.

For surely every modest belle,
Of wedded joys ambitious,
Must say that P-t-n acted well,
And think her plan judicious.
For manly brogues 'tis best to wait
'Till one great point is carried;
Then, P-t-n, lay your tempting bait,
Nor wear them 'till you're married.

C. J. D.

THE ROSE OF JERICHO.

(For the Mirror.)

THIS plant grows naturally on the coasts of the Red Sea, in Palestine, and near Cairo, in sandy places, and was cultivated in Kew Gardens by Tradescant,* in 1656. It has had the epithet of *Rosa Maria* given to it by the monks, who have superstitiously imagined that the flowers open on the night in which Jesus was born. But the truth is, that the dry, woody plant being set for some time in water, will dilate and open, so as to disclose the seed vessels and seed. This has been done when the plants have been many years gathered; so that some curious persons preserve them in their repositories of curiosities, for the singularity of this property. These plants, being annual, can only be propagated by seeds, which rarely ripen in England, unless they be sown on a hot-bed in the spring, and the plants afterwards put into pots, which should be plunged into another hot-bed, in order to bring them forward. They will not perfect seeds unless the summer is very hot and dry; but, if they are kept in a frame with free air in warm weather, they will flower in June, and the seeds will ripen in Sep-

* One of the Fathers of Natural History in England..

THE MIRROR.

tember. The botanical name of this plant is *Anastatica*, from the Greek, signifying *resuscitating*, from its quality of reviving in water. For further information, I refer the correspondent in the last MIRROR to "Rees's Cyclopædia," and "Miller's Gardening Dictionary."

P. T. W.

CURIOUS WILLS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—THE following are a collection of Curious Abstracts from Original Wills, proved in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury. They are much at your service.

H. O.

GEORGE APFLEBEE, Rector of St. Bride's, London, proved August 7, 1783.

"My body after being dressed in a flannel waistcoat, instead of a shirt, an old surtout coat, and breeches without linings or pockets, an old pair of stockings, shoes I shall want none, (having done walking) and a worsted wig, if one can be got, I desire may be decently interred."

STEPHEN SWAINE, of St. Olive's, Southwark, proved February 5, 1770.

"I give and bequeath unto John Abbott, and Mary his wife, the sum of six-pence a-piece, to buy each of them a halter, in case the Sheriffs should not be provided."

WM. SHACKELL, Esq. Governor of Plymouth, proved October 12, 1782.

"I desire that my body may be kept as long as it may not be offensive, and that one of my toes or fingers may be cut off to secure a certainty of my being dead, I also make this further request to my dear wife, that as she has been troubled with one old fool, she will not think of marrying a second."

SAMUEL WRIGHT, of Stoke Newington, in the County of Middlesex, proved August 5, 1736.

"And whereas some or other base, wicked, and malicious tempered people may, after my decease, (I living and dying unmarried) raise, contrive, and publish, some vile, false story or other, I do under my hand (here the testator makes public protestation of his being unlike his father, in having never given the opportunity of earning the same title) nor was ever under any contract or agreement with any woman, directly, or indirectly, upon any account whatsoever. Witness my hand, at Newington Green, this 15th of October. 1735."

PHILIP THICKNESS, of London, but now of Boulogne, in France, Esq. deceased, proved January 24, 1793.

"I leave my right hand, to be cut off after my death, to my son, Lord Audley, and I desire it may be sent to him, in hopes that such a sight may remind him of his duty to God, after having so long abandoned the duty he owed to a father, who once affectionately loved him."

WM. HALL, of the Parish of St. Andrew, Holborn, London, Sergeant at Law proved September 9, 1721.

"I give to my cousin, Humphrey Hall, £300., and to that vile, wicked wretch Samuel Hall, his nephew, who I admitted of the Temple, many years since, but he sold his gown, and in seven years I could never get him to church but once, and twice he assaulted me, and the one time he had certainly killed me, if by God's providence I had not by a maid servant been thrown beside a great fire, when he was just rushing me backwards into it, the sum of ten shillings, to be paid to him every Monday upon request thereof, and five shillings the first day of every Term, during his life only, though starving is a death too moderate for that wicked, sinful life he hath lived, and I hope and humbly pray to my God to forgive him."

JOSEPH DALBY, late of the Parish of St. Mary-le-bone, in the County of Middlesex, Doctor of Physic, deceased, proved July 27, 1784.

"I give to my daughter, Ann Spencer, a guinea for a ring, or any other bauble she may like better, I give to the lout her husband one penny to buy him a lark-whistle, I also give to her said husband of redoubtable memory, my f—t-hole for a covering to his lark-whistle, to prevent the abrasion of his lips, and this legacy I give him as a mark of my approbation of his prowess and nice honour, in drawing his sword on me at my own table, naked and unarmed as I was, and he well fortified with custard."

WM. WILLIAMS, late of the Island of Jamaica, Esq. deceased, proved October 21, 1768.

"I give and bequeath unto that most abandoned, wicked, vile, detestable rogue and impostor, who has assumed, and now goes (or lately did go) by the name of Gorsham Williams, pretending to be a son of mine: one shilling only to buy him a halter, wherewith to hang himself, being what he hath for a long, very long while past deserved from the law, and

hands of the hangman, for his great and manifold villainies."

WM. JACKETT, late of the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, Middlesex, deceased, proved July 17, 1789.

"I give and bequeath,
When I'm laid underneath,
To my two loving sisters most dear,
The whole of my store
Were it twice as much more,
Which God's goodness has granted
me here;
And that none may prevent,
This my Will and intent,
Or occasion the least of law racket;
With a solemn appeal,
I confirm, sign, and seal,
This the true act and deed of Will
Jackett."

JOHN GOSS, late of Bristol, Mariner, deceased, proved May 19, 1796.

"My executrix to pay, out of the first monies collected, unto my beloved wife, Hester Goss, (if living) the sum of one shilling, which I give her (as a token of my love) that she may buy hazel-nuts, as I know she is better pleased with cracking them than she is with mending the holes in her stockings."

JOHN DAVIS, late of Clapham, in Surrey, Woollen Manufacturer, deceased, proved January 24, 1788.

"I give and bequeath to Mary Davis, daughter of Peter Delaport, the sum of five shillings (which is sufficient to enable her to get drunk with, for the last time at my expense), and I give the like sum of five shillings to Charles Peter, (the son of the said Mary) who, I am reputed to be the father of, but which I never had, or ever shall have, any reason so to believe."

STEPHEN CHURCH, late of the Parish of St. Mary at Hill, London, Lighterman, deceased, proved November 6, 1793.

"I give and demise to my son, Daniel Church, only one shilling, and that is for him to hire a porter, to carry away the next badge and frame he steals."

WM. WOODSON, late of Harlington, Middlesex, deceased, proved October 27, 1786.

"Item. I commit my body to the earth, to be buried in a plain coffin, to be drawn, if not inconvenient, on my own one-horse chaise to the church, and then to be carried on the shoulders of six poor men, without any pall or funeral pomp whatsoever, and I order that the said poor men be paid 2s. 6d. each for

their trouble. Item. I desire my corpse to be dressed in my last new shirt, and maulin neckcloth, and night-cap, and my plaid night-gown, and my old, rusty sword, which always lay by my bed-side, in my right hand, and my Latin Testament in my left hand, and my little pillow in the pillow-case, under my head."

THOMAS WRATTEN, late of the Parish of Kensington, Middlesex, Officer of Excise, deceased, proved September 3, 1785.

"I give to my brother, Stephen Wratten, one guinea, to be paid him by my executor, when demanded, I give him this not for any dislike, but because he has enough, and too much already to give to his son, Stephen Wratten, that hypocritical, blasphemous methodist. Secondly, I give one shilling, to be paid as above, to my brother John Wratten, which is enough for him, because he could not keep money when he had it. Thirdly, I give one shilling to be paid as above, to my nephew, Stephen Wratten, that hypocritical, blasphemous methodist, because he loves religion better than money."

KING LEAR AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—According to my promise, and your consequent request, I send you the copy of this ballad, which is given from an ancient copy in the "Golden Garland," a black-letter copy of which is preserved in the British Museum. It ought, however, to be added, that it is in "Percy's Collection of Ancient Ballads."

PAULINUS.

"A lamentable Song of the death of King Lear and his Three Daughters.

"KING LEAR once ruled in this Land,
With Princelie power and peace,
And had all things, with heart's content,
That might his joys encrease.
Amongst those things that Nature gave,
Three daughters fair had he,
So princely seeming beautiful,
As fairer could not be.

"So on a time it pleased the King
A question thus to move,
Which of his daughters to his Grace
Could shew the dearest love:
'For to my age you bring content,'
Quoth he, 'then let me hear
Which of you three, in plighted troth,
The kindest will appear.'

"To whom the eldest thus began
'Dear Father, mind,' quoth she,
'Before your face, to do you good,
My blood shall rendered be:
And for your sake, my bleeding heart
Shall here be cut in twain,
Ere that I see your reverend age
The smallest grief sustain.'

“ And so will I, the second said,
 Dear father, for your sake
 The worst of all extremities
 I'll gently undertake ;
 And serve your Highness night and day,
 With diligence and love,
 That sweet content and quietness
 Discomforts may remove.”

“ In doing so you glad my soul,
 The aged King replied ;
 But what sayest thou, my youngest girl,
 How is thy love allied ?
 My love (quoth young Cordelia then,
 Which to your Grace I owe,
 Shall be the duty of a child,
 And that is all I'll show.”

“ And wilt thou show no more, quoth he,
 Than doth thy duty bind ?
 I will perceive thy love is small,
 Whereas no more I find :
 Henceforth I banish thee my court,
 Thou art no child of mine,
 Nor any part of this my realm
 By favour shall be thine.

“ Thy elder sisters' loves are more
 Than well I can demand,
 To whom I equally bestow
 My kingdom and my land :
 My pompal state, and all my goods
 That lovingly I may
 With those thy sisters be maintained
 Until my dying day.”

“ Thus flatter'ring speeches won renowne
 By these two sisters here ;
 The third had senseless banishment,
 Yet was her love more deare.
 For poor Cordelia, patientlie,
 Went wand'ring up and down,
 Unhelp'd, unpy'd, gentle mayd
 Thro' many an English towne.

“ Until at last, in famous France
 She gentler fortunes found ;
 Tho' poor and bare, yet was she deemed
 The fairest on the ground :
 Where, when the King her virtues heard,
 And this fair lady seen,
 With full consent of all his Court
 He made his wife and queen.

“ Her father, old King Lear, the while
 With his two daughters stayed ;
 Forgetful of their promised loves,
 Full soon the same decayed.
 And living in Queen Ragan's Court,
 The eldest of the twain,
 She took from him his chiefest men,
 And most of all his train.

“ For whereas twentie men were wont
 To wait with bended knee,
 She gave allowance but to ten,
 And after scarce to three :
 Nay, one she thought too much for him,
 So took she all away,
 In hope that in her Court, good King,
 He would no longer staye.

“ Am I rewarded thus, quoth he,
 In giving all I have
 Unto my children, and to beg
 For what I lately gave ?
 I'll go unto my Gonorell,
 My second child I know
 Will be more kind and pitiful,
 And will relieve my woe.”

“ Full fast he hies then to her Court,
 Where, when she heard his moane,
 Returned him answer, that she grieved
 That all his means were gone,
 But no way could relieve his wants :
 Yet that if he would stay,
 Within her kitchen he would have
 Wh at scullions gave away.

“ When he had heard, with bitter tears,
 He made his answer then—
 In what I did, let me be made
 Example to all men.
 I will return again, quoth he,
 Unto my Ragan's Court,
 She will not use me thus I hope,
 But in a kinder sort.”

“ Where, when he came, she gave command
 To drive him thence away ;
 When he was well within her Court
 (She said) he would not staye.
 Then back again to Gonorell
 The woeful King did hie,
 That in her kitchen he might have
 What scullion boys set by.

“ But there of that he was deny'd
 Which she had promised late,
 For once refusing he should not
 Come after to her gate.
 Thus 'twixt his daughters for reliefe
 He wandered up and down,
 Being glad to feed on beggars' food
 That lately wore a crown.

“ And calling to remembrance, then,
 His youngest daughter's words,
 That said the duty of a child
 Was all that love affords :
 But doubting to repair to her
 Whom he had banished so,
 Grew frantick mad ; for in his mind
 He bere the wounds of woe :

“ Which made him rend his milk-white locke
 And tresses from his head,
 And all with blood bestain his cheeks,
 With age and honour spread,
 To hills and woods, and wat'ry founts,
 He made his hourly moan,
 Till hills and woods, and senseless things
 Did seem to sigh and groan.

“ Even thus possess with discontent
 He pass'd o'er to France,
 In hopes from fair Cordelia, there,
 To find some gentler chance.
 Most virtuous dame ! which when she heard
 Of this her father's grief,
 As duty bound, she quickly sent
 Him comfort and relief :

“ And by a train of Noble Peers,
 In brave and gallant sort,
 She gave in charge he should be brought
 To Aganippus' Court ;
 Whose royal King, with noble mind,
 So freely gave consent
 To muster up his Knights at arms,
 To fame and courage bent.

“ And so to England came with speed,
 To repossesse, King Lear,
 And drive his daughters from their thrones
 By his Cordelia deare :
 Where she, true-hearted, noble Queen,
 Was in the battle slain ;—
 Yet he, good King, in his old days
 Posses his crown again.

“ But when he heard Cordelia's death,
 Who died, indeed, for love
 Of her dear father, in whose cause
 She did this battel move,
 He swooning fell upon her breast,
 From whence he never parted ;
 But on her bosom left his life,
 That was so truly hearted.

“ The Lords and Nobles, when they saw
 The end of these events,
 The other Sisters unto death
 They doomed by consents :
 And being dead their crowns they left
 Unto the next of kin.
 Thus have you seen the fall of pride
 And disobedient sin.”

Garrick's Mulberry Tree.



THE small, but pleasant, village of Abington is distant about one mile from Northampton, on the road to Wellingborough. This place has attained some interest with the inquirers into dramatic biography, from its connexion with Lady Barnard, the last lineal descendant of Shakspeare. It will be recollected that this lady was grand-daughter of the poet, being the offspring of his daughter Susanna, and her husband, Dr. Hall. She was first married to Thomas Nashe, Esq. and, afterwards to John Barnard, of Abington, Esq. created a knight by king Charles II. in the year 1661. Leaving no issue by either husband, Lady Barnard died in 1669-70, and was buried at Abington; but no memorial has been there erected to her memory. The parish church is a pleasing, rural structure, having its south-side nearly covered with ivy. In the interior are several memorials to the Barnard, Hampden, and Thursby families.

The village is principally adorned by the seat of J. H. Thursby, Esq. a handsome, commodious edifice, surrounded by a small, walled park. In the Beauties of England for Northamptonshire, it is observed, "that this estate was obtained by Robert Barnard, by his marriage with the heiress of Sir Nicholas Lyllyng, in the reign of Henry V.; and continued in that family till 1671, when Sir John Barnard, Bart. sold it to William Thursby, Esq." The present mansion which is Abington Abbey, was built in the reign of Henry VII. between the years 1485 and 1509. The grounds are arranged with considerable judgment; and a water-

house, displaying much taste of design, and nearly enveloped in clinging ivy, is an object of peculiar attraction. A view through an archway in the park, which embraces the neat, white-washed inn, and free-school at Weston Favell, is deserving of particular notice. It was in these grounds—in a neighbourhood sanctified to a poetical fancy by the former residence of Shakspeare's last descendant—that Garrick planted a Mulberry-tree, of which, when arrived at the vigour of maturity, we present an engraved view. The action might appear ostentatious, if intended for public discussion. A comparison with the tree planted by Shakspeare would then be obvious and offensive. But, considered as a private indulgence of an accidental humour, fastidiousness itself can find no cause for censure. Those who respect the real dignity of the stage, when it is rendered a national boast in the person of Garrick, will regard the tree planted by his hand, on a spot connected with the last descendant of Shakspeare, as an object of considerable interest.

An inscription, engraved upon copper, is attached to one of the limbs of the tree, and explains, as follows, the time at which it was planted, and the motive which led to that action:—"THIS TREE WAS PLANTED BY DAVID GARRICK, ESQRE. AT THE REQUEST OF ANN THURSBY, AS A GROWING TESTIMONY OF THEIR FRIENDSHIP, 1778." The height of the trunk, at the place whence the tree commences branching, is about five feet; and its greatest circumference is about two feet six inches.

In the hall at Abington Abbey, is preserved a bust of Garrick; and there are, also, in the same apartment, portraits, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, of Mr. Thursby, and of his lady—the friend at whose request this memorable tree was planted by the Roscius of England.

SATURDAY NIGHT IN LONDON.

I LOVE the bustle and confusion of a Saturday Night:—I like nothing better than to gaze on the varied groups that present themselves to the keen observer of men and things; and to enter into all the *minutiae* of the varied scene, all, especially about the market-places, is noise, bustle, and confusion; all gives busy note of preparation for the morrow, yet all seems happy and contented. The mechanic, with face shining and half washed, has received his wages, and hastens to provide the morrow's dinner:—the dapper apprentice has just closed the shop, and hurries to the tailor, or hatter, to provide an article in which he can figure away in on the morrow; perchance he contemplates a trip to Richmond, if the skies forbid it not, or a journey to Hertford; (for that at present is the centre spot of attraction for all the idle *gadabouts* of London.) About eleven the bustle is at its height, and Babal beat hollow at sounds;—now the gin-shops begin to fill, and crowds of servant-girls, dustmen, and intellectual butcher-boys, indulge their tender sensibilities at the shrine of some neighbouring ballad-singer, who, with note unmusical, warbles, or rather roars out some plaintive ditty:—now the flying pie-man, with voice and gesture, *a la* Harley, scatters around his puns and pastry in rich profusion, much to the edification of the surrounding vegetable vendors, donkey-drivers, cats-meat men, and match-merchants; on one side may be seen a group composed of fish-women and oyster-wenches, discussing their tippie and small talk, perhaps scandal; for ladies, in whatever sphere they may move, will talk scandal; in St. James', we may, if admitted into the *boudoirs* of some fair-one of rank, hear sly innuendoes and allusions to the Lady Marys and Lady Janes; we may hear of singular circumstances:—" Bless me can it be possible?" " Do you believe it?" " Who did you have it from?" Now, in St. Giles' it is much the same, only clothed in different language; we may there hear how mighty high Moll holds her head, and what good clothes Bet wears, and how strange 'tis we a'nt seen Sall lately, and so on to the end of the chapter. Turn your eyes

and you may, perchance, see a group of ragged urchins risking their pence and suppers, by tossing halfpence with some itinerant vendor of mutton-pies. Mark well the eager and expectant look of the young aspirant for fortune's favours, and the calm and subdued countenance of the man, ere the hand is removed that decides the issue of the toss. Now the well known and oft repeated cry of, " What do you buy, what do you buy," is silenced for this simple reason, all are too busy to cry it. Now drunken tailors and printers reel by you, perhaps upset you; and the pawn-brokers' shops have been filled since six o'clock with every description of characters, from the florid drunkard to the distressed mechanic, who pledges an article for the morrow's meal. Such is Saturday Night in London.

ON THE DERIVATION OF THE WORD, DRUID.

(For the Mirror.)

VARIOUS opinions have been held respecting the origin of the word *Druid*; some have imagined it to come from the celtic *Deru*, an oak. Pliny supposes it to have been derived from the Greek *Δρῦς*, which, also, signifies an oak; and were we to compare the deity of the Druids worshipped in the oaken forest of Anglesey, with Jupiter, the great divinity of the Greeks, we might be led to conclude, that the Druids borrowed their religion as well as their name from the Greeks, did we not recollect no Grecian colony ever came to Britain, and, therefore, that to the former, the religion and language of the latter must have been unknown: others derive the word *Druid* from the ancient British *Tru-wis*, or *Trou-wys*, which may be rendered *wise men*; whilst others suppose it to have its origin in the Saxon, *Dru*, a soothsayer. Vossius is, however, of opinion, that it is derived from the Hebrew verb, *דרו*, to seek out, or inquire diligently. Of all these various suppositions, I am most inclined to adopt the last, and there can hardly be a doubt that this verb is the root of the Saxon word *Dru*; yet, as I may be mistaken in my ideas on this head, I shall be happy in having the error pointed out, and the true derivation given by any of your correspondents, who may have paid attention to researches of this sort; for, however unnecessary the tracing of words to their original may appear to some, yet, I doubt not, there are many who will agree that it is both a profitable and pleasing employment, particularly when we find, (as is mostly the case,) that all

words may, directly, or indirectly, be proved to originate in that language which the Almighty made use of to declare his will to men.

T. A. C.

The Nobelist.

No. LVI.

BEDGAUNTLET; A TALE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

AMONG the pupils at the high school of Edinburgh about the middle of the eighteenth century, were two who were much attached to each other, Alan Fairford and Darsie Latimer. Alan was the son of Saunders Fairford, a writer to the Signet, whose only ambition was to see his son an advocate. Latimer was, as he understood, the heir to a large fortune, which, however, he was told he could not receive until he reached his twenty-fifth year. In the mean time he was well supplied with money, though in ignorance of his birth or family, except that he quitted his mother, then in widow's weeds, when only six years of age. Whilst Alan Fairford is plodding through the dry sinuosities of the law, and preparing himself, in compliance with his honoured father's wishes, for a call to the bar—that post to which though many are called, but few are chosen—his *adus Aohates* Darsie Latimer, is idling, first at Dumfries and next among the rocks on the margin of the Solway Frith. The first scene worth mentioning to which Darsie Latimer was witness, was a salmon hunt, which he thus describes in a letter to his friend Fairford:—

“I mentioned in my last, that having abandoned my fishing-rod as an unprofitable implement, I crossed over the open downs which divided me from the margin of the Solway. When I reached the banks of the great estuary, which are here very bare and exposed, the waters had receded from the large and level space of sand, through which a stream, now feeble and fordable, found its way to the ocean. The whole was illuminated by the beams of the low and setting sun, who showed his ruddy front, like a warrior prepared for defence, over a huge, battlemented and turretted wall of crimson and black clouds, which appeared like an immense, Gothic fortress, into which the lord of day was descending. His setting rays glimmered bright upon the wet surface of the sands, and the numberless pools of water by which it was covered, where the inequality of the ground had occasioned their being left by the tide.

“The scene was animated by the exertions of a number of horsemen, who were actually employed in hunting salmon. Ay, Alan, lift up your hands and eyes as you will, I can give their mode of fishing no name so appropriate; for they chased the fish at full gallop, and struck them with their barbed spears, as you see hunters spearing boars in the old tapestry. The salmon, to be sure, take the thing more quietly than the boars; but they are so swift in their own element, that to pursue and strike them is the task of a good horseman, with a quick eye, a determined hand, and full command both of his horse and weapon. The shouts of the fellows as they galloped up and down in the animating exercise—their loud bursts of laughter when any of their number caught a fall—and still louder acclamations when any of the party made a capital stroke with his lance—gave so much animation to the whole scene, that I caught the enthusiasm of the sport, and ventured forward a considerable space on the sands. The feats of one horseman, in particular, called forth so repeatedly the clamorous applause of his companions, that the very banks rang again with their shouts. He was a tall man, well mounted on a strong, black horse, which he caused to turn and wind like a bird in the air, carried a longer spear than the others, and wore a sort of fur-cap or bonnet, with a short feather in it, which gave him on the whole, rather a superior appearance to the other fishermen. He seemed to hold some sort of authority among them, and occasionally directed their motions both by voice and hand; at which time I thought his gestures were striking, and his voice uncommonly sonorous and commanding.”

After the sport was concluded and the riders had retired, Latimer was lingering on the sands watching the sun's decline, when he was abruptly accosted by the person who had previously roused so much of his curiosity, and reminded by him that if he delayed his retreat much longer, the returning tide would cut off all possibility of escape. The youth obeys the hint and is toiling through the already softening bed of the Solway with considerable haste and apprehension, when he is once more overtaken by the horseman, who, foreseeing his danger, recommends him to get up behind him, a proposal which he is, of course, in no condition to refuse. He accordingly gets up, and

Tramp tramp along the sands they rode,
Splash splash along the sea.

Finding the young man extremely uninformed as to the country in which he was sojourning, the stranger to shield him from a storm now gathering in the horizon, takes

him house to his cottage, where many things confirmed Darsie in his opinion, that his host was not "what he seemed," particularly the mysterious appearance of a female, who said grace before supper and then retired. The next morning, however, he escorts him on his way, and finally consigns him to the guidance of a worthy quaker, the proprietor of some salmon-fisheries, who happens to overtake them on the road. Joshua Geddes, for such is the name of this respectable individual, invites the "young man" to pass a day at his residence, very gravely entitled Mount Sharon; where the host and his placid sister Rachel entertain him hospitably. Joshua Geddes, who was a sort of overseer or steward of the fisheries, was very proud of his ancestry, though he asserted otherwise.

—"Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher,"—thus harangued Joshua Geddes, of Mount Sharon,—“if we ourselves are nothing in the sight of Heaven, how much less than nothing must be our derivation from rotten bones and mouldering dust, whose immortal spirits have long since gone to their private account? Yes, friend Latimer, my ancestors were renowned among the ravenous and bloodthirsty men who then dwelt in this vexed country; and so much were they famed for successful freebooting, robbery, and bloodshed, that they are said to have been called Geddes, as likening them to the fish called a Jack-pike, or Luce, and in our country tongue, a *Ged*—a goodly distinction, truly, for christian men! Yet did they paint this shark of the fresh waters upon their shields, and these profane priests of a wicked idolatry, the empty boasters called heralds, who make engraven images of fishes, fowls, and four-footed beasts, that men may fall down and worship them, assigned the *Ged* for their device and escutcheon, and hewed it over their chimneys, and placed it above their tombs: and the men were elated in their minds, and became yet more *Ged*-like, alaying, leading into captivity, and dividing the spoil, until the place where they dwelt obtained the name *Sharing-Knowe*, from the booty which was there divided amongst them and their accomplices. But a better judgment was given to my father's father, Philip Geddes, who, after trying to light his candle at some of the vain wildfires then held aloft different meetings and steeple-houses, at length obtained a spark from the lamp of the blessed George Fox, who came into Scotland spreading light among darkness, as he himself hath written, as plentifully as fly the sparkles from the hoof of the horse which gallops swiftly along the stony road.”—

While at the quaker's house, Latimer learns from Rachel, his sister, that his

mysterious preserver is styled the laird, that he is supposed to have been engaged in the rebellion of 1745, and even then to be so much in fear of government as to assume a feigned name. While Latimer is thus dwelling with the quaker, a Mr. Herries, the laird of Berrenswork, had forced his company on old Mr. Fairford to dinner, and, by his conversation, Alan thought he knew something of Latimer. While at dinner, old Fairford so far compromised his loyalty as to announce merely 'The King,' as his first toast after dinner, instead of the emphatic 'King George,' which was his usual formula. Our guest made a motion with his glass, so as to pass it over the water-decanter which stood beside him, and added, 'Over the water.'

The visit of Mr. Herries is followed by that of a mysterious lady to Alan, who being allowed to change her mind, instead of orally asking him respecting Latimer, inquires by a letter which she signs Greenmantle. In this letter she tells Alan that his friend Latimer is in great danger if he visits England, that his present abode is dangerous, and that he should immediately return to Edinburgh. The lady incloses 20*l.* to Alan as his first professional emolument; and Old Fairford, also, writes to him that Mr. Herries of Berrenswork, said he knew his father, Ralph Latimer of Langcote Hall, in Westmoreland, who had some trouble in the affairs of 1745.

Latimer, who was of an erratic disposition, on leaving the house of Geddes encounters a blind fiddler, called "Wandering Willie," whom he accompanies to a fisherman's cottage, where they are joined by several persons from the laird's (Latimer's preserver), particularly the young lady who had said grace, and turns out to be the "Greenmantle," who had written to Fairford, and niece of the laird of Solway Lochs, as his preserver was called. She was treated with great respect, and Latimer invites her to dance, to which she consents:—the dance to be performed was the old Scot's Jigg, the choice of the tune was left to my comrade Willie, who, having finished his drink, feloniously struck up the well-known and popular melody,—

"Merrily danced the Quaker's wife,
And merrily danced the Quaker."

Meanwhile the young special-pleader, Alan Fairford, is called to the bar, although he, nevertheless, contrives to continue a very prolix correspondence with his friends, persuades Darsie to return from England to the "gude town," but before the youth has an opportunity of attending to his suggestion, he is re-

panned (in a disturbance, said to have been fomented with that view) by the mysterious personage who rescued him from the gathering tide of the Solway. This is an attack by several smugglers on the principal cottage belonging to the fishing company; headed by the laird, who proves to be Herries of Berrensworth, or, in other words, Redgauntlet. Latimer is carried off and taken before a magistrate, who delivers him up to Herries as his guardian, although a warrant for his apprehension for the affair of 1745 is produced, which he throws into the fire. Herries, afterwards, unfolds some part of the history of the Redgauntlets to Latimer, with which he is led to suppose he is connected.

The Redgauntlets were of Norman extraction, and had always been men of desperate valour. Their original name was Fitzaldin, but from the great slaughter made by one of them on the Southron, he had acquired the name of Redgauntlet, which he transmitted to his posterity.—Alberick Redgauntlet, the first of his house so called, was one of the chiefs that expelled the usurper, Edward Baliol, who had been joined by his, Redgauntlet's son. Alberick cursed his son, and swore that, if they met, he should perish by his hand. He pursued Baliol, and when within two lances' length of the fugitive, in a narrow pass, a youth, one of the last who attended the usurper in his flight, threw himself between them, received the shock of the pursuer, and was unhorsed and overthrown. The helmet rolled from his head, and the beams of the sun, then rising over the Solway, showed Redgauntlet the features of his disobedient son, in the livery, and wearing the cognizance of the usurper.

Redgauntlet beheld his son lying before his horse's feet: but he also saw Baliol, the usurper of the Scottish crown, still, as it seemed, within his grasp, and separated from him only by the prostrate body of his overthrown adherent. Without pausing to inquire whether young Edward was wounded, he dashed his spurs into his horse, meaning to leap over him, but was unhappily frustrated of his purpose. The steed made indeed a bound forward, but was unable to clear the body of the youth, and with its hind foot struck him in the forehead, as he was in the act of rising. The blow was mortal. It is needless to add, that the pursuit was checked, and Baliol escaped.

Redgauntlet, ferocious as he is described, was yet overwhelmed with the thoughts of the crime he had committed. When he returned to his castle, it was to encounter new domestic sorrows. His wife

had been prematurely seized with the pangs of labour, upon hearing the dreadful catastrophe which had taken place.—The birth of an infant boy cost her her life. Redgauntlet sat by her corpse for more than twenty-four hours, without changing either feature or posture, so far as his terrified domestics could observe. The Abbot of Drundennan preached consolation to him in vain. Douglas, who came to visit in his affliction a patriot of such distinguished zeal, was more successful in rousing his attention. He caused the trumpets to sound an English point of war in the court-yard, and Redgauntlet at once sprung to his arms, and seemed restored to the recollection which had been lost in the extent of his misery.

From that moment, whatever he might feel inwardly, he gave way to no outward emotion. Douglas caused his infant to be brought; but even the iron-hearted soldiers were struck with horror to observe, that, by the mysterious law of nature, the cause of his mother's death, and the evidence of his father's guilt, were stamped on the innocent face of the babe, whose brow was distinctly marked by the miniature resemblance of a horse-shoe. Redgauntlet himself pointed it out to Douglas, saying, with a ghastly smile, "It should have been bloody."

The mark of the horse-shoe is said to have been imprinted on the forehead of all the Redgauntlets, who were remarkable ever afterwards, inasmuch as no cause in which they embarked prospered.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Select Biography.

No. XII.

MR. WILLIAM OXBERRY.

THIS favourite comedian was born in London, in 1784. His father was a respectable tradesman in the parish of St. Luke's. After having spent some years at school, he was placed under the care of a Mr. Stubbs, an artist of some repute; but he soon grew weary of an art that requires considerable industry and perseverance to attain any eminence in, and his friends perceiving his lassitude, transplanted him into that garden of knowledge, a bookseller's shop.

With Mr. Ribean, of Blandford-street, he remained two years and a half, a period, we think, he must have deemed an age; when, to divert his *ennui*, he got acquainted with a set of young men, who amused themselves by playing occasionally at a private theatre in Queen Ann-street. He did not need much persuasion

to join the *corps dramatique*; but so little was he acquainted with his own talents, that he chose the part of *Hassan*, in *The Castle Spectre*, for his first appearance. Both the audience and his companions were equally pleased by his performance, though judging from an accident that happened on the same evening, the actors do not appear to have been of much eminence, or to have preserved much decorum on their stage. The gentleman who performed *Percy*, not being perfect in his part, thought it prudent to retreat from his pedestal, on which he had been placed by *Motley*, as the representative of *Reginald Osmond*, who, it should seem, was loth to lose an opportunity of spouting, called most vehemently after the fictitious *Reginald*—"Hollo, Mr. —, come back! come back."—"I wont," replied the Earl—"Then," exclaimed the irritated *Osmond*, "I'll tell all to the audience;" which he did to the following effect—"Ladies and gentlemen! Mr. — has gone off before his time, and cut me out of two of my very best speeches."—"Speak them," cried an unlucky wag in the pit, who seems to have taken a just estimate of Earl *Osmond's* understanding—"Speak them, man."—The Earl bowed submissively to the audience, put himself into a striking attitude, and repeated those much-cherished speeches, amidst the laughter of the house.

Mr. Oxberry's next attempt was in a very inferior character, the part of the *Muleteer*, in *The Mountaineers*; at the rehearsal of which play an event took place, which serves to give us no very favourable idea of the talents of this little company. The part of *Octavian* was allotted to an Hibernian, who, it seems, had strange notions of English pronunciation, and certainly peculiar to himself. He rushed upon the stage in a most furious manner, raving forth the first speech in a dialect half Irish and half English, till he came to the line—"and then I could outwatch the lynx," which he had transformed to *lynx*. This was too much for the patience of his brother-actors, who immediately interfered, and endeavoured to set him right on this occasion; but all in vain; he was deaf to their remonstrances, and insisted upon his correctness in terms more energetic than polite.

Some time after, Mr. Oxberry joined the company in *Berwick-street*. The part of *David*, in *The Rivals*, was allotted to him by his new companions; but so little was his acting to their taste, that, after several rehearsals, the character was taken from him and given to another. This event might have been expected to deter him from the stage altogether, but

it produced an effect directly the reverse; failing as an actor at a private theatre, he determined to quit his present companions, and appear before the public. Several young friends seconded this sagacious resolution, and the little town of *Edge-ware* was chosen for the outset of their career. A malt-house was hired for the occasion, and fitted up as well as their finances would allow, and Mr. Oxberry was elected for the manager. It would be absurd to give an account of their performances; the scheme failed altogether, and at the end of a fortnight, the more prudent became tired of the frolic, and returned to their friends half-starved, and perfectly cured of their *mania* for the stage.

It seems that Mr. Oxberry had not grown wiser by his dear-bought experience, for he still persisted in his first design of continuing on the stage, and accordingly wrote to Mr. *Jerrold*, the Southend manager, who was then playing at *Watford*. He received a letter in consequence, offering him an engagement; this was of course accepted, and he made his first appearance as *Antonio*, in *The Merchant of Venice*. In this part he succeeded tolerably well, for he was afterwards appointed to the honour of performing the *Peregrines*, *Glendalvon*, &c., until fortune at last threw him into the very line of acting for which Nature seems to have destined him. It appears, that when he first entered the company, the part of *Dan* was performed by a Mrs. *Draper*; but, upon her leaving them, Mr. Oxberry was persuaded to take the part, though much against his inclination. The truth is, there was little room for choice on this occasion: the play of *John Bull* was ordered by some respectable inhabitants, and it was easier to find a *Peregrine* than a *Dan*.

From *Watford* he went with the rest of the company to *Sheerness*, where the season passed with very tolerable success; and at the end of it he received an engagement for six nights from Mr. *David Simpson*, manager of the theatre at *Godalming*, in *Surrey*. Here, too, by an unfortunate estimation of his talents, he undertook the first characters in tragedy. The part of *Richard the Third* was selected for his appearance, while the manager himself was contented to perform no less than four inferior characters; nor did the manager's activity rest here: in addition to those multifarious offices, he played behind the scenes on a violin, which violin composed the whole of the orchestra. When the six nights expired, Mr. Oxberry left the *Godalming* manager, and engaged with Mr. *Trotter* for

Hythe, where he played with considerable success. At the end of the season he accompanied the manager to Worthing, where it was his fortune to attract the attention of Mr. Siddons. Indeed, so much satisfaction did he give to this gentleman, that he was recommended in consequence to the notice of Mr. Harris, and some time after received a letter from Mr. John Kemble, offering him an engagement for Covent-Garden; the proposal was of course accepted, and he quitted his friends at Worthing.

For two days Mr. Oxberry remained in London, unable to muster up sufficient courage to enter the theatre. His visits were always confined to a most respectful distance, until at last he actually ventured as far as the stage-door; but here his courage failed, and he was about to make a precipitate retreat, when he was seen by the late Mr. Emery, who, suspecting the truth, entered into conversation with him, and soon drew forth the confession of his fears and prospects. Encouraged by this gentleman, he ventured into the theatre, where Mr. Kemble was attending rehearsal. After the usual salutation of when did you come to town, &c., he was dismissed, with a requisition to return at two o'clock.

The dreaded hour at length arrived, and he was introduced to Mr. Harris, and the part of *Robin Roughthead* was fixed upon for his appearance. Satisfied with this decision he retired, but was not a little disturbed the next day, upon learning, from the play-bills, that the comedy of *John Bull* was selected for the first piece. Fearful of appearing in the character of a countryman, so immediately after Mr. Emery, he remonstrated with the managers, though at first without effect. At length, by the mediation of a friend, the comedy was withdrawn, and *Henry VIII.* substituted in its place.

His fears, however, still cleaved to him, and rendered the change of but little avail. When the night came (November 7, 1807), he could scarcely be prevailed upon to quit the scenes; and when at last he did, his knees tottered, his sight almost entirely failed him, and he stood trembling on the stage without the power of utterance. The applause of a few friends, and the more good-natured part of the audience, who are always disposed to view a new performer with kindness; at length encouraged him—he ventured to proceed, though with infinite hesitation. It may be easily supposed, that he was not in a condition to display his talents to advantage. Throughout the whole of the first act he remained confused, and did not obtain much approbation from his audi-

ence. In the second act he recovered his spirits in some measure, but was still too much terrified to perform with any degree of ease and freedom.

Dissatisfied with his own exertions, and heartily wishing himself back again in the country, he quitted the theatre to ruminate upon his failure. The next day he was informed by the manager, that *The Heir at Law* was in rehearsal, and it was at his option to take either the part of *Lord Duberly*, or *Zekiel Homespun*; he judiciously chose the former, from an unwillingness to appear in competition with so celebrated an actor as Emery. His second appearance was more to his own satisfaction, though it does not seem that it gave much to the proprietors, for week after week rolled on without his being called into action. Eager to come again before the public, he remonstrated on this occasion, but, as might have been expected, without effect, for the line of acting which he had chosen, was already filled by actors of acknowledged eminence in the profession.

Towards the close of the season, Mr. Munden was laid up with the gout, and Mr. Oxberry was appointed his substitute in many characters, but still with little apparent success; and, when the theatre closed, he visited Glasgow, at the invitation of Mr. Beaumont, the manager of the Glasgow stage. Here he met with unbounded success, and was soon restored to that confidence and self-possession which he had lost in London from repeated failure.

His first appearance was in the character of *Sir David Daw*, in which he gave so much pleasure to his audience, that he was ever after recognised by the name during his abode in that city. The morning immediately after he was waited upon by the manager, who informed him that the proprietors were much pleased with his acting, and wished to make with him a permanent engagement. This offer, though at first refused, was afterwards accepted at the pressing instances of Mr. Beaumont, and he engaged with him for the ensuing year.

After going with his new manager the usual circuit round the country, he returned with him to Glasgow, and met with the same approbation as at first.

His success was so great, that he was again invited to London by the late Mr. Raymond, then manager of the Lyceum, which he accepted, and appeared in the opera of *The Russian Impostor*. Here, having the advantage of performing entirely new parts, his success made ample compensation for his failure at Covent-Garden. He was afterwards engaged by

the managing Committee of Drury-Lane Theatre, where he remained until the accession of Mr. Elliston to the dramatic throne; soon after which, he left that stage, and performed at the new Haymarket Theatre.

Mr. Oxberry was most successful in rustic and burlesque characters, though he had much merit as a general actor. He had just entered into an engagement for three years with Mr. Elliston at Drury-Lane Theatre, when, on the morning of the 9th inst. he was attacked with a paralytic affection, of which he died within an hour, leaving a widow and two children.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

CAUTION TO LADIES.

"YOU are the very person I wanted," said a lady at a ball the other day to an officer of the Guards; "you must dance with Miss _____. Come, I'll introduce you to her."—"Excuse me, I am no dancer." "Oh, but you can't refuse now. She is a pretty girl, and has thirty thousand pounds." "Why, really I am not a marrying man myself—but, if your ladyship pleases, I'll mention her to our Mess!"

FRENCH CARD.

To. The Great Restorator or Re-establisher Before the Mint house.

THERE is, Every Thing To eat, and To be had it, ready at any Time in The day, With neatness, and delicacy. Parlours, and several rooms, are disposed, for a Large, and Private societys, nothing will be neglected for the best attendance.

NB. Some furnish rooms for the foreigners and a Proper place, for their horses they are prepared accordingly.

PUNISHMENTS IN FRANCE.

A TRAVELLER thus describes the mode of punishment for misdemeanors in France: "On my return from Vincennes I saw an exhibition of the mode in which the French punish criminals for misdemeanors: before the Palais de Justice, a scaffold was erected, upon which nine criminals were placed; it is called Le Carcan; it is a square, upon three sides of which were stationed three of the sufferers, their backs supported by a board, on which was an inscription, describing their names, their ages, their dwellings, their punishment, and particular act that incurred this penalty: there was one for forgery; he was condemned to be exposed

one hour de Carcan, and his right shoulder branded with the letter F; another, a youth of sixteen, who seemed deeply affected by his situation, to an hour of Carcan, and five years of seclusion, that he might be withdrawn from his associates, and eventually restored a more worthy member of society."

TIBERIUS AND THE JESTER.

WHEN Augustus died, he left (according to Tacitus) to the Roman people, by way of legacy, 400,000 great sesterces, to the populace 35,000, to every common soldier of the prætorian guards 1,000 small sesterces, and to every soldier of the Roman legions 300; but when Tiberius succeeded to the empire, he was not so much inclined to give as Augustus was to bequeath, in consequence of which arose the following jest, and the punishment the jester received.

A jester, seeing a dead body being carried to the grave, accosted the bier, and pretending to whisper in the ear of the deceased, spoke aloud, "Remember to let Augustus know, that the legacies which he left to the people are not paid." This pleasantry having come to the ears of Tiberius, he was commanded to be brought before him, and having paid him his legacy, caused him to be immediately put to death, telling him, "that he should go to Augustus, since he could give him fresher accounts than the deceased."

However, the jest, for which he paid so dear, had the desired effect, not only in paying him the legacy, but by paying all the legacies bequeathed by the will of Augustus.

EPIGRAM.

WERE Madame Vestris widowed, or a maid,
And I could marry all her person's riches,
I should cry off—so long she has essayed,
She would habitually wear the breeches.
K.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

A double *Mirror*, Index-making, and Preface-writing, will, we trust, be deemed sufficient apology for omitting a decision on the numerous, and, we must say, generally interesting articles we have received.

No. 90 of the *Mirror*, completing the third volume, will not be ready for delivery before Tuesday. It contains a beautiful Portrait of Lord Byron, engraved on steel, Recollections of Lord Byron, and the Title, Index, and Preface of the third volume.

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No. XCII.]

SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1824.

[PRICE 2d.]

The Stadhhouse, Amsterdam.



AMSTERDAM, which was so long the capital of the Seven United Provinces, or Holland, as they were generally called, and which, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, was only the residence of a few fishermen, is now a large city, with a population of upwards of two hundred thousand persons, and a port capable of receiving a thousand large vessels. Among the public buildings, the Stadhhouse, of which we present an engraving, is the most remarkable. It is the place where public business is transacted, and is esteemed one of the finest structures in the universe; it is a square building of freestone, whose front is 282 feet long; the depth of its sides 255 feet; 90 feet high in front, and 116 to the top of the cupola. On a marble pediment in the front, is carved in relief, a woman holding the arms of the city, and supported by two lions, with an olive-branch in her right hand; on each side are four sea-nymphs; who present her with a crown of palm and laurel, and others presenting a variety of fruit; besides, there is a Neptune with his trident, accompanied with Tritons, a sea-unicorn, and a sea-horse. On the top

are three statues in bronze, representing Justice, Fortitude, and Plenty; the tower, which rises 50 feet above the roof, is adorned with statues, and has a fine chime of bells. It has no handsome gate, but seven doors to answer the number of provinces. The great hall is particularly magnificent; on the floor are represented a celestial and terrestrial globe, each 22 feet in diameter, made of black and white marble, inlaid with jasper and copper; there are three most beautiful pieces of sculpture in white marble, representing the judgment of Solomon between the harlots; Seleucus losing one of his eyes to preserve one of his son's, who had forfeited both for adultery; Brutus witnessing the death of his sons;—these are the work of Artus Quellin, of Antwerp; indeed, all the chambers, in general, are adorned with beautiful sculptures by the best masters, and paintings by Rembrandt, Reubens, Vandyke, &c. Under the Stadhhouse is an extensive vault, wherein are kept the riches of the bank of Amsterdam; the doors are said to be cannon-proof, and are never opened but in the presence of one of the burgomasters. At

the bottom of the Stadthouse are the prisons, both for criminals and debtors; and the guard-room for the citizens, where the keys of the city are locked up every night. At the end of the great hall is the chamber of the *echovins*, or *schepens*, where civil causes are tried; besides these, are the burgomasters' chamber, the chamber of accounts, &c. In the second story is a large magazine of arms; and on the top of the building are six large cisterns constantly filled with water, that by means of pipes, can be conveyed into any room in the house, in case of fire; to prevent which, the chimnies are lined with copper. This immense fabric, like the rest of the city, is built on piles, fourteen thousand being employed for that purpose only. The architect was John Campen, who made the model in 1648, and the first stone was laid on the 28th of October: in the same year: the expense to make the whole complete is said to have been three millions.

The want of a grand entrance to the Stadthouse is a great architectural defect; but it was an intentional omission on the part of the wary burgomasters who had the superintendance of the building, for the purpose of preventing free access to a mob in case of tumult.

HINTS FOR THE ECONOMY OF TIME.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—It is very commonly observed of our sex, that we are influenced by contrarieties; and I believe few of us will feel disposed to quarrel with the imputation, as far as it is connected with the following hints for the economy of *Time* and *Expense*, which, it is to be hoped, will operate the salutary effect of inducing profitable consideration from such of your readers, as, unconsciously, perhaps, have verged on the weaknesses they are intended to correct.

I beg to disclaim originality, and am sorry I cannot furnish you with the author's name, but respectfully subscribe myself

JANET.

TIME.

1. No time to be expended on thought, as nothing comes of it among people of fashion.
2. The wear and tear of time by constant *use* to be avoided, as so precious an article ought to be employed sparingly.
3. Time often to be protracted by long and wearisome lounges, by way of making the *most* of it.
4. When time is heavy with lassitude, and dull with inoccupation, be tender of

using it in this torpid and vapourish condition, and endeavour to refresh it by the slumbers of inanity.

5. Make up your mind at once and irrevocably on every question: by these means you save the time that would otherwise be lost in choosing, and need never after waste a moment in hearing what another person has to say.

6. Avoid the acquisition of too many new ideas, which will demand considerable time to arrange themselves in your mind. The fewer your ideas, the more *speedily* will your measures be taken, and your resolutions formed; it being a much shorter process to determine with two ideas than with half a score.

7. Dispossess yourself as much as possible of all feeling for other men, for this is giving to others a claim upon your time; and while you are sympathizing with their sufferings, they are stealing a march upon you.

8. Rob others of as much of their time as possible, by way of saving your own. This is a golden rule, and a most ingenious economy.

9. Study your own gratifications in every concern of life, and waste no time in thinking of the sacrifices you make to them, or of their consequences to other men.

10. Let all your time be spent upon yourself, and let your constant admiration of your own perfections absorb all the praise that is due from you to others.

11. Fill up your time as much as possible with pleasures that exclude participation: on this account, the time spent in decorating your persons, and in the pleasures of the table, is worthily employed; for then self is the sole object of it, and not a single moment is alienated from us.

12. The last and greatest rule is this:—Allow no time for praying, or for works of charity, for this is giving up a portion of our time to eternity, which is a greater absurdity than sending presents to Cæsar, or pouring water into the ocean.

EXPENSE.

1. All expensive feelings and sensations to be subdued; such as compassion, generosity, patriotism, and public spirit.
2. The money bestowed on horses to be saved out of the education of our children; they are, therefore, to be sent to school when the cheapest bargain can be made for them.
3. To banish hospitality from our bosom, and to ask the company of our friends for the sake of pillaging them at play, and in a view to the *douceurs* which

they, in course, leave behind them, and which we divide with our servants.

4. To sacrifice comfort to ostentation in every article of life; to go without substantial conveniences for the sake of shining superfluities; to be mean and sordid under the rose, that we may look like prodigals in public; and to live like beggars in secret, to glitter like princes abroad.

5. To abandon all poor relations, and to make presents only to those who are much richer than ourselves, in the expectation of being gainers at last.

6. To be loud against the ingratitude of the poor, which we have never experienced; and to reserve our charity for deserving objects, which we are determined never to acknowledge.

7. To be active and forward in speculative schemes of charity, which we are well-assured can never take place, while we are silently raising our rents, to the ruin of distressed families.

8. To pass by the door of famine with our money glued to our pockets; while, to see a new dancer at the opera in the evening, we draw our purse-strings as generously as princes.

9. To repair to the house of distress, not to dissipate our money in commonplace acts of compassion and generosity, but to extort good bargains from hunger and necessity, and to purchase, at cheap rates, the last valuable relics of perishing fortunes.

10. To be lavish of kind speeches, which cost nothing; and to lament, when death has come in relief to misery, that the circumstances of so melancholy a case were not known to us in time, to afford us the luxury of exercising our humanity.

FOOTMAN JOE.

BY GEORGE HEBERT, ESQ.

WOULD you see the thing that's slow
Cast your eyes on Footman Joe.
Most unlike the bounding roe,
Or the flight direct of crow;
Or an arrow from a bow,
Is the pace of Footman Joe.
Measur'd steps of solemn woe
Better suit the steady Joe.
Crabs that hobble to and fro,
In their motions copy Joe.
Snails contemptuous as they go,
Look behind, and laugh at Joe!
An acre any man might mow,
Ere across it crawleth Joe!
Danube, Severn, Thames, and Po,
Backward to their course shall flow,
Ere despatch be made by Joe.
Letters to a Plenipo,
Send not by our Footman Joe.
Would you Job's full patience know?
Ring the bell, and wait for Joe.
Whether it be king or no,
'Tis all alike to lazy Joe.
Is your purse or credit low?
Let your debts be paid by Joe.

C 2

Legal process non.) can show,
If your lawyer move like Joe.
Death, at last, our common foe,
Shall trip up the heels of Joe
And a stone shall tell below,
Hardly chang'd still sleepeth Joe.
Loud shall the final trumpet blow,
But the last comer will be Joe.

HISTORY OF BOOK-KEEPING.

(For the Mirror.)

BOOK-KEEPING may be defined that systematic arrangement of commercial transactions, by which the true state of the proprietor's concerns may be easily ascertained; thus, at once exhibiting correct and ready information of every particular in trade, and the general result of the whole, in point of profit or loss. It cannot be necessary in an age so distinguished as the present for commerce, to speak of the importance of this science; but, perhaps, a brief sketch as an attempt to trace its origin and progressive improvements, may not be displeasing to the reader; in which the subject must be understood to imply the method by *double entry*, usually called the *Italian*; for it is obvious that some system of recording money affairs under the heads of receipts and disbursements must have been practised in the very infancy of commerce.

Like most other valuable sciences, the date of its origin is extremely uncertain, but the earliest trace that can be found of it, is about the beginning of the fifteenth century,* when it was practised at Venice, at that time remarkable as the emporium of commerce: and hence this method is usually called the *Italian*, because (as is generally supposed) we are indebted to that nation for our knowledge in the art.

Some of those authors who are always zealous champions for the ancients, and will hardly allow any meritorious improvement in science due to the moderns, have contended that *double entry* was known by the Romans, and merely revived in Italy with returning commerce; in support of this hypothesis, they have exercised much critical ingenuity and erudition; and have quoted several passages from the classics, proving that the ancients commonly entered the receipts and payments of money upon opposite sides after the way of debtor and creditor; of such instances the following passage from Pliny (book ii. chap. 7.) may serve for a specimen, as, indeed, it seems extremely in favour of their argument.

"Huic (*scil.* fortune) omnia expensa; huic omnia feruntur accepta; et in tota

* Vide "Beckman's Inventions and Discoveries"; also "Stevens's Book-keeping applied to Finance."

ratione mortaliūm sola utramque paginam facit."

But, even admitting the ancients *did* arrange their accounts in the debtor and creditor method, still this implies no more than *single entry*; commerce was then in a very rude and imperfect state, and consequently it is extremely probable that nothing more was requisite: but the most weighty objection to this opinion is, that the ancient languages afford *no terms correspondent to the modern, technical phrases of double entry*; and Snellius when he translated "Stevens's Book-keeping" into Latin, after the most scrupulous research for such terms in vain, was compelled to coin them; thus he called the art itself, *Apologistica*: the Waste Book, *Liber Deletitius*; the Ledger, *Codex accepti expensive*; Stock, *Sors*; Balance, *Epilogismus*, &c.

Indeed the terms adopted in most of the European languages, appear to be derived immediately from the *Italian*, with the exception of the English word *Ledger*, which has exhibited as much variation in the orthography, as it has occasioned disputes about its etymology;—it was formerly spelt *Leager*, *Leadger*, *Leidger*, *Leiger*, *Leger*, and lastly *Ledger*—its name in the Italian and southern languages of Europe, implies the master book; in the German and other northern provinces, the head book, and in the Dutch and French, the grand book;—as to its derivation, Bailey refers it to the Latin verb, *legere*, to gather: but Dr. Johnson says, it is from the Dutch *leggen*, to continue in one place; while some others again have conjectured it arose from the *liege* books of the feudal ages, which recorded the rents, duties, and services due from liege men (or tenants).

Having thus advanced the arguments *pro* and *con*, as to the claims of the ancients to a knowledge of this art, I proceed to submit some conjectures in favour of the *moderns*; perhaps it is not at all improbable that the principle of double entry was suggested by the double purpose of bills of exchange, and the ordinary way of entering them: these we know are decidedly a modern invention, or it might possibly have been deduced from some of Euclid's axioms, or by the operations of algebraic equations; in support of the last opinion, the following circumstance is remarkably apposite:—

Lucas de Burgo, an Italian friar, was the first who translated Algebra from the Arabic into any of the European languages—he was one of the earliest writers on several other mathematical subjects, (vide MIRROR, No. 84, p. 326), and is generally supposed to have composed the

first express treatise on this science; it was published in his native language (the Italian) in 1495, which is nearly the most distant period to which we can with certainty trace back the origin of Book-keeping; and thus much for the claims of the *moderns* to this invention—let the reader settle the point in dispute.

Assuming then the prior part of the fifteenth century (as has been already remarked) to be the origin of this science, I now endeavour to follow its progress in this country: and although the southern parts of Europe were acquainted with Book-keeping by the Italian manner at the above-mentioned period, it appears that the knowledge was diffused but slowly; for, we find nothing of it in England till 1543, when the first English work on this subject was published at London, by Hugh Oldcastle, a School-master, which was much improved, and reprinted by John Mellis (also a School-master) in 1588, the curious reader may find some account of this work in "Aymes's Antiquities of Typography," (vol. ii. p. 743.) "A briefe instructione and manner howe to kepe bookes of comptes partible, &c. by three bookes, named y^e memoriall, jornall, and leager.—Newley augmented and sette forth by John Mellis, schole maister of London:—imprynted by hime at y^e signe of y^e White Beare, nighe Baynard's Castel, 1588."

The *next* treatise of which we have any account was by James Peele, and this was also published in London, 1569: in his preface, he says, "though long practised in foreign parts, this art was but then *new* in England!

This work was succeeded in 1652 by a considerably improved system in a large treatise by John Collins, a very celebrated mathematician, whose publication served as a standard book nearly a century.

These were the principal early English writers on this art, during the first two centuries since its introduction to this country; which again received much improvement, in a well-known popular work, published 1736, by John Mais, a professor of mathematics at Perth: from this period numerous were the authors upon this subject, but they followed each other so closely, both in manner and matter, that very little benefit arose from their productions; to give a list would be tedious, but the most approved of them are Dodson, Donn, Dowling, Dilworth, Crosby, Cooke, Hamilton, Hatton, London, Miers, Malcolm, Stevens, Snell, Webster, Wood, &c. whose treatises all appeared from 1720 to 1770.

Hitherto the writers upon Book-keeping were all teachers, and although as such, they were competent to explain the principles, they had not the means of practically proving their theories; and, consequently their works were but an indifferent preparative for the counting-house—this defect was supplied in 1789, by a judicious and elaborate work by Benjamin Booth, a merchant; whose treatise has enabled later authors to combine the theory, and elementary precepts of the instructor, with the improvements resulting from actual mercantile experience; so that in modern works the former has gone hand in hand with the latter.

Before concluding the subject, it may not be amiss to mention the prospectus of a plan published in 1796, to rival the Italian mode, called "The English Book-keeping," by a Mr. Jones; who, therein, boldly represented "the Italian system as delusive and erroneous," and announced his as an *infallible* plan by *single* entry.

Under the sanction of some eminent names as recommenders, subscriptions at a guinea each were raised to the enor-

mous sum of nearly seven thousand pounds!

Public impatience was very great for the appearance of the work, which was somehow delayed much beyond the appointed time, and many considered the whole as a hoax—at last, however, it came forth, and completely disappointed public expectation. Several pamphlets attacking Mr. Jones's book appeared, and produced others as warm in its defence; thus causing some controversy between the partizans of the old and new systems; at length, a gentleman of the name of Mill gained the triumph of the Italian over the English mode, and formed a due comparison of their respective claims, by arranging the whole of Mr. Jones's work into a Journal and Ledger by double entry, and in so doing, detected a most important error; consequently the new system fell into merited oblivion; yet, notwithstanding, all its defects, it contained several useful hints, and moreover, produced much benefit by causing some valuable discussions on the subject. JACOBUS.

EQUIVOCAL VERSES.

THE following are specimens of verses that may be read two ways, and with a double meaning. Their double meaning will be perceived by reading them first in single columns, and afterwards the corresponding lines of each column together.

THE JESUIT'S DOUBLE-FACED CREED.

I hold for sound faith
What Rome's faith saith
Where the king's head
The flock's misled
Where th' altar's dress'd
The people's bless'd
He's but an ass
Who shuns the mass

What England's church allows
My conscience disavows
The flock can take no shame
Who hold the Pope supreme
The worship's scarce divine
Whose table's bread and wine
Who their communion flies
Is catholic and wise.

THE HOUSES OF STUART AND HANOVER.

I love with all my heart
The Hanoverian part
And for that settlement
My conscience gives consent
Most righteous is the cause
To fight for George's laws
It is my mind and heart
Tho' none will take my part

The Tory party here
Most hateful do appear
I ever have deny'd
To be on James's side.
To fight for such a king
Will England's ruin bring.
In this opinion I
Resolve to live and die.

The following lines, in the same style as the two preceding, were written in answer to a question by a Republican—What the author thought of the new Constitution at the commencement of the French Revolution?

The newly made law
From my soul I abhor
My faith to prove good
I maintain the old code
May God give you peace
Forsaken noblesse
May he ever confound
The assembly all round

'Tis my wish to esteem
The ancient regime
I maintain the new code
Is opposed to all good
Messieurs Democrats
To the devil go hence
All the Aristocrats
Are the sole men of sense.

The Draughtsman

OR,

HINTS ON LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

No. II.

OF THE SHADING IN INDIAN INK.

WHEN you have completed your outline from an Indian Ink drawing, or an engraving in aquatinta, you must get a cup full of clean water, and a plain stone plate,—then dipping one of the ends of the cake into water, rub a little of it down upon the inside of the plate, and mix it with the brush and water till you bring it to any consistency you wish to produce; after which you may begin your drawing. Let the second-sized brush be the first used, beginning with a very delicate shade in the most distant parts, laying it on gradually darker as you approach the foreground. You must be very careful in laying on this first shade; if you err, let your error be on the safe side—that is, never let your tints appear darker than those of the piece from which you are drawing. To prevent your making it too dark, it is necessary you should have a piece of paper between your drawing and your hand, on which you ought to try the strength of every tint ere you lay it on.—This is a precaution which must not be neglected. When the first shade is laid on, it will produce a faint resemblance of your copy,—at least, it ought to be so shaded as to preserve a degree of light and shade throughout the whole of your piece. You may next proceed to the second shade, beginning in the same manner as the first, with the most distant objects, and darkening gradually to the foreground, only endeavouring to imitate as near as possible the character and effect of your original. You must observe, at the same time, that you do not attempt going over the same shade a second time till the first becomes perfectly dry, as the tint half dry, and the one newly laid on, never unite together in harmony; but, on the contrary, produce a muddiness, which can never be brought to look well. When the second shade of Indian Ink is completed in the manner described, you will find some small degree of gratification for your labour, as your drawing ought to have a considerable claim of likeness to the model, and will incite you to go through the finishing part with pleasure. The third shade, or finishing, must be performed with the smallest brush, beginning with the most remote part, and finishing every object as you proceed to the foreground. You must observe, at the same time, that no small,

trifling touches appear in the distant parts. There ought to be few small touches seen in the remote parts of a drawing, unless you mean with one small touch to represent whole objects—such as a tree, a house, &c.; in such cases it is absolutely necessary, and seldom fails in producing an excellent effect. When your piece is finished from the distant parts to the foreground the third time, it ought then to have all the effect of the model from which it is copied. If there appear a want of force or colour, you must work upon it till you bring out the proper effect of the whole,—after which you must proceed to the sky. Take your black-lead pencil, and outline the clouds very faintly, and with great accuracy; take the second-sized hair-pencil, and a tint of Indian Ink, and shade the dark side of the clouds, softening them always lighter as you approach their extremities: after which, you may take the largest hair-pencil pretty full of colour, and begin at the top of your piece, cutting about the extremities of the clouds, and weakening the tint with water as you descend, till the shade becomes so faint that it mixes insensibly with the paper in the horizon. You must also observe, that the sweeps of the brush are to be carried on in one direction, particularly when the shade is of great magnitude.—You must never be sparing of your colour: drawings done with a scanty proportion of colour in the brush, have always an insipid and very laboured effect.

When your piece becomes completely finished, let it stand for some time at a moderate distance from the fire, that the dampness occasioned by the shading may be entirely evaporated. You may then take a knife and cut it off the board, a little within the edges by which it is parted. Were you to cut it from the board without drying it a little before the fire, your paper would blister, which might lessen the effect of your drawing considerably.

OF COLOURED DRAWINGS.

You ought to continue drawing in Indian Ink till you have acquired a thorough and practical knowledge of the distribution of lights and shadows. There are many, indeed, who, after having attained a degree of excellence in this mode of drawing, content themselves with the acquisition, finding it an almost inexhaustible source of amusement; but these are, in general, the few whose limited abilities will not permit them to soar to the grand study of Nature in her varied hues. It must be allowed, that drawings well executed in Indian Ink, with a strong wash of raw Terra de Sienna thrown over them, produce

a very beautiful effect: they are preferable to coloured ones poorly managed;—nevertheless, they appear contemptible when put in competition with a faithful representation of nature in colours.

Although you have acquired a partial knowledge of light and shade, from the works of different artists, in one colour, it would be highly improper for you at that period to abandon your masters, and transport yourself into the country, expecting there to find the colouring laid open at large to every looker-on. Thousands make the journey; but the result, for the most part, is a melancholy disappointment. Nature only unveils her beauties to those who have perseverance and genius to comprehend her. To attain a knowledge of the colouring, it is necessary you should, in the first place, be made to understand what colours are requisite to complete the performance. The following colours are, perhaps, sufficient to represent any effect which nature may display:—

Prussian Blue,
Lake,
Yellow Ochre,
Cologne Earth,
Gamboge,
Burnt Terra de Sienna,
Raw ditto,
Burnt Umber,
Indigo,
Sap Green,
Light Red,
Orange Lead,
King's Yellow,
Sapia,

composition of the different grays, which may be used in laying on the ground tint of a landscape.

What is commonly called Smith's gray is composed of lake, yellow ochre, and Prussian blue; light red and Prussian blue make also a good gray: but that which is most generally used is a composition of Prussian blue, lake, and Indian Ink. These three ingredients last mentioned, when carefully mixed together, make an exceedingly fine, aerial or gray tint, and being easier to work with than any of the others, you may for that reason alone make it your choice. When you begin colouring you must procure, if possible, a good original drawing for your model. Copying a number of indifferent things at the commencement will not only give you a false taste, but tend to extinguish those sparks which nature may have kindled in your mind. You must also beware of cultivating acquaintance with coloured prints: though they were well enough as lessons in black and white, they would prove very pernicious if used

as the same in colouring. In fact, you ought to be able to discriminate between the good and the bad, otherwise you must, of course, be frequently led astray. A little experience, however, and the perusal of the works of two or three authors, that will be pointed out to you hereafter, will, perhaps, serve to remove that obstacle.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals

ROYAL POETS.

A SINGLE flower, and that almost hidden in the obscurest angle of those realms, owns itself the property of King Henry VI.; it is emblematic of the temper and condition of its royal master:—

Kingdoms are but cares;
State is devoid of stay;
Riches are ready snares,
And hasten to decay.

Pleasure is a privy [game]
Which vice does still provoke;
Pomp, unprompt; and fame, a flame;
Power, a smouldering smoke.

Who meaneth to remove the rocks
Out of his slimy mud,
Shall mire himself, and hardly scape
The swelling of the flood.

The pious and contemplative disposition of this monarch, well betrays itself in these verses; they are not inelegant, and were written probably about 40 years after the time of Chaucer. The author of such unambitious sentiments might well be supposed to utter those congenial lines which the poet has given him:—

O, God! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run:
How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about a day,
How many days will finish up a year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times—
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my eyes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yeau;
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
Past over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs into a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this, how sweet, how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich, embroider'd canopy
To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?
Henry VI. Part III.

It is more than probable, that the poet had never seen his royal brother's verses, yet how admirably has he hit off the same melancholy and philosophic strain, which it appears Henry himself had indulged.

What a pity this unfortunate monarch was not born to a crook instead of a sceptre !

Least we should not find, even so unfit an opportunity as this is, we beg leave to subjoin here two sentences written by the same Henry, and preserved by one who had taken him prisoner in the wars of York and Lancaster :—

Patience is the armour and conquest of the godly : this meriteth mercy, when causeless is suffered sorrow.

Naught else is war but fury and madness, wherein is not advice but rashness ; not right but rage, ruleth and reigneth.

These breathe the same mild and amiable spirit ; they confirm that character which their author has received from history : more of the saint than the soldier, less of the prince than the philosopher.

King Bluff, as he had a finger in every thing, so had he a foot (a gouty one, we confess) on the hill of poesy ; he was the landlord of so much ground there, as produced one weed of a proud carriage, but of little fragrance,—the *Turk's Cap*, probably :—

The eagle's force subdues each bird that flies ;
What metal can resist the flaming fire ?
Doth not the sun dazzle the clearest eyes,
And melt the ice, and make the frost retire ?
The hardest stones are pierced thro' with tools ;
The wisest are, with Princes, made but fools.

So much for the Royal Polygamist and his despotic verses. "Fools," indeed, to allow a son of clay like themselves, to insult them in poetry, as if prose were not sublime enough to express the greatness of their insignificance !

The Emperor Adrian had undoubtedly a soul for poetry ; the pathetic lines which he wrote whilst on his death-bed, have never been equalled, though frequently imitated by those who would blush to be compared with him as poets :—

Animula, vagula, blandula,
Hospes, comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca ?
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec, ut soles, dabis joca ?

The diminutives and titles of endearment which the dying emperor applies to his soul, give these verses a prettiness, yet of a melancholy sort, which no translation into English can attain. It is worth while remarking, that the epitaphs—*pale, stiff, and naked*, cannot be preserved, except when the national mythology allows the spirit to be material, or, at least visible, as was the case with paganism. It is so likewise, perhaps, with vulgar, but certainly not with true and philosophical christianity.

But of Royal Poets, David is at once the most ancient and most illustrious ; the sacred minstrel can alone, of all the

sceptred race, be said to have enjoyed, in its highest degree, the gift of poetic inspiration, unless the Song of Solomon be properly so entitled. In one of his Psalms there is a description which far exceeds in point of sublimity the highest flights of profane imagination ; the *Muse of Homer* or of *Shakspeare*, in her loftiest hours, would not have dared to utter such magnificent language as this :—

Then the earth shook and trembled ; the foundations also of the hills moved and were shaken, because He was wroth. . . .

He bowed the heavens also and came down : and darkness was under his feet.

And he rode upon a cherub and did fly : yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind.

He made darkness his secret place : his pavilions round about him were dark waters, and thick clouds of the skies. . . .

The Lord also thundered in the heavens : and the Highest gave his voice, hailstones and coals of fire.

Yea, he sent out his arrows and scattered them ; and he shot out lightnings and discomfited them.

Then the channels of waters were seen, and the foundations of the world were discovered : at thy rebuke, O, Lord, at the blast of the breath of thy nostrils.

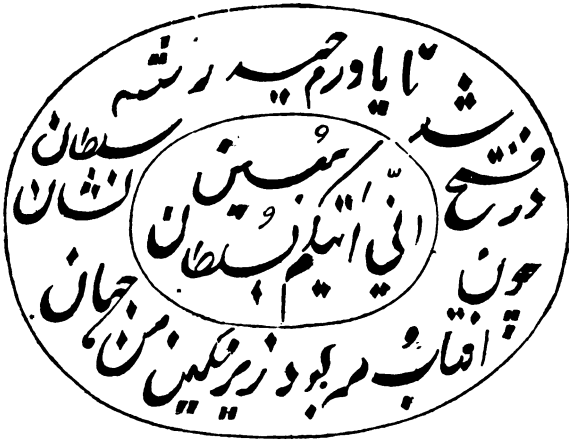
Poetry of such tremendous sublimity as this, renders all other composition mean and grovelling. It transcends, by an infinite measure, Virgil's description of Jupiter striking Mount Athos with a thunderbolt, in his *Georgics*. Milton, whose temerity in the sublime is remarkable, and whose subject often inspires him with more than mortal strength of imagination, appears tame and feeble beside the poet of God.

History informs us, that Alexander the Great usually slept with Homer and his sword under his pillow. It is probable, however, that the martial and adventurous nature of these works procured them this honour, not their poetical merit. But as to Alexander himself, he was certainly no poet—at least if he was, history has forgot to mention it. Pisistratus, tyrant of Athens, is said to have collected the scattered verses of Homer, a better proof of his taste than Alexander has left us of his ; nevertheless there is a great difference between the compiler and composer of verses. One or two instances more than those we have given, might be cited to increase the miserable band of *Poets Royal* ;* in examining their pretensions, however, it is but fair to own that they are very humble, and, indeed, (except in the sacred examples,) should be so.

London Magazine.

* James I. of Scotland, author of *King's Quair* and *Christ's Kirk of the Green*, wears his laurel like a true soldier of Calliope.

Tippoo Saib's Great Seal of State.



WE present our readers with what will at least be deemed a curiosity—a fac-simile of the Great Seal of State of Tippoo Saib, the brave Sultan, who fell at the siege of Seringapatam, burying himself in the ruins of the fortress he was unable to maintain against the British forces. In a future number we may give a memoir of this extraordinary man.

The Arabic sentence in the middle of the Seal is taken from the Coran, chap. 44. wherein Mahomet relates, that Moses, when sent to reclaim the people of Egypt, said to them—

“I am the Messenger of the true Faith.”

(or)

‘I bring unto you the Edicts of Truth.’

This motto has probably been adopted by Tippoo, partly from its reference to his seal for religion, and from its containing the word Sultan, the title he has assumed, although its meaning here seems to be a Messenger or a Mandate of the Supreme Power.

The couplet, in Persian, round the edge of the Seal, appears to be literally as follows:—

“From CONQUEST, and the protection of the Royal HYDER, comes my title of SULTAN; and the World, as under the Sun and Moon, is subject to my Signet.”

The first verse of the couplet contains the name of his grandfather, his father's and his own, and conveys a double meaning in the original.

Fittah, or Conquest, was the name or title of his grandfather, Fittah Naic,

Hyder, his father's name, is also one of the titles of the Prophet's son-in-law, Aly, their protector in war, to whom he has dedicated his country, which he calls—The Government of the Lion of God: Sultan, or King, is the title assumed by himself.

Tippoo adopted this Seal on his succeeding to his father, who died in December, 1782, the beginning of the year 1107 of the Hijera. The date is not marked in the usual manner on the Seal, but may be found by taking the letters of the Arabic sentence, in their numerical capacity, and the middle letter, as implied by the word Der from the first three words of more than one syllable of the couplet, viz.—T from Fittah, A from Ta Yeawerum, and Y from Hyder, which completes the date.

THE DISTRESSED TRAVELLERS; OR,
LABOUR IN VAIN.

(An excellent New Song, to a Tune never sung before.)

BY WILLIAM COWPER.

[The following *jeu d'Esprit* by the inimitable author of *John Gilpin*, is so little known that we shall, we doubt not, gratify our readers by inserting it in the *Mirror*. ED.]

I SING of a journey to Clifton*
We would have performed, if we could
Without cart or barrow, to lift on
Poor Mary, † and me, through the mud.
Sle, Sla, Slud,
Stuck in the mud;
O, it is pretty to wade thro' a flood!

* A village near Olney. † Mrs. Unwin.

So away we went slipping and sliding,
Hop, hop, *a la mode de deux frogs* :
'Tis near as good walking as riding,
When ladies are dressed in their clogs.
Wheels no doubt,
Go briskly about,
But they clatter, and rattle, and make such
a rout.

DIALOGUE.

SHE.

"Well! now, I protest it is charming;
How finely the weather improves!
That cloud, tho' is rather alarming,
How slowly and stately it moves."

HE.

"Pshaw! never mind,
'Tis not in the wind,
We are travelling south, and shall leave it
behind."

SHE.

"I am glad we are come for an airing,
For folks may be pounded and penn'd,
Until they grow rusty, not caring
To stir half a mile to an end."

HE.

"The longer we stay,
The longer we may;
It's a folly to think about weather or way."

SHE.

"But now I begin to be frighted,
If I fall, what a way I should roll!
I am glad that the bridge was indicted:
Stay! stop! I am sunk in a hole!"

HE.

"Nay, never care,
'Tis a common affair;
You'll not be the last, that will set a foot
there."

SHE.

"Let me breathe new a little, and ponder
On what it were better to do:
That terrible lane, I see yonder,
I think we shall never get thro'."

HE.

"So think I:—
But by the bye,
We never shall know, if we never should
try."

SHE.

"But, should we get there, how shall we get
home;
What a terrible deal of bad road we have
past.

Slipping, and sliding; and if we should come
To a difficult stile, I am ruin'd at last!

Oh, this lane
Now it is plain,
That struggling, and striving, is labour in
vain."

HE.

Stick fast there, while I go and look;"

SHE.

"Don't go away, for fear I should fall;"

HE.

"I have examin'd it every nook,
And what you have here, is a sample of all.
Come wheel round;
The dirt we have found
Would be an estate, at a farthing a pound."

"Now sister Anne,* the guitar you must take.
Set it, and sing it, and make it a song:
I have varied the verse, for variety's sake,
And cut it off short—because it was long.

* The late Lady Austin.

'Tis hobbling, and lunge,
Which critics won't blame,
For the sense, and the sound, they say,
should be the same."

The Novelist.

No. LVI.

REDGAUNTLET; A TALE OF
THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

(Concluded from our last.)

LATIMER is conducted by Herries to Cumberland, in the disguise of a female, and Greenmantle is also of the party.—The escort, or company, consisted of several persons; and after travelling some time they came to a Dutch barn, where they breakfasted, and Herries, or Redgauntlet, as we shall now call him, bids Latimer salute Greenmantle, or Lillias, for that is her name, and tells him she is his sister. From Lillias, Latimer learns, for the first time, that he is the heir of the Redgauntlets; that his father was Sir Henry Darsie Redgauntlet, who suffered at Carlisle, in 1746; that he took the name of Darsie from their mother, heiress to a Cumberland family of great wealth, to whose estates Latimer is also heir. Lillias now relates to him the history of the family, from which we learn that their father had been hurried to his fate by the enthusiasm of his brother, to whom, however, the care of the children had been entrusted. The mother dreaded this, and endeavoured to keep the children from him, by sending the son to Scotland, under the name of Latimer, and Lillias to France, where she remained until the eve of the coronation of George III. when she arrived in London; and, accompanied by her uncle, went to see this august ceremony, which she thus describes:—

"Westminster Hall was illuminated by ten thousand wax-lights, whose splendour at first dazzled my eyes, coming as we did from these dark and secret avenues. But, when my sight began to become steady, how shall I describe what I beheld? Beneath were huge ranges of tables, occupied by princes and nobles in their robes of state—high officers of the crown, wearing their dresses and badges of authority—reverend prelates and judges, the sages of the church and law, in their more sombre, yet not less awful robes—with others whose antique and striking costume announced their importance, though I could not even guess who they might be. But at length the truth burst on me at once—it was, and the murmurs around confirmed it, the Coronation Feast. At a table above the rest,

and extending across the upper end of the hall, sat enthroned the youthful sovereign himself, surrounded by the princes of the blood, and other dignitaries, and receiving the suit and homage of his subjects, heralds and pursuivants, blasing in their fantastic, yet splendid, armorial habits, and pages of honour, gorgeously arrayed in the garb of other days, waited upon the princely banquetters. In the galleries, with which the spacious hall was surrounded, shone all, and more than all, that my poor imagination could conceive of what was brilliant in riches, or captivating in beauty. Countless rows of ladies, whose diamonds, jewels, and splendid attire were their least powerful charms, looked down from their lofty seats on the rich scene beneath, themselves forming a show as dazzling and as beautiful as that of which they were spectators. Under these galleries, and behind the banquetting tables, were a multitude of gentlemen, dressed as if to attend a court, but whose garb, although rich enough to have adorned a royal drawing-room, could not distinguish them in such a scene as this. Amongst these we wandered for a few minutes, undistinguished and unregarded. I saw several young persons dressed as I was, so was under no embarrassment from the singularity of my habit, and only rejoiced, as I hung on my uncle's arm, at the magical splendour of such a scene, and at his goodness for procuring me the pleasure of beholding it.

"By and bye, I perceived that my uncle had acquaintances among those who were under the galleries, and seemed, like ourselves, to be mere spectators of the solemnity. They recognised each other with a single word, sometimes only with a gripe of the hand—exchanged some private signs, doubtless—and gradually formed a little group, in the centre of which we were placed."

"Is it not a grand sight, Lillias," said my uncle. "All the noble, and all the wise, and all the wealthy of Britain, are there assembled."

"It is, indeed," said I, "all that my mind could have fancied of regal power and splendour."

"Girl," he whispered,—and my uncle can make his whispers as terribly emphatic as his thundering voice,—"all that is noble and worthy in this fair land are there assembled—but it is to bend like slaves and sycophants before the throne of a new usurper."

"I looked at him, and the dark hereditary frown of our unhappy ancestor was black upon his brow.

"For God's sake," I whispered, "consider, sir, where we are."

"Fear nothing," he said; "we are surrounded by friends."—As he proceeded, his strong and muscular frame shook with suppressed agitation—"See," he said, "yonder bends Norfolk, renegade to his Catholic faith; there stoops the Bishop of —, traitor to the Church of England; and, shame of shames! yonder the gigantic form of Errol bows his head before the grandson of his father's murderer! But a sign shall be seen this night amongst them—'Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin,' shall be read on these walls, as distinctly as the spectral handwriting made them visible on those of Belshazzar!"

"For God's sake," said I, dreadfully alarmed, "it is impossible you can meditate violence in such a presence!"

"None is intended, fool," he answered, "nor can the slightest mischance happen, providing you will rally your boasted courage, and obey my direction. But do it coolly and quickly, for there are a hundred lives at stake."

"Alas! what can I do?" I asked in the utmost terror.

"Only be prompt to execute my bidding," said he: "it is but to lift a glove—Here, hold this in your hand—throw the train of your dress over it, be firm, composed, and ready—or, at all events, I step forward myself."

"If there is no violence designed," I said, taking mechanically the iron glove he put into my hand.

I could not conceive his meaning; but in the exalted state of mind in which I beheld him, I was convinced that disobedience on my part would lead to some wild explosion. I felt, from the emergency of the occasion, a sudden presence of mind, and resolved to do any thing that might avert violence and bloodshed. I was not long held in suspense. A loud flourish of trumpets, and the voice of heralds, were mixed with the clattering of horses' hoofs, while a champion, armed at all points, like those I had read of in romances, attended by squires, pages, and the whole retinue of chivalry, pranced forward, mounted upon a barbed steed. His challenge, in defiance of all who dared impeach the title of the new sovereign, was recited aloud—once, and again.

"Rush in at the third sounding," said my uncle to me; "bring me the parader's gage, and leave mine in lieu of it."

"I could not see how this was to be done, as we were surrounded by people on all sides. But, at the third sounding of the trumpets a lane opened, as if by word of command, betwixt me and the champion, and my uncle's voice said, 'Now, Lillias, now!'

"With a swift, and yet steady step, and with a presence of mind for which I have never since been able to account, I discharged the perilous commission. I was hardly seen, I believe, as I exchanged the pledges of battle, and in an instant retired. 'Nobly done, my girl!' said my uncle, at whose side I found myself, shrouded as I was before, by the interposition of the bye-standers. 'Cover our retreat, gentlemen,' he whispered to those around him. Room was made for us to approach the wall, which seemed to open, and we were again involved in the dark passages through which we had formerly passed. In a small anti-room my uncle stopped, and hastily muffling me in a mantle which was lying there, we passed the guards—treaded the labyrinth of empty streets and courts, and reached our retired lodgings without attracting the least attention."

While Latimer is forced from place to place in disguise, his faithful friend, Alan Fairford, who had set out in quest of him, arrives in Cumberland, and is directed to the house of two maiden ladies, the Misses Arthurets, who treat him kindly. Here he also meets with a Father Buonaventure. He was a man of middle life, about forty, or upwards; but either care, or fatigue, or indulgence, had brought on the appearance of premature old age, and given to his fine features a cast of seriousness or even sadness. A noble countenance, however, still remained; and though his complexion was altered, and his wrinkles stamped upon his brow in many a melancholy fold, still the lofty forehead, the full and well-opened eye, and the well-formed nose, shewed how handsome in better days he must have been. He was tall, but lost the advantage of his height by stooping; and the cane which he wore always in his hand, and occasionally used, as well as his slow, though majestic gait, seemed to intimate that his fine form and limbs felt already some touch of infirmity. The colour of his hair could not be discovered, as, according to the fashion, he wore a periwig. He was handsomely, though gravely, dressed in a secular habit, and had a cockade in his hat; circumstances which did not surprise Fairford, who knew that a military disguise was very often assumed by the seminary priests, whose visits to England, or residences there, subjected them to legal penalties.

This priest gives Alan a letter, by which he finds Redgauntlet, who, however, puts him under restraint, and avowing to Latimer that he was engaged in a new conspiracy to restore the Pretender,

urges him to join them. Latimer, neither refusing nor consenting, is, like Jaffier, introduced to a council of the friends of Charles Edward, among whom he recognized Father Buonaventure, and a young nobleman.

Several of the conspirators were English gentlemen who still held their estates, which they did not like to risk, and they objected that no effort would be successful, unless Charles Edward himself were at its head, when Redgauntlet proclaimed, that Charles was not only in England, but in the room.

There was a deep pause. Those among the conspirators whom mere habit, or desire of preserving consistency, had engaged in the affair, now saw with terror their retreat cut off; and others, who at a distance had regarded the proposed enterprise as hopeful, trembled when the moment of actually embarking in it was thus unexpectedly and almost inevitably, precipitated.

"How now, my lords and gentlemen!" said Redgauntlet; "Is it delight and rapture that keeps you thus silent? where are the eager welcomes that should be paid your rightful king, who a second time confides his person to the care of his subjects, unfettered by the hair-breadth escapes and severe privations of his former expedition? I hope there is no gentleman here, that is not ready to redeem, in his presence, the pledge of fidelity which he offered in his absence?"

"I, at least," said the young nobleman, resolutely, and laying his hand on his sword, "will not be that coward. If Charles is come to these shores, I will be the first to give him welcome, and to devote my life and fortune to his service."

"Before Cot," said Mr. Meredith, "I do not see that Mr. Redgauntlet has left us any thing else to do."

"Stay," said Summertrees, "there is yet one other question. Has he brought any of those Irish rapparees with him, who broke the neck of our last glorious affair?"

"Not a man of them," said Redgauntlet.

"I trust," said Dr. Grumball, "that there are no Catholic priests in his company. I would not intrude on the private conscience of my sovereign, but, as an unworthy son of the Church of England, it is my duty to consider her security."

"Not a Popish dog or cat is there, to bark or mew about his majesty," said Redgauntlet. "Old Shaftesbury himself could not wish a prince's person more secure from Popery—which may not be the worst religion in the world, notwithstanding.—Any more doubts, gentlemen?"

can no more plausible reasons be discovered for postponing the payment of our duty, and discharge of our oaths and engagements? Meantime, your king waits your declaration—by my faith he hath but a frozen reception!”

Father Buonaventure then steps forth, and proves no other than Charles Edward, the Pretender; he has scarcely received the homage of his adherents, when a paper accidentally falls into their hands, by which they learn that they are betrayed.

Redgauntlet read—and, dropping it on the ground, continued to stare upon the spot where it fell, with raised hands and fixed eyes. Sir Richard Glendale lifted the fatal paper, read it, and saying—“Now all is indeed over,” handed it to Maxwell, who said aloud, “Black Colin Campbell, by G—d! I heard he had come post from London last night.”

As if in echo to his thoughts, the violin of the blind man was heard, playing with spirit a celebrated clan-march.

“The Campbells are coming in earnest,” said Mac Kellar; “they are upon us with the whole battalion from Carlisle.”

There was a silence of dismay, and two or three of the company began to drop out of the room.

Lord ——— spoke with the generous spirit of a young English nobleman.—“If we have been fools, do not let us be cowards.—We have one here more precious than us all, and come hither on our warranty—let us save him at least.”

“True, most true,” answered Sir Richard Glendale, “Let the king be first cared for.”

“That shall be my business,” said Redgauntlet; “if we have but time to bring back the brig, all will be well—I will instantly dispatch a party in a fishing-skiff to bring her to.” He gave his commands to two or three of the most active among his followers.—“Let him be once on-board,” he said, “and there are enough of us to stand to arms and cover his retreat.” “Right, right,” said Sir Richard, “and I will look to points which can be made defensible; and the old powder-plot boys, could not have made a more desperate resistance than we shall. Redgauntlet,” continued he, “I see some of our friends are looking pale; but methinks your nephew has more metal in his eye now than when we were in cold deliberation, with danger at a distance.”

“It is the way of our house,” said Redgauntlet; “our courage ever kindles highest on the losing side. I, too, feel that the catastrophe I have brought on must not be survived by its author. Let me first,” he said, addressing Charles, “see your majesty’s sacred person in

such safety as can now be provided for it, and then—”

“You may spare all considerations concerning me, gentlemen,” again repeated Charles; “yon mountain of Criffell shall fly as soon as I will.”

Most threw themselves at his feet with weeping and entreaty; some one or two slunk in confusion from the apartment, and were heard riding off. Unnoticed in such a scene, Darsie, his sister, and Redgauntlet, drew together, and held each other by the hands, as those who, when vessel is about to founder in the storm, determine to take their chance of life and death together.

Amid this scene of confusion, a gentleman, plainly dressed in a riding habit, with a black cockade in his hat, but without any arms except a *couteau-de-chasse*, walked into their apartment without ceremony. He was a tall, thin, gentlemanly man, with a look and bearing decidedly military. He had passed through their guards, if in the confusion they now maintained any, without stop or question, and now stood, almost unarmed, among armed men, who, nevertheless, gazed on him as the angel of destruction.

“You look coldly on me, gentlemen, he said; “Sir Richard Glendale—my lord—we were not always such strangers. Ha, Pate-in-Peril, how is it with you? and you, too, Ingoldsby—I must not call you by any other name—why do you receive an old friend so coldly? But you guess my errand.”

“And are prepared for it, general,” said Redgauntlet; “we are not men to be penned up like sheep for the slaughter.”

“Pshaw! you take it too seriously—let me speak but one word with you.”

“No words can shake our purpose,” said Redgauntlet; “were your whole command, as I suppose is the case, drawn round the house.”

“I am certainly not unsupported,” said the general; “but if you would hear me—”

“Hear me, sir,” said the Wanderer, stepping forward; “I suppose I am the mark you aim at—I surrender myself willingly, to save those gentlemen’s danger—let this at least avail in their favour.”

An exclamation of “Never, never!” broke from the little body of partizans, who threw themselves round the unfortunate prince, and would have seized or struck down Campbell, had it not been that he remained with his arms folded, and a look rather indicating impatience because they would not hear him, than the least apprehension of violence at their hand.

At length he obtained a moment’s si-

lence. "I do not," said he, "know this gentleman,"—making a profound bow to the unfortunate prince,—"I do not wish to know him; it is a knowledge which would suit neither of us."

"Our ancestors, nevertheless, have been well acquainted," said Charles, unable, to suppress, even in that hour of dread and danger, the painful recollections of fallen royalty.

"In one word, General Campbell," said Redgauntlet, "is it to be peace or war?—You are a man of honour, and we can trust you."

"I thank you, sir," said the general; "and I reply that the answer to your question rests with yourself. Come, do not be fools, gentlemen; there was, perhaps, no great harm meant or intended by your gathering together in this obscure corner, for a bear-baiting or a cock-fighting, or whatever other amusement you may have intended; but it was a little imprudent, considering how you stood with government, and it has occasioned some anxiety. Exaggerated accounts of your purpose have been laid before government by the information of a traitor in your own counsels; and I was sent down post to take the command of a sufficient number of troops, in case these calumnies should be found to have any real foundation. I have come here, of course, sufficiently supported both with cavalry and infantry, to do whatever might be necessary; but my commands are—and I am sure they agree with my inclination—to make no arrests, nay, to make no further inquiries of any kind, if this good assembly will consider their own interests so far as to give up their immediate purpose, and return quietly home to their own houses."

"What!—all?" exclaimed Sir Richard Glendale—"all, without exception?"

"All, without one single exception," said the general; "such are my orders. If you accept my terms, say so, and make haste; for things may happen to interfere with his majesty's kind purposes towards you all."

"His majesty's kind purposes!" said the Wanderer. "Do I hear you aright, sir?"

"I speak the king's very words, from his very lips," replied the general. "I will," said his majesty, "deserve the confidence of my subjects, by reposing my security in the fidelity of the millions who acknowledge my title—in the good sense and prudence of the few who continue, from the errors of education, to disown it."—His majesty will not even believe that the most zealous Jacobites who yet remain can nourish a thought of exciting a civil war, which must be fatal

to their families and themselves, besides spreading bloodshed and ruin through a peaceful land. He cannot even believe of his kinsman, that he would engage brave and generous, though mistaken men, in an attempt which must ruin all who have escaped former calamities; and he is convinced that, did curiosity or any other motive lead that person to visit this country, he would soon see it was his wisest course to return to the continent; and his majesty compassionates his situation too much to offer any obstacles to his doing so."

"Is this real?" said Redgauntlet.—"Can you mean this?—Am I—are all, or any, of these gentlemen at liberty, without interruption, to embark in yonder brig, which I see is now again approaching the shore?"

"You, Sir—all—any of the gentlemen present," said the general,—"all whom the vessel can contain are at liberty to embark uninterrupted by me; but I advise none to go off who have not powerful reasons, unconnected with the present meeting, for this will be remembered against no one."

"Then, gentlemen," said Redgauntlet, clasping his hands together as the words burst from him, "the cause is lost for ever."

This act of clemency astonished all, even the royal Wanderer himself, who felt with Redgauntlet, that the cause was lost against a sovereign who used such generous means of converting enemies into friends. Charles Edward and Redgauntlet proceed towards the shore with the rest of their followers; and on their way, see the bodies of Nanty Ewart, the smuggler, and Cristal Nixon, the retainer of Redgauntlet, blackening in the sun. "That was your informer," said Redgauntlet, looking back to General Campbell, who only nodded his assent. Such, indeed, was the case; Nixon had not only betrayed their meeting to General Campbell, but endeavoured to bribe Ewart to remove his vessel to such a distance, as to prevent all chance of escape. Ewart refused, when Nixon discharged a pistol, which mortally wounded Ewart; when he, with a desperate effort, raised his claymore, and struck Nixon to the earth, and both were found dead. The Pretender and Redgauntlet, after the former had taken leave of his adherents, and the latter of his nephew and niece, embark. Redgauntlet only remained two or three years in the family of the chevalier, when he entered the cloister, and rose to the situation of prior. Latimer recovered the title and estates of his father, and became Sir Arthur Darsie Redgauntlet; and his

sister, Lilius, became the bride of Darsie's quondam school-fellow, and friend Alan Fairford, the advocate.

BLUNDERS IN "RED-GAUNTLET."

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—It is singular enough that the author of the Scotch novels should commit such errors in his productions, and equally so that they should not be corrected in their progress through the press. I have already communicated some of those which have occurred to me in reading the former novels, and I now subjoin the following in "Redgauntlet."

When Nanty Ewart is conducting the party on the way to Fairladies, he asks, "Who knows the house best?" "Sam Skelton's a Catholic," said Lowther.

"A d—d bad religion," said Nanty. "But I am glad there is one amongst us any how. You, Sam, being a papist, know Fairladies, and the old maidens, I dare say; so do you fall out of the line, and wait here with me."

The narrative then proceeds thus:—"The string of loaded horses then struck forward at their former pace, while Nanty, with Jack Kelton, waited by the roadside till the rear came up.

"There used to be no gate here," said Skelton, finding their way unexpectedly stopped.—Vol. iii. p. 42, 43.

And the same blunder of calling Sam Skelton, Jack, is continued in the next page, but Kelton is not repeated.

Yours very respectfully,
June 22, 1824. OCLUS.

Miscellaneous.

HISTORIOGRAPHER O'FLAHERTY.

OF all the historians that Great Britain, or even the world, has produced, there is not one so minute, or so deeply versed in genealogy, as the Irish historian, O'Flaherty, the author of "Ogygia." He knows for certain, that just forty days before the deluge, and on the 15th of the month, which happened that year to be on a Saturday, three men, with fifty women, arrived in Ireland, for the very purpose of peopling the country, but the flood disappointed them. He further states, but on what authority is not known, unless, indeed, he had access to the archives, that 312 years after the deluge, on the 14th of the month, which was Tuesday, a man and his wife, of the name of

Partholom, with three sons and their wives, arrived to found a new colony.

The same acute and correct historian has drawn up a genealogy of Charles II., in which are not fewer than seventy royal generations; and then forty-eight generations more, traces the family, most clearly, up to Adam: these forty-eight generations were all patriarchs and leaders of colonies; so that Seneca must certainly be wrong, when he says that there is no king among whose ancestors some slaves are not to be found.

A Spanish bishop of Fandeval has compiled a pedigree of the house of Austria, which comprises 118 generations, from Adam to Philip III.; and another Spanish writer, Pœycæfiel Coutreras, a pedigree of the house of Lorraine, of 131 generations; but both are outdone by Mr. O'Flaherty, for neither has ventured to bring down from Adam a line composed entirely of kings and princes.

SOME years ago, a gentleman in the Civil Service of the East India Company, observing a very handsome young lady (just arrived from that mart of beauty, Old England) in the next pew to his at church, wrote with a pencil on a slip of paper—

"1,500 Rupees a month;

Will you have me?"

and handed it over to her: on the back of which the lady, probably thinking her face worth 2 or 3,000, wrote—

"Don't want."

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

EPIGRAM.

"YOU'RE a thief," said a wag, "and I'll show it,"

To a butcher, with angry feeling;

"'Tis a scandalous fact, and you know it,
That knives, you are constantly steal-
ing."

EPIGRAM.

DR. DODDRIDGE's family motto, was—*Dum vivimus vivamus*; which, by the bye, in its primary signification, is not very appropriate to a christian divine; he, however, versified it thus:—

"Live, while you live, the epicure would say
And seize the pleasures of the present day;
Live, while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies;
Lord, in my views let both united be!
I live in pleasure, while I live to thee."

AN EPITAPH

In Little St. Mary's Church Yard, Cambridge, upon John Foster, Esq., of that town. Obit. 1780. Ætat. 54.

NOMEN, Decus, Tellus meum,
 Quid referunt Hæc ad Te?
 Genus etiamque meum,
 Clarum quid aut Humile?
 Forsan Omnes alios longè
 Ego Antecellui—
 Forsan Cunctis aliis valdè
 (Nam quid tunc?) succubui.
 Ut Hoc Tu vides Tumulum
 Hospes, certè satis est,
 Ejus Tu scis benè Usum—
 Tegit—"Nihil Interest."

E.

TRANSLATION.

MY Name, my Country, what are they
 to thee?
 What, whether High or Low my Pedigree?
 Perhaps I surpass'd by far all other men,
 Perhaps I fell below them all, what then?
 Suffice it, Stranger, that thou see'st a
 Tomb,
 It's use, thou know'st; it hides—"No
 matter whom."

EPITAPH ON A SAILOR.

(Written by his Messmate.)

HERE is honest Jack, to the lobsters a
 prey,
 Who lived like a Sailor, free, hearty,
 and gay;
 His riggings well fitted, his sides close
 and tight,
 His bread-room well furnished, his main-
 mast upright:
 When Death, like a pirate, built solely
 for plunder,
 Thus hail'd Jack, in a voice loud as
 thunder—
 "Drop your peak, my old boy, and your
 top-sails throw back!
 For already too long you've remained on
 that tack."
 Jack heard the dread call, and without
 more ado,
 His sails flatten'd in, and his Bark she
 broach'd to.

CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTE.

In 1687, a private man, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, brother-in-law to Sir Walter Raleigh, or what was better, animated by a congenial soul, sailed with every provi-

sion for settling the important island of Newfoundland, which had been discovered by Cabot, in 1496. On his return to England he was swallowed up by the ocean. His love of improvement, and his piety, never forsook him. He was seen sitting, unmoved, in the stern of his ship, with a book in his hand, and often heard to say—"Courage, my lads! we are as near heaven at sea as at land."—In such a character, how admirable would be the words of one of 'Raine's Heroes': 'Je crains Dieu, et je n'ai point d'autre crainte.'—'I fear God, and I know no other fear.'

INDIAN ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following is a copy of a native advertisement which appeared in a newspaper, published at Madras, in October, 1817:—

"C. Appaswamy, of Black Town, begs to inform his friends in public, all the gentlemen and ladies, and all the nobility of the settlement, black and white, that I shall sell by outcry, on Wednesday next, at ten o'clock in the morning, a large quantity of hams, ironmongery, paper hangings, ladies things of sorts, commodes, confectionary, gentlemen's hats, some Cremona fiddles, gentlemen's dress black-silk breeches, and a variety of other sweetmeats; all for ready money, without reserve, or other distinction of persons."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Number 90, of the *Mirror*, which we were unable to publish before Tuesday last, completes the Third Volume, and contains the Title, Preface, and Index; Recollections of Lord Byron Anecdotes of his early Youth; Tributes to his Memory, &c.: and in return for the very liberal and increasing patronage extended to our work, we have had a Portrait of Lord Byron—an approved likeness—engraved on steel, a copy of which is presented *gratuitously* with Number 90, of the *Mirror*, which is published without any additional charge. Number 91, of the *Mirror*, being the commencement of a new Volume, was published on Saturday last.

So large and so valuable has been the accession of our Correspondents during the last fortnight that we are quite unable to answer them until next Number. In the mean time we may observe, that a large portion of the articles sent to us are intended for early insertion, including communications from *Edgar, F. T. W., T. N. E. Archie Altquis, Liolet, Jacobus, M., I. M. C. Paraphraistes, J. G., &c. &c.*

Is it possible that our friend *I. F. G.*, for whose friendly admonition we thank him, does not perceive that the article at page 403 is ironical, and a good-natured satire on the vulgar habits of too many young persons.

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[PRICE 2d.

Residence of Edward the Black Prince.



THROUGH the kindness of a correspondent we are enabled to present our readers with a view of the country residence of Edward the Black Prince, which was taken so recently as last December. This house, where the hero of Poitiers and Cressy rusticated, is situated at Prince's Risborough, in Buckinghamshire, and is now inhabited by Mr. Grace, who is land steward to Viscount Hampden. This house, which is of the architecture of the fourteenth century, rests its claim to notice on its antiquity and the associations connected with it, as the residence of Edward the Black Prince, who, as Rapin says truly, "became in his time the most illustrious and most accomplished prince England had ever produced." Edward was born at Woodstock, on the 15th of June, 1330. To write the life of this prince, would be to write the military history of the age in which he lived, as under him and his illustrious sire, Edward III. the arms of England were every where victorious, and the military glory of the country raised to the highest pitch. He was not called the Black Prince on account of his wearing black armour, as Rapin and tradition

assert, for there is no proof of his ever wearing it at all. The appellation was given him on account of his having assumed the device on the standard of the King of Bohemia, who fell at the battle of Cressy, which was three ostrich feathers on a black ground. From this time the French began to call the Prince *Le Noir*, and in a record of the twentieth of Richard II. he is styled the Black Prince. The King of Bohemia, here alluded to, was blind, and when he was told that the French were in terrible disorder during the battle of Cressy, that his son Charles had been obliged to retire dangerously wounded, that the English had made a dreadful carnage, and that the Black Prince bore down every thing before him by his irresistible valour, he commanded his knights to lead him into the hottest part of the battle against the young warrior. Accordingly four of his attendants, placing him in the middle, and interlacing the bridles of their horses, they rushed into the thickest of the enemy's ranks, and the blind king interchanged a few strokes with the prince; they were, however, soon parted, and the Bohemian monarch and his followers fell in the battle.

The battles of Poitiers and Cressy, in which the Black Prince so greatly distinguished himself, will swim down the tide of time with the glories of Agincourt, Blenheim, Trafalgar, and Waterloo; and the prince under whose direction these victories were achieved, will rank not merely as a distinguished general, but as one whose personal prowess was equally prominent. Nor was he a less generous conqueror. John, King of France, who was taken prisoner at the battle of Poitiers, declared, that notwithstanding his own defeat and captivity, his honour was still uninjured; and that, though he yielded to victory, it was at least gained by a prince of the most consummate valour.

When the Black Prince took the city of Limoges by storm, he gave up the inhabitants to slaughter, until proceeding farther in the town, he perceived three French gentlemen, who with incredible courage were alone sustaining the shock of his victorious army. His consideration and respect of such distinguished valour immediately blunted the edge of his resentment, and he began by granting the lives of those three persons, to spare the lives of all that were in the town.

These three heroes, whose names were Jehan de Villemur, Hugues de la Roche, and Roger de Beaufort, when they saw the misery and destruction that was pressing upon themselves and their people, resolved to sell their lives dearly, as true chevaliers ought to do. When the prince in his car came to the spot where they were, he observed with great pleasure their extraordinary acts of valour. The three warriors, after having fought thus valiantly, fixing their eyes upon their swords, said with one voice to the prince, and the Duke of Lancaster, "My lords, we are yours; you have conquered us, dispose of us according to the law." "By heaven," replied the Duke of Lancaster, "we have no other intention, and therefore make you prisoners."

This prince died on the 8th of June, 1376, and was buried in the Cathedral at Canterbury, where a monument was erected to his memory.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

SUCH is woman's love, bending with the lightest breath of air, not breaking beneath the keenest blast of winter. It flourishes in the warm beam of truth, dies not in the cold blight of falsehood. Where is he whose heart beats not responsive to the tenderness of female affection? The earth holds not a being so heartless, but that at times the kind affection of

woman must rouse him to feelings, which throw an undimmed lustre over all the darker feelings of his soul. He may be cold in his nature; apathy may dwell in his mind, his bosom may be senseless to, and reckless of, all her shining qualities; but there *are* moments when love will warm the coldest, the most insensible; when its brightness will rouse him from his apathy, when its kindness will soothe its very agonies. Love, in woman, is one unclouded ray of dazzling light, the intense glow of the summer's sun; no clouds obscure its loveliness, no storms can chill its ardour, no shades can dull its brilliancy. It shone at first, it shines now, and it will shine on for ever, in one unbroken, splendid beam of celestial beauty. Were I required to name the moment when I would consent that my hopes of joy should fail, I would say the hour when woman's heart shall cease to beat for love; love, pure, faithful, unmixed with the baser feelings of human nature. I am a man, but I can speak of man's love only as a summer's cloud. It is seen, it strikes upon the eye in all the brilliancy of abstract beauty; but it is a mere vision, it has no substance; it is a shade which floats upon the surface, mixes with the other visions of life, and is seen no more! If it be marked with greater strength in man, how does it shew itself? It proves its force, like the storm-cloud, by the destruction of what it was meant to cherish. It drives love's weak vessel, a woman's heart, amongst those rocks and breakers, which, to touch upon, is sure destruction. Man is truly the creature of passion; the finer touches of human nature are strangers to his soul. Cold, insensible, and selfish, what is love to him beyond the influence it may hold over his prospects of pleasure or of passion? It is only in woman's heart that the flower of love finds a native soil. In the heart of man it may flourish for a while as an exotic; but, when the care of the cultivator is withdrawn, when it is no longer watched with careful anxiety, it droops, withers, and dies.

These reflections were the consequence of a meeting, as romantic as it was interesting, which I had the other morning in the Regent's Park. It was early: Aurora, with rosy fingers, was just opening the curtains of Sol's splendid bed; his beams shone upon the clouds, but they reached not to the earth. I had taken advantage of the first fine morning, that had broken upon my slumbers since I had been dwelling in one of the Alpha Cottages. With ardour I hailed the lovely prospect. The trees were budding, the birds were chaunting forth their merry

Jays, the park alone in all the brightness of a delightful season. I rushed forth ten years the younger for the brilliancy of the scene. I reached the summit of Primrose-hill. I saw the spot where poor Scott received the wound which changed a happy wife to a mourning widow, and an affectionate family to unprotected orphans. Alfred the Great and his band of patriots arose before me as the triumphant conquerors of the enemies of their country's liberty. No trophy mark the field of their victory, no monument is erected to commemorate the fall of those who died in so glorious a cause. The barrow, if there ever was one, has long since been levelled with the smooth, green turf! Yet the heroes have one memorial which nothing can efface—the heartfelt gratitude of a free nation. This, too, was the spot where Sir Edmondsbury Godfrey fell a victim to the popular fury of the Catholics; and the memory of even this comparatively modern circumstance is sinking fast into oblivion. On the declivity of the hill, instead of Green-berry-hill, now corruptly termed Barrow-hill, now houses have been erected, bearing the latter name, thus assisting to bury in obscurity, if not in oblivion, the awful fate of a man who lived and died guiltless of any crime, but that greatest of all crimes in the eyes of an infatuated sect, the strict execution of his duty.

On the western side of Primrose-hill is another and a smaller eminence, the summit of which has been, beyond the memory of man, bare of all vegetable substance. The popular tradition is, that there two brothers, enamoured of the same lady, met to decide by arms to whom she should belong. Ridiculous idea! that a woman's heart would consent to receive a master from the point of a sword, or trust its hopes of happiness to the hired arbitration of a trigger! Both died at the same time, each by the weapon of his adversary! Here was a melancholy proof of the dark influence of love on the heart of man. Would it have operated thus in woman's heart? No! for with her, love is an unceasing flow of tenderness.

Whilst my mind was filled with these images vividly rising in an overheated imagination, I returned towards the Park. I beheld the sun rise in all its splendour; no clouds intercepted its brightness; it was such a morning as seldom beams over an English landscape, except in the imagination of a poet, or in the eye of a painter. My steps were suddenly arrested by the accents of a female, who, in the most soul-thrilling tones, repeated the stanzas which have acquired so much celebrity from the sentence by which

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they are preceded in "Quintin Durward,"

"Ah, County Guy,
The hour is nigh."

I saw her standing upon Macclesfield-bridge, her slight form leaning gracefully upon the iron rail-work, and her eyes fixed upon the water below. There was a wild vacancy in her eyes, which told too plainly that madness was in her brain. A pallid cheek, generally the indicator of heartfelt woe, was in her case doubly eloquent. I stood beside her; but such was her mental distraction, that she heeded not my presence. I laid my hand upon her arm, and asked her what she sought so earnestly in the water below?

"A respite from sorrow!" was her reply.

"What sorrows can be thine? Scarcely can thy young life have seen eighteen summers, and has sorrow already so deeply shaded thy young hours? If practicable, I would gladly alleviate thy distress."

"Ah, Sir! you are kind; but there is only one who could soothe my griefs, and he is not here. Ah! County Guy!" as she uttered these words she sighed deeply.

"He loved you, then?" and, observing that she was in deep mourning, "and is no more!" I added, "Poor girl! thy grief is deep, and time can be thy only remedy."

"Ah, no! he is not dead, but he has left me to mourn in secret over my woes."

"Come, cheer up, think not of him: he who could forsake one so lovely is not worthy that you should regret him. Let me lead you home—will you trust yourself with a stranger?"

"Oh, yes! for strangers are always kinder than our friends. But where is County Guy? He should perform that office for which I am now obliged to a stranger."

"And whither shall I lead you? where is your home?"

"My home! I have no home—home comprises all we love on earth—all on earth we hold the dearest—all that gives joy and pleasure to the heart; but mine—mine is desolate."

Whilst she was speaking, a young lady came round the park-railings, from the inner circle, and approaching the poor bewildered maid, exclaimed, "Louisa! my dear sister, why will you thus wander forth alone? come, mamma is so uneasy! how can you leave us thus?"

"Is she your sister?" said I.

"She is, Sir: why do you inquire?"

I briefly informed her of what had passed between us; and subsequently I learned the particulars of her melancholy story. I cannot, however, repeat it with the simple eloquence of that young girl,

the soul-touching plaintiveness of whose mournful voice vibrated through every fibre of my frame. It appeared that her elder sister, Louisa, the object of my first attention, had by some chance, whilst at school in Kent, conceived a deep affection for a young gentleman of the neighbourhood, who professed as ardent an attachment to her. Personal interviews proving impossible, letters alone could impart their thoughts, their hopes, their fears. To prevent discovery he chose the fictitious name of County Guy, and she Isabel St. Clair. Their correspondence continued for some time after Louisa had left school; but her youthful lover's passion had subsided, and he had long since ceased to hold "converse sweet" with the once worshipped idol of his heart. Soon after the cessation of his epistolary effusions, Louisa's brother, an only brother, and one whom she had dearly loved, died, and her brain had failed beneath the accumulation of grief so violent.

Such was the short, sad history of poor Louisa! may it prove a warning to every youthful fair, who honours it with her perusal, not to engage her affections too deeply until certain that the object is worthy, not to engage too readily in clandestine correspondence, from which nothing but sorrow can ensue.

W. H. L.

ON THE ORIGIN, NATURE, AND DESIGN OF SCULPTURE.

(For the Mirror.)

SCULPTURE is an art which, by design and solid matter, imitates the palpable objects of nature. It is difficult to ascertain the epocha of its origin, which appears lost in the most remote antiquity. The arts of imitation, in general, as painting, architecture, sculpture, &c. were the first invented. Sculptors began to work upon clay and wax, which are more flexible, and more pliable than wood and stone.—They soon made statues of trees, which were neither subject to corruption nor worms, as the lemon-tree, the cypress, the palm, the olive, the ebony, and the vine: at last they made use of metals, ivory, and the hardest stones;—marble, especially, became the most precious matter, and the most esteemed for works of Sculpture.

The people amongst whom this fine art was held in the greatest honour were the Egyptians; those people so celebrated by the monuments of their gratitude towards the memory of the kings, their benefactors. It was to perpetuate their names that they erected, in the earliest ages, the

two colossal statues of Mocrus, and the queen, his spouse.

The Egyptian sculptors excelled all others in exactness of proportion.—The different parts of a statue were often formed by diverse artists, and these parts united made the whole perfect.

The Greek historians boast of the invention of that art in their country, which they attribute to love. However, it is certain that the first essays of Sculpture in Greece were very unpolished; but Dedalus, having travelled into Egypt, improved himself in this art, and formed afterwards pupils, who became the admiration of a people whose taste was not yet refined by the elegant statues of Phidias, Myron, Lysippus, &c.

The Greeks, subdued by the Romans, degenerated insensibly; and the arts vanished with their freedom.

Sculpture was an exotic which never could thrive in victorious Rome;—its transient glory was eclipsed by the other arts in the reign of Augustus; it declined under Tiberius, Caius, and Claudius, and re-appeared with increased glory under Nero.

The Gothic Sculpture sprung afterwards from a wild imagination, unassisted by nature.

The epocha of Sculpture is the same in France and Italy. The celebrated Michael Angelo worked in Rome, under the pontificate of Leo. X.; whilst John Goujon was admired at Paris, under the patronage of Francis I. The English advanced by slow degrees to the perfection of that art, in which they now rival their ancient masters.

The sculptors gave the name of statue to a figure in embossed work, that stands by itself, in wood, stone, marble, or metal, of persons conspicuous by their birth, their rank, or their merit.

The ancients often represented figures of men, kings, and even gods, under a species of statues smaller than the natural size. Those of persons who had distinguished themselves by their superior knowledge, their virtues, or some important services to the commonwealth, were erected at the public expense, in statues of human size.

The third species of statues were designed for kings and emperors. They were taller than men commonly are; and those which personated heroes were larger in proportion.

As for the colossal statues, they represented gods, and often kings and emperors, desirous to magnify themselves by these stupendous works, reared at their own expense, monuments of their vanity and folly. An equestrian statue exhibits

a man on horseback, as the statue of Charles I. at Charing-cross; the statue of Henry IV. at Paris; and that of Cosmo de Medicis, at Leghorn.

The Greek statue is naked and antique: thus called, because the Greeks displayed in that manner the gods, the heroes, and the athletes of the olympic games. The Roman statues are all represented with drapery.

A Mausoleum is a pompous funeral monument, decorated with sculpture and architecture, with an epitaph sacred to the memory of some considerable personage. It derives its etymology from the magnificent tomb which Queen Artemisa caused to be erected for Mausolus, king of Caria, her husband.

Heroes, patriots, and statesmen, are not only entitled to the love and veneration of their contemporaries during their lives, but their virtues and services ought to be transmitted to the latest posterity. This vanity of surviving our dust by lasting monuments of national gratitude, has prompted men to the most noble actions, and inspired them with the emulation of being enrolled in the records of time, with those great heroes whose statues and inscriptions they contemplate with a sort of ecstasy. The tombs in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral, fill the mind with that awful reverence which a magnificent and grateful nation testifies for its benefactors; and like the portraits of the illustrious warriors, who have subdued our inveterate enemies by 'flood and field,' when exposed to public view, they create a kind of admiration for the spirit and magnanimity so becoming the character of a powerful empire. F. R.—Y.

THE KEY-BROOCH.

(For the Mirror.)

AND dost thou deign to ask a key,
And that, my Emma, that from me?
And dost thou think I can decline
A wish so wish'd, and sweet as thine?
O, no!—for I to thee would part,
Tho' they were blood-drops from my heart.
Go, envied brooch!—go there, and rest,
Where no rude hand has vilely press'd:
Go, guard, since Emma wills it so,
Those charms,—the power you ne'er can know:
Go, envied key, and be careas'd
On Emma's soft, unspotted breast!
Be thou the genii of those hills
That ev'ry balmy sweet distills!
Keep close from ev'ry prying eye
The twin's emotion, low or high!
Let no rough wind, I charge thee, blow
On skin more white than driven snow.
And, Oh! when there, try, learn, dear key,
If e'er that bosom throbb'd for me!
Unlock, search well, where love doth lie,
Yet, use not force, but gently try:
For know, 'tis Emma's self must give
The doom that bids me die or live!
Now, haste!—haste to that seat of bliss
A monarch would be proud to kiss!
And as fond sighs will sometimes steal,
And speak what love would fain conceal,

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Inspect her eyes, if they disclose
From whence the dear intruders rose.
But, trifer, hence! thou canst not see,
Nor hear if Emma sighs for me!
O, could—could I your face supply,
On wings, yes, wings of joy, I'd fly!
Kiss that warm breast, so soft and fair,
And make my earthly heaven there!

UTOPIA.

LORD BYRON'S WILL.

[THE eagerness with which Nos. 85 and 90 of the *Mirror*, containing the Memoir, Recollections, and Portrait of Lord Byron have been purchased by the public, has induced us to continue collecting every thing new and interesting relating to this distinguished individual, and as some incorrect statements respecting his Will have been published, we feel much pleasure in being able to give the only important articles in this highly interesting document.]

ED.

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON, described of Rochdale, in the county of Lancaster, by his will, dated 29th of July, 1815, directs his Manor or Lordship of Rochdale to be sold; also his estate at Newstead, in the county of Nottingham, (of which he had not conveyed) £60,000 out of the sale of the latter estate, to be applied for the trusts contained in his marriage settlement, and the remainder thereof, together with the proceeds arising from the sale of the Rochdale estate, to be invested in the funds by his trustees, and the interest to accrue therefrom, to be paid to his sister, Augusta Mary Leigh, (wife of George Leigh, Esq.) for her own sole use; and after her death to go to her children. He appoints his friends, John Cam Hobhouse, of Trinity College, Cambridge, and John Hanson, of Chancery Lane, Esqrs., Trustees and Executors of his Will, and then adds, that he makes the above provision for his said sister and her children, in consequence of his wife, Lady Byron, and any children he might have by her, being otherwise provided for.

By a codicil, dated at Venice, the 17th of November, 1818, the testator gives unto Allegra Byron, an infant of about twenty months old, by him brought up, and then residing at Venice, £5,000, on her attaining the age of twenty-one, or day of marriage, (on condition she does not marry a native of Great Britain); in the meantime the interest to be applied for her maintenance. In case she should die before twenty-one, or being married as aforesaid, the said £5,000 to fall into the residue of the testator's estate.

The probate of the Will was taken under £10,000.

PUNNING.

(For the Mirror.)

MR. EDITOR,—From the gracious manner in which you inserted the jokes of

a punster defunct, though a long time ago, (in No. 71) I am induced to forward you another cargo for the edification of all young gentlemen who may suppose (for it is a mere hypothesis) in the exuberance of their accommodating imaginations, that they are gifted with the art of punning: and likewise for their (i. e. the *punnicians* aforesaid) further and better erudition in the above art, I shall endeavour to preface these repartees, (shall they be called so?) with an observation or two on punning; and for the information of the reader, I shall be as brief and *pungent* as any punning gent of your acquaintance, and I hope, as a *pun* itself.

A man who wishes to be called a punster must not stick by the way—he must be incessantly on the *qui vive*, the longer he thinks, the longer he will think; and if he do not endeavour to answer the repartee of his opponent *instantly*, such is the velocity these shadows of wit require, that the mind loses its wonted quickness, the speaker is confused, and the joke might as well be said to remain in his bowels as in his head. For instance, when a man observes he knew a carpenter and joiner who was a very learned fellow—now only imagine a carpenter and joiner a learned scribe—what presents itself to a punster on the instant? Why, very naturally he would say, if his head was not as dull and dry as a log of wood, that the carpenter's head was stored with "wise *saws* and modern instances"—and for the sake of continuing the thread of the joke, he will instantly scrape together, in his imagination, the cognomen of each tool in a carpenter's chest, &c.—for then he will possess images for the formation of a pun, and however bad it may be, it sets the invention on the stretch, and better will be sure to succeed it; for a pun must either be very good or very bad; the middling, steady sort of a joke of some antiquated 'Change Alley merchant is worth naught. "*Mediocribus esse poetis, non di, non homines, non concessere columnæ,*" as Horace hath it.

Now again—a pun that is bad from its very remoteness, and because others imagined that no such joke existed in the word they themselves had conned and mangled for the purpose of extracting a joke—I say, a pun on this account alone is more acceptable, because, though it may not strike at once, the very remoteness and incongruity of the joke, ensure it a hearty laugh. If a man who wishes to produce a pun, *waits* till he can make a good one, in course of conversation, the flow of wit will be finished, probably, ere he can produce the fag end of a joke; for a pun that is made after the engagement,

if I may so term it, is over, fails to attract the notice it otherwise would.

Exempli Gratia.

A person going through Windsor Park was asked whether George the Fourth had *reigned long*; he replied, he "has stags that have *rein deer* (reigned here) much longer."

A gentleman observed to another, that an *officer in the army* had left his house without paying rent; "Oh!" exclaimed his friend—"You mean the *left-tenant*."

A poor poet who *drank* considerably, and was in *debt*, was termed a *dram-a-tick* poet, and was subject to the *room-atic* gout!

A man who *keeps a house* and *tears a garment*, is a *renter*.

A punster goes into a friend's *garden*, and observes he dabbles in the *stocks*; says, if he has *time*, he always goes near the *mint*; says you need not *pine*, for you are at least worth a *plum*; and he is only compelled to stop for a *hearty-choke*!

An *alley* covered with blood is like the story of *Mirhsa*—being an *alley-gory*!

The *figure of Achilles*, in Hyde Park, still remains in *statu quo*.

Am-phis-ious animals are generally given to *fighting*.

A man that runs against a *wheel-barrow* may be compared to an instrument of science, for he is a *baro-meter*!

A poor poet was surnamed *A-nack-re-on-tick*, from a *knack* he had of going on *tick*!

"Mr. Kean," observed one, "is playing at *Cork*:" "I hope," cried another, "he *draws* full houses."

A bell-founder is like the *Goddess of War*, being a *bell-owner*!

A *male duck* is like an *Athenian philosopher*, his name being *DRACO*!

A gentleman seeing a regiment of grenadiers, said, they put him in mind of the *God of marriage*, because they were *HIGH-MEN*.

A *giant weeding*, and said to be *melancholy*, weeds with a *high-hoe*! (*heigh ho!*)

BETA.

. Our correspondent has observed, that a pun must either be very good or very bad. We believe none of our readers will deny his claim to one of these qualities, and with regard to the qualifications, we deem them nearly equal.—Ed.

My Common Place Book.

No. IV.

"EVERY thing suffers by translation," says my Lord Chesterfield, "except a Bishop." I have rarely met a *neater* ex

amplification of this remark than in the following brilliant, easy, and free translation, by a youth, doubtless of first-rate classical attainments:—" *Cæsar venit in Galliam summa diligentia.*" "Cæsar came into Gaul on the top of the Diligence."—But *appropos* of translation.—A Frenchman one evening addressed the late Dr. B. in the following complimentary strain:—"Sare, I have had the *honneur of translating you in French!*" But from bad translations let us pass to good poetry.

AMID THE WEST, THE LIGHT DECAYING.

BY C. H. TOWNSHEND.

AMID the West, the light decaying,
Like joy, looks loveliest ere it dies,
On Ocean's breast the small waves playing,
Catch the last lustre as they rise.

Scarce the blue curling tide displaces
One pebble in its gentle ebb:—
Scarce on the smooth sand leaves its traces,
In meshes fine as fairy's web.

From many a stone the sea-weed streaming
Now floats—now falls—the waves between,
Its yellow berries brighter seeming,
Amid the wreaths of dusky green.

This is the hour the lov'd are dearest,
This is the hour the sever'd meet:
The dead—the distant, now are nearest,
And joy is soft, and sorrow sweet.

Mrs. S. thinks I am "a bit of a poet"—have some serious thoughts of trying my hand after such encouragement. I think it would be an excellent speculation, and one that would take, to endeavour at improving the nursery rhymes of the present generation.—Oh! it horrifies my faculties, after rising from the perusal of Byron's "Lines to Thirza," to hear a shrill voice stuffing my ears with such sublimities as the following:—

"Hush-a-bye Baby, pussy's a lady,
Daddie is gone to the mill;
He'll be home by and bye, and bring Baby
a pie.
And so pretty Baby lie still."

Or—

"Little Bo-peep hath lost his sheep,
And knows not where to find 'em;
Let 'em alone, and they'll come home,
And bring their tail-toddies behind 'em!"

CLIMATE.

Ours is a most varying one—all the four seasons of the year in the same hour sometimes: not favourable this, either to health or longevity. "The moon of Italy is," it has been affirmed, "warmer than the sun of England."—This is not quite true I should guess. We shall see, however, for the dog-days are not very far distant.

TO PEACE

BY C. H. TOWNSHEND.

WHILE wrapt I lie near this lone waterfall,
Gazing upon it, 'till at every gush
The waters seem with wilder force to rush,
And whiter foam, adown their rocky wall,
While o'er me, high in air, yon cedars tall
Wave their wide arms; come, gentlest Peace,
and hush

Each thought, at which thy virgin cheek might
blush;
And, if thou can'st, thine empire past recall
Within my breast. Ah! wherefore should'st
thou fly?

I do not love the world's turmoiling sphere;
Ambition never hurt'd me from on high,
No dreams of wealth excite my hope or fear;
Then why to me thy soothing voice deny?
Ah! wherefore vainly do I woo thee here?

THE man of the world sometimes pardons hatred, but never contempt. In the most polite and civilized times of ancient history, we find that revenge and pride were invariably among the practical virtues. *What say the Scriptures?*

THE diamond that falls in a dung-hill does not become thereby less precious; and the dust which the wind elevates high in the air does not thence become less vile.

ENDEAVOUR, by a truly-polite and conciliating courtesy, to stand well (as far as principle and the dictates of a tender conscience will permit) with every body, whatever their rank, station, or wealth may be. Cannot a feeble enemy hurt us? Cannot a spark cause a conflagration?

MATRIMONIAL FELICITY.

O'LEARY was as poor as Job,
But love in poverty can please us;
He saw the widow Bonarobe,
And lov'd, for she was rich as Croesus.

Punctual the love their bosoms own,—
He was sincere—she, none could doubt her;
She loved him for himself alone,
And he—*he could not live without her!*

TO YOUNG AUTHORS.

O! my good-looking, hopeful, sweet, beautiful aspirants after literary fame! whether ye resolve upon immortalizing your elegant selves in prose or in verse, let me implore ye to beware of printing any sentence, phrase, or word in *Italics*: it is just as intolerable as a man clutching ye by the button of your coat, to ensure an audience to some fearful long story.

SIMPKIN.

DUSTY BOB'S LAMENT.

AND is she dead? Oh! is she gone?
Shall I ne'er see my love again?
Must I with grief and sorrow mourn?
Oh! is my Cooky from me ta'en?

And shall I never see her more ?
 Can she be gone from me for ever ?
 It is too true : her race is o'er !
 Treat me again—Oh, never, never.
 No roast, no stew'd, no boil'd, or fry'd,
 No melted butter, or cow-beel,
 She'll give to me : had she not died,
 I might have hoped for these things still.
 But, she is gone ; and I'm bereft
 Of her my heart, my soul adores :
 She's dead, and Dusty Bob who's left
 Heart-broken—thus her loss deploras.
 Farewell, my Cookey ! Oh, farewell !
 No other maid on earth, I swear,
 Shall I behold, or love so well :
 None—none to me will be so dear.

April 26, 1824.

DUSTY BOB.

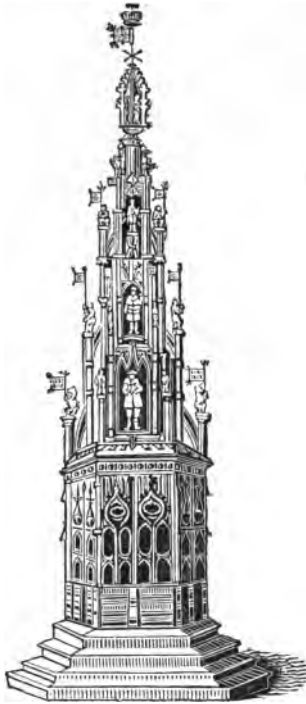
CANADA AND THE CANADIANS.

BY AN AMERICAN.

To almost every house in Lower Canada, there is an oven out of doors, built very rudely of stone, and covered with a large piece of bark. When a Canadian gets a little beforehand, so that he is able to keep his own horse and carriage, he notches the lowest tier of shingles on the roof of his house, and if worth a little more, he notches the next tier above, and so on. By these manifestations, the traveller is able to distinguish the different grades of nobility.—If a man has a commission in the militia, he has a pole about twenty feet high, raised near his house. The winter dress of the Canadians is a sort of great coat which falls a little below the knees, and buttons before, with a sash round the waist. Fixed to the top of the great coat is a head-piece, similar to those on our old-fashioned red cloaks, which is made of two square pieces of cloth, so that when it falls on the back, it makes a triangle, which reaches about a foot down.—They wear a blue conical cap, some of them are a foot and a half high. The head-piece of the great coat is not turned up unless it is quite cold. What they wear under this coat I do not know, as I never saw one with it off. The Canadians all adhere closely to the customs of their forefathers, and the manners, appearance of their villages, dress, vehicles, and knowledge, is the same as it was two hundred years ago. They are not so tall as the Yankees, and they have a close resemblance to their horses, short and stubbed. I heard a person here say that as he was crossing one of their farms, he observed a stone which might be easily removed, lying half way across the path. He asked the man why he did not remove the stone ? Why, he said, his fathers before him had lived a great many years upon the farm, and they had gone over the stone, and he could do it as well as they. Very

few of them can read. They say their fathers never knew how to read, why should they need any more than their fathers. A man told me he saw a Canadian building his house with one corner to the road ; he asked him why he did not build square to the road, as it would not add to the expense or trouble. He answered, it happened so ; the first stone he laid happened to be at an angle with the road, and he must build his house accordingly. As you enter Montreal from the south, the view is striking ; the stone houses and tin roofs being quite a novelty. I shall not give you a particular description of the town, but defer it to a future letter. There are a great many balls and assemblies here, and the oldest people attend them. A man takes with him his wife and daughters, and a person is hardly considered respectable that declines attending. It is no uncommon circumstance for a woman of fifty or sixty to open a ball, and the oldest would if they were able. The master of the family I live with is Monsieur ———, a Frenchman, who came from France before the American revolution. He was in the United States through the revolutionary war, and afterwards settled in Canada. He is by profession a painter, but at present does but little at it. He has finished two pictures for a church since I have been here ; they are ten feet high and six feet wide. One is a picture of St. Cecilia playing on an organ ; the other, King David with his harp ; and both possess considerable merit ; the drapery was all so natural, and the colours so proper, that I never was weary of looking at them. He is also a great musician. He can play on almost any instrument, and he has a great variety in his house. He has a grand piano-forte, and to hear him play on it some of Pleyel's sonatas is enough to convince me that he is either an elegant player, or I am not a judge of melody. Mr. ——— is a composer of music. He is the author of the "March to Boston," which I knew was made by a Frenchman, but before I did not know by whom. Madame ——— is larger than the Canadian women in general, and has better talents and education. There is one peculiarity in her dress, and in all Canadian women. She wears two capacious pockets, in which are a number of pen-knives, scissors, pin-balls, thread-cases, handkerchiefs, and a large snuff-box (an article inseparable with the French) well charged with maccabaw. She speaks handsome French and very plain, which is to my advantage in getting the pronunciation. They have two daughters married to merchants in Philadelphia.

Coventry Cross.



"Thy mould'ring Cross, with ornament profuse,
Of pinnacles and niches, proudly rais'd,
Height above height, a sculptur'd chronicle!"
Jago's Edge Hill.

AMONG the most celebrated Crosses in England, was the Cross at Coventry, begun in the year 1541, and finished in 1544; an example of the perfection to which the ornamental Gothic style of building had at that time arrived. Sir William Hollis, formerly Lord Mayor of London, (son of Thomas Hollis, of Stoke, near Coventry) left by his Will £200. for the building of this Cross, after the form of one erected at Abingdon, in Berkshire, as is testified by the following extract from his Will, dated December 25, 1541:—

"And furthermore, I give and bequeath unto the Mayor and Aldermen of the city of Coventry, and to the Commons of the same £200. sterling, to the intent and purpose hereafter enjoining, that is to say, to make a new Cross within the City: whereof delivered in hand to

Mr. Warren, draper, of the said city, the 24th day of August last, £20. in ready money: and also more paid to Mr. Over, by the hands of Salt, my bailiff, of Yoxall, £70. in ready money, and so resteth unpaid £110. sterling, which I will and desire my executors see to be delivered and paid unto the said Mayor and Aldermen of Coventry aforesaid, to the use and intent aforesaid, within one year after my decease, &c."

This Gothic pile was hexagonal, each side seven feet at the base, finely diminishing, pyramidically, in three stories fifty-seven feet high, with eighteen niches. The canopy was beautifully adorned with statues, some of which were brought from the White Friars. The pillars, pinnacles, and arches, were enriched with a variety of figures, with flags, on which were displayed the arms of England, or the rose of Lancaster; representations were also added of the founder, trades, and companies; and the whole was so finely finished, that it was inferior to none in

England, for workmanship and beauty. On the summit of the uppermost story was a figure of Justice, with other gracious attributes. The statues were in the following order, beginning on the south side:—In the upper story was a person in a religious habit, St. Peter; another in a religious habit, St. James the Less; and St. Christopher. In the second story, Edward III., St. Michael, Henry III., St. George, and King Richard II. In the lower story, Henry VI., King John, Edward I., Henry II., Richard I., and Henry V.

In 1669, the Cross was thoroughly repaired, and so highly decorated, and sumptuously embellished with painting, gilding, &c. that it became the admiration of the times; the expense of which amounted to £276. 2s. 1d. Such was the splendid appearance of this Cross, that some old inhabitants have said it was almost impossible to look at it when the sun shone. From this period it was wholly neglected, and by the gradual operation of the weather, mouldered away and decayed until 1771, when the remains of this once splendid pile were wholly taken away.

The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

DESPAIR.

"AS lords their labourers' hire delay,
Fate quits our toil, with hopes to come,
Which, if far short of present pay,
Still owns a debt and names a sum.
Quit not the pledge, frail sufferer then,
Although a distant date be given;
Despair is treason towards man,
And blasphemy to Heaven."

Redgauntlet.

BURKE AND SHERIDAN.

In the debate in the House of Commons, on the Volunteer Bill, some squibbing took place with Mr. Sheridan; Mr. Burke observed, that long speeches without good materials were dangerous, quoting some popular doggerel of the American war—

"Solid men of Boston, banish strong potatoes;
Solid men of Boston, make no long orations.
"Bow, wow, wow."

When the wit, fancying that the first line of the couplet, if not the second, applied rather too forcibly to him, keenly retorted by saying, that he remembered some other lines from the same approved author—

"Now it hapt to the country he went for a blessing,
And from his state daddy to get a new lesson;

He went to daddy Jenky, by trimmer Hal attended,
In such company, good lack! how his morals must be mended.

"Bow, wow, wow."
Prior's Life of Burke.

NAVAL ANECDOTES.

ADMIRAL MATHEWS AND CAPTAIN CORNEWALL.

MATHEWS was walking his stern gallery, when he was saluted by Captain Cornwall thus: Cornwall—"How do you do, Sir?" Admiral Mathews—"Do! I can do nothing; look at the Vice-Admiral!" Cornwall—"I have looked at him long with concern." Mathews—"By G—, every one of these ships will get away from me!" Cornwall—"I think if you attack these here (meaning the Spaniards directly to leeward) you may stop them." Mathews—"Do you think so, and will you second me?" The Captain answering in the affirmative, they immediately bore down into action.

Captain Cornwall had both his thighs shot off, and he had only life to express the agony he was in, by shaking his head at the surgeon below. He was the idol of the Navy, and a great ornament to it. He had been directed by the Admiral, immediately before he bore down, to attack the Real, in which he was determined either to conquer or die: this was his inflexible resolution, and he strictly adhered to it to his last gasp.—Courage was far from being his only endowment; his genius and knowledge were equal to any task that could be set him in his profession: few persons came up to him, and none surpassed him. Mr. Mathews passed the short remainder of his days in peaceable retirement, and died at last considered by most people as entitled to their honourable compassion; which is the tribute in degree next valuable to regret and public applause.

BATTLE OF THE BRISTOL AND LA FONQUIERE.

THE Bristol having got up to the Invincible, and brought her to action, the Pembroke attempted to get between them, desiring the Captain of the Bristol to put his helm a starboard, or he should be on-board of him; to this Captain Montague replied, "Run on-board and be d—; neither you nor any other man shall come between me and my enemy."

GAME COCK.

To show, in a striking manner, what it is in the power of particular circumstances, apparently trifling, to effect in the most

critical situations, may be related in a remarkable occurrence which took place in the battle of the 1st of June, on-board the *Marlborough*. When that ship was entirely dismasted, and otherwise disabled by the extreme severity of the conflict; the Captain (the Hon. G. Berkley) and the First Lieutenant (Sir M. Seymour) severely wounded; the ship so roughly treated that the remaining officers were considering of the necessity of surrendering,—a *cock*, having escaped from his coop, suddenly perched himself upon the stump of the main-mast, clapped his wings, and crowed with extreme vociferation. In an instant three hearty, exhilarating cheers rang throughout the ship's company. All classes immediately renewed their efforts to defend the ship; victory at the same time appearing to be inclined towards the British fleet, and succour being rendered to the *Marlborough*, she was happily rescued from her perilous situation.

LORD HOWE'S BATTLE.

ON that important day, when Great Britain, single-handed upon the ocean, first opposed herself to the infuriated spirit of revolutionary France; Lord Howe, deeply impressed with the magnitude of the charge intrusted to him, zealous for his country's honour, and perhaps inwardly *awriting* in the prospect before him, could not conceal from the Master (the skilful *Palinurus* of the fleet) his great anxiety to penetrate the enemy's line in the very spot and manner previously determined on. Fearing that the ship of the French Commander-in-Chief and his second astern would not give him room to enter, he called the attention of the Master, Mr. (now Commissioner) Bowen, to that object. The undaunted seaman replied, conning the ship from the poop-ladder into battle, 'Never fear, my Lord, we'll *make* room enough for ourselves presently!'

His Majesty's ship, the *Brunswick*, was distinguished by a large figure-head of the Duke of that august house, proudly riding the waves, with his hand upon his sword, and a laced hat upon his head. This figure was, in the heat of the battle (1st of June) deprived of his hat by a cannon ball. The crew of the *Brunswick*, not feeling satisfied that their great leader should continue uncovered in the face of his enemies, sent a deputation, in form, to the quarter-deck, to request that their Captain (John Harvey) would be pleased to order his servant to give them his *laced cocked hat* to supply the loss. The Captain, of course, immediately complied;

and the hat, nailed upon the head of the figure, remained there the rest of the action!—*Elkins's Naval Battles.*

PIRATES OF CUBA.

IN the month of December last, Aaron Smith, a seaman, was tried at the Admiralty Sessions, Old Bailey, for piracy, and acquitted, on the ground of his being forced to do as he had done by the Pirates of Cuba, of whom he gives the following account:—

"A quarrel took place between two of the crew, and a desperate fight with knives ensued, of which the rest were cool spectators. The battle was for a long time doubtful, as both fought with equal skill and an equal degree of caution, notwithstanding they were intoxicated, until one fell with a severe stab in the left breast, bleeding profusely. I was instantly called to administer to the wounded man; and it was in vain for me to declare that I knew nothing of the healing art. The captain swore at me, and said he knew to the contrary; for the Master of the *Zephyr* had informed him that I had cured and saved the life of his sail-maker, who had fallen down the hold; and therefore, if I did not cure him, he would serve me in the same manner. I saw it would be useless to make any reply; and, therefore, having procured bandages, I staunched the blood and dressed his wounds in the best manner I was able. Having attended to one patient, I was then obliged to turn my attention to his antagonist, who had not escaped unhurt. When I had completed my task, I was carelessly complimented on my skill, and asked if the wound was mortal; which question I evaded, by saying I hoped not.

"The guests were scarcely gone, when the captain went below, and inquired of the least injured of the wounded men the cause of their quarrel. He hesitated at first to tell, and supplicated that he might be forgiven for his neglect in not having furnished him with the important intelligence before. This being granted, he told the pirate, 'that his antagonist was one of the party formed by the chief mate to assassinate him and the whole crew, and take possession of the ship and plunder.' That officer, he informed him, had gone to the Havannah for the express purpose of bringing some more men, and that they were to put the plan into effect when himself and the crew were either asleep or inebriated. I saw that his brutal temper was excited by this information; his eyes flashed fire, and his whole countenance was distorted. He

vowed destruction against the whole party, and, rushing upon deck, assembled the crew, and imparted what he had heard.—The air rang with the most dreadful imprecations; they simultaneously rushed below, and dragged the helpless, wounded wretch upon deck, and, without taking into consideration that the accusation against him might be unfounded, proceeded to cut off his legs and arms with a blunt hatchet, then mangling his body with their knives, threw the yet warm corpse overboard. Not contented with having destroyed their victim, they next sated their vengeance on his clothes, and every thing belonging to him, which they cut in pieces and threw into the sea.”

“While off Cape Buenavesta, a boat full of men, of the chief mate’s party, appeared, coming towards the schooner, when the captain ordered his men to fire, and five were killed; another jumped overboard, but was taken, and most barbarously treated. Wounded and bleeding, he was exposed naked to the scorching heat of a July sun of a tropical climate, in order to make him confess.

“The man persisted in his plea of innocence, declared that he had nothing to confess, and entreated them all to spare his life. They paid no attention to his assertions, but, by order of the captain, the man was put into the boat, pinioned, and lashed in the stern, and five of the crew were directed to arm themselves with pistols and muskets, and to go in her. The captain then ordered me to go with them, savagely remarking that I should now see how he punished such rascals, and giving directions to the boat’s crew to row for three hours, backwards and forwards, through a narrow creek formed by a desert island and the island of Cuba. ‘I will see,’ cried he, exultingly, ‘whether the mosquitoes and the sand-flies will not make him confess.’ Prior to our leaving the schooner, the thermometer was above ninety degrees in the shade, and the poor wretch was now exposed naked to the full heat of the sun. In this state we took him to the channel, one side of which was bordered by swamps full of man-grove trees, and swarming with the venomous insects before mentioned.

“We had scarcely been half an hour in this place when the miserable victim was distracted with pain; his body began to swell, and he appeared one complete blister from head to foot. Often, in the agony of his torments did he implore them to end his existence, and release him from his misery; but the inhuman wretches only imitated his cries, and

mocked and laughed at him. In a very short time, from the effects of the solar heat, and the stings of the mosquitoes and sand-flies, his face had become so swollen that not a feature was distinguishable; his voice began to fail, and his articulation was no longer distinct. I had long suspected that the whole story of the conspiracy was a wicked and artful fabrication; and the constancy with which this unfortunate being underwent these tortures served to confirm my suspicions. I resolved, therefore, to hazard my interference, and, after much entreaty and persuasion, prevailed upon them to endeavour to mitigate his sufferings, and to let the poor wretch die in peace, as the injuries which he had already sustained were sufficient of themselves to occasion death. At first they hesitated; but, after consulting for some time among themselves, they consented to go to the other side of the island, where they would be secured from observation, and untie him and put something over him. When we had reached that place, we lay upon our oars, and set him loose; but the moment he felt the fresh sea breeze he fainted away. His appearance at this time was no longer human, and my heart bled at seeing a fellow-creature thus tormented. When our time was expired, we again tied him as before, to prevent the fury of the captain for our lenity, and once more pulled for the passage on our way to the vessel. On our arrival, his appearance was the source of merriment to all on-board; and the captain asked if he had made any confession. An answer in the negative gave him evident disappointment, and he inquired of me whether I could cure him. I told him he was dying; ‘then he shall have some more of it before he dies,’ cried the monster, and directed the boat to be moored within musket shot in the bay. This having been done, he ordered six of the crew to fire at him. The man fell, and the boat was ordered along-side. The poor wretch had only fainted: and when they perceived that he breathed, a pig of iron was fastened round his neck, and he was thrown into the sea. Thus ended a tragedy, which, for the miseries inflicted on the victim, and for the wanton and barbarous depravity of his fiend-like tormentors, never, perhaps, had its equal.”

Pirates of Cuba.

COMMERCE DE MARSEILLES.

A CURIOUS occurrence took place at Plymouth during the Royal visit to the Dock-yard, in the year 1787. At this time, the great North Dock was construct-

ing by Mr. Parlby, the architect, by whom the docks and public buildings at that place and at Portsmouth were erected, under the direction of the Navy Board. The good old King (George the Third), always interested and inquisitive in the affairs of his Navy, discovered, by the plans laid before him, that the builder was exceeding the dimensions given him, and inquired the reason of this deviation from his instructions. Mr. Parlby informed his Majesty, that the French were then building, at Toulon, a first-rate ship so large that none of his Majesty's Docks were capable of admitting her. He, therefore, considered it necessary to enlarge this one a little, that the Commerce de Marseilles might have one dock in England fit to receive her. This so pleased his Majesty, that he immediately called the Queen, to let her know what Mr. Parlby had told him, and both were highly delighted. It will be scarcely less gratifying to the English reader, than it was to Mr. Parlby, to learn that the first ship ever taken into that dock was this very Commerce de Marseilles, becoming ours at the surrender of Toulon, in 1794.

PYRAMIDS OF THE SUN AND MOON.

AFTER a vain inquiry for the celebrated Pyramids of the Sun and Moon, or of St. Juan de Teotihuacan, we set off for Otumba, in the expectation of finding them near that place,—a ride of two hours over a fine country, on which the number of handsome Spanish churches and *haciendas* exceeds that of any part of Mexico through which I had yet travelled. We arrived at the commencement of the mountains, on which there was not a vestige of vegetable soil or vegetation, the whole being a soft, iron-coloured stone, in which the continual passing of horses had worn deep tracks up to the animal's knees, and not more than fourteen inches wide, in which tracks it is very requisite to keep, in order to save the traveller from a worse road. We had thunder all the afternoon, and towards evening it rained in torrents, so that the dry beds of the rivers were in an hour filled, and poured their muddy waters in floods to the Mexican Lake, where, depositing the earthy parts, it must in a short time be filled up. Upon descending the mountain, we first caught a view of the two Pyramids on a plain in front of us, at about five or six miles distant, and another hour brought us, drenched with rain, just before dark, into Otumba, the first place reached by Cortez after his defeat. At this place, after being refused

admittance at several houses, we with some difficulty procured shelter in an empty carpenter's shop, where, in our wet clothes, having no fire, upon a bare floor of mud, without food, but not without appetite, we had a prospect of passing the night; but, observing a fire in a cottage near, I ventured to enter, and finding only an old woman and some children, I seated myself. The old lady was not at all pleased at my intrusion; but a few medias given to the children, and a dollar to herself, soon produced us bread and eggs;—we dried our clothes, and having procured dry boards to repose ourselves upon, we passed the night in the carpenter's shop better than we expected.

Good bread and excellent chocolate were provided for our breakfast. After a stroll round the city, which is said to have once contained 50,000 inhabitants, we examined two curious ancient columns, richly sculptured; called upon the Padre, but he could give us no information respecting the Pyramids, although they were in full view from the windows of his house. We then left this wretched and deserted place, where even the water is so bad, that necessity alone can induce any person to use it, and proceeded to the stupendous remains, from which we were now distant about a league and a half. As we approached them, the square and perfect form of the largest became at every step more and more visibly distinct, and the terraces could now be counted. We rode first to the lesser, which is the most dilapidated of the two, and ascended to the top, over masses of falling stone and ruins of masonry, with less difficulty than we expected. On the summit are the remains of an ancient building, forty-seven feet long and fourteen wide; the walls are principally of unhewn stone, three feet thick and eight feet high; the entrance at the south end, with three windows on each side; and on the north end it appears to have been divided at about a third of its length. At the front of the building, with the great Pyramid before us, and many smaller ones at our feet, we sat down to contemplate the scene of ancient wonders:—where the eye takes in the greater part of the vale of Mexico, its lake and city, and commands an extensive view of the plains beneath, and the mountains that bound the west of the valley.

It was at this place that Cortez fought and defeated the innumerable army of the Indians; after the horrible night of desolation, he expressly says, that he arrived on the plains near Otumba; he ascended an eminence, and discovered the whole district covered with armies; de-

spir filled every breast, except the intrepid leader's. The unnumbered host of Indians arrived, and closed round the small band of Spaniards, when the dauntless Cortez, with a few horsemen, charged furiously that part of the enemy where the royal banner was carried; the bearer was killed, the banner taken, and the whole of the immense multitude fled in consternation from the field, offering no further interruption to the retreat of Cortez through Otumba to the territory of Tlascalla.

I think there can be little doubt that these immense structures, which vie with the Pyramids of Egypt, were, at the period we are speaking of, in the same state in which they are now; and that it was on ascending one of them that Cortez beheld the approach of the great Indian army. There is no other eminence near, which could have answered the purpose; and if these had been objects of veneration, as temples, or places of military strength, of the people, then in use, they would, no doubt, have been defended, and he would not have been permitted to have approached them. On descending, we partook of some refreshment we had brought with us, and our Indian guide procured us some *pulque*, which was very acceptable. I went to a cottage close by, in which were several children almost in a state of nature. I tried to entice them by presents, but could not prevail on them to come near me: they seemed much terrified at our white faces and odd dresses. We mounted, and rode to the several small barrows that are scattered in various directions round the base of the second, and on the road to the largest Pyramid; in some places they form regular streets, running east and west.

Not far from the great Pyramid, near a gate, lay an enormous stone, with a few sculptured ornaments. It is apparently of great antiquity. A boy, who had followed us, observing that we viewed it with attention, took my son a little distance through a plantation, and shewed him another of great dimensions, covered with sculpture, with a hole in the top—he supposed it a stone of sacrifice.

We soon arrived at the foot of the largest Pyramid, and began to ascend. It was less difficult than we expected, though, the whole way up, lime and cement are mixed with fallen stones. The terraces are perfectly visible, particularly the second, which is about thirty-eight feet wide, covered with a coat of red cement eight or ten inches thick, composed of small pebble-stones and lime. In many places, as you ascend, the nopal-

trees have destroyed the regularity of the steps, but no where injured the general figure of the square, which is as perfect in this respect as the great Pyramid of Egypt. We every where observed broken pieces of instruments like knives, arrow and spear-heads, &c., of obsidian, the same as those found on the small hills of Chollula; and, on reaching the summit, we found a flat surface of considerable size, but which has been much broken and disturbed. On it was probably a temple or other building—report says, a statue covered with gold. We rested some time on the summit, enjoying one of the finest prospects imaginable, in which the city of Mexico is included. Here I found fragments of small statues and earthenware, and, what surprised me more, oyster-shells, the first that I had seen in Mexico; they are a new species, and I have brought specimens home. In descending I also found some ornamental pieces of earthenware, the pattern one of which is in relief, much resembling those of China; the other has a grotesque human face. On the north-east side, at about half-way down, at some remote period, an opening has been attempted. This should have been from the south to the north, and on a level with the ground, or only a few feet above it; as all the remains of similar buildings have been found to have their entrances in that direction. Dr. Oteyza, who has given us the measure of these Pyramids, makes the base of the largest six hundred and forty-five feet in length, and one hundred and seventy-one in perpendicular height. I should certainly consider that the latter measurement is considerably too little, and that the altitude is about half the breadth. As to the age of the Pyramids, and the people by whom they were erected, all must be a matter of mere conjecture; no one whom I could meet with in Mexico knew or cared any thing about them. None of the inhabitants had even been to see them, though, from the cathedral, both of them, as well as Tescosingo, containing the bath of Montezuma, are distinctly visible.

Bullock's Six Months in Mexico.

Select Biography.

No. XIII.

MARGARET CAVENDISH,
DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.

(For the Mirror.)

It is the most interesting employment of the human mind to trace through the dark mists of time, those actions, pur-

suits, and researches which were attached to the characters of our ancestors. For, although the sun of their glory has gone down, and for ever veiled its splendours from our sight, yet the recollection of their virtues brings home to our hearts, kindles in our memories, feelings of respect and veneration, and inspires our souls with the most noble and generous fires of admiration, hopefulness, and love.

The amiable and illustrious subject of this memoir, like the modest flower which is exposed to the variability of all seasons, cultivated a spirit which blossomed, notwithstanding the storms and turbulence of the reign of the unfortunate Charles, flourished beautifully, and rendered her the brightest ornament of her sex.

Margaret, youngest daughter of Sir Charles Lucas, a man of family and fortune, was born at St. John's, near Colchester, in Essex, towards the latter end of the reign of James I. She lost her father while in her infancy. Margaret was thus early bereft of a parent who was dotingly fond of her; and the only desire and expiring wish of Sir Charles was, that the greatest care and attention should be bestowed upon his daughter's education. With the liveliest joy her friends witnessed an early taste gradually unfolding itself with her tender years; and before she had arrived at the age of eleven, she was familiar with the Eclogues of Virgil, and discovered a pure, refined, and classic disposition of mind. She devoted the greater part of her time to the studies of the arts, sciences, and general literature. In 1643, the Court residing at Oxford, whither she obtained permission from her mother to go, she was chosen maid of honour to the queen, Henrietta Maria, wife to Charles I. The family of the Lucases ever distinguished themselves in the interests of the strictest loyalty; therefore, Margaret accompanied her royal mistress, when driven from England by the turbulence of the times, to take refuge in her native country. At Paris she became acquainted with the Marquess of Newcastle, then a widower, who, already prepossessed in her favour by his friend, Lord Lucas, her brother, became attracted by her merits, and offered her his hand and heart. They were married in 1645, and from Paris passed to Rotterdam, where they remained six months. Thence they repaired to Brabant, to the city of Antwerp, where, quietly enjoying the remnant of their shattered fortunes, they continued during the remainder of their exile. In this retreat, Margaret, by her talent and virtues, cemented the affection and confidence of her husband, who, respected and esteemed by his countrymen and foreigners,

confined himself principally to the society of his wife, of whose value he proved his high and just sense by various elegant compliments and addresses. The Marquess becoming entangled in pecuniary embarrassments, the Marchioness returned to England, with a view of obtaining the rents due to her husband, for the supply of their necessities, and the repayment of the debts they had been compelled to contract. With the supply obtained from their relations, the Marchioness returned to Antwerp, where she continued with her husband till the restoration of Charles II., on which event the Marquess, after sixteen years' exile from his native land, made preparations for returning.

The Marchioness remained at Antwerp for a short period after the departure of her husband to settle their affairs; which having successfully effected, she rejoined him in England, where the remainder of her life was devoted to domestic tranquillity, and to the cultivation of the *belles lettres*. She kept a number of young ladies in her house, whom she occasionally employed as her amanuenses; some of them slept near her chamber, that they might be ready to rise in the night at the sound of her bell, and commit to paper any ideas that occurred to her. She produced no less than thirteen folios, ten of which are in print. In speaking of herself she says, "That it pleased God to command his servant Nature to endow her with a poetic and philosophical genius even from her birth, for she did write even in that kind before she was thirteen years of age."

By this account it appears, that she began to write philosophical treatises previous to having read any: her speculations must, of course, have had the merit of originality, since she was nearly forty years of age, she informs us, before she perused any philosophical authors, "in order to learn the terms of art."

Nothing can more strongly shew the vacillating character of the times, and how little faith is to be placed in the judgments and opinions of the *literati*, for her writings, which then received the most extravagant encomiums and lavish compliments from learned bodies and men of eminent erudition, are now sunk into neglect. Some specimens of this adulation have been given by Mr. Granger, from a folio volume, now scarce, of "Letters and Poems," printed in 1678, consisting of 182 pages, filled with the most extravagant and hyperbolical panegyrics on the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, particularly on the Duchess, from the Universities of Leyden, Cambridge, Oxford, &c. The author of the "Connoisseur," in his "Vision of Parnassus,"

speaks handsomely of the Duchess, whom he represents as being assisted in dismounting from Pegasus, on whom she had firmly kept her seat, while he had galloped with her out of sight, by Shakspeare and Milton. He even hints that the latter borrowed many of the finest thoughts in his "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" from this lady's "Dialogue between Mirth and Melancholy."

A humorous anecdote is related of the Duchess. Dr. Wilkins, a man of genius and imagination, author of an "Essay on Philosophical Language," projected the art of flying, when the nature of air was but little understood. He attempted, in one of his projects, a journey to the moon. "But, Doctor," said the Duchess of Newcastle, "where am I to find a baiting-place in my way to that planet?" "Madam," replied he, "of all the people in the world, I should the least have expected this question from your Grace, who, having built so many castles in the air, may lodge every night at one of your own."

The Duchess wrote plays, poems, orations, and philosophical discourses. Of dramatical writings, a species of composition for which she had a peculiar predilection, she is said to have been the most voluminous. The fertility of invention which is displayed in her plots and dialogues atones, in some degree, for their various defects. It is said of the family of Lucas, "that all the brothers were valiant, and all the sisters virtuous."

The person of the Duchess was graceful, and her manners reserved: she was indefatigable in study, humane, generous, and pious: she was an admirable economist, an excellent wife, and a kind mistress.

She died in London towards the end of the year 1673, and was interred in Westminster-Abbey, where an elegant monument is erected to her memory, and to that of the Duke, who died at 84 years of age, in 1676, and was buried with his wife. M. N.

THE DIORAMA.

WE understand that this most attractive exhibition will close in a few weeks. We almost regret this, for, although it is only to paint new views, yet we confess we have been so delighted with Sarnen and Canterbury Cathedral, that we fear to lose them, lest the artist should not be equally successful in his next attempt. To surpass the pictorial illusion in these scenes, particularly that of the Cathedral, we deem impossible.

Although the expense of such an exhibition is very great, yet we understand

that the public-spirited proprietors have been fully reimbursed; and we have heard that the receipts on one day (Easter Monday) exceeded two hundred pounds

The Gatherer.

'I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff.'—Wolton.

LONG ACRE

AMONG the entries in the council books of the time of Edward VI. is the mention of a grant from the king to the Earl of Bedford and his heirs male, of the *Convent Garden* and the meadow ground called *The Long Acre*.

HALF-A-DOZEN MISERIES.

WRITING upon a thin sheet of paper, with small crumbs of bread under it.

Toasting a bit of cheese, and when it is more than half done, letting it fall into the ashes.

Being seized with a sneezing fit in going down a dance with a very delicate, fine lady.

A false calf shifting round in a dance. Sitting down alone in a large party upon a sofa which makes an "equivocal noise."

Being obliged to shave with cold water in the month of January.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Draughtsman, No. III., and several other articles intended for our present *Mirror*, shall appear next week, when we shall give an *Unpublished Poem*, by the Right Hon. Geo. Canning.

Venedota, *Bion*, P. T. W., and T. D., in our next.

We have received several original tributes to the memory of Lord Byron, which shall appear soon.

Historicus's Life of Cromwell in an early number.

To C. H. B. our best thanks. The drawings so kindly forwarded shall be engraved.

Belinda's Verses are pretty, but they are old acquaintance.

We are sorry that the articles alluded to by I. W. D. are mislaid, but we shall seek for them in a day or two.

The Devil's Walk, though good, is too well known.

We have received several articles on Alfred the Great, which we shall notice in a memoir of him soon.

Communications from the following are intended for insertion as soon as we can make room for them:—*Utopia*, I. E. T., *Alphens*, *Proteus*, *Vivyan*, M. N., *Jacobus*, B. B., *Guil-laume*, *Clavis*, M. K. S., *Derlington*, I. M. C., *Frederic*, *Johannes*, J. G., H. C. *, J. W. D. K., *Archie* *Alitquis*, T. N. . . . r, *Taber*, *Jean*, and T. L.

I. S.'s *Poetical Prayers*, H. M. C. on *Greece*, and Y. K., T. P. *Cato*, do not possess sufficient attractions for the general reader.

Several communications have been received which we have not room to notice.

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The Mirror

OF

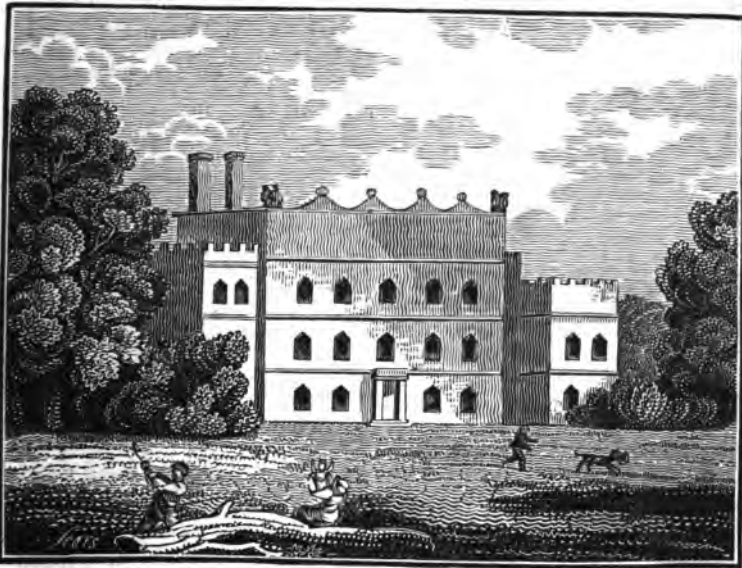
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. XCIV.]

SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1824.

[PRICE 2d.

Hampden-House.



HAMPDEN-HOUSE, of which the above engraving is a good view, from an original drawing, is situated near Wendover, in Buckinghamshire. It is seated on the brow of a hill, overlooking a narrow valley; the sides of which are skirted with well-wooded eminences. It was at this mansion that the patriot, John Hampden, lived, and it was long occupied by the family of Hampden, which is one of the oldest in the kingdom; it is now occupied by the land steward of Viscount Hampden.

In the mansion are several good pictures, and family portraits; one of them is a full length portrait of Oliver Cromwell, who is represented with a truncheon in his right-hand, and his left resting on a helmet.

In the village church, situated immediately behind this mansion, is a monument to the memory of the last heir male, Mr. John Hampden, with the various intermarriages of the family, represented in shields of their arms, pendent from a tree. In this church the patriot was buried; and as he was one of the most distinguished men, during a very eventful period, we subjoin a memoir of his life.

VOL. IV.

E

John Hampden was born in London, in 1594, and at an early age was entered as a gentleman-commoner at Magdalen College, Oxford. After an abode of three years in that university, he took chambers in one of the inns of court, and applied diligently to the study of the law. He had made a considerable progress in this and other studies, when the death of his father put him in possession of an ample estate. For some time he indulged himself in the unrestrained course of life usual among country gentlemen; till at length the serious aspect of the times, and probably his personal connections, brought him to a greater strictness of conduct; still, however, without altering the cheerfulness and affability of his natural disposition. He was cousin-german, by the mother's side, to Oliver Cromwell, and with him attached himself to the party in opposition to the court. He entered into public life, in 1626, as a member of the second parliament under Charles I. About this time he married a lady of the name of Foley, then the widow of E. Knightley, Esq., of Northamptonshire. For some years, though an uniform opposer of arbitrary practices in church and

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state, he acted no very distinguished part in parliament. He was, however, so determinate in the cause of liberty, that he was one of those, who, in 1637, had engaged a ship to expatriate themselves to New England, rather than submit to the tyrannical proceedings of the star-chamber and ecclesiastical courts. Hume has endeavoured to throw ridicule upon this resolution of the parliamentary chiefs, as being founded upon the mere desire "of enjoying lectures and discourses of any length or form which pleased them;" and asks, if from this fact "any one can doubt that the ensuing quarrel was almost entirely theological, not political?" The question, with regard to Hampden, is answered by the famous transaction in which he was engaged immediately after the prohibition of this intended emigration. This was, his resistance to the illegal demand of ship-money; concerning which action even Lord Clarendon says, that "he grew the argument of all tongues, every man inquiring who and what he was, that durst, at his own expense and peril, support the liberty and property of the kingdom, and rescue his country, as he thought, from being made a prey to the court." It was after the declaration of the judges in favour of the king's right to levy ship-money, that Hampden refused the payment. He was prosecuted in the court of Exchequer, and he himself, with his counsel, for twelve days together argued the case against the crown lawyers before the twelve judges. It was decided against him by eight of the number; but the victory, in the popular opinion, was on his side; and his reputation was raised to such a height by this noble struggle, that he thenceforth received the appellation of *Patriot Hampden*; a title which, so far, seems generally to be admitted to have been his just due. His temper and modesty on this great occasion did him as much credit as his firmness and perseverance. From this period he was a leading man in the great contest between the crown and the people; and, according to Lord Clarendon, "his power and interest were greater to do good or hurt than any man's in the kingdom, or than any man of his rank hath had in any time." He was a member of the long-parliament, and was appointed to watch the king's motions in Scotland, and to treat on the part of the parliament with that nation. He was also of the committee for preparing the charge against Lord Strafford, and arranging the evidence. When a scheme took place for admitting some of the popular party into the ministry, the post of preceptor to the young prince was designed for Hampden, which

seems to prove that he was esteemed for his literary talents, as well as for the purity of his character. This intention was not brought to effect; the breach afterwards widened, and his parliamentary conduct became so obnoxious to royalty, that he was one of the five members whom, in 1640, the king so imprudently caused to be accused of high treason, and attempted in person to seize in the house. When the appeal was made to the sword, it could not be doubted which side Hampden would take. He accepted the command of a regiment of foot in the parliament army under the Earl of Essex; but his military career only permitted him to make a brief display of the same courage in the field which he had shewn in civil debate. Prince Rupert having beat up the quarters of the parliament troops near Thame, in Oxfordshire, on June 18, 1643, Hampden eagerly joined a few cavalry who were rallied in haste, and proceeded to Chalgrovefield, where the enemy faced about. The rest of the officers would have waited for a reinforcement; but Hampden persuaded them to advance. In the skirmish that ensued, he received a shot in the shoulder which broke the bone; and after suffering extreme pain for six days, his wound proved fatal on the 24th of that month. It is said that the king testified his respect for him, by sending his own physician to visit him, and offering the aid of his surgeons. His death was equally a subject of rejoicing to the royal party, and of grief to his own, with whom he stood in prospect of a superior command; and it is scarcely to be doubted that, had he lived, he would have been a powerful check upon the unprincipled ambition of his kinsman. As to himself, if ambition had any share in his character, it does not seem to have been capable of making him swerve from strict integrity, and attachment to what he thought the true interests of the nation.

ENGLISH ETYMOLOGISTS,—
THE WORD, DRUID.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—As it has fallen to my lot to devote some attention to philological inquiries, especially such as are connected with the ancient language of this island, I take up my pen, in compliance with the wish expressed by your correspondent T. A. C., in your last number, to offer a few remarks in reply to his letter,—and not only on the particular subject about which he writes, but also on the more general one,

with which his letter is obviously associated.

It has often occurred to me, as a most unaccountable circumstance, that, among the many able and learned writers who have favoured the world with their labours in English etymology, so few, if indeed any, have thought it worth their while to become acquainted with the primitive speech of the country.—I mean with that which is now known by the name of Ancient British or Welsh. While our lexicographers and philologists, from Johnson downwards, have possessed or affected a competent knowledge of Greek, Latin, and the modern European languages, none have been ashamed to confess their ignorance of that tongue, which is not only more ancient than either, but is more essentially allied with the object of their researches. Hence the mass of error and absurdity, which deforms some of our philological works, and which has hitherto presented an insurmountable barrier to the discovery of truth in this branch of literature. Numerous, indeed, are the instances, as Welsh scholars can testify, in which etymologists have sought the origin of an English word in some foreign tongue, ancient or modern, when it existed only in the aboriginal speech of the island. And what can be more probable than that the Saxons were under the necessity of adopting many words, which they found in use here on their arrival; or that, in the subsequent alterations which the English tongue underwent, recourse should occasionally have been had to that ancient language, which had been originally the only one known to the nation? But the fact does not rest on hypothesis only: it is to be proved by a phalanx of evidence, clear and unquestionable. I may be allowed, then, to express my surprise, that so many lamentable failures in English etymology should have taken place, when the writers had it in their power to avoid them, by paying merely a moderate attention to the primitive language of that country, with which their inquiries were connected. Instead of this, they have affected to discover the etymons of hundreds of English words in languages, in which there was no more probability of their being found than in those of Japan or Otaheite.*

* Lest this might appear an idle and unfounded assertion, I will quote a short passage from the Preface to "Lemon's English Etymology," published in 1783, the avowed aim of which is to prove, that almost all English words are of Greek origin. In the passage alluded to, the author says, with all the gravity of a man in his senses, "There are many words in our language that continue to wear so strange and uncouth an appearance as would require more than an Oedipus to develop and disentangle from

The word, which is the subject of your correspondent's letter, happens to be somewhat illustrative of the observations I have here made. The English word *Druid*, it may be admitted, is immediately derived from the Latin *Druida*, or, more probably, perhaps, from the French *Druide*; but this brings us no nearer to the etymology of the original term, from which all these are deduced. In order to ascertain this point, we must resort, of necessity, to the language of that people, among whom Druidism took its rise, and most generally prevailed; and the people in question, as we learn, not only from their own traditions and history, but likewise from the explicit testimony of Cæsar † were the aboriginal inhabitants of this island. In the modern Welsh, therefore, which preserves, in almost its original purity, the primitive speech of Britain, can we alone, with reason, expect to find the genuine root of the word under consideration.

Now, the Welsh term for *Druid* is *Derwydd*, ‡ and such, there is every reason for believing, was the word in use when the Druidical Institution existed.—At least, we find it as early as the time of the poet Taliesin, who wrote in the sixth century—as, for instance, in the following couplet:—

*Adwyn i Ddragon
Ddawn y Derwyddon.*

Agreeable to the Supreme Ruler
Is the gift of the Druids.

The question then arises as to the probable etymology of the Welsh word, and for which it would be absurd to search out of the pale of the Welsh language. In the first place, then, with respect to what *T. A. C.* says, as to the celtic or ancient British *derw*, an oak, being the root of the word, it certainly cannot be denied, that, as far as literal affinity extends, the surmise is extremely plausible. But I am disposed, for several reasons, to think, that this conjecture is unfounded, and, above all, because I cannot find that the veneration for the oak, popularly ascribed to the Druids, receives any sanc-

their present intricate and enigmatical disguises. Thus the expressions, *hot-cockles, scratch-cradle, tink-bay, bogie-bug, haat-gout, bun-mot, kick-shaws, Crichted Friars*, and innumerable others, can only be explained by their etymology, every one of which is Greek!!!! And the reader may be assured, that the whole work is in strict conformity with this extract. Never, in fact, has the world of letters given birth to so industrious a compilation of nonsense on etymological subjects as this production exhibits. And still the writer was a beneficed clergyman, and a man of letters!

† See Bell: Gall: lib. vi. c. 13.

‡ The English reader should be apprised, that the double *d* in Welsh is invariably pronounced soft, as the *th* in the *or* or *father* in English.

tion from the ancient writings of Wales relating to this subject. Pliny, it is true, and some other ancient authors do state the circumstance; but the only passage in Cæsar,—whose evidence, by the way, on this point is peculiarly valuable,—is, to say the least of it, extremely ambiguous, since it is by no means clear, whether, in allusion to the public meetings of the Druids, the word he uses ought to be grove or place, *lucos* or *locos*.§ However, it is beyond a doubt, that the ancient Druidical Institutes of Britain, as preserved in the Welsh language, have no allusion to this presumed attachment of the Druids to oaks.

It is more particularly for the reason just given, that I consider *derw*, an oak, to have nothing to do in the formation of *Derwydd*, a Druid. But I have other grounds for my scepticism on this point, and will state them as briefly as possible.

The Druidical Institution, according to the Welsh memorials, consisted of three orders, *Derwydd*, *Bardd*, and *Ovydd*, Druid, Bard, and Ovate, which agrees precisely with the testimony of Strabo, Diodorus, and other writers; by whom the same names are adopted with such variations only, as were natural to their transmission into a new language. Among the customs of the Druids was their annual assemblage, (to which Cæsar also bears witness,) in some central part of the country; and, according to the Welsh authorities, this always took place “in the face of the sun, and in the eye of light,” an expression, which seems of itself to exclude the notion respecting the partiality of the Druids for groves. The place at which they thus met was, in the ancient British language, called *Gwyddva*, or the Place of Presence; and it is not improbable, that, in the celebrated ruins of Abury and Stonehenge, we may recognize two of the consecrated spots where these Druidical assemblies were held.

Now, to apply the foregoing remarks to the point, at which I have been aiming, I would suggest that the root of *Derwydd* is to be found in the word *gwydd*, which, when united to a prefix, would, agreeably with the genius of the Welsh tongue, lose its initial letter. *Derwydd*, then, may be a compound of *dar* and *gwydd*, which would imply either “before the

§ See Bell: Gall: lib. vi. c. 13 and 14. Some editions have *lucos*; but *lucos*, I believe, is more generally adopted. Presuming the former to be correct, the passage, in English, would be as follows:—“At an appointed period in every year, they (the Druids) have a general meeting in the territory of the Carnutes, which lies about the middle of Gaul, in a place consecrated for the occasion. To this spot all persons resort, who have controversies to be determined, and where they submit to the judgment delivered by the Druids.”

presence,” or “chief in the presence;” and, as the word, *Ovydd*, the name of another of the members of the Druidical Institution, seems also to have adopted *gwydd* into its composition, this surmise is rendered the more probable. With respect to the various forms, which the word *Derwydd* has assumed in other languages, that circumstance, as arising merely from the different characters of those languages, ought not to affect the etymology of the word, which, for reasons already assigned, can only be properly sought in the language of Wales.

Having thus extended my remarks beyond my original intention, and, I fear, also, beyond the patience of your readers, I will merely add, that there are no such words as *Tru-wys*, or *Trou-wys*, as noticed by your correspondent, in the ancient British tongue. He must, I take it for granted, have found them among some of those fanciful day-dreams, into which, as I have above intimated, the ignorance of etymologists has so often seduced them; yet it would be in my power to supply you with still stranger examples of philological aberrations, and such as it is scarcely possible to reconcile with the presumed sanity of the writers. With respect to the etymology I have now offered, I have only, in conclusion, to say to your correspondent, in the words of a common quotation,

Si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti, si non, his utere mecum.

June 30th, 1824. VENEDOTA.

ORIGINAL POEM,

BY THE RIGHT HON. GEO. CANNING.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—I lately sent the collected Edition of *Canning's Poems* to a friend at Macclesfield, who, in return, has sent me another by the same gentleman, with the following remark:—“I send you a poem by the same writer, which I lately met with in manuscript, for I believe it has never been printed. I am sorry that the last stanza is imperfect, wanting a line. However there is so much that is good in it, that I shall give it you, for better a fragment of a good poem, than the whole of one of an indifferent stamp.”

Mr. Canning's aunt, on the anniversary of her birth-day, made presents to each of her relations; to Mr. Canning she gave a piece of fustian, which produced from him the following stanzas:—

R. R.

WHILST all on this suspicious day,
Well pleas'd their gratulations pay,
And sweetly smile and softly say
A thousand pretty speeches;

My muse her grateful tribute wings,
Nor scorn the lay her duty brings,
Tho' humble be the theme she sings,
A pair of shooting breeches.

Soun shall the Tailors' subtle art
Have fashion'd them in every part,
And made them snug, and neat, and smart,
With twenty thousand stitches;
Then mark the moral of my song;
Oh! may our lives but prove as strong;
And wear as well, and last as long
As these, my shooting breeches.

And when to ease the load of strife,
Of public, and of private life,
My fate shall bless me with a wife
I ask not rank or riches;
But worth like thine, serene and gay,
* * * * *
And form'd like thine, to give away,
Not wear herself the breeches

The Topographer.

No. I.

ST. PANCRAS, LONDON.

(For the Mirror.)

THE parish of St. Pancras derives its name, which it bore, prior to the Norman survey, from a youthful nobleman of Phrygia, who, for his unshakable reliance on the truth of the christian dispensation, was decollated at Rome, by order of Dioclesian, about the close of the third, or the beginning of the fourth century.* The parish is of very considerable extent, and includes within its boundaries a part of Highgate, Kentish-town, Camden-town, and Somers-town, besides a great portion of the north-western parts of London; and is encompassed by the parishes of Hampstead, Finchley, Hornsey, Islington, St. James Clerkenwell, St. Andrew Holborn, St. George the Martyr, St. George Bloomsbury, St. Giles' in the Fields, and St. Mary-le-bone. The dean and chapter of St. Paul's are patrons and ordinaries of the vicarage, and possess the rectory, which they lease, subject to a reserved rent.

The small and ancient church—which has recently been destined to yield its supremacy to its more classical neighbour, *St. Pancras New Church*, and is now sunk into *St. Pancras Chapel*—stands in the village of Pancras, at the distance of one mile and a half from Holborn-bars. The period of its erection has hitherto baffled research. Norden, who wrote in the reign of Elizabeth, says, that this church, "for the antiquity thereof, is thought not to yield to Paul's in London," which idea is repeated by Weever, and a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*† states, that "Christ's sacred altar here first Britain saw;" while Lysons asserts, that "it is certainly not older than the fourteenth century." Such are the discordances

* There was another St. Pancras, who was Bishop of Taormenum, in Sicily. He was born at Antioch, and was martyred by Ambianus.

† July 1749, p. 276.

which exist as to the age of this fabric, nor is the style of its architecture, which is entirely devoid of ornament, sufficiently marked to determine the age in which it arose. It is composed of stone and flint, which have long been incased with plaster, contains a nave and chancel, and at its west end has a low, square tower with a dome-like roof. It is included within the prebend of St. Pancras, which forms a part of a considerable quantity of land granted by Ethelbert, king of Kent, to the cathedral church of St. Paul, about the year 603. The first mention that has been found to be made of the church of St. Pancras, occurs in the year 1183, but it does not appear whether it then was or was not a recent erection. William de Belmeis, who had been possessed of the prebend of Pancras, within which the church stood, had conveyed the tithes thereof to the canons of St. Paul's; which conveyance was, in that year, confirmed by Gilbert, bishop of London. The church tithes, &c. were, not long after, granted by the dean and chapter to the hospital within their cathedral, founded by Henry de Northampton, they reserving to themselves one mark per annum. A visitation of the church took place in 1251, when it is described as having a very small tower, a good stone font, and a small marble stone ornamented with copper to carry the *par*. In 1327, the rectory was valued at thirteen marks per annum. In 1441, the adwoson, tenths, rents, and profits of the church were demised to Walter Sherington, canon residentiary, for ten marks per annum; and in like manner the rectory continued to be from time to time leased, chiefly to canons of the church. At the suppression, the dean and chapter became repossessed of the rectory, which has from that period been demised in the manner customary with church property, subject to a reserved rent of £13 6s. 8d.

In 1251, the vicar had all the small tithes, and five pounds per annum out of the great tithes; four acres of glebe, and a vicarage-house near the church. The vicarage-house is now, however, and for a considerable period has been, situate at Kentish-town. The vicarage was valued at £28 in 1650, to which an increase of £50 per annum was then voted by the parliamentary committees. It is rated in the king's books at £9; and is supposed at this time to produce upwards of £1,000 per annum. The present incumbent is the Rev. James Moore, LL.D.

The church does not now contain any monuments worthy of particular notice; but Weever mentions "a wondrous ancient monument, which, by tradition, was

made to the memorie of one of the right honourable familie of the *Greyes*, and his lady, whose portraitures are upon the tombe." This is stated to be the last church in which mass was celebrated in England; and hence is supposed to arise the preference which is shewn to its cemetery by the adherents of the church of Rome.

In the year 1241, the parish contained only forty houses. In 1593, Norden mentions the church as standing all alone, and utterly forsaken; in 1700, we are told by Newcourt, that houses had been built near the church, but in 1745, we find that the number did not exceed three. The number of inhabitants must have been proportionably trifling; and, indeed, it has been stated, that so recently as the year 1765, the population of the parish did not amount to six hundred persons. How immense, and how rapid has been the increase, since at the *census*, taken in 1821, the number of houses was found to be 9,405; of inhabitants, 71,838.

Four prebends of the cathedral church of St. Paul, namely, Pancras, Totenhall, or Tottenham Court, Cantelows, or Kentish-town, and Rugmere, formerly had their corps in this parish; all of which, consisted of portions of the grant of Ethelbert, already noticed. The three former still retain their possessions:—the first has an estate of about seventy acres attached to it, to which, in remote times, the rectory was added. This estate was demised in 1641 to John King, for twenty-one years, the reserved rent being £10. It is now leased to William Agar, Esq. barrister-at-law, who has erected a handsome house upon it, the former mansion having been for many years completely in ruins. The prebendary of St. Pancras was, in ancient times, confessor to the Bishop of London; and the offices of confessor and penitentiary are *still* held by the prebendary.

The second, is a manorial prebend, and is mentioned in Domesday-book, as containing five hides. The land, says that record, is of four carucates, but only seven parts in eight are cultivated. There are four villans, and four bordars, wood for one hundred and fifty hogs, and 40*s.* arising from the herbage. In the whole, valued at £4; in the time of king Edward, (the confessor,) at £5. This manor appears to have been leased from time to time, till the year 1768, when the Hon. Charles Fitzroy, (afterwards Lord Southampton,) being the lessee, an act of parliament was obtained by which the fee-simple of the manor was vested in him and his heirs, subject to the payment of £300 per annum to the prebendary, in

lieu of the ancient reserved rent of £46, and all fines for renewals. The parliamentary survey of 1649, states the demesne lands of this manor at about two hundred and forty acres.

The third prebend is also manorial. It is described in the Norman survey as belonging to the canons of St. Paul's, and consisting of four hides. The land was of two carucates. The villans employed one plough, but might employ another. There was timber in the hedge-rows, pasture for the cattle, and 20*d.* rents. Four villans held this land under the canons, and there were seven cottars. In the whole, valued at 40*s.*; in king Edward's time, at 60*s.* The parliamentary survey, already mentioned, represents the demesne lands of this manor at about two hundred and ten acres. This estate is leased on lives, subject to a reserved rent of £20 1*s.* 5*d.* per annum, paid to the prebendary, who keeps the manor in his own hands. The present prebendary is the Rev. T. Randolph; the lessee, the Marquess Camden.

The fourth prebend had anciently a mansion-house and lands situate in this parish, which are now lost to it; not even their site being at present known.

It appears by the survey of Domesday, that Walter, a canon of St. Paul's, then held one hide at Pancras. The land consisted of one carucate, and employed one plough. On this estate were twenty-four men, who paid a rent of 30*s.* per annum. In 1376, the Lady Ferrers, of Chartley, died, seized an estate called the manor of Pancras, held under the dean and chapter of St. Paul's, at a rent of 30*s.*; being, probably, the same which belonged to Walter. It was afterwards granted by the crown to the prior and convent of the house of Carthusian monks, built in honour of the holy salutation. It is uncertain how this land was disposed of subsequently to the dissolution of monasteries; but it is supposed to form, at the present day, the freehold estate of Lord Somers, on which Somers-town has been erected. The title-deeds of that nobleman are, however, of too modern a date to establish the fact.

The remains of what is conjectured to have been an entrenchment were, some years since, visible at a place called the *Brill*, on which a part of Somers-town has been erected. Dr. Stukely, who has written somewhat largely on the subject, affirms that this entrenchment was the camp of Cæsar; and supposes it to have extended five hundred paces by four hundred, and to have included a small, moated area to the south of the church, and another to the north. The earth-

works appear to have been extensive; and the name of the site, which is, no doubt, a contraction of *Bury-hill*,—the word *Bury* denoting either a military station, or a palace,—is certainly corroborative of the Doctor's assertion.

Pancras was formerly noted for its wells, the water of which was held in such estimation, as to occasion a great resort of company to them during the season.

Measures had been long in contemplation for erecting a new church proportionate to the great increase of population; but party feuds within the parish, tended for seven years to frustrate the accomplishment of this desirable object. An act of parliament was, at length, obtained for that purpose; and on July the 1st, 1819, the first stone of the new edifice was laid by the Duke of York. After three years of labour, the building was completed: and on May the 14th, 1822, was opened for divine service, and consecrated by the Bishop of London. The expense of the erection has been stated at £70,000, and the number of persons, for whom accommodation has been provided, at about 2,400. The general plan of the church is founded on that of the Temple of Erectheum, and the tower on that of the Temple of the Winds, at Athens. The building has been stated to exhibit one of the most perfect specimens of Grecian architecture, of which this country can boast.

Several parochial chapels also are in a state of great forwardness; and the complaints which have so long and so justly been made of want of accommodation for the attendance of the service of the established church, will shortly cease to exist.

LIOLETT.

SONG.

AIR. "THOSE EVENING BELLS."

OH, lassie dear! I maun awa',
The bugles to the battle ca'
An' I must mingle wi' the fray,
Altho' it is our bridal day.

But, fear not lassie! dinna fear,
Wrang not our bridal wi' a tear,
Nor damp my spirits wi' despair
We soon shall meet, to part nae mair.

For if we win the victory,
I'll share my laurels here wi' thee,
An' if thy Donald should be slain
He'll meet thee love in heaven agane!

Then, fear not lassie! dinna fear,
Wrang not our bridal wi' a tear,
Nor damp my spirits wi' despair,
We soon shall meet to part nae mair.

PROTEUS.

GRIEF.

WHEN Summer's burning sun,
Has moisture dried away;
The flowers every one,
In dying beauty lay;

Their colours fade from sight,
Their fragrance lives no more,
Unless the dew of night,
Their leaves should spangle o'er;
Or unless a friendly gale,
With moisture in its breath;
The sun with clouds should veil,
And snatch the flowers from death!
So with the grieving maid,
Whom sorrow does oppress;
She meekly bows her head,
And seems the grave to press;
But when a flood of tears,
Relieve her anguish'd breast;
Soon sorrow disappears,
And the lovely maid's at rest.

H. S****T.

FLEET MARRIAGES.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—Very little is, I believe, known of the custom which once prevailed of people being married at the Fleet, although, at one time, rather a large number of persons were married at this place. Probably some of your literary correspondents may be able and willing to relate some particulars as to those marriages, their origin, and the reasons, as well as the time and manner of their extinction. Mr. Peanant, in his account of London, 4to. 1805, p. 194, has the following passage:—

"In walking along the street in my youth, on the side next the prison, (in Fleet-market) I have often been tempted by the question, Sir, *will you be pleased to walk in and be married?* Along this most lawless space was hung up the frequent sign of a male and female hand conjoined, with marriages performed within, written under. A dirty fellow invited you in. The parson was seen walking before his shop; a squalid, profligate figure, clad in a tattered, plaid night-gown, with a fiery face, and ready to couple you for a dram of gin, or a roll of tobacco. Our great chancellor, Hardwicke, put these demons to flight, and saved thousands from the misery and disgrace which would be entailed by their extemporary, thoughtless unions!"

HARLINGTON YEW-TREE.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—Being, in December last, at the village of Harlington, which is between the Reading road and Uxbridge, about 14 miles from London, I was attracted to the church-yard, by the reports I had before heard of a venerable Yew-tree, of great antiquity, and said to be the largest in England; and fortunately having met in my way the old sexton, whose greatest pride seems to be in descanting on his favourite tree, so long the tenant of his domain, he told me it was supposed to be upwards of

800 years old, by his father, who was sexton before him. He told me also, that the former vicar kept the tree pruned in a variety of forms; but the present clergyman, who appears to possess a better taste, permits it to spread its luxuriant branches in every direction. The tree is certainly of very great antiquity, and extends over a large space of ground; and my old informant said, before it was lopped, some years ago, it extended to the porch of the church, which, by the way, is also worthy of remark, the entrance to the church being through a fine, ornamental, Saxon arch, in the highest state of preservation. In fact, the unique appearance of the church, the Yew-tree, and the silent stillness of the village, strongly brought to my mind the beautiful elegy of Gray, and one might fancy it the very spot where he took his descriptions. Not being a draughtsman myself, perhaps some one of your numerous readers will have the curiosity to take a sketch of the tree, church, and surrounding scenery, which would, I am certain, be a gratification to your admirers, and an embellishment to your interesting publication. The name of the old sexton is Cotterill, and he told me he had twice buried the whole village, thus,

"The Sexton hoary-headed chronic!
Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole
A gentle tear; with mattock in his hand
He digs thro' rows of kindred and acquaintance
By far his juniors; scarce a scull's cast up
But well he knew its owner and can tell
Some passage of his life. Thus hand in hand
The sot has walked with death twice twenty
years
And yet no youngster on the green laughs louder
Or tells a smuttier tale. When drunkards meet
None sings a merrier catch, nor lends a hand
More willing to his cup. Poor wretch! he minds
not
That soon some trusty brother of the trade
Shall do for him what he has done for thousands." BLAIR.

I by no means impute the vice of the sexton in the poem to my old acquaintance, for he is blithe and cheerful, sings a pretty good stave, and he is no drunkard. I had almost forgotten to observe, that a rude sketch of the tree, as it appeared half a century ago, in its grim and formal shape *decorates* the parlour of the village inn.

Perhaps some of your readers would oblige me by an account of the Yew-tree, and the uses to which its wood is applied, and the reason why it is generally found in church-yards; a circumstance noticed in the same poem:—

"Well do I know thee, by thy trusty yew,
Careless, unsocial plant! that loves to dwell
Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms:
Where light-heeled ghosts, and visionary shades,
Beneath the wan, cold moon (as fame reports)
Embodied thick perform their mystic rounds,
No other merriment, dull tree! is thine.

If you think the above account of this venerable Yew is worthy of insertion, I should feel pleasure to find it in your MIRROR; not from the vanity of seeing myself in print, but in the hope that it will induce a more able pen to do the subject more justice.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
Temple. C. P.

THE PAPAYA-TREE.

THE Papaya is a species of Palm, of the Cape de Verd Islands, and introduced into the East Indies by the Portuguese, where it is now very common. This tree rises to the height of twenty or thirty feet, and has at the extremity of its branches rather long tubular stalks (about three feet in length) *one* large sinuated leaf. The fruit, which is close to the trunk of the tree, and immediately below the stalks or branches, grows in clusters, sometimes to the number of twenty or thirty together. It is about the size of a musk-melon, and a good deal resembles it in colour, both within and without, only instead of the white flat seeds in the middle of the fruit, there are a number of black seeds, of the size of pepper-corns, and which have the exact flavour of garden cresses. When ripe, this fruit is sweet, soft, and luscious; but must not be indulged in too freely, as it is of a very cooling and refrigerant nature. On incisions being made in the unripe fruit, there exudes a milky juice, which is said to be an *excellent vermifuge*. The dose is a tea-spoonful of the juice in a wine glass of water, and it should be taken on an empty stomach. In the course of five or six hours afterwards, a dose of the *Oleum Ricini* (castor oil) should be taken, which carries off the dead worms.

SPERMACETI.

THIS beautiful and oily substance is not, as its name imports, the sperm of the whale; but is found in a large cavity of the head (not the brains) of the *Cachalot*, the *Physeter Macrocephalus*, or Spermaceti Whale; and it is said that the *whole* of this fish may, by boiling, be converted into the same substance.

Its medicinal virtues are those of a mild demulcent, and as such it is given in catarrh and other complaints, mixed with sugar, or diffused in water by the medium of the yolk of an egg.

Spermaceti candles are much superior to those of wax, in colour and lustre, and leave no spot or stain on the finest silk cloth, or linen.

Blackfriars' Cross, Hereford.

On the north-side of the city of Hereford, there formerly stood a Monastery of Black Friars, or Friars' Preachers, who were originally established in the Port Field, about the year 1276. The friary soon became very flourishing; and the buildings were finished in the reign of Edward III. In the reign of Henry VIII. the monastery was dissolved; and the only vestiges now remaining are some decayed offices, and the remains of a cross, or stone pulpit, as it was originally built for the purpose of preaching. The south-side of the Prior's lodgings is tolerably entire; it is sustained by three buttresses, and in the basement has two oblong windows, each divided by two pillars, into three compartments, having cinquefoil arches. At the south-west corner is a circular tower. The wall on the north-side is supported by four buttresses, but is much dilapidated: here part of the ruins are mantled with ivy. The Cross is constructed in the form of a hexagon, open on each side, and surrounded by a flight of steps, gradually decreasing as they ascend. In the centre is a base of the same figure, with two trefoil arches on each side, supporting the shaft of the cross, which bearing out into ramifications from the roof of the pulpit, and passing through

it, appears above in a mutilated state;—the upper part is embattled, and each angle is supported by a buttress. The picturesque effect of this beautiful remain is greatly increased by a large alder, which has forced its way in four stems through the joints of the steps; and one branch twines round the pillar, and passes out through an arch of the hexagon.

RECIPE FOR A NOVEL.

TAKE a hero, and let his name be Edward Mortimer, Augustus Montgomery, Frederick St. Clair, or Charles Fitzosmond, &c. &c. &c. Be sure to avoid any Smiths, Browns, Joneses or Robinsons, for more than half the interest consists in his name; and you will find that your readers in general are not of Juliet's opinion.—“What's in a name?” as it is as impossible for Mr. Mortimer by any other name to smell as sweet, “so prithes avoid it.” In a description of his person do not make him short, tall, brown, black, fair, or, in fact, any thing specifically;—let him be of the composite order; and as ladies like to exert their own imagination, leave much to be filled up as they think best. After having

formed him in this way, fill him with *plenty* of courage, and *plenty* of money.— He must ride well, walk well, dance well, sing well, talk well (at and upon every thing); drink well (when he is with the gentlemen), and make love well (when he is with the ladies). Shove all the French sentences you know into his mouth, and, if possible, squeeze in a few Italian; but studiously avoid Latin or Greek (if you happen to know them) for fear of offending the ladies; and then, with any other embellishments you may think fit, wind him up and set him a going in every page.

Take a heroine, name not quite so particular, only recollect your Janes, Lucys, Marias, and Elizas, must have blue eyes and golden hair; your Isabellas, Catherines, Helens, &c. &c. must have fine black hair and eyes: "if they were in heaven, they would through the airy regions stream so bright, that birds would sing, and think it was the morn." Summon up all your powers of description to make her "a divine perfection of a woman:" her hair must be classically formed, her shape, her air, her grace, all surpassing. Whirl her from Bond-street into the country, to an old-fashioned house; and, instead of going to bed when other people do, let her sit up half the night admiring the moon; and though of a frame of the most delicate construction, let her not catch such a vulgar thing as a cold—no not for Venice. *Poke* her into such places as any other young lady in her senses would be afraid to go; make her "in conscious virtue bold," going through such difficulties that the labours of Hercules may appear trifles to them. This done, bring her at last to the arms of your *hero*, and let her have as many children as she likes.

The plot is of the least consequence in the mixture of a modern novel. Any thing will do, as all you have to mind is striking situations for the lovers—this moment missing each other, the next meeting—thinking each other dead, meeting each other alive, &c. &c.; but take care that stupid thing, consistency, does not make its appearance, as that, in a great measure, will spoil the whole. For your intermediate characters bandy about dukes, marquesses, earls, lords, counts, colonels, majors, &c. down to interesting young captains, all as if you were playing at *shuttlecock*. Give your tradesmen the most common names you can think of; and speaking bad English is hereditary to a *novel* tradesman: particularly remember this, as it draws a fine distinction between the gentleman and the *commoner*. Your maids must be as familiar with their ladies as if they were their sisters; and

valets with their lords as if they were their brothers.

Mix these well together, and they will immediately assume the consistency of nonsense, or printers' ink, which you spread over clean white paper; and you will find it to be as good an ornament to the shelves of a circulating library as two-thirds of its companions.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

LETTER OF GEORGE III.

[The following is the Extract from a letter written by Sir Herbert Taylor, at the command of his Majesty, to Wm. Marsden, Esq.; dated Windsor, 7th Nov. 1806. A beautiful copy of this Extract, on vellum, was made at the request of Lady Hamilton, and presented to the Queen of Naples. ED.]

"His Majesty has commanded me to express in the strongest terms, his feelings of approbation of every part of the conduct of his gallant fleet, whose glorious and meritorious exertions are made yet more conspicuous, if possible, by the details of the opposition and difficulties which it had to encounter, both during and subsequent to the glorious action, and by the intrepidity and skill with which they were overcome.

"Every tribute of praise appears to his Majesty due to Lord Nelson, whose loss he never can sufficiently regret. But his Majesty considers it very fortunate that the command (under circumstances so critical) should have devolved upon an officer of such consummate valour, judgment, and skill, as Admiral Collingwood has proved himself to be; every part of whose conduct he considers as deserving his entire approbation and admiration. The feeling manner in which he has described the events of that great day, and those subsequent, and the modesty with which he speaks of himself, whilst he does justice in terms so elegant and so ample to the meritorious exertions of the gallant officers and men under his command, have also proved extremely satisfactory to the king."

TIMBUCTOO ANTHOLOGY.*

It will, perhaps, excite some surprise when we state that their literature is richer in epigrams than any other with which we are conversant, the point being generally made to turn upon some familiar proverbs, and their proverbs bearing such a

* These extracts are from an article, which is an admirable quiz on some recent translations from barbarous languages. ED.

striking affinity to ours, that with no other than the fair latitude of a free translation they might be actually identified.—Fragments of Latin are not unfrequently encountered in these caustic and witty effusions, an additional proof that Timbuctoo was the actual city discovered by the Nasamones, to whom we have already made allusion, and who must have left behind them these curious relics of the Roman tongue. It is principally on this account that we select the following :—

EPIGRAM.

As Slug-shoo was courting the fat smear'd Boocjer,

On the snake-covered banks of the Niger,
Her lover pass'd by, and exclaimed with a sneer,
"Optat ephippia bos piger."

The next which we shall translate was composed upon Squosh, a prime minister, who appears to have severely oppressed the people, for the gratification of his own architectural extravagance, and to have richly merited the cutting irony of the last line :—

"Piferbo pickpock Squosh."

Squosh ravages, pillages,
Houses and villages,
To build his mud-palace at Squosh-dungalee ;
But, egad, its no wonder
The rogue's fond of plunder,
For two of a trade can never agree.

Some of our own exquisites might be benefited if they would pay due attention to the sting of this happy *jeu d'esprit* :—

"Bu dripescotee switchcoo turpen."

With suet-dripping head and pitch'd rattan,
Perfumed with tar, a dandy in attire,
Phopfoo seems more a woman than a man ;
The reason's plain—a burnt child dreads the fire.

We shall conclude with a brilliant sally, which, had it been launched upon the banks of Cam or Isis, would have alone established the fame of its author as a sparkling epigrammatist :—

On Gourla, a celebrated beauty, wearing
the cheek-bones of sacrificed prisoners
in her ears.

"Avah fatsnoutah tam bu dira."

Forbear, proud beauty, with such cruel skill
To make dead heroes their survivors kill ;
Too many cooks, we know, will spoil the broth,
So cut your coat according to your cloth.

New Monthly Magazine.

The Selector ;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM
NEW WORKS.

EXTRACTS FROM CAPT. LYON'S
PRIVATE JOURNAL.

RED SNOW.

AUGUST 29th, 1821, near Gore Bay,
Georgina Island. Red snow was brought

off to the Fury, and I also found some near the ships ; its colour was considered as much fainter than that seen on a former voyage, and the appearance of the mass was not unlike what is called raspberry-ice, in a far better climate, where cold is made subservient to luxury. It may be needless to say, that the colouring matter of red snow was proved, prior to our leaving England, to consist of a species of fungus, capable of re-production by artificial cold ; and I believe it was even found practicable, by placing it in a particular light, to give it a greenish tinge. Of all the reasons given for this remarkable appearance, that, by a Peter Paterson, who, in 1671, visited Spitsbergen, is the most amusing : "The stones of the rocks are full of white, red, and yellow veins, like marble ; upon any alteration of the weather, these stones sweat, which, together with the rains, tinges the snow red."

MATERNAL AFFECTION OF THE REIN DEER.

FROM Capt. Parry I learned an interesting anecdote of a doe and her fawn, which he had pursued across a small inlet. The mother, finding her young one could not swim so fast as herself, was observed to stop repeatedly, so as to allow the fawn to come up with her, and having landed first, stood watching it with trembling anxiety, as the boat chased it to the shore. She was repeatedly fired at, but remained immovable until her offspring landed in safety, when they both cantered out of sight.

THE SNOWY OWL OF IGLOOLIK.

I WAS so fortunate as to shoot a snowy owl, an extremely rare and beautiful bird, and seldom seen in these regions. Naturalists place it between the eagle and the owl ; and, indeed, all its motions, when first wounded, bore far greater resemblance to the former than to the latter bird : its size was immense. It is remarkable that the white owl sees equally well as other birds in the most bright weather, and always takes his prey by day-light.

ESQUIMAUX DOGS.

WHEN at Igloolik, a land expedition had given me many opportunities of observing the dexterity with which the sledges and dogs were managed, and which I had never seen to advantage at Winter Island. Our eleven dogs were large, and even majestic looking animals ; and an old one, of peculiar sagacity, was placed at their head by having a longer trace, so as to lead them through the safest and driest places, these animals having such a dread of water, as to receive

severe beatings before they will swim a foot. The leader was instant in obeying the voice of the driver, who never beat, but repeatedly called to him by name. When the dogs slacken their pace, the sight of a seal or bird was sufficient to put them instantly to their full speed; and even though none of these might be seen on the ice, the cry of "a seal!" "a bear!" "a bird!" was enough to give play to the legs and voices of the whole pack. It was a beautiful sight to observe the two sledges racing at full speed to the same object, the dogs and men in full cry, and the vehicles splashing through the holes of water, with the velocity and spirit of rival stage-coaches.

ESQUIMAUX DREAMS.

TOOLEMAK (the conjurer) entered into a long discourse with me, about a vision he had lately seen in his quality of *anaitkoo*; the sum of which was, that an object had appeared to him, advancing rapidly, and making extraordinary motions; this had at first alarmed him, but, on a nearer approach, he discovered the figure of Capt. Lyon, bearing in his hand an axe, which he immediately presented to him. This extraordinary account I answered by the relation of a dream, which I also had lately been surprised by; which was, that Toolemak had been turned out of my cabin for begging. My dream was instantly realized; and the old man bore the joke with great, good humour, though it was the means of his exchanging a warm seat by my fire, for a very comfortless walk on deck.

A CURE FOR THE LUMBAGO.

ITKAMMUK came to me in great distress, in consequence of a severe fit of lumbago which afflicted him, and he earnestly requested that his wife might be permitted to wash his back with soap. This the lady performed under my instructions; and I gave further directions that he should undergo a good scrubbing every morning as long as a large piece of soap which I gave him should last. This, with the application of my musical snuff-box to his loins, a specific in all difficult cases, gave him great relief; and having offered me his wife's boots as a fee, he set off to comfort his old mother, who remained crying at home until his return.

ESQUIMAUX POLITENESS.

A VISIT AT TOOLEMAK'S HUT.—The most important duties of an Esquimaux were now to be performed; and Toolemak, with his adopted sons and visitors, sat down to the discussion of an immense pot of smoking seal's flesh. In this I deter-

mined on being a partaker, as, in addition to being hungry, I had another inducement, from having, a few days before, received of Toolemak a most important lesson of politeness. He had slept in my cabin, and had made a point of partaking whatever was offered him to eat or drink, however repugnant it might be to his palate, observing, as each thing was presented to him, that it was "*very good*;" but that the Kabloons (Europeans), on entering a hut, always turned up their noses, refused what was presented to them, and always said "*dirty*" or "*bad*." This was strictly true; and in consequence I determined, for good breeding's sake, to do as my host did. I accordingly made a plentiful meal out of the common mess, and did not afterwards refuse even a raw and frozen slice of walrus. This conduct procured me abundance of thanks and compliments, for they were all aware that raw flesh, in particular, was rejected by us.

ST. GEORGE'S DAY AT IGLOOLIK.

APRIL 23rd, 1823. Being St. George's day, both ships were dressed in flags, and at one P.M. we fired a royal salute, in honour of his Majesty's birth-day. Our guns were arranged in a little battery alongside, as it would not have been prudent to have fired them on-board, while the ships were so firmly sealed up in the ice. A large party of natives were invited down, as we were in hopes that so novel a display might make some impression on them, and by giving them something to talk of, be the means of keeping up a remembrance of us at some future time. Three or four "*hey-yaws*," were, however, the sum total of their remarks; and before the salute was fired, the whole party became tired of it, although none of them had ever before heard a great gun, or seen a flag. I led an old woman to the side of one of our twenty-four pounder-carro-nades, and entered into conversation with her, when I observed, that at the explosion she did not even wink her eyes, but very earnestly continued a long story about a pair of boots, for which some of our people had not contented her. A second report caused one of our snow-washing-houses to fall in, on which the good lady uttered her "*hey-yaw*," as if it was the most curious part of the ceremony. Toolemak had been expected with his family, but did not arrive, although he had threatened to bring his gun, in hopes that he might find some of our powder, after it had been fired out of the guns; for he complained sadly, that in the event of birds flying near, he had no ammunition to kill them.

The Draughtsman;

OR,

HINTS ON LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

No. III.

OF LAYING ON THE GREY OR AERIAL TINT.

WHEN you have drawn the outline, you must get a clean stone plate, and a cup full of clean water, and rub down a little of the indigo and lake, with a very small quantity of Indian-ink; you may then mix them well together with the brush, till the colours are completely incorporated with each other, observing that the blue appear the most predominant colour. The extreme distance may be done with indigo and lake, without the addition of Indian-ink; or if used at all, let it be in the smallest proportion. You must begin with the most distant parts first, adding gradually as you approach the nearer objects, a little more of the Indian-ink and lake to the aerial tint, till you arrive at the fore-ground, which may be almost entirely done with Indian-ink—at least it must be by far the predominating ingredient. The atmosphere can have little or no effect upon the colouring of foreground objects, except in a thick fog, when the whole earth appears lost in a cloud of mist—an effect which is seldom presented in a drawing. When you have given your piece the first shade, in the manner above described, you must mix up the aerial tint again, as near that which you began the distant parts with as possible, beginning with the extreme distances, and ending, as before, with almost Indian-ink alone in the fore-ground. You must continue repeating the grey tint, till you produce an exact representation of the light and shade of your copy. Your piece must, when finished with the grey or aerial tint, have all the effect of a drawing done in Indian-ink, only somewhat lighter, and the finishing less minutely made out. When you have produced the general effect of the terrestrial part of your piece, the sky ought next to employ your attention. You must mix up a little of the aerial tints, then take a pretty large brush, and tint the clouds softly; washing faintly towards their extremities, with almost nothing in the brush but water, by which means the terminations join softly with the aerial tint, and give the clouds that roundness, without which they would have a flat and very unnatural effect. To produce the effect of the serene, unclouded part of the sky, you must take the largest brush, and a

light tint of Prussian blue; then begin at the top of your drawing, washing it faintly towards the horizon with clean water. This, perhaps, is the most difficult part of drawing to the beginner, it being necessary to attend to so many different parts at once. In the first place, you must endeavour to lay the tint flat; secondly, to cut round the light extremities of the clouds; and lastly, to weaken the tint gradually as you descend to the horizon. To enable you the more readily to accomplish this arduous part of your study, you may take a broad flat camel's hair-brush, and go lightly over the whole surface of your drawing with a little clean water. As soon as the paper becomes quite flat you may begin to lay on the shade of Prussian blue, when you will be less apt to leave dark marks or stains in the serene part, on account of your drawing retaining a degree of the dampness occasioned by going all over it with the water. Should your drawing be meant to represent an evening scene, with the warm effulgence of the setting sun, take a shade of burnt Terra de Sienna, add to it a little of the same colour, raw, and mix them well together on the plate; then take the flat brush pretty full of the shade, and begin laying it on from the bare line at the under part of your drawing, washing gradually lighter as you proceed upwards. When you have carried it pretty near the top, take then a light tint of Prussian blue, join it with the warm shade, and then continue washing up the blue till you get entirely to the top. You may repeat the warm tint two or three times: it may be laid on strong enough at first, only it seldom, if ever, produces so mild an effect as when frequently gone over with light tints. You must remember that the warm tint ought never to be put on till such time as your drawing is completely finished with the grey, and the gradation of shade in the sky laid on with the Prussian blue. When the necessary glow of warmth is given to your drawing, you must next proceed to the colouring of the different objects of which it is composed.

OF DRAWING FROM NATURE.

To be capable of making a faithful representation of nature in painting, is certainly one of the richest acquisitions of which the human mind is susceptible. Is there aught the mimic pencil cannot depict?—the earth, the sea, and sky; nay, even the sun himself, whose heavenly rays of light make man turn aside and hide his face, escape not the imitative powers of the skilful painter. What a valuable treasure must this art be to

those whose circumstances enable them to make it the amusement of an irksome hour. The pleasure derived from such pastime must be inestimable, when we compare the fate of the poor young painter, with enthusiastic ardour, labouring from morning till night, living almost alone on the love he bears his study. This is but too often the case with the poet and the painter, their juvenile productions returning them barely wherewithal to procure a scanty subsistence. If you would draw from nature, you must, if you have not already, study the rules of perspective, without a knowledge of which you would be unable to give objects their due proportion as they recede from the eye.—“Ferguson’s Art of Drawing in Perspective” is the easiest yet published, and contains all the rules necessary in landscape-painting. In your first attempts from nature, let your own discretion be your guide. Do not attempt to delineate a wide expanse of variegated country.—When the hand of nature hath poured forth her charms in beautiful disorder, such flights are beyond the limits of an unexperienced imagination. Let the unadorned features of rural simplicity occupy your early powers of imagination. With regard to the mode of executing your sketches from nature, make a slight and general outline of the different objects of which you intend your piece to be composed, not grasping at more than the eye encompasses with ease at one stretch; in the selection of which, let one or other of these objects appear in a more conspicuous point of view than all the rest. Having thus indiscriminately formed the prominent traits of your view, you must then consider it in whole, by first examining your sketch, then turning to nature and viewing the objects with your eyes half shut. The view seen through this medium appears as if obscured in a thin mist, consequently the lesser parts vanish from the sight, and leave palpable only the bold, leading features, which may be compared with the first rude outline. When you are satisfied in the justness of your proportion, you ought then to characterise the objects in detail, bestowing particular care on those parts which appear to you the most interesting. Your sketches from nature may be minutely made out, spirited, and at the same time destitute of any appearance of servility.

THE VARIOUS OBJECTS OF THE PIECE.

If the horizon appearing red, the distant objects will partake so much of its colour, that their own will be almost entirely lost, being so far removed from the eye, and

seen through the thick-maze of vapours arising from the earth in a fine evening. The colouring of distant objects ought to be very lightly laid on, and appear in such harmony with the sky, that the most remote of them may be seen mingling insensibly with the horizon. In colouring the distant parts, you may make use of gamboge and raw Terra de Sienna for the yellows: Prussian blue, added to either of these, makes an excellent green for tinting distant trees, bushes, hills, or herbage of every description, a little lake may be used likewise, particularly in tinting objects near the horizon—when mixed with the gamboge, it approaches very near the colour of the warm tint. These colours are sufficient for tinting any part of a drawing, excepting the bold shades in the foreground. When your colours are prepared, you may begin tinting the most distant objects, covering the grey or aerial tint very lightly in the remote parts, and gradually giving depth of colour as you approach the fore-ground. In colouring trees, let your tint always pass the extremities of the grey touches; the same rule may be observed in doing hills—it gives them that lightness and transparency which so well correspond with their characters; and if judiciously handled, will never fail in producing a natural and pleasing effect. For the foliage of foreground trees, make use of burnt Terra de Sienna, Prussian blue, and a small quantity of the solution of sap green. It is also an admirable tint for green slopes, turfing on rocks, or the still running parts of a river, when represented near the eye. Should your drawing, when coloured, appear in want of that force in the fore-ground which is necessary to make the remoter parts recede from the eye—you must then take burnt Terra de Sienna, lake, and Indian-ink—mix them well together, pretty dark, at least darker than the darkest part of your piece: you may then take your smallest brush, and touch the fore-ground parts wherever you think they require additional force. You must, at the same time, beware of wandering into any of the distant parts with this colour, otherwise you ruin all. You must, indeed, consider it as the finishing touch to your piece, and although the effect is not to your wishes, you must rather allow it to pass untouched, than endeavour to improve any of the parts touched with this colour.

OF PAINTING THE SKY.

As the sky is the part from whence a drawing receives its lights and shadows, and indisputably the most material of all others, it is necessary, therefore, that it

should be well executed. It has become a proverbial phrase among painters, that a bad sky spoils a good drawing, and a good one will set an indifferent drawing off to great advantage. When the sky is finished as soft and mellow as possibly the brush can execute, should any hardness or stain then appear that may offend the eye, (for even the smallest speck would confound the effect of the whole piece) if any such mark or hardness is perceptible in the smallest degree, take a piece of sponge pretty full of clean water, and begin at the horizon of your drawing, washing it lightly upwards—guide the sweeps of the sponge in a parallel direction with the upper and lower lines of the square of your drawing, observing at the same time that you press but softly as you go along, which will prevent rubbing up the grain of the paper. You will find this not only makes the hardness disappear, but also makes an apparent improvement on the harmony of the sky. Some painters are in the habit of sponging every sky they paint. In large drawings it is almost impossible to dispense with the use of it, but in small drawings there is no necessity for applying it at all. The office of the sponge is not limited to the aerial department alone—from its general utility, it may justly claim the appellation of a cure for all defects in a water colour drawing. Smoke seen floating along the surface of distant lawns, or rising from a cottage among dark trees, ever has, if judiciously managed, a good effect, and adds wonderfully to the animation of a picture. You may produce such an effect with very little trouble, and perhaps in the most natural manner possible. When your drawing is coloured, and ready to be taken from the board, take a brush and a little water, and in whatever part of the piece it may please you to introduce the appearance of smoke, mark it out with the water in any form your imagination may conceive; but let the wetness remain on the drawing till it be nearly absorbed; take then a bit of soft bread to your handkerchief, and rub the moisture lightly off, when you will find the effect better brought out, and more spirited than it could have been by preserving laboriously the white paper from the beginning. The spray of waterfalls may be represented in the like manner; also, the white broken waves against the rocks on a rugged beach.

T. A. C.

PETER PINDARICS;

OR, JOE MILLER VERSIFIED.

A ROWLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

THERE is in th' eastern part of this great town,
A coffee-house of much renown,
Yclept Garraway's; the rendezvous
Of Flemings, Frenchmen, Spaniards, Jews,
Of merchants, agents, brokers, and the like :

Who meet on 'Change
Affairs of much importance to arrange ;
And oft (*perhaps*) some lucky bargains strike ;
But then sometimes (capricious fortune's turn)
These honest folks perchance their fingers burn,
And then, they're devilish apt to run aground,
And be a trifle *minus* in the pound !

What next ?—why, then
They start again,
And cut a greater figure than before ;
Of such we've facts enough in store.

But, to our tale—Not long ago,
At Garraway's you'll please to know,
There'd been a more than usual bustling day,
But what 'twas all about, I scarce can say ;

Though some averr'd
They just had heard,
The *Poyais* loan would now be made *secure* ;
Others, that Ferdinand,
Had sign'd his royal hand,

And recognis'd the *Spanish* loan !
(That would be something strange I own)
But of the last, they were not quite so sure ;
These, and some other topics buzz'd about,
Made a great waste of breath no doubt ;
Nay, more—'tis said some angry words arose,
Which some declar'd had almost got to blows !

At length, the dining hubbub done,
The conversation was engross'd by one,
Who rattled on so very fast,
All thought his story would for ever last :

The mighty rout
Was all about
Himself, his ships, his trade,
And the large contracts he had made ;
In short, 'twere tedious to recount,
The magnitude and vast amount
Of what he said he had in hand ;
Which went t' express,

But little less,
Than, *he engross'd* the commerce of the land !
This vain parade of empty boast
Excited sneers, and some contemptuous Noes.

(A proof " he counts without his host "
Who thinks deception can on truth impose.)
Our wight at this wax'd rather warm
And bawl'd in tone not *very calm* ;
" Sirs, if you doubt my word, I'll furnish proof,
Which must convince you all I think ;
Three hundred pounds a year are not enough,
To find my clerks, alone in ink ! "
" If this you mean," another said,
" To prove you have extensive trade,
Full twice that sum, I save with ease
By neither dotting *P's* nor crossing *T's* ! "
June, 1824. JACOBUS.

Miscellanies.

SANGAREE.

SANGAREE is the name common in India for a very pleasant and enticing beverage, formerly much in fashion among the Europeans, and too often drank to the injury of health. It is composed of about three parts of Madeira wine, and one of water ; to which is added, a slice or two of

lime, or lemon, some grated nutmeg, ginger, and sugar.

CORALLIUM.—CORAL.

THIS supposed plant is now well known to be the work of marine insects.—It is of three sorts, the red, the vermilion, and the white; and its greatest height (in the Mediterranean) is about eleven inches. It is found in great abundance in that sea, where it is fished up in a kind of net, from the depths of 60 to 125 fathoms.—Coral is also found in other parts of the world, viz.—in the Red Sea, near the shores of Terra Australis, &c. &c."

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.

THE following article copied from an American paper, is curious:—

*Rosborough, North Carolina,
24th March, 1824.*

A CURIOUS case of spontaneous combustion occurred in this neighbourhood a few days since. The wife of Mr. W—B— discovered, about ten o'clock in the morning, an unusual and very pungent smell, which was likewise inhaled by several of the family. It excited considerable uneasiness, as it seemed to increase, and a general search took place to find out the cause. The unusual, and certainly peculiar smell, soon directed them to the spot. It was found, that a quantity of hops that had been gathered of the last crop, and after being well dried and put into a striped, homespun cotton gown, moderately pressed in and laid on the top of a pile of cotton seed, was discovered to be on fire, and, by a gradual heat, almost mouldered into ashes. On raising it and admitting the air, it was soon in a blaze. The cotton seed was likewise partly consumed. It was on the second floor of the house where the accident took place; and Mrs. B. assured me, to the best of her recollection, there had not been fire, not even so much as a candle, in that part of the house, for three months. If it had been the work of an incendiary, there was a much better opportunity to have effected the purpose, for, within a few feet of the hops, there was not less than three or four cwt. of cotton in the seed, which would have been more instantaneous, and certainly more sure.

Cotton has been known to take fire from being damp and confined in a close and heated atmosphere; and in this case I find, upon inquiry, that the seed and the hops were immediately under the roof of the house, which was not ceiled overhead, and, from the recent heavy and

constant rains, a small quantity of water may have found its way through the roof, and gradually dropped on the seed and hops, producing the requisite moisture, combined with atmospheric causes, produced the fire. But, if it is admitted, that cotton or cotton seed, thus situated, may produce heat, and from heat to flame, what assistance, if any, would hops lend to it? or perhaps the fact itself may have originated in the hops. I do not lay this down as an hypothesis of my own, nor do I believe that the conclusion should always be drawn from the premises. Philosophers and chemists, perhaps, might discover the true cause or combination of causes, and, as it is an unusual circumstance, (at least to me,) it may deserve their consideration.

The statement made by Mrs. B. of there being no fire carried to that part of the house, for the time mentioned, may be relied upon.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

INGENIOUS ORTHOGRAPHY.

A GENTLEMAN of the Temple received his laundress's weekly account the other day, made out in the style of spelling and hand-writing peculiar to the sisters of the suds; but there was one charge of 1s. 6d. for "skewering the stars," which defied even his practised comprehension. After wondering for some time how such a work could ever have been performed, and, still more, why it should ever have been executed, particularly at his expense, the debtor sent for Mrs. Pearlash, when the reading turned out to be, "for scouring the stairs."

APELLES.

APELLES painted a picture of Alexander the Great, but the king did not express much satisfaction at seeing it. At that moment, a horse passing by neighed at the horse in the picture, on which Apelles said, "One would imagine that the horse is a better judge of painting than your Majesty."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE article inquired after by *A Pedestrian* never reached us, but as he acknowledges he did not pay the postage it could not; for all letters unpaid are returned to the Post Office.

Several communications have been received during the week, on which we shall decide in our next.

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The Mirror

OF

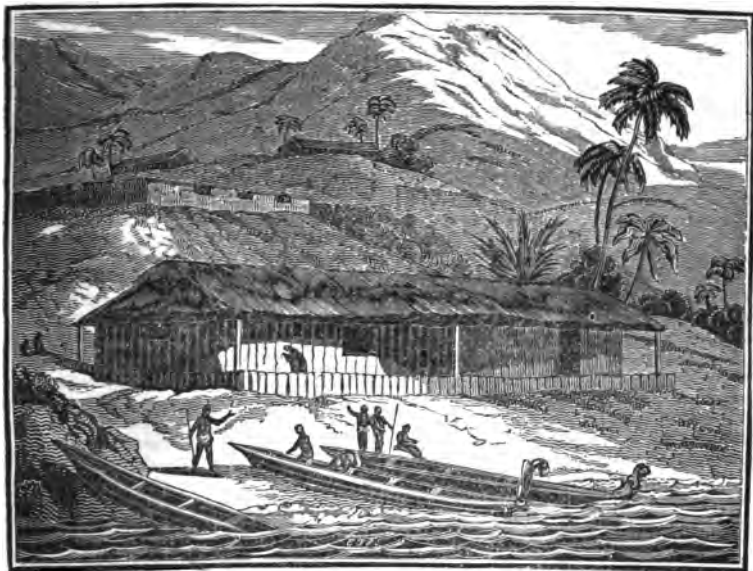
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. XCV.

SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1824.

[PRICE 2d.]

Palace of the King of the Sandwich Islands.



IN the course of editing the MIRROR, it has frequently been our good fortune to communicate much valuable information to the public, which we exclusively possessed on a variety of interesting subjects; and we feel much pleasure in being enabled to present our readers with an engraved view of the Palace of the King of the Sandwich Islands, whose recent death, as well as that of his wife, have given so melancholy an interest to the subject. Some of our readers may, perhaps, smile at our giving the name of Palace to a building which resembles a hay-stack rather than the residence of a monarch, which it is; and yet from "the interior of such a hut," as M. Arago, a recent voyager observes, "the genius of Tamehameha (father of the late king,) issued in his rage, those terrible decrees which made his enemies tremble." Indeed the King of the Sandwich Islands, though not reigning over an educated or enlightened people, has an authority as great over his subjects as that of the most despotic sovereign of the old world; and his subjects hold in as much respect the place where he dwells, as any European can do the more splendid Palace of his

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own monarch; nor, perhaps, are his subjects less happy. Every thing is good or bad in comparison with something else. The Palace of Woahoo maintains its supremacy there, and in its exterior has a greater superiority over the sheds in which the natives usually reside, than Carlton House has over the residences of our English nobility and gentry; nor unless a visit to other climes, might have caused dissatisfaction, did the King of the Sandwich Islands desire any thing better. He seemed to feel a man's own country is the best—a sentiment so beautifully expressed by Goldsmith in his "Traveller."—

"But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own:
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease.
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,—
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave."

The palace of the King of the Sandwich Islands, of which, through the kindness of a friend, we are enabled to present our readers with a view from an original drawing, is situated in Woahoo,

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an island which will be noticed in a subsequent page.

Woahoo is the seat of government, and here the American missionaries, who have been sent to convert the natives of the Sandwich Islands to christianity, reside. The harbour, though small, is very secure, and a gentleman who recently touched at Woahoo, found there twenty-three ships including the vessels belonging to the king, and some few whalers. On landing with the other officers, they were well received by the king and his wives, and by the chiefs which were around him in his Palace.

This Palace, of which we have given a view, stands on a sort of terrace on the beach, which is defended by nearly thirty pieces of cannon. The Palace is a large house constructed of stakes, covered at the sides and the sloping roof with dried grass, having at a little distance quite the appearance of a large, thatched barn. The Palace, which is spacious, has three small doors, on three different sides. A gentleman who recently visited the Sandwich Islands, and was presented to the king, in describing his reception and the interior of the Palace, where he had an audience, says, "there were a few chairs which were handed us, but the five queens, or wives of the king, sat on mats on the ground. The king was seated in a chair. Most of the king's wives, and all the other ladies who were waiting upon them had no other dress than a *pareu* (a wrapper) round the waist, which extended down to the knees. Some of them had necklaces made of whales' teeth and glass beads."

Reserving for our next number a highly-interesting memoir of the late King of the Sandwich Islands, whose remains, as well as those of his consort, have been placed in St. Martin's Church, previous to their removal to the distant island which gave them birth, we shall enter at some length into a well-authenticated description of the Sandwich Islands and Islanders, which is derived from the best sources, and the works of the most recent voyagers.

The visit of the King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands to this country, and the melancholy death of both of them in London, within a few days of each other, have excited an extraordinary degree of interest respecting those natives of a distant clime and of the country, and in order to gratify the public curiosity, we have collected the following details from the most authentic sources:—

DESCRIPTION OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

THE Sandwich Islands situated in the

North Pacific Ocean, were discovered in the year 1778, by Captains Cook and King. They are eleven in number, and extend from 150 deg. 54 min. to 160 deg. 24 min. of W. long., and from 18 deg. 54 min. to 22 deg. 15 min. N. lat., and are called by the natives Owhyee, Mowee, Ranai, Morotoi, Tahoorowa, Woahoo, Atooi, Neeheehew, Oreehoua, Morotinee and Tahooraa.

Besides the islands above enumerated, Captain Cook was told by the natives that there is another, called MODOOPAPAPA, or KAMODOOPAPAPA, lying to the west-south-west of Tahooraa, which is low and sandy, and visited only for the purpose of catching sea-fowl. They were named the Sandwich Islands, in honour of the Earl of Sandwich, under whose administration so many important geographical discoveries had been made. The climate differs very little from that of the West Indies in the same latitude, except that it is more temperate; there being no traces of those violent winds and hurricanes, which render the stormy months in the West Indies so dreadful. There is also more rain at the Sandwich Islands, where the mountainous parts being generally enveloped in a cloud, successive showers fall in the inland parts, with fine weather and a clear sky on the sea-shore. Hence it is that few of those inconveniences, to which many tropical countries are subject, either from heat or moisture, are experienced here. The winds in the winter months are generally from east-south-east to north-east. The vegetable productions are nearly the same as those of the other South Sea Islands; but the taro root is here of a superior quality. The sugar canes are of a very unusual size, some of them measuring 11 inches and a quarter in circumference, and having 14 feet eatable. There is also a root of a brown colour, shaped like a yam, and from six to ten pounds in weight, the juice of which is very sweet, of a pleasant taste, and is an excellent substitute for sugar. The quadrupeds are hogs, dogs, and rats; the fowls are of the common sort, and the birds are beautiful and numerous, though not various. Goats, pigs, and European seeds, were left by Captain Cook; but the possession of the goats soon gave rise to a contest between two districts, in which the breed was entirely destroyed. The inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands are undoubtedly of the same race with those of New Zealand, the Society and Friendly Islands, Easter Island, and the Marquesas. In their persons, language, customs, and manners, they approach nearer to the new Zealanders, than to their less distant neighbours, either of the Society or the

Friendly Islands. They are, in general, above the middle size, and well made;—they walk gracefully, run nimbly, and are capable of bearing great fatigue. Many of both sexes have fine, open countenances; and the women, in particular, have good eyes and teeth, with a sweetness and sensibility of look that render them very engaging. There is one peculiarity, however, characteristic of every part of this nation, that, even in the handsomest faces, there is a fulness of the nostril, without any flatness or spreading of the nose. The men suffer their beards to grow, and wear their hair after various fashions. The dress of both sexes nearly resembles those of New Zealand, and both wear necklaces of small, variegated shells. The practice of tattooing the body they have in common with the other inhabitants of the South Sea Islands; the hands and arms of the women are very neatly marked; and they have a singular custom of tattooing the tip of the tongues of the females. Like the New Zealanders, they have adopted the method of living together in villages, containing from 100 to 200 houses, built pretty closely together, without much order, and having a winding path between them. They are generally flanked towards the sea with detached walls, which are designed both for shelter and defence. These walls consist of loose stones; and the inhabitants are very dexterous in shifting them suddenly to such places as an attack may be directed to. In the sides of the hills they have little caves or retreats, the entrance to which is secured by a fence of the same kind. Some of their houses are large and commodious, from 40 to 50 feet long, and from 20 to 30 broad; while others are mere hovels. Their food consists principally of fish and vegetables, to which they add the flesh of dogs and hogs. The making of canoes, mats, &c. forms the occupation of the men; the women are employed in manufacturing cloth; and the servants are principally engaged in the plantations and fishing.—They have various amusements, such as dancing, boxing, wrestling, &c. Their agriculture and navigation bear a great resemblance to those of the other South Sea Islands. The plantations, which are spread over the whole coast, consist of the taro or eddy root, and sweet potatoes, with plants of the cloth-tree set in rows. The bottoms of their canoes are of a single piece of wood, hollowed out to the thickness of an inch, and brought to a point at each end. The sides consist of three boards, each about an inch thick, neatly fitted and lashed to the bottom part. Some of their double canoes measure 70

feet in length, three and a half in depth, and 12 in breadth. As the islands are not united under one government, wars were formerly frequent among them. The same system of subordination prevails here as at the other islands, the same absolute authority on the part of the chiefs, and the same unresisting submission on the part of the people. The government is monarchical and hereditary. At Owhyee is a regular society of priests, living by themselves, and distinct in all respects from the rest of the people. Human sacrifices were here frequent, not only at the commencement of a war, or signal enterprise, but the death of every considerable chief called for a repetition of these horrid rites. Yet, apart from these observances, they are acknowledged to be of the most mild and affectionate disposition. They live in the utmost harmony with each other; and, in hospitality to strangers, they are not exceeded even by the inhabitants of the Friendly Islands, when their resentment is not kindled by injury. Their improvements in agriculture, and the state of their manufactures, are certainly adequate to the circumstances of their situation, and the natural advantages which they enjoy. Of late years they have made great progress towards civilization, and from their intercourse with christians had renounced idolatry before any missionaries were settled among them. A protestant mission from the United States is now established.

OWHYEE, the largest of the Sandwich Islands, has acquired an ill-fated celebrity from its being the place where Captain Cook, its discoverer, fell a sacrifice to the misunderstanding, or sudden impulse of revenge in the natives, on Sunday, the 14th of February, 1779. The death of this great navigator, of whom Captain Flinders, a more recent voyager, says, "he reaped the harvest of discovery, and only left the gleanings to be gathered," is thus beautifully alluded to in a recent poem:—

"Australia now demands the muses' strain:—
But, oh! she may not hint thy name in vain
Lamented COOK!—she turns to weep for thee
Where moan the dreary waves round Owhyee:
The sailor, as he nears that fatal isle,
Leans o'er the deck, and checks his joyous smile,
And almost thinks the gales go muffled by,
And billows shape their music to a sigh,
Or mounts, if waves be high, and winds pipe
loud,
And strains his eyes to see it from the shroud;—
And as the tempest rocks the creaking mast,
Half deems he hears thy whistle on the blast,—
And wonders why his honest heart should own a
fear,
And brushes from his honest cheek a tear,—
And leaves a blessing on the passing wave,
Which chance may float above thy dismal grave."*

M. Arago, who accompanied Captain Freycinet in his recent voyage round the

* Australia, by T. K. Hervey.

globe, in noticing their touching at Owyhee pays a due tribute to the memory and talents of Cook, whom he calls "the most enterprising genius, who, since the days of Columbus had rendered himself illustrious by the boldest researches, and the most glorious discoveries."

It is not so well known that the people of these islands, though they actually took away his life, have paid, and still continue to pay, the highest honours to his memory, esteeming him as one sent by the gods to civilize them, and to whom they are indebted for the most important blessings they enjoy. They have still in their possession the greatest part of his bones which they hold sacred; they are deposited in a house consecrated to a god, and are annually carried in procession to many other consecrated houses, where the priest thanks the gods for having sent to them so great a man.

Owyhee lies in a direction nearly north and south; its greatest length is 85 miles, and its breadth 72 miles, and it is about 293 English miles in circumference. The west is, in some parts, low and flat, but in others, consists of high and abrupt cliffs, and in the interior there is a mountain called Mouna Kaah, or the Mountain Kaah, which rises in three peaks, the summits of which are more than 18,000 feet above the level of the sea; they are perpetually covered with snow, and may be distinctly seen at forty leagues distance. The population is estimated at 150,000.

MOWEE, which is 24 miles north north-west of Owyhee, is about 140 miles in circumference, and contains a population of 65,000; the soil which has an appearance of verdure and fertility, is formed only of decomposed lava and other volcanic matters.

RANAI is about nine miles west of Mowee, and contains about 18,000 inhabitants. The country to the west is high and craggy, but the other parts of the island have a better aspect, and are well cultivated, producing yams and sweet potatoes in abundance.

MOROTI, in longitude 117 deg. 14 min. west, and latitude, 21 deg. 10 min. north, and contains about 36,000 inhabitants.

TAHOOROWA is about nine miles from the south-west of Mowee, is of a barren and sandy soil, and destitute of wood.

WOAHOO is by far the finest island of the group, and during the reign of the late king, was the royal residence; scarcely any thing can exceed the verdure of the hills, the variety of wood and lawn, and the rich cultivated valleys which the whole face of the country displays. This island is supposed to contain 60,000 inhabitants.

ATOOI is only 30 miles in length, but is well populated, and contains 54,000 inhabitants. Its agriculture is more advanced than that of the other islands, owing, probably, to its excellent anchoring-place on the south-west side, which makes it much frequented by the Europeans, particularly the British. Some of the natives can even converse in English.

NEEHEHOW and ONEEHOVA are smaller islands with lofty and rugged coasts, but producing in the interior, which is low, abundance of yams, and sweet root called tee.

MOROTINNEE and TAHOORA, two of the smallest islands, are uninhabited.

THE INHABITANTS.

THE inhabitants are, undoubtedly, of the same race with those of the islands, south of the equator; but in their persons, language, customs, and manners, approach nearer to the New Zealander, than to their less distant neighbours, either of the Friendly, Society, or Marquesas Islands. They are, in general, above the middle size, and well made; though, upon the whole, inferior in strength and activity to the Friendly Islanders.

The women are by no means so handsome as the men. They are rather short than tall; have good eyes and teeth, remarkably small and delicate feet and hands, and a sweetness and sensibility of look that render them very engaging. Their hands and arms are very neatly tattooed, and they are said to have the same operation performed on the tip of the tongue.

Children at their birth are quite black; and the most delicate females, who expose themselves least to the sun and air, display the same colour: while those who are obliged to be a good deal abroad have nearly an orange hue.

The principal part of the dress of the women is a simple garment called *pow*. It consists of a piece of cloth about one yard wide and three long, wrapped several times round the waist, with the end tucked in below, and reaching to the calf of the leg: in cold weather another piece of cloth, like a plaid, is thrown over the shoulders. Round the neck they frequently wear wreaths of the leaves of a fragrant plant, called *miri*, somewhat resembling those of the vine; also tresses of human hair, to which is suspended before a piece of bone highly polished, the lower part forming a curve: these ornaments, called *palava*, are commonly made of whales' teeth, which the Americans sell at a high price to the natives. The hair necklace is plaited in small

cords, which are so numerous as completely to fill the hole through which they are passed, though, in general, large enough to admit a man's thumb. The women comb back the hair in front, where they plaster it with a kind of lime, made of burnt shells, which bleaches that round the forehead nearly white, so as to produce a strong contrast with the dark colour of the skin. The Russians saw many females whose hair was stained a rose-colour, but could not learn how it was communicated.

Their heads are adorned with wreaths of flowers, picked from the stalk and strung on the stem of a small, creeping plant. They prefer purple, yellow, and white, and arrange them alternately three or four inches of one colour. This wreath, twined several times round the head, has a very elegant appearance. The women, upon the whole, take great pains in adorning their persons, for which purpose each of them is provided with a small mirror: and all ranks pay the utmost attention to personal cleanliness.

The hair of the Sandwich Islanders would be beautiful if they allowed it to grow; it is naturally shining, and black as jet. In general they shave the sides of the head, and allow a tuft of hair to grow at the top, which falls down the back, resembling the horse-hair descending from the helmets of some of our dragoons. Some retain all their hair, and allow it to float over their shoulders, or tie it very gracefully. None of them have woolly hair, but in some it is curly. Their eyes are lively and expressive, their noses mostly rather flat, though many are somewhat aquiline. Their mouths and lips are of middling size, and their teeth very fine; but superstition imposes on them the duty of extracting one or two in the front at the death of a friend or benefactor.

All of them are more or less tattooed. The figures, in general, represent birds, fans, chequers, and circles; but frequently numerous rows of goats, and these are almost always on the inner part of the arm, the leg, and the thigh. Several are tattooed on one side only, which produces a very singular effect, and makes them look like men half-burnt, or daubed with ink from head to foot. Frequently too, from some unaccountable whim, they leave a design unfinished, as if they had changed their minds in the midst of the operation.

TREATMENT OF THE SEX.

THE two sexes never eat together: the chiefs, therefore, have always a separate eating-house. and even the lower class

have one to every six or seven families for the men: the women taking the food in the same houses in which they sleep.

The women are subject to many restrictions. They are not allowed to attend the *morai*, or temple, on taboo days, nor at such times to go out in a canoe. They are never permitted to eat with the men unless when at sea, and then not out of the same dish. Delicacies, such as pork, turtle, shark, cocoa-nuts, bananas, or plantains, are also forbidden. Dogs' flesh and fish used to be the only kinds of food which they might lawfully eat; but since the introduction into the islands of sheep and goats, which are not tabooed, the females have less reason to complain of their diet. Notwithstanding the rigour of these prohibitions, the women very seldom scruple to infringe them, when it can be done in secret. They frequently swim off to ships at night during the taboo, and indulge their appetites with the forbidden delicacies. Campbell relates, that he once saw the queen transgressing in this particular, and that he was strictly enjoined to secrecy, as she declared that it was as much as her life was worth, should the circumstance become known. The extreme severity exercised in these respects is confirmed by the statement of Kotzebue, who, while lying in the harbour of Hanaroora, saw the body of a young female, which was found floating upon the water, and learned that this poor creature, having, in a state of intoxication, entered the men's eating-house, was instantly strangled and her corpse thrown into the sea.

HABITATIONS.

THE houses are of the simplest form; they are oblong, with very low side walls, and high thatched roofs. They are not divided into apartments, nor do they contain any tables or seats. It is only by their size that the habitations of the chiefs are distinguished from those of the lower classes; for the same barn-like shape is universal. They are, however, kept extremely clean, and their household utensils, consisting of wooden dishes and calabashes, are hung, neatly arranged, upon the walls. While the floors of the meaner houses are bare, excepting the place for sleeping, where a few mats are spread, those of the higher classes are entirely covered with mats, many of which are worked with great elegance into different patterns. A platform at one end, raised about a yard from the ground, and extending the whole breadth of the apartment, is spread with a layer of rushes and covered with mats: this forms the sleep-

ing-place for the family itself; but the attendants lie at the opposite end.

M. Arago, who was introduced to the king at Owhyee, gives a singular account of the royal Palace. He describes it as a miserable hut, built of straw, from 25 to 30 feet long, and from 12 to 15 feet broad, the entrance to which is by a low and narrow door; walls made of cocoa-tree leaves, well sewed together; the roof made of sea-weed, much neglected, and presenting but a feeble defence against the wind and rain;—such is the Palace at Owhyee.

RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES.

THEIR *morais* or places of worship consist of one large house or temple, with some smaller ones round it, containing the images of their inferior gods. The tabooed or consecrated precincts are marked by four square posts, placed about 30 or 40 yards from the edifice. Across one end of the inside of the principal house there is a screen or curtain of white cloth, behind which is placed the image of *Etooa*. On the outside are ranged several hideously ugly wooden idols, the mouths of which are stuck full of dogs' teeth.

The *morai*, or temple, of the king, is surrounded by a dozen, grotesque, colossal, wooden images, from three to eight feet in height; some standing and others thrown down, and half covered with stones and rubbish, at the time of Captain Freycinet's visit. A figure with a bird on its head is said to represent the god of war. To these divinities are offered hogs, bananas, cocoa-nuts, and even human sacrifices; but, according to the concurrent testimony of navigators, the latter are always criminals. A fence formed of the spines of the cocoa-nut tree, two feet and a half high, encompasses the *morai*, and in the centre there is a building, in which, according to the last French circumnavigators, a variety of new and elegant articles of furniture were carelessly kept.

Arago, who accompanied Captain Freycinet, describes another *morai*, about a mile from the town of Kayerooa, which is an enclosure of about 100 square yards, surrounded by a wooden railing four feet high. The wooden idol at the entrance is very carefully carved and larger than the others. The head is of an enormous size, forming nearly a third of the whole figure, which, including a post about two feet high, measures 10 or 12 feet. Offerings are put into the mouth. The other idols are placed on the sides of the enclosure, very close to each other; five on the left, the last of which has its head

covered with a sort of long, pointed hood, painted red; and six on the right, the largest of which is extended on the ground, and its neighbour half overthrown.

The religious ceremonies take place about four times a month, and last from sun-set till sun-rise on the second succeeding morning: during this interval, which is spent in prayer, in sacrificing pigs, and feasting upon the sacrifices and in conversation, no person is allowed to pass the bounds of the *morai*. The most profound silence is preserved while the priest is engaged in prayer; indeed, the least noise within, or near the *morai* at such times is considered as offensive to the deity; for which reason, whenever the king enters it, proclamation is made by the public crier, ordering all animals near it to be confined, otherwise they will be seized and offered in sacrifice. These ceremonies are attended chiefly by persons of the superior class, and women are never permitted to be present at them.

Idolatry is now at an end: the bells of the churches alone break the silence of the sabbath, and the mild beams of christianity have already begun to operate on these children of nature. Several missionaries from the United States reside among them: they have founded a school, where many of the youth receive instruction in reading, writing, drawing, &c. which, together with the religious exhortations at church, contribute daily to exalt and refine the moral character of these simple people.

It was in consequence of the change produced at Otaheite and the neighbouring islands, that in the year 1819, the chiefs of Owhyee, Woahoo, and Atooi renounced their idols, and committed them, with every vestige of idolatry, to the flames. In 1822, Captain Kent of his Majesty's Cutter, *Mermaid*, visited these islands, with a missionary and two native teachers. The arrival of these strangers seems to have been the occasion of the commencement of a change in this northern group as extraordinary as that which has taken place in the Society Islands. No sooner had they come to an anchor in Karakakooa Bay, than the governor of Owhyee went on-board the *Mermaid*. This chief, whose name is Kooakeenee, and who is brother-in-law to king Rhio Rhio, is described by Arago, as being six feet three inches high, with a mild and pleasing countenance, and acquainted with the English language. Being informed that there were missionaries in the ship, he expressed an earnest desire that they might settle at Owhyee, as he wished to be instructed in the knowledge of the true God, concerning

whom he had heard nothing but from an Otaheitean, who had indeed given him much information on the subject of the christian religion.

SUPERSTITIONS.

THE natives are extremely superstitious, even to childishness; and the anathema of a white man has frequently caused them to pine to death. One of the seamen of *I'Aigle*, (John Sparks,) had agreed, during the late king's voyage, to wash some linen for Bokey, and for which he was to pay ten dollars; but after the contract was performed, the governor excused himself, asserting that he was a poor man, and unable to discharge the debt. A short time previous to the ship's arrival in England, Bokey's clothes again required ablution, and Sparks was once more applied to, under a promise of settling the old demand, and giving a further payment of five dollars for present work. When the job was completed, the five dollars were instantly paid, but the old account still remained unsettled. On the death of the chief, (Euago,) the sailor went to Bokey, and plainly told him that unless his ten dollars were forthcoming, he would soon follow his countryman to the land of shades. The effect was instantaneous; the ten dollars were produced, and, of course, the dreaded evil was averted. The fact was, that Euago had been accustomed to mix his dirty linen with his brother chief's, and thus defraud the man, by getting his clothes washed for nothing.

AMUSEMENTS.

RESERVING for a future number an account of their warlike, and other entertainments, we shall for the present content ourselves with Campbell's account of an attempt made during his residence on these islands, to introduce theatrical amusements among the inhabitants. A theatre, says he, "was erected under the direction of James Beattie, the king's block-maker, who had once been on the stage in England. The scenes, representing a castle and a forest, were constructed of different coloured pieces of *tapa*, cut out and pasted together. I was present on one occasion at the performance of *Oscar and Malvina*. This piece was originally a pantomime, but here it had words written for it by Beattie. The part of *Malvina* was performed by the (native) wife of Isaac Davis, a Welshman, who had resided twenty years in the Sandwich Islands. As her knowledge of the English language was very limited, extending no farther than to the words *yes* and *no*, her speeches were confined to

those monosyllables. She acted her part, nevertheless, with great applause. The Fingalian heroes were represented by natives clothed in the Highland garb, also made of *tapa*, and armed with muskets. The audience did not seem to understand the play well, but were greatly delighted with the after-piece, representing a naval engagement. The ships were armed with bamboo cannon, and each of them fired a broadside by means of a train of thread dipped in salt-petre, which communicated with each gun, after which one of the vessels blew up. Unfortunately the explosion set fire to the forest, and had nearly consumed the theatre."

COMMERCE, NAVIGATION, &c.

THE Sandwich Islands begin to have a considerable traffic—and the natives are making rapid strides to civilization. For several years past they have been visited by so many English and Americans, that they are gradually adopting their manners, and relinquishing their own. The natives already possess ten ships, built and equipped in the European fashion, none of which is under 120 tons burden, besides a great number of schooners and sloops employed in the conveyance of sandal-wood and provisions from one island to another. Most of them are manned by natives, who make excellent sailors. While Captain Gardner was at *Woahoo*, one of their vessels, manned entirely by natives, but commanded by a white man, returned from a voyage to *Kamtschatka*. In exchange for a cargo of salt which she had carried to the governor of that peninsula, she brought back smoked salmon, cables, linen, hardware, and other articles. The governor transmitted by this ship a written grant of a large tract of land to the king of the Sandwich Islands.

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

RHIO RHIO, or *Tamehameha II.* who recently visited this country with his queen, succeeded his father, *Tamehameha I.* in March, 1819. The late king was a great warrior, and a very tyrannical prince, exacting obedience to his commands with the utmost rigour, yet still his memory is much treasured by the chiefs, who have the date of his death, pricked with the juice of a black-berry, up and down the fleshy part of the arm, thus:—

Our great and good King *TAMEHAMEHA* died May 19, 1819.

Kotzebue, who visited *Tamehameha*, gives a curious picture of his court. He was received by the king in a hut built after the fashion of the country, consist-

ing of one apartment, though he had habits of stone in the European style. His dress consisted of a white shirt, blue pantaloons, a red waistcoat, and a coloured neckcloth. On great occasions, however, he dressed very splendidly, having several laced uniforms, but the national dress of his subjects was worn in ordinary, both by himself and his chiefs. The Russians were accommodated with European chairs, but the distinguished natives who were present at this interview, were seated on the ground. Their costume appeared still more extraordinary than the king's, consisting of a black, frock coat, and a small, white hat. These black frocks looked very odd on the naked body, and besides this they seldom fit, being brought from America, where the people, in general, are neither so tall nor so corpulent as the chiefs of the Sandwich Islands. One of these attendants had the waist half way up his back: the coat could not have been buttoned without the greatest difficulty, he perspired copiously, and was evidently miserable in his confinement, but fashion forbade him to release himself from its trammels. The sentinels at the door were stark naked: each had a cartouch-box and a pair of pistols fastened about his body, and a gun in his hand.

The captain next visited Tamehameha's favourite wife, Kahumanna, with whom he found the two other wives of the king. The house in which he resides is very neatly built, and very clean within: the floor, on which the three ladies were seated in the Asiatic manner, was covered with mats, and their persons were enveloped in the finest stuffs of the country. The chief employment of the royal dames consists in smoking tobacco, combing their hair, driving away the flies with a fan, and eating. Their pipes have no tubes attached to them; but the heads, which are constantly hanging by their sides, are of the size of the largest German pipes; they are made of a dark-coloured wood, and mounted with copper. Kahumanna took, with great zest, a few whiffs from the pipe, then offered it to Captain Kotzebue, who declined the honour, on which she handed it to her neighbour, who soon resigned it to the third. As soon as the pipe was emptied in this manner, it was filled afresh and passed round as before. All three queens were large, corpulent women, upwards of fifty, and seemed never to have possessed any claims to beauty. Their dress was distinguished by several silk handkerchiefs from that of the other females.

The king's daughter, a tolerably handsome girl, was seated on a mat before the

door; behind her stood a little black page, who held a silk parasol over her head to screen her from the sun, while two other boys drove away the flies with bunches of red feathers: the whole forming a pleasing group.

Rhio Rhio, on the death of his father, succeeded to the throne under the title of Tamehameha; on his accession he abolished the arbitrary measures of his father, particularly those respecting females. The tributary chief of Owhyee, who was brother to Rhio's father, retained them, when a sanguinary war ensued, which terminated in his defeat and death. Every island has its head or chief, but the whole are subject to Rhio Rhio, whose possessions are supposed to be worth a million and a half. His brother-in-law is chief at Owhyee.

The inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands are composed of four great classes, exactly corresponding with those into which the natives of the Friendly Islands are divided. The land belongs to the king, under whom it is held by the *erees*, or chiefs, as hereditary but inalienable fiefs. Distinguished chiefs are placed as governors over different islands and territories, but the king receives tribute from the whole land. The common people are dependants of some chief, for whom they cultivate the ground, or work at other employments, and by whom they are supported in old age. They are not, however, slaves, or attached to the soil, but at liberty to change masters when they think proper.

The principal duties of the executive power are intrusted to the priests. It is by them that the laws are enforced, and the revenues of the king collected. Superstition is the most powerful engine for effecting these purposes, actual punishments being rare.*

VISIT AND DEATH OF THE KING AND QUEEN.

THE story of Prince Lee Boo has met with more than its melancholy parallel in the fatal result of the visit of the king and queen of the Sandwich Islands. Lee Boo was the second son of Abba Thulle, king of the Pelew Islands. He was brought to this country, at the request of his father, by Captain Wilson. On his arrival in England, he made a rapid progress in the elementary parts of learning, and was universally beloved on account of his amiable disposition. Unfortunately he was seized with the small pox, when he

* For an account of the manner of executing criminals in the Sandwich Islands, and an engraving on the subject, see MIRROR No. 26.

had been a few months here, and died of that malignant disease, on the 27th of December, 1784, aged 20 years. The East India Company caused a tomb to be erected to his memory in Rotherhithe Church-yard, where he was buried.

The death of the king and queen of the Sandwich islands was occasioned by a similar, and scarcely less dangerous disorder—the measles.

The visit of the king and queen, who arrived about two months ago in London, was in order to strengthen the tie of friendship with this country, as they dreaded the interference of Russia. The king was anxious to have an interview with our sovereign, and if he had recovered, a day would have been appointed for the purpose.

The king, in his features, resembled Omai, who was brought to this country by Captain Cook. His complexion was that of a dark, copper colour, his countenance expressive, his figure manly and well-proportioned. The queen was, in person, somewhat masculine, and above six feet high; her manners were easy and unembarrassed, and her demeanour and deportment would not disgrace a European. They were fond of smoking and playing cards, visited the King's Theatre, and the Theatres Royal, Drury Lane and Covent Garden; the only fashionable party they attended was a very splendid one, given in honour of them, by Mr. Secretary Canning, at Gloucester Lodge.

Rhio Rhio was a christian, and near his Palace, and not far from a fort that has been useful to British merchantmen, there was a large place built for the performance of christian worship, which the king called his cathedral. Mr. Ellis, the missionary, preached there, on the special invitation of the king, and the cathedral was open to all; but his subjects were not compelled to attend such place of worship—they might go there, or stay away, as they pleased, but the king wished them to attend to the christian worship.

The king was mild in his way, and equitable in the exercise of his power at home; a merchantman belonging to a distinguished house in the city of London, in particular, was in danger from some piratical vessels in those seas, and this merchantman made for what we may term the "fort" of the king of the Sandwich Islands. The vessel was there aided and effectually protected for several days, and previous to her departure had valuable assistance; for all which, however, the king would accept no remuneration.

(To be concluded in our next.)

FUNERAL OF LORD BYRON.

THE grave has closed on the remains of the first of poets;—his name will, however, live in his works when his ashes shall have mouldered, and even when the marble which records his death shall have perished. The funeral, owing to so few families of distinction being in town, was not such as his talents to say nothing of his rank, demanded.

On the arrival of the remains of Lord Byron in town, they were placed in the house of Sir Edward Knatchbull, at No. 20, Great George-street, Westminster, where a few persons were admitted to see the coffin. On Monday, the 12th instant, they were removed, in order to convey them to Hucknell, in Nottinghamshire, where the family vault was reserved when the great uncle of Lord Byron sold the Hucknell estate. The procession, which left Great George-street at half-past eleven o'clock, was marshalled in the following order:—

- Mr. Lee, the High-Constable of Westminster.
- Mr. Woodenson, the Undertaker, mounted on a black horse, and bearing a silver baton surmounted with a coronet.
- Constables on foot, to clear the way.
- Two mutes, with batons.
- A Page. { Plume of Sable } A Page.
- { Feathers. }
- Six Cloakmen on horseback, with scarfs and hat-bands.
- Two mutes, attired in black silk surplices, and bearing batons.
- A black charger, stately caparisoned, bearing his Lordship's coronet on a velvet cushion. The horse led by mutes.

Four Pages. { The HEARSE, containing the Body, drawn by six horses, the hammercloth richly ornamented with the ensign's armorial; each side of the carriage decorated in the same manner. } Four Pages.

A Mourning Coach, drawn by six horses, conveying the urn which contained the heart of Lord Byron.

A Page. A Page. { A Mourning Coach and Six, containing the nearest relatives of the deceased Lord. } A Page. A Page.

{ Six other Mourning Coaches, containing persons of distinction, friends of the deceased. }

In the second mourning coach were Sir Francis Burdett and Mr. Hobhouse.—These were followed by thirty-six gentlemen's carriages, among which we

observed those of his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, the Duke of Bedford, the Marquess of Lansdown, the Marquess of Tavistock,—and in one coach sat the three poets, Moore, Campbell, and Rogers. When the mournful procession had reached Highgate, the private carriages, and several of the mourning coaches, returned to London. On Thursday, those who continued the journey reached Nottingham; and on Friday, the 16th instant, a new procession was formed, nearly in the same order, with the addition of the Mayor and Corporation of Nottingham; and the remains were conveyed to the church of Hucknell, where the funeral ceremony was performed; and the body was placed in the family vault, close to the coffin of his mother.

STANZAS,

Written at the moment Lord Byron's Remains were borne to the Tomb.

Go, Byron, go; adown the stream of time
Thy fame shall float,—aye, when the things
that creep
To-day upon the earth, and would beslime
Thy honoured name, wrapt in forgetfulness,
shall sleep.

The good, the wise, in future day shall hail
The ray of genius that, effulgent as the northern
star,
Shall from thy works old tyranny assail,
And superstition bid disperse afar.

Resuscitated Greece shall name with pride,
And matrons t'each their infants to revere,
The spot where, first of men, immortal Byron
died:

And patriots there let fall—*thy wish*—a tear!
England, still honoured by thy birth and bier,
No marbled monument need raise to thee;
To virtue, honour, learning, all that's dear—
A glory to thy race—thy name shall be.

PETER PINDARICS;

OR, JOE MILLER VERSIFIED.

THE SAINT AND THE GROOM.

An age like this, so famed for science,
So bright its Magisterial Quorum,
Its Kings so holy in alliance,
Its navy, every man *sanctorum*,
May well, as Greece now does the Turks,
Defy the Devil and his works.
But here and there it is our fate
To meet a sort of reprobate:
And then you'll see the proverb's lame,
That man and master are the same.
It chanced within a century
There lived at Br-mb-r,
A Saint, who well deserved to be
Preserved in *amber*:
So pious, and so fond of freedom,
No one to slavery would he doom;
But *whites* with him were not the crack ones,
His charity was all for *black* ones
One day, a man (a common case)
Was looking out to get a place,
When he was told that there was room
In this said mansion for a groom.
He came—the master most observant,
Strict in the hiring of a servant,

Went thro' the forms inherent in the scene
Of character, of wages, and of warning,
Good morals, sober, honest, steady, clean,
Shan plays, hate girls—rise early in the
morning:

All which, tho' nicely he defined it,
He found just as he wished to find it;—
The man himself said so—

And *he* must know!

But now, though THOMAS thought it all too much,
There yet remain'd this final, master-touch.—
He said, his visage graced with Saint-like airs,
"When you have rack'd your horses up,
You'll comb your hair, and wash, and sup,
And then, I shall expect, attend at prayers,
Then like myself behave
And sing a stave.

At this, the man, somewhat confused,
Scraped, scratched his head, and mused:

At length—

"Yes, Sir—O, yes—but if I must—
As it is right to do what one engages—
Your honour won't object, I trust,
To let it be considered in my wages!"

RUNIC MAXIMS.

From the "Edda; or, System of Runic Mythology."

To the guest who enters your dwelling
with frozen knees, give the warmth of
your fire. He who hath travelled over
the mountains hath need of food and well-
dried garments.

A man can carry with him no better
provision for a journey, than strength of
understanding. In a foreign country,
this will be of more use to him than
treasures; and will introduce him to the
table of strangers.

Nothing is more useless to the sons of
the age, than to drink too much ALE.
The more the drunkard swallows, the less
is his wisdom; till reason, at last, is
drowned.

A coward thinks he shall live for ever,
if he can but keep out of the reach of
arms; but though he should escape every
weapon, old age, that spares none, will
give him no quarter.

The gluttonous man, if he is not upon
his guard, eats his own death: and the
gluttony of a fool makes a wise man
laugh.

The flocks know when to return to the
fold, and to quit the pasture; but the
worthless and slowful know not how to
restrain their gluttony.

A man void of sense ponders all night
long, and his mind wanders without ceas-
ing; but when he is weary at the point
of day, he is nothing wiser than he was
over-night.

One's own home is the best home,
though never so small. Every thing one
eats at home is so sweet. He who lives
at another man's table is often obliged
to wrong his palate.

A faithful friend is he who will give
me one loaf when he has but two.

THE DESPAIRING LOVERS.

IN the neighbourhood of Clifton, a few years ago, a young gentleman had formed an attachment for a young lady, and the regard was mutual; but from the superiority of her rank in life above that of her lover, their union was prevented by her friends, who sent her to France, where the unhappy girl died of a broken heart. In consequence of their separation, and her death, the young man lost his reason, and has ever since been confined in the receptacle for insane persons near Bristol.

He was visited one day by his father, during a lucid interval, when he asked for pen and ink, which being brought him, he sat down, and after a few minutes produced the following lines:—

TO MARY.

Those charming eyes were never made
To languish on a wretch like me!
Nor were those roses born to fade
In blessing cold mortality!

For sure she's form'd for saints' embrace
Oh, she's too lovely far for me!
Then from my soul, O, let me chase
This heavy, cold mortality!

Yet memory loves to trace her smile,
For once she deign'd to smile on me:
But, oh! these arms must ne'er defile
What's made for immortality!

It appears he would have continued his melancholy strain during this cessation from madness, had he not been disturbed by the appearance of a young lady (a fellow-unfortunate) passing his window. An association of ideas, assimilating this lady with his late beloved, now seemed to pass across his brain: he instantaneously started up, ran to the window, and having looked long and hard after her, again returned, and seating himself despondingly, burst into a violent flood of tears.—Insanity once more resumed the seat of reason, and he became outrageous.

CORONATION OF HIS MAJESTY.

MONDAY last was the anniversary of the Coronation of George IV. which took place on the 19th of July, 1821. The august ceremony, the amusements for the people, and the other events of the day, must be fresh in the recollection of most of our readers, accounts of them having been so widely circulated. We shall not, therefore, now repeat them; but in order to show the magnificence of the dinner, at Westminster Hall, on that day, we subjoin the bill of fare, and quantity of wines provided—and, we may say, drank, for when the persons who made part of the Coronation ceremonies had retired, the visitors in the galleries, who had been so

long confined without victuals, finished whatever remained.

BILL OF FARE.

Sufficient for a siege the Bill of Fare;
Denuded of their tribes earth, sea, and air,
Must all contribute to the banquet's zest.

Hot Dishes.—160 tureens of soup; 80 of turtle; 40 of rice; and 40 vermicelli. 160 dishes of fish, comprising 80 of turbot; 40 of trout; 40 of salmon; 160 hot joints, including 80 of venison; 40 of roast beef, with three barons; 40 of mutton and veal. 160 dishes of vegetables, including potatoes, peas, and cauliflowers. 480 sauce boats; 240 of lobsters; 120 butter, 120 mint.

Cold Dishes.—80 dishes of braized ham; 80 savory pies; 80 dishes of daubed geese, two in each; 80 dishes of savory cakes; 80 pieces of beef braized; 80 dishes of capons braized, two in each; 1,190 side dishes of various sorts; 320 dishes of mounted pastry; 320 dishes of small pastry; 400 dishes of jellies and creams; 160 dishes of shell-fish; 80 of lobster, and 80 of crayfish; 161 dishes of cold roast fowls; 80 dishes of cold house-lamb.

Total quantities.—7,442 lbs. of beef; 7,133 lbs. of veal; 2,474 lbs. of mutton; 20 quarters of house-lamb; 20 legs of house-lamb; 5 saddles of lamb; 55 quarters of grass-lamb; 160 lambs' sweet-breads; 389 cow-heels; 400 calves' feet; 250 lbs. of suet; 160 geese; 720 pullets and capons; 1,610 chickens; 520 fowls for stock (hens); 1,730 lbs. of bacon; 550 lbs. of lard; 912 lbs. of butter; 84 hundred of eggs.

All these are independent of the eggs, butter, flour, and necessary articles in the pastry and confectionary departments,—such as sugar, isinglass, fruits, &c.

WINES.

The choicest wines brought from fair Gallia's strand;
Burgundian nectar, sparkling Molvoisic,
The source of wit and gay hilarity.

The quantities ordered for the banquet were,—Champagne, 100 dozen; Burgundy, 20 dozen; Claret, upwards of 200 dozen; Hock, 50 dozen; Moselle, 50 dozen; Madeira, 50 dozen; Sherry and Port, about 350 dozen; Iced Punch, 100 gallons. The Champagne, Hock, and Moselle, were iced before they went to table; and the whole of the wines were spoken of as being excellent, by the thousands who had an opportunity of tasting them.

Of ale, 100 barrels were ordered for the use of the kitchen. The porcelain consisted of 6,794 dinner plates, 1,406 soup plates, 1,499 dessert plates, and 288 large

ale and beer pitchers. There were 240 yards of elegant damask table-cloths for the hall, and little less than 1000 yards more laid on the tables in the different suits of rooms. Among the cutlery were furnished 16,000 knives and forks, and 612 pairs of carvers

A FURTHER SPRINKLING OF MISERIES

(For the Mirror.)

WHILST descending the steps from church, to be suddenly brought up, or, what is worse, actually to endure the violent rending of the skirt of an expensive dress, owing to the provoking awkwardness of the *creature* following at your heels, whom your angry glance detects converting the fragment into a door mat.

To have your ear seized by a savage dog in charge of a cart-load of goods, whilst touching the vehicle for support when driven to the curb-stone by the pressure of a city crowd; and, sinking with pain and terror to have a favourite reticule suddenly twitched from your hold, yourself at the moment too much overcome by your feelings to make your loss known.

Whilst crossing a street, to have your cheek punctured by an iron bar, or other unpleasant burden on the shoulder of a man immediately preceding you, through his stopping suddenly, to avoid being run over.

Intending to be particularly fascinating at a dance on a sombre, threatening evening, and retaining your ringlets *en papillotte* to the last moment to ensure this object; after performing your evolutions in the first quadrille with an elegant partner, the horror on catching the reflection of your figure, to observe your hair streaming like ropes'-ends, and other little derangements, which you must necessarily endure throughout the evening, and in the apprehensiveness that you may not even know the worst, under such a casual survey.

To accompany a country acquaintance to an exhibition on a fine day, and in your way there, to be duly slopped by him from the only puddle you meet with, to the great amusement of every tittering friend you may afterwards encounter:—add to this, his pertinacious adherence to apology for unintentionally begriming you, thus precluding you from banishing the occurrence by the adventitious aid of any extraneous novelty.

To witness the departure of a cousin to an evening party, yourself debarred

from accompanying her by an excruciating tooth-ach, every interval of relief from this torment affording only the additional one of knowing, that your cousin would there meet a wavering beau, whose affections, critically indecisive, may from this vexatious circumstance preponderate in her favour.

And the greatest of all miseries—trying the constancy of a lover one step too far, and thus losing him for ever.

JANET.

ANCIENT PEDIGREE.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—The mention in No. 92, of your MIRROR, of the Spanish pedigree, brings to my recollection, that, in 1813, I saw, in the library at Penshurst Castle, Kent, a pedigree, emblazoned on vellum, from Adam to the unfortunate Prince of Wales, (son of Henry VI.,) who was murdered after the battle of Tewkesbury. Here the manuscript breaks off abruptly, as if it was intended to be continued at some future period. In the line of succession are included the patriarchs, King David, and most of the characters of note in the Old Testament, and our Saviour is also introduced, (by reason, we may presume, of collateral relationship.) Not having made any minutes in writing at the time of this curious relic of monkish ingenuity, I cannot speak from memory more particularly as to its contents. It serves, however, to shew, that the same species of ancestral ambition which your correspondent ridicules in the Spaniard has prevailed in this country; and it is very probable that other instances of a similar nature might be referred to, although I do not recollect to have seen any notice of such a document before.

I am, Sir, &c. T. D.

Baches-row, City-road, July 3, 1824.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

ELEPHANT FIGHTS

IT is well known, that at particular periods the male elephant becomes fierce, unmanageable, or, in truth, mad; or, as it is termed by the natives, *must*; at which time they readily destroy any animal they meet with, or fight with each other when opposed. They are in this state driven into an enclosure or space appointed for the purpose; and with certain precautions are permitted to encounter each other. The shock of two such animals cannot but form a terrific exhibition, and must excite a very keen interest in

the minds of the numerous spectators; but those who form very high expectations would be disappointed. The animals themselves, as if conscious of their own irresistible weight and force, close cautiously; and there are even precautions taken to prevent serious damage: if they are very fierce, they are brought up on opposite sides of a wall, somewhat more than knee high; and the fight is confined to wrestling across this barrier with their tusks and trunks. If they are permitted to meet in open space, there are always men ready with fireworks, of which the elephant entertains a great terror, to rush in between and separate them. The reader will be surprised to hear, that for the most part their *mohouts*, or keepers, sit upon their backs, and guide or urge them on. It is uncommon for any elephant, even the most wild and fierce, to harm or cease to recognize his keeper; and dangerous though the service be, the *mohout* sits upon his own beast, exposed to the shock of the conflict, and to the tusks and trunk of the adverse elephant, with wonderful composure.

Sometimes the animals are let loose without any restraint; and if two pretty equally matched and powerful animals thus meet, the conflict is terrible, though less so to the eye than might be expected; for their motions are comparatively slow and measured: they join and push with the head, lock and clash the tusks, and intertwine and grapple the trunk, uttering from time to time short, shrill shrieks. After awhile the weakest is borne down upon his haunches, or may be rolled over on his side, when the victor animal attacks him with his tusks, and would injure or put him to death, if permitted; but the combat is then terminated. Horsemen, mounted on active, well-managed couriers, with fireworks bound on their spear-heads, dash towards the struggling beasts, and, goading the conqueror, force him to quit his fallen foe to turn on the aggressors, who fly in their turn, and draw him after them. Frequent accidents occur at these spectacles—a horse falling, or a foot slipping, generally proves fatal: the enraged elephant seizes on what he can come up with, and crushes it to pieces, after, perhaps, playing with it awhile, as a cat with a mouse. I was myself witness to an accident of this nature, though not at Lucknow: an uncommonly wild and powerful elephant had been let loose, which, after having driven away its antagonist, set off at full speed towards the neighbouring jungle, followed by the horsemen, who soon succeeded in turning him. A great crowd had collected, for

the place was an open market-place within the town; and the elephant took its way right through the midst of the market, then to the right and left, the men running, and the women scarcely waiting to snatch up their children in their sudden terror. One unhappy man stumbled and fell just in the path of the furious animal: we saw it stoop and pass over him; and so rapidly did it pass, that some doubted if the man were hurt. But they were soon undeceived: he lay extended on the spot, and, the danger being past, those nearest him lifted and found him quite dead. Whether the blow had been given by the elephant's foot, tusk, or trunk, was not known: a touch of either is always sufficient to cause death.

The late Nawaub was much attached to such amusements: he had, also, a particular fondness for, and was a good judge of, horses. He rode and hunted a great deal, and took much pains in selecting and keeping up his stud, and perhaps possessed the greatest variety of, and choicest, horses of any prince in India. He kept a good pack of hounds, with regular huntsmen, and every description of dog, with a vast quantity of sporting apparatus of all kinds. His present Majesty has no such delights; his tastes lie quite in another line: the only thing he seems fond of, being boats and vessels of different sorts, rather an unfortunate predilection indeed, as the Ghoomtee is by no means calculated to afford scope for exercising his hobby. The stud is fast falling into decay, and with it all that bears reference to field sports or pursuits of a similar description.

New Monthly Magazine.

ON THE LOSS OF THE STEAM-BOAT,
ÆTNA,
Within sight of New York, Saturday Afternoon,
May 15, 1824.

Her path was on the briny deep,
Yet no white sail propell'd her course.
Nor measur'd oar with graceful sweep
Urged her to stem the billows' force:
Self-moved, with fleecy track she past,
Disdaining in her pride
To woo the breeze, or shun the blast,
Or wait the rolling tide,
While boldly to the sky
Her ensign, wreathing high,
Inwrought with volum'd smoke, and sparkin'
flame, she cast.

Lightly over her bosom rovd,
Where rainbow mirth was shining,
Forms rever'd, and hearts beloved,
In changeful groups combining:
Childhood's smile,
And Beauty's wile,
Manhood with his brow of care,
And matron-tenderness were there
Above, the azure sky was glowing,
Beneath, the flood like silver flowing,
Around, in chequering light and shade,
Her hues delighted Spring display'd;

Velvet verdure deck'd the vales,
 Winding rivers, white with sails,
 Through their tufted margins stray'd:
 Each dazzling scene, like moving picture, threw
 Its colouring on the eye, and rapidly withdrew.

And now the setting sun, in liquid richness pours
 A flood of glory o'er th' approaching shores
 Of that proud Mart, which, like a queen
 Upon her island throne, is seen,
 With thronging masts, and spires, in long array:
 Then sparkling eyes were bent,
 And ardent glances sent,
 Through the soft misty curtains of declining day,
 To gain some vestige of their own;
 Gay Fancy decks the dome
 With flowers of joy;
 A richer blush steals o'er the virgin coy;
 And, lost in speechless love, the mother clasps
 her boy.

Hark! 'tis the crash of thunder! But no cloud
 Mantles th' untroubled sky.
 Again! It blends with cries of anguish loud,—
 In air disrupted members fly,
 Blood streams, and 'neath the waters hoar
 Plunge deeply those who rise no more.
 And, ah! outstretch'd I see,
 In nameless agony,
 Woman's imploring hand,—the piercing cry
 Of suffering innocence invades the sky—
 Hasten, snatch them from the wreck! O, God!
 they faint—they die.

'Tis silent, oh, the wave; the thunders sleep;
 But many a stricken soul shall mourn their ire;
 Still smiles the sun; but many an eye shall weep
 Ere to his sea-girt chamber he retire:—
 Th' expected guest—the sister fair—
 The child, with fond, confiding air,—
 The friend, who with an angel's mien
 Illum'd the dear, domestic scene—
 Ah! ask not—ask not, where they are,
 Or why they come not! See despair
 Rend from the mourning sire
 The few thin remnants of that silver hair,
 Which frosted o'er with age o'en ruthless Time
 could spare.

Who to the orphan's arms its treasure shall
 restore?—
 Who bind the widow's heart, which breaking,
 heals no more?

Frail as a flower, beneath the blast of pain
 How impotent and vain
 Is man, to boast him of his zephyr's breath:—
 Man, whose whole race of life is on the verge of
 death!
 He,—He alone who trod
 The waters as their God,
 And from their dark embrace rescued the sinking
 form,
 Can, when the whelming surges roll,
 Draw, with pierc'd hand th' unbodied soul
 To that eternal Ark, serene above the storm.

American Paper.

The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM
 NEW WORKS.

VENICE.

THE societies at Venice, whether at private houses, or at the public casinos, are generally enlivened with the smiling eyes and gentle and fascinating looks of the fair sex, and are conducted with an elegance and an ease superior to most other female societies; and without any of that

discordant rivalship of prerogatives, too often to be met with elsewhere. The casinos are conducted much in the same manner as the subscription-houses in London; where the members are at liberty to do as they please, with this especial difference, that the ladies only are subscribers, the gentlemen being honorary members. Strangers of respectability, of both sexes, are readily admitted, and meet with a polite and affable reception. The company are entertained with a concert, and treated with refreshments. Cards are introduced at the wish of any of the party; and other amusements, except those of hazard. These casinos are furnished in the most costly and elegant style, and are brilliantly lighted up with the beautiful wax candles for which Venice is so justly celebrated.

The regularity, the order, and the magnificence which prevail at these princely casinos, at once discover the ladies of Venice to be of a superior race of beings to their neighbours of the *terra firma*. In their conversation they are lively and unaffected without levity, and communicative and affable without coquetry.

The uncommon share of freedom which these ladies enjoy, induces foreigners, who have but a superficial knowledge of them, to form an opinion of them very different from that which they really deserve. My observations, of course, apply solely to good society. The mixed classes of every country have their *chiaro scuro*. The Venetian ladies are extremely engaging in their manners; and as to their dress, it may be called becoming rather than fashionable, and sets off their fine figures to the greatest advantage. It is not unusual for them to be married to men whom they have never before seen, except through the grate of the convent in which they have been educated, and which they only quit to enter into the gay world, through the temple of Hymen—where Cupid rarely presides, beyond the honeymoon! And to this very liberty, which they enjoy the moment they are married, is it to be ascribed, that they are not so capricious as the Italians of the south, who are more rigorously subjected to antiquated, external formalities.

At one period, the Venetians were so suspicious of their wives and daughters, that they never allowed them to walk out; and, to prevent their doing so, they even obliged them to wear exceedingly high-heeled shoes, which, as it were, suspended the foot from the toe upwards, raising the other extremity nearly ten inches, and making it almost parallel with the leg; in consequence of which, their feet became cramped, like those of the Chinese.

Some of these shoes I have often seen in the palace of the truly estimable Madame Damula Pisani.

Commerce, navigation, agriculture, as well as all the useful arts and sciences, are now mere nonentities at Venice. The exorbitant excise and customs' duties, together with other vexations, have deterred all merchant vessels from trading to that port, since it has been under the "paternal" government of Austria. I must, however, except a few boats bringing salt-fish, red-herrings, and dried sprats. If, therefore, the poor forlorn Venetians stand in need of a barrel of coffee, or a hog's-head of sugar, they must patiently wait until they can procure it from Trieste, at second or third hand.

Though it is not uncommon for a vessel to reach Venice from the last mentioned port, in the short space of eight hours, yet, from the numerous obstacles thrown in the way by the custom-house officers, it is at least as many days before it can be unloaded. The commercial regulations adopted by Austria have occasioned a decrease in the import and export trade of Venice, to the extent of thirty thousand florins per month.

The commercial buildings and warehouses are actually become mere watch-boxes and barracks for the men, who were once busily employed as porters, to load and unload the merchandise; but who are now chiefly occupied in guarding the bales for transit, or in preventing the hungry rats from gnawing the cordage and packing.

Such is the present degraded condition of the spot which, until the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope, was considered the first commercial city of the world.

The *Basilica*, or church of San Marco, was begun in the year 977, and finished, in the superb style in which we now behold it, in 1071. It has ten outer gates of Corinthian brass, besides five more within, of the same material, all richly ornamented; and between them there is a gallery, or piazza, for the people to promenade in. Roofs, walls, pavement—the whole of the interior of this stupendous temple, is inlaid with mosaics, in gold and colours, or adorned with the finest marbles. On entering, and lifting our eyes towards the dome, we at once behold so immense a number of paintings, of the description here mentioned, in the different ceilings, curves, arches, and niches, that it would be impossible to give a sketch of them; each, however, is accompanied with an explanatory description.

The first artists have all been employed in embellishing its walls. Tintoretto's cartoons have principally served to direct

the artificers of these splendid mosaics, but many of them are from designs of a much earlier date. Amidst a multitude of other pillars, all carved out of precious materials, and many of them brought from Constantinople when the Venetians conquered that city, are eight columns of a serpentine-shape, carried originally from Jerusalem, and which are said to have adorned the famous temple of Solomon. Both within and without are to be seen beautiful pillars, of every kind of rare marble, magnificently piled and arranged, though rather according to the Saracenic taste.

Upon the corridor, surmounting the architrave in front, are placed the famous four steeds, in Corinthian brass, of unparalleled merit. The action of the gentle trot has been caught by the artist, and every muscle of these noble creatures has been displayed with such prodigious felicity, that if their golden surfaces could be converted into the silky gloss of nature, the animals might be supposed to move. They are generally believed to be the workmanship of the celebrated Lysippus, the Greek sculptor, and they certainly leave all modern attempts at equestrian statues at an immeasurable distance.—*Venice under the Yoke of France and Austria.*

Useful Domestic Hints

TO PRESERVE POTATOES.

THE Scotch method of preserving eggs, by dipping them in boiling water (which destroys the living principle,) is too well known to need further notice. The preservation of potatoes, by similar treatment, is also a valuable and useful discovery. Large quantities may be cured at once, by putting them into a basket as large as the vessel containing the boiling water will admit, and then just dipping them for a minute or two at the utmost, the germ, which is so near the skin, is thus "killed," without injuring the potatoe. In this way several tons might be cured in a few hours. They should then be dried in a warm oven, and laid up in sacks or casks, secure from the frost, in a dry place. Another method of preserving this valuable root is, first to peel them, then to grate them down into a pulp, which is put into coarse cloths, and the water squeezed out by putting them into a common press, by which means they are formed into flat cakes. These cakes are to be well dried, and preserved for use as required. This is an excellent and ingenious mode of

preserving potatoes, although attended with too much trouble on the large scale. It is said, that a piece of lime put into the water in which potatoes are boiling, will render the heaviest, light and flowery.

VVVYAN.

PORTABLE GINGER BEER.

A BEVERAGE, equal in flavour to ginger beer, and in its medicinal effects far more wholesome, besides the convenience of being portable, may be made in the following manner:—

Take of powdered lump sugar, two drams. Carbonate of soda, half a dram. Mix them together.

Take of Tartaric acid, half a dram, best ginger powder, five grains, essence of lemon, one drop. Mix them together.

Dissolve the above powders in separate glasses, containing together, about half a pint of cold spring water; when dissolved, mix the contents of each glass, and let it be drank immediately.

The proportion of ginger may be increased to double or quadruple the quantity, agreeable to the palate; it should be the finest kind, (the subtile powder as it is called) which, with the other ingredients, may be obtained at any druggists.

The powders, when made, should be kept from damp. A cubic box of four inches will receive six dozen of them, equal to the same quantity of ginger beer.

CLAVIS.

TO CORRECT THE ACIDITY OF PORTER, &c.

PORTER, and other malt liquors, at this season of the year are apt to become very sour, and consequently unwholesome; to remedy which, take as much Carbonate of Soda as will lay upon a sixpence, (or more if the liquor be very acid) and put it into a tumbler—pour over it a little of the liquor sufficient to dissolve it: fill up the glass with the beer, and it will effervesce, (more or less according to the strength of acid) during which state it should be drank immediately: as, if allowed to stand long, it will not be so agreeable in flavour.

The most acid liquor will be rendered as mild as new.

To persons affected with indigestion or stomach complaints, or with whom porter disagrees, this method will be found of great use, in tending to the removal of such complaints.

CLAVIS.

TO MAKE IMPERIAL, OR LEMONADE.

POUR a quart of boiling water into a pitcher, containing half an ounce of cream

of Tartar, a little lemon peel, a slice or two of lemon and sugar, sufficient to render it palatable.

A HINT.

ALWAYS clean your pen well before you mend it: some inks are made with the blue vitriol, which immediately corrodes the steel of the knife, and destroys the keenness of the edge.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton*,

LACONIC LETTER.

THE following laconic and uncourteous letter, is from an uncle to his nephew, who had written to him for some money:

"*Lincoln's Inn, 14th March, 1714.*

"Tom,—I cannot comply with your request, and if I could, I would not.

"Yours,

"J— H—"

CURIOUS TITLE OF A BOOK.

THE Scots Nut-crackers to break crack-crowns and new mould Scepters, after the fashion of the Northern Blue Bonnets, with an account of the State of the two Kingdoms of England and Scotland. Licensed and published by authority. London: printed for H. B. and are to be sold in the Old Bayley, 1648."

THE small city of Bandon, in Ireland, was, some half century or more ago, inhabited by none but Orangists, and a Roman Catholic was not allowed to reside there. On the gates of the city was affixed the following inscription:—

"Welcome, Turk, Jew, or Atheist,
Any thing but a Papist."

Dean Swift, in passing one day, stooped to read this inscription. When he had done so, he called his servant, who was a Roman Catholic, and asked him if he understood it? "Sure enough and I do," answered the fellow; and, with a grin of exultation, he took some chalk from his pocket, and wrote underneath it the following:—

"He that wrote this, wrote it well;
The same is written on the gates of hell."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

. Absence from town compels us to defer answers to correspondents until our next.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. XCVI.]

SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1824.

[PRICE 2s.]

Mary of Buttermere's House,



ON a beautiful green isthmus, which divides two of the lakes in Cumberland, stands the little village of Buttermere, consisting of a few, scattered cottages, a rectory, and a public-house. The upper lake is deep, dark, and grand, surrounded by stupendous, rugged mountains, towering to the clouds in all the sublimity of naked forms, evidently tossed about by volcanic operations; the streams innumerable, that leap from rock to rock down the mountains' sides, appear like stripes of silver lace decorating the craggy surface, while their mingled murmurs are the only sounds that disturb the solemn scene. The valley, when it reaches the lower lake, expands and softens down into all the varieties and the richness of sylvan beauty. The neatly-white-washed parsonage-house commands this enchanting view. The public-house stands more in the village, by the side of a small, but rapid brook, and is the only place of refreshment within many miles. It is clean and neat, having two spare bed-rooms of the humblest kind, where luxury can hope for no gratifications; yet the fine trout-fishing that is to be met with in every part

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of the neighbourhood, has made this house the occasional residence of many a solitary angler. In this dwelling, of which we give a view from an original drawing, grew Mary, daughter of the landlord, as lovely a flower as ever bloomed in rustic garden. It was her duty to attend on the guests who came to her father's house, and she performed all the offices of her station with the gracefulness and unaffected modesty that so eminently distinguish the women in that part of Britain. A few years since, a person, of gentlemanly appearance and manners, presented himself at the house alone, on foot, with his fishing apparatus in his hand, and a wallet on his shoulders. He soon settled himself in one of the apartments, went daily out to fish, and in the course of a few weeks, by the gentleness of his deportment, won the esteem of the villagers; and he also gained the heart of Mary of Buttermere. The stranger seemed to have much property with him, spoke highly of his estates and connections in the south; but having gained the approval of every one in the family, he was finally married to the lovely object of his enticements. Three weeks rapidly passed away

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In the delirium which generally follows an union of this kind, when, one morning, the husband of the too-confiding Mary was apprehended, and torn away from her as a notorious forger and swindler. Great efforts were made by many persons of weight in the county to get the matter compromised, on account of the interesting young wife; but the transactions were of such magnitude that nothing could be done. He was tried at Carlisle, convicted on the clearest evidence, and hanged; for no pardon can be conceded to atrocious forgery.

The sorrows of the beautiful widow excited for many weeks the sympathy and the visits of many females, even from distant parts of the kingdom; but she remained long overpowered by the calamity of her situation. There are few cases, however, of sorrow that admit of no alleviation. The traces of anguish in time wore away from her mind, and made her heart ready for a new impression.—Mary of Buttermere is now married to a neighbouring clergyman, and is the happy mother of several fine children.

W. M. C.

REVOLUTIONS IN LITERATURE.

(For the Mirror.)

..... sed et unda impellitur unda
Urgeturque prior venienti, urgetque priorem.
..... Nam quod fuit ante—relictum est
Fitque quod haud fuerat momentaque cu icta
Novantur. OVID. MET.

LITERATURE like states, has its various eras of strength and weakness,—of opulence and power,—it is in its beginning, rude and undisciplined—it progressively obtains perfection—it has its declension and its fall, and like them too, it rises as the phoenix, from the ashes of its parent, with renovated strength and glory. Thus it is, in a continual state of change and revolution; but though ever subject to mutation, it is formed on the same principles, and composed of the same materials. It is not the design of the present essay to enter into a historical detail of the various Revolutions in Literature, from the earliest periods, but merely to confine the subject to those which have happened in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The beginning of the eighteenth century is a period to which Englishmen may look with delight and veneration, a period which is justly entitled, to the proud distinction which it gained, of the Augustan era of English Literature. When the authors of the "Tatler," the "Guardian," and the "Spectator," at

once delighted and informed the public with their lucubrations,—and when Pope refined our language from the gothic barbarity of its former structure, and rendered it unsurpassed in its elegance, and unequalled in its melody,—before that time, the few periodicals of the day were devoted to the discussion of politics and the fluctuations of commerce, and it was reserved for Addison, Steele, and their coadjutors, to call into action periodical literature, which was at once formed to lash the follies of the day, to delight by its wit, and to improve by its morality: a species of writing which has done more good towards the reformation of manners, and the progress of civilization than the most severe edicts which were enacted, or the most ponderous *tomés* that were ever written. This age passed away, and another race of writers sprang up, and changes, innovations, and improvements with them. Johnson improved the English language by the introduction of Latinisms, and the dignified style in which he wrote; his "Moral Essays," claimed, with justice, the applause which they received; in them sublimity of thought was clothed in elevation of language. Addison among the writers of his day, appeared to possess gigantic powers; but in comparison with Johnson, they are considerably diminished. The style of Addison is often encumbered with redundancies, and often injured by inelegance; his sentences seldom possess strength, or his periods melody; but in the whole prosaic works of Johnson, there will scarcely be found one sentence from which any thing could be taken, without injuring its structure, or any thing added, which could increase its effect. Goldsmith, whose versatile genius was displayed in various forms, wrote with a vigour and an elegance peculiarly his own; in every sphere of literature his influence was extended, and his excellence was shewn; his essays were written with elegance, correctness, and spirit; his poems possessed all the harmony of Pope, without his monotony; in his comedies, his humour was exalted, and his wit refined; and in his matchless novel, the "Vicar of Wakefield," he imparted more interest to a simple domestic tale, than could have been conferred by all the splendour of fiction, and all the fascinations of romance. Gray raised the lyric poetry of the English above any of the moderns, and placed it on an equality with the ancients. Thomson, in his "Seasons," and Akenside in his "Pleasures of the Imagination," exalted descriptive and didactic poetry to the highest summit of excellence. Fielding, in his "Tom

Jones," united the powers of the authors of "Don Quixote" and "Gil Blas," and produced a happy display of comic romance; his portraiture of human nature being strong and vivid. Such were a few of the luminaries, who, in the last age, shone in the galaxy of literature, who gained the deserved applause of their contemporaries, and claimed an immortal fame, from the approbation of posterity; but while we bestow the palm of praise upon the past, let us not treat the present with indifference.

The revolutions in America and France, roused the thoughts and feelings, and exerted the energies of mankind, which produced a change, not only in the political, but in the literary world, and wrought that difference which exists between the past and present age. In the last age, the genius of authors was cramped by too close an attention to the authority of the ancients. In the present, that authority has neither been acknowledged nor respected, and each great literary Titan of the day, aiming at originality, has founded a system of his own. In the last age, rules of versification were made for the different species of poetry, to which every author rigorously adhered; but the multiplicity of measures which are employed in modern compositions, have produced a grand revolution in the realms of rhyme. In the last age, almost every author took some celebrated ancient or modern as his model; thus Horace and Virgil, were the models of Pope: Rabelais, of Swift and Sterne: and Cervantes and Le Sage, of Fielding. In the present, authors throwing off the old regime, have been satisfied with a dependence upon their own resources—have formed a new path for themselves, and have refused to traverse the beaten track of their predecessors. By reason of this, a diversity of composition has appeared, which criticism cannot rank under any known *genera* of the schools. In prosaic composition, the writers of the present age cannot claim an equality with the last. The favourite, prosaic style of the present age is very little, if any, elevated above the language of conversation: it is a style in which flippancy is mistaken for animation, and vulgarity for ease. To this there are exceptions, and among these no small share of praise is attributable to the author of the "Sketch Book," a writer, in whose style ease and strength are happily blended, who has chosen the medium between pompous phrases, high-sounding words, commonplace epithets, and low expressions. In the regions of fiction and romance, all the glooms of monastic heroic—all the

vulgarity of comic romance, and the gorgeous enchantments of the fairy tale, once so delightful, have faded like "the baseless fabric of a vision" before the influence of the great northern magician. The lovers of fiction no longer behold her clothed in the sickly garb of German sentimentality, nor arrayed in the absurd improbabilities of gothic romance. Deserting the ordinary tract of novelists, the "great unknown" has held a torch in the path of history, quickened the eye of research, and blended the "utile" of historical instruction with the "dulce" of rational entertainment. Never were the wild heaths and craggy rocks of Scotland so fertile of adventure as the magic creations of this prolific writer has rendered them. Of all the various provinces of literature the realm of poesy has, perhaps, undergone the greatest revolution, and sustained the least injury from the alteration. That there are authors in the present age who possess powers equal to those of the last, and that they exert them in as forcible a manner cannot be doubted. The last age produced a Gray, a Thomson, and a Pope; but does not the present possess a Moore, who strikes the lyre with a master-hand? indeed, over whose lines the true spirit of poetry breathes, whether revelling in the voluptuousness of Oriental imagery, he depicts the splendour of eastern magnificence, or vindicating the cause of his country with all the vigour of genius, and the fire of patriotism. A Scott, whose vivid perception, and whose powerful description of the beauties of nature, entitle him to a high rank upon the rolls of fame; and lastly, this age has possessed a Byron: how must every lover of literature and devotee of genius mourn, that we should have thus to speak of him—a brilliant sun lost in the darkness of death before he had arrived at his noon-tide splendour—an exalted being for ever passed away from the world he so eminently adorned with the greatness of his genius? This melancholy event must be mourned by all; malevolence must now forego its venom, and envy expire upon his bier. Lord Byron did not, like his predecessors or his contemporaries, confine himself within any particular boundary of the poetic art; he passed from "gay to grave, from lively to severe," from the delineation of one passion to that of an opposite one, with equal facility and equal success. He appeared born to excel in whatever he attempted. The plots of his poems were for the most part in their own nature, void of interest and ill chosen, as if he delighted in the conquest of the difficulties they occasioned. Few

authors but himself could have imparted so much interest to the wanderings of an infidel,* or the adventures of a libertine.† Speaking of him as a literary character, he has been "more sinned against than sinning." From the first onset of his literary life, he has been assailed by the malignity of criticism, and the attacks of prejudice; but, while yet in the cradle of literary fame, like another Hercules, he struggled with his satire the critical serpents that sought his destruction by their disapproving hiss—he had his faults and errors in common with humanity; but he had great and redeeming virtues, those of heaven-born charity and soul-stirring patriotism. It is indeed to be regretted that he lent his name to a despicable journal,‡ conducted by a still more despicable party—a party which contemned every time-hallowed principle—that would (had they not been as weak as they were base) have lighted the flame of rebellion, and thrown down the altar of religion. It was this circumstance, combined with some incautious expressions of the noble bard himself, that gave his enemies a handle to reproach and vilify him. Every excellence was lessened, and every venial error converted into a heinous crime. Not only was the sanctitude of private life violated, but even personal defect was not secure from their malevolence. Now he is no more, posterity will duly appreciate his merits. When his foes, too, shall have strutted and fretted their hour upon this mortal stage, and then be heard no more, and while *his* memory is wreathed by an immortal fame, and adorned with the panegyrics of the historian and the fictions of the poet, *theirs* will either sink into oblivion, or be remembered only to be reproached. Besides the glorious triumvirate of poetic talent last mentioned, what a concourse of literary adventurers has not the present age produced? Votaries hourly throng from the titled peer to the lowly peasant, to pay their *devoirs* at the altar of Apollo. The names of Campbell, Rogers, Crabbe, Montgomery, and Barton, reflect no little honour on the present age. Their productions though they do not beam with that splendour which shines in the pages of some higher bards, are elegant effusions, free from that moral contagion which renders many of the beauties of Moore and Byron dangerous; they inculcate solid principles and pure morality. Upon the whole it may be said, that what the present age, in certain instances, has lost, in others it has gained; and that it will not be exposed to the re-

* Child Harold.
‡ The Liberal.

† Don Juan.

proaches of posterity for a want of a co-equality with its predecessor.

R. M.

LOVELY MARY; OR, THE MOTHER AND CHILD.

A FRAGMENT.

(For the Mirror.)

I SAW her clasp her infant to her breast;
I saw her fondly kiss its pallid cheek;
I heard her faintly hush its cries to rest,
But not a word could lovely Mary speak.
I saw the pearl-drop trembling in her eye;
The tear of anguish on her bosom fall;
I heard the deep-drawn, heart-corroding sigh,
And saw the look that did for mercy call.
I saw the gush, the fountain-gush of tears,
That gave relief to Mary's bursting heart;
I heard her voice amidst a storm of fears,
A mother's blessing on her babe impart.
"And must I lose thee?—must we part so soon?
Dear pledge of him, my first, and only love!
Ah, yes! thy Maker does demand the boon;
Recalls my darling to the skies above."
"Go then," she cried, "since Heaven ordains
it so
Ascend! and with thee take a mother's kiss:
From whence you came—go, little innocent, go,
And live for ever in the realms of bliss!"
She spoke:—and *life*, mortality's thread, was
run!
The infant sufferer stiffen'd by her side:
"My God!" she said, "thy will alone be done!
"I bow"—and *Mary* with her baby died.
UTOPIA.

My Common Place Book.

No. V.

MONDAY evening being rather walkable than otherwise, I sauntered down to our weekly meeting of the Rigmorole Club, at the house of my respected friend, Mr. Tobias Simpkin, where it is usually held. I found that I was much within fineable time, and had a "two-handed crack" with my cockney chum, before any of the other members arrived. They were punctual, however, and we had the felicity of greeting, very near the expected moment, Adelbert, Edgar, Tim Tobykin, and Rory Macfungus, all met together.

It was forthwith moved and seconded, that our worthy host, Mr. Simpkin, should take the chair. He accordingly assumed the seat of dignity; and, with each a brilliant antifogmatic before him, we sat, but not in *mute* expectation of what should be the subject or subjects of the evening.

At length it was apparent, after a short time, that Mr. Roderick Macfungus was on his legs, and the same being formally announced by the chairman, he began after this fashion:—

"Gentlemen—hem—Gentlemen,—My friend Crugal O'Cleishmeclaw, who is always at his jests and gibes, and whom I rejoice to behold in his place this evening, asserted, in the hearing of this enlightened fraternity, that he considered it

difficult to reconcile the fact of the Scottish peasantry being at the same time an educated, enlightened, religious, and yet a very *superstitious people*. I cannot but admit the truth of this assertion, as many circumstances have occurred to my own observation, which confirm it. It may possibly amuse you to detail a few of them, before I attempt to reconcile what appears to be somewhat extraordinary, and not a little contradictory. One night, in the year 18—, as I entered the village of —, not far from Stirling, I accosted a female, rather advanced in years, who was standing by a cottage door, with a view of getting information where my quarters were to be fixed for the night.—She turned hastily towards me the countenance of one, to whom indeed belonged the epithet of an ‘awfu woman.’ Her age was not great, but there was a sharpness about her face, and a glance in her keen, dark, grey eye, that savoured of something unearthly, as she rather screamed than said—‘Sorrow tak’ ye, an’ ye dinna turn in here—ye may gang farther, and fare waur.’ Being fond of natural curiosities of all kinds, the invitation, however unceremoniously given, was immediately accepted, although (I must needs confess) with an involuntary shudder. My unamiable hostess I saw no more, and have no very particular ambition to behold again; but her daughter, a discreet damsel, I discovered astir at an early hour on the following morning, and after some preliminary conversation, I led her to the subject of my curiosity. ‘It was true,’ she said, ‘her mither, Lurky Mac Laurin was an unco wife,—but still a pious, and God-fearing woman.’ From her I learned, that her parent’s life had been singularly marked by misfortunes, of which the crowning one was the untimely death of her husband; a very short time after, in a fit of the second sight, she had beheld his funeral array pass before her eyes distinctly. From that period she had never been in her customary way, and yet her shrewd mind was not weakened,—her humane, benevolent feelings were not in reality blunted,—nor her religious exercises in any way neglected.

“On another occasion I found myself, one pretty long autumn-evening, in company with an excellent, elderly lady, who much marvelled at my venturing a smile at her invincible hatred to all cats.—‘She liket the cratars, too, but was sure they were no canny.’ More particular inquiry, led me to date the origin of her antipathy, from the time of her acquaintance with the two following events, the truth of which she no more questioned than that of ‘Holy Writ.’

G 3

“In the town of K—, there lived, to her own knowledge, a tallow-chandler, sundry parts of whose lawful calling, led him occasionally to be up all night. This duty he had of late discontinued, in consequence of having luckily procured a trust-worthy servant, who performed it satisfactorily for him. One morning, however, this confidential personage came to him with a visage of unusually lengthy appearance, and stated that on account of the bogles having made their appearance, she must be excused from her accustomed duties in the lower regions of the house. The good man was astounded at this, and resolved, properly enough, to attend in person to the business on the following night, and ascertain whether this statement was true or false. He went, accordingly, and wrought with commendable industry without interruption, till the witching hour arrived, and with it entered a fine specimen of the Grimalkin tribe, to whom friend Antony Thompson civilly enough said, ‘Mrs. Puss, from whence came ye?’ Upon that, there stalked in cat after cat, and to them the first visitant repeated, with a fair, human voice, the question which had been put to her. They all at length got hold of it, and to the amount of about a dozen, began to curvet and caper round the unlucky man with most exemplary activity, and singing aloud:—

“Antony Thompson said to me,
Mrs. Puss, from whence came ye.”

“Antony could endure it no longer; he took up a large tub of hot water, and fairly emptied it among them. The place was accordingly soon cleared, and he quietly resumed his employment, and continued it till breakfast time. A new source of wonderment soon occurred.—His better half was indisposed suddenly, and could not appear at the usual meal. He therefore went, like a dutiful husband, to condole with her, when, to his utter amazement, he found that she had been scalded so severely, that a long illness was the least that could be expected. The last night’s work was explained; and the unfortunate Mr. Thompson had the horror of knowing that his wife had formed one of a bevy of witches, who had chosen to annoy him with their unseasonable cantrips.

“The next is quite as tragical.—The Precentor of the village of — was returning from a joyous party, like Tam O’Shanter, pretty well primed, and loaded with good ale and toddy. His way was somewhat dreary; and he was for a moment sobered by the appearance of an immense cat starting up beside him, and uttering these fearful words:—‘John

tell Baudrons at hame, that the cat o' the craigs is out to-night.—John's heart quailed within him for a short time; but his courage soon revived, and he laughed immoderately at the joke. He came in, sat down by his 'ain ingle side,' and espying a powerful black cat, which was his peculiar favourite, jocosely said—'Baudrons, I have been commissioned to tell ye, that the cat o' the craigs is out to-night!' Upon which, awful to relate, the remorseless creature sprang to poor John's throat, and strangled him!

"Now, Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, I flatter myself that this, a similar species of superstition, may exist, and yet not in any wise derogate from the acknowledged character of my beloved country-folk, for intelligence and piety. It is not obviously the result of ignorance, therefore it must be accounted for, from the affection with which the traditionary tales of their forefathers are regarded, by even the most enlightened of the Scottish peasantry—the tenacity with which they are remembered from generation to generation—and the intense interest with which they are listened to by all ages on a winter's night, while young and old creep around the fire, and associate the wonderful stories of the 'gude auld wife' with 'the spirit of the storm,' which is raving without the humble cottage. But to proceed"—

Here Edgar rose from his seat, with something akin to haste, and said—"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen.—I trust I shall be pardoned for this interruption; but I must implore my respected friend to proceed no further in his argument, because we are all aware of his hobby.—When he once gets upon any subject connected with 'Auld Reekie,' there can be no life expected;—a dissertation, at least as long as Blair's prelininary one to the "Poems of Ossian," must needs ensue, and on this occasion it appears to me altogether unnecessary, as the stories he has related are excellent, and he has given already the only reason that can be alleged by way of reconciling what assuredly does appear a singular contradiction.—Questionless, we do all agree with him on the subject. The Caledonians are an intellectual people, and put to silence and shame all who yet carp and nibble about the propriety of educating the lower classes of every country, in a religious, plain way; but still I hope not to behold the day when the Wraiths, the Brownies, and the Boggles, shall be hunted from the land of the mountain and the glen, and the tales of ancient days be found no more among her people."

Mr. Macfingus's face, which at first appeared to be gathering redness and

wrath, now resumed its wonted good humour; and at the conclusion of the last speech he made a most outrageous noise, by way of applause, in which the rest of the company joined.

The chairman soon after rose, and notified that Tim Tobykin was astir, and wished briefly to call the company's attention to a few remarks. All eyes were presently directed to the place where that gentleman usually sat, as his cranium rose but slightly above the half-empty glass of mountain-dew, which stood on the table before him. He therefore commenced as follows, with violent gesticulation and considerable vivacity of manner:

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,—Your attention has already been so pleasantly and profitably engaged, that the few thoughts upon general periodical literature, which I had prepared, must be dispensed with. I have only, therefore, to state, that it appears to me, the duty of this right worshipful company, with all its might to contribute to the growing fame of the MIRROR, which is, in its way, without exception, the very best periodical at present afloat. Its general good feeling and correct principle are not unknown to you; and it will be a burning black shame if ever you forget the hour in which you pledged yourselves to support it. I am moved thus warmly to urge the matter with you, for verily, your contributions must henceforth be more numerous and meritorious than they have yet been."

Adelbert.—"Friend Timothias, I do agree with you. No. 81 was very respectable; P. T. W. is improving very much, but he must not quote Cowper and Gay so eternally; and *Bardulus* should have more conscience than to send to our editor, more than *one* epigram upon such a man as Martin of Galway."

The supper being announced, we sat down to a princely rump-steak, and various desirable accompaniments; conversation not flagging for a single moment. The cloth removed, Mr. Simpkin called out lustily upon our friend Jacobus Clinkumbell (who had made his appearance a little before supper) to sing a song, which he, without hesitation, commenced doing, and in his best manner:—

Air.—"WHEN ABERCROMBY, GALLANT SCOT."

AND is it you, my bonny Jean,
Just come to meet me a' your lane?—
O, blessings on your hazel e'en,
They smile to see me back again!

Wi' weary fit, and heart o' dole,
I've wander'd India's sunny plain;
But oft it cheer'd my vera soul,
To think ye wish'd me back again.

Welcome, my bonny Highland hills,
Ye mind me o' the days o' yore—
I flee frae care, and a' its ills,
Your peaceful scenes to leave no more.

But come what may, my only dear,
 Together we'll be blithe and fair,—
 Tho' wanting much o' this world's gear,
 I've brought a leal heart back again!

The club broke up this evening rather later than usual, but still at an early hour; and each member walked home without seeing the houses in Cheapside dancing quadrilles before him on his way.

CLEISHMECLAW.

BRITISH SAILORS DEFENDED.

MR. EDITOR.—Perusing the 70th Num- of the MIRROR, I found an account of "The Day after Pay Day of a Man of War,"* which is one of the most exaggerated statements I ever read.

The first part of the account bears some resemblance to truth—but where the writer states a few steady, old quarter-masters, &c. &c. having some influence over the master at arms, to allow them a light, and to smoke in a retired corner, he shows himself quite ignorant of the rules of a man-of-war, or has, perhaps, been in the capacity of the lady of the green-room—or the doctor's *lob-lolly* boy; and, therefore, somewhat prejudiced against them. Every person that has been on-board a man-of-war, knows that it is one of the strictest rules in the ship, and the master at arms is requested to be very vigilant in enforcing it, to suffer no man, on any account whatever, to smoke between decks, and particularly when the hammocks are down, a favour which, if granted, would be attended with his dismissal.

Your correspondent goes on to say, when the officer goes his round, they hide their light under the pea-soup tub: let me ask him what officer is it goes his rounds? why, none but the master at arms himself.

He goes on to assure you, that if a shipmate falls down a hatchway and breaks a leg (or what not) they very deliberately, with their pipes in their mouths, carry him down to the cock-pit. Common-sense, Mr. Editor, tells you better than this; I leave to you and your readers (which are numerous) to judge what would be the consequence. The fact is this: no man is allowed, at any time whatever, to smoke below, but only in the galley, and even when the drying-stoves are hung up between decks, so strict are they, that they will not allow any one to take even a light from them. If a man should unluckily fall down a hatchway, and is seen by those smoking in the galley, they fly to his assistance immediately, not with their pipes in their mouths, but trod under foot and extinguished altogether.

* From the *London Magazine*.

There is another base assertion in the article alluded to: it is that females are sometimes tied fast round the middle by a rope from the main-yard, hauled up and ducked overboard; the gallantry and accomplishments of our naval officers are such, as never to allow themselves to be- take to such base and degenerate actions, so obscene and unchristian-like. No Dutch keel-hauling or duckery, are ever practised in the British navy.

I therefore beseech you, Mr. Editor, that your MIRROR will reflect on its leaves your best defenders, in their genuine likeness, not as drones and brutes, but as ever uppermost in doing good actions, and discovering their most pre- dominant virtues.

Yours, &c. J. E. COOPER.

LINES TO STELLA,

On her inquiring how she looked when dressed for an evening party.

(For the Mirror.)

You ask me, lovely Stella, if
 I think that you are fair;
 If you upon your form bestow
 Too much, or little care;
 And whether this or that become
 The blushes of your face;
 Or if the flower o'er shades your brow
 With more than wanted grace:
 'Tis not for me, with flatt'ring tongue,
 Your fond hopes to deceive,—
 Yet, if I speak the simple truth,
 I fear you'd not believe.

And well too—for, alas! how few
 To beauty and to youth
 All wed, but bid false flattery's mien
 Assume the air of truth;
 Truth, said I?—why there's not a clime
 That claims her as its right;
 As soon from Crete—that isle of lies—
 Will falsehood wing her flight.
 Yes—she is like the fabled bird
 In Araby, that's seen,
 And comes, like "angel-visits," fair,
 But "few and far between."

Deception rides on every gale,
 All to deception tends;
 Man finds it o'er all Nature's face,
 Where'er his way he wends;—
 He finds it in the God of day,
 Which, tho' fixt, seems to move—
 He finds it in the morning dew
 That glistens in the grove;
 For every dew-drop magnifies
 The leaf on which it beams,
 And that which else would scarce be seen
 A giant insect seems.

He finds it in the watery waste,
 Which to man's gazing eye
 Seems flat—and thus by all deceived,
 His years of life pass by;—
 He finds it in the circling globe
 In which, with swiftest pace,
 Tho' round it whirls the eye of man,
 No motion e'er can trace:
 Then Stella, ask not what I think,
 Least I, too, may deceive,
 And you, e'en you, a woman, love,
 Too credulous believe.

Did not the thunderer, by deceit
 In form, a golden shower
 To Dandæ's ear, fallacious God!
 Seductive accents pour?
 Say, did he not a snow-white swan,
 Borne on the river's tide,
 To Leda's bosom, as she bathed
 In secret beauty glide?
 Love urd, Deception veil'd, success
 The God-like daring crown'd:—
 Then, maiden, trust, nor youth, nor Love,—
 Deceit 'mong all is found.

No—rather go, thy mirror seek,
 No falsehood there you'll find;
 It speaks the truth, and but the truth,
 Nor asks man's erring mind:—
 It tells the maiden she is fair,
 If fair indeed she be;
 Nor adds a charm, (like lover's tongue,)
 That none but love can see:—
 Then, Stella, go, thy glass consult,
 For that will ne'er deceive,
 And whatsoever it tells thee, love,
 That—that alone believe. ALPHRUS.

THE PATRIOT HAMPDEN.

SIR,—The following particulars relating to that great man, Hampden, (a memoir of whom appeared in No. 94, of the MIRROR,) I have extracted from "Seward's Anecdotes," and as I doubt not, they will be interesting to your readers, you will oblige me by inserting them. Your humble Servant,

A CONSTANT READER.

"During the time in which Mr. Hampden was engaged in the Civil Wars, he wore round his neck an ornament, consisting of a small silver chain, enclosing a plain, cornelian stone. Round the silver rim of the stone was inscribed

"Against my king I never fight,
 But for my king and country's right."

"This interesting record of the sentiments of this great man, has been bequeathed to the University of Oxford, by the late Thomas Knight, Esq. of Godmersham Park, Kent.

"This sagacious man discovered the great talents of Oliver Cromwell through the veil which coarse manners and vulgar habits had thrown over them, for (according to Whitelock) Lord Derby, in going down the stairs of the House of Commons, with Mr. Hampden, observing Cromwell pass by them, said to Mr. Hampden, 'Who is that sloven immediately before us? he is on our side, I see, by his speaking so warmly to-day,' that sloven, as you are pleased to call him, my lord," replied Hampden, 'that sloven, I say, if we were to come to a breach with the king (which God forbid), will be the greatest man in England.'

"Inscription on his Wife's Monument in Hampden Church, Bucks, written by himself.

"To the eternal memory
 of the very truly vertuous and pious

Elizabeth Hampden, Wife of John Hampden, of Great Hampden, Esquier, sole Daughter and Heir of Edward Symeon, of Pyrton, in the County of Oxon, Esqr. the tender mother of an happy offspring in (of) 9 Hopefull children.

In her pilgrimage
 The staid and comfort of her neighbours,
 The joy and glory of a well-ordered family,
 The delight and happiness of tender parents,

But a crowne of blessings to her husband.
 In a wife, to all an eternal pattern of goodness

and cause of joye, whilst she was
 In her dissolution
 a invaluable loss to each, yet herself
 blest, and they fully recompensed in her
 translation from a tabernacle of clay
 and fellowship of mortals to a celestial
 mansion and communion with a Deity,
 the 10 day of August, 1634.

John Hampden, her sorrowfull
 husband, in perpetual testimony
 of his conjugal love, hath dedicated
 this monument."

MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS.

By Butler, Author of Hudibras.

SHOULD once the world resolve t' abolish
 All that's ridiculous and foolish,
 It wou'd have nothing left to do,
 T' apply in jest or earnest to,
 No business of importance, play,
 Or state, to pass its time away.

Opinion governs all mankind,
 Like the blind's leading of the blind;
 For he, that has no eyes in's head,
 Must be b' a dog glad to be led;
 And no beasts have so little in 'em
 As that inhuman brute, opinion.

Hypocrisy will serve as well
 To propagate a church, as zeal;
 As persecution and promotion
 Do equally advance devotion:
 So round, white stones will serve, they say,
 As well as eggs, to make hens lay.

Love is too great a happiness
 For wretched mortals to possess:
 For, could it hold inviolate
 Against those cruelties of fate,
 Which all felicities below,
 By rigid laws are subject to,
 It wou'd become a bliss too high,
 For perishing mortality,
 Translate to earth the joys above,
 For nothing goes to heav'n but love.

All smatt'ers are more brisk and pert,
 Than those that understand an art;
 As little sparkles shine more bright
 Than glancing coals, that give them light.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

Do not unjustly blame
 My guiltless breast,
 For vent'ring to disclose a flame
 It had so long suppress.

In its own ashes it design'd
 For ever to have lain,
 But that my sighs, like blasts of wind,
 Made it break out again

Cowper's House at Olney.



OLNEY is a market-town in Buckinghamshire, near the borders of Northamptonshire, and, according to the last census, contained a population of 2,339 inhabitants. The town owes its chief or sole celebrity to its having been the residence of the poet Cowper, and the place where he wrote several of his admirable poems. His house, of which we give a fine view, from a drawing by Mr. Stores, was a large, brick building at the corner of the market-place; here he had a printing-press, with which he sometimes amused himself; behind the house was a good garden, in which was a summer-house, "not bigger than a sedan-chair," he says, in one of his letters; adding, yet "here I write all that I write in summer time, whether to my friends or to the public. It is secure from all noise, and a refuge from all intrusion." Cowper's situation here appears to have been as comfortable as that of a person of his frame of mind could be any where; and, indeed, we find him thus recording his happiness in the third book of the "Task:"—

"Had I the choice of sublimary good,
What could I wish that I possess not here?
Health, leisure, means t' improve it, friendship,
peace;
No loose or wanton, though a wandering muse,
And constant occupation without care."

HARLINGTON YEW-TREE.

MR. EDITOR. — Your correspondent, C. P., in No. 94, of the MIRROR, desires to know the reason why Yew-trees are generally found in church-yards; I believe that it is one of those numerous relics of that prudence of our ancestors,

which, because their original use has been, in the lapse of time, forgotten, are pointed at with more jocoseness than consideration.

Yew-trees were planted in church-yards to provide bows for the parishioners, this much laughed at "wisdom of our ancestors" (in the laughter against which you have, Mr. Editor, very un-courteously joined, vide vol. i. p. 265*), perceiving that this tree generally grew in a cold soil and bleak situations, and therefore not in every place to be readily procured, and also that this expedient might render it in times of constant warfare less liable to extirpation.

That the Eugh or Yew-tree was used for bows, is known to every one who has read the ballad of Chevy Chase. This may have given occasion to the comparatively late custom of planting the Yew-tree in church-yards, to which its sombre appearance gives a pleasing effect, though many of the Yew-trees now seen, are nearly of the age of that which your correspondent mentions. There is a very aged Yew-tree in Tandridge church-yard, Surrey. Also a very ancient avenue of these trees in the church-yard of Beckenham, in Kent, about eight miles from London. It might be suggested that the addition of a Yew-tree to the new churches in the environs of London might not be an unapt ornament for their church-yards, though we should all deprecate the unhallowed clippings which the "taste."

* The article alluded to is from a monthly periodical, in our *Spirit of the Public Journals*; for the opinion of others we are not amenable, even when we insert them.—Ed.

of the former Vicar of Harlington so liberally bestowed on his favourite Tree.
P.

ON THE RESPLENDENT BEAUTIES OF THE FIRE-FLY.

(For the Mirror.)

* Not all the show and mockery of state,
The little, low, fine follies of the great;
Not all the wealth which eastern pageants wore,
What still our idolizing worlds adore,
Can boast the least inimitable grace,
That decks profusive this illustrious race:
For 'tis God who gilds the insect's wing.*

THE history of this beautiful insect, as related by Madame Merian, in her account of the insects of Surinam,* is truly surprising; she says, "Once, when the Indians brought me a number of these lantern-carriers, I put them into a wooden box, without being aware of their shining at night—but one night, being awakened by an unusual noise, and much frightened, I jumped out of bed and ordered a light, not knowing whence the noise proceeded. We soon perceived that it originated in the box, which we opened with some inquietude, but were still more alarmed, after opening it, and letting it fall on the ground, for a flame appeared to issue from it, which seemed to receive additional lustre as often as another flew out of it. When we perceived this some time, we recovered from our terror, and admired the splendour of these little animals."† These remarks are confirmed by Dr. Grew, who says, "that two or three of these insects fastened to a stick, or otherwise conveniently disposed of, will give sufficient light to those, who walk, or travel in the night."‡ This is the insect to which Thompson§ alludes in his view of the torrid zone, thus—

* From Menam's orient stream, that nightly shines with insect lamps :"

and Mrs. Barbauld says,

* Some shoot like living stars, athwart the night,
And scatter from their wings a vivid light,
To guide the Indian to his tawny loves,
As thro' the woods with cautious steps he moves."

These are Nature's gems glittering in the pathless woods of the tropical regions. Pere du Tertre declares in his "Histoire des Antilles," that he could distinctly read his prayers by the light of one of them; and Leaser, in his "Theologie des Insectes," affirms that the Indians keep them in their houses, and require no other light in the night-time, an insect of this

* Published at Amsterdam.

† She saw sufficiently well by one of them, to paint and finish one of the figures of them in her work on insects.

‡ Or putting from one to three of them under a glass.

§ Season.—Summer, line 827.

sort being sufficient so far to illuminate an apartment of moderate size, as to enable its inhabitants to perform whatever household work may be necessary. When the fly is dead, their bodies will still afford considerable light, though less vivid than before; and if bruised, and rubbed over the hand and face, they become luminous in the dark, like a board besmeared with phosphorus. They have a reddish, brown colour, and live in rotten trees in the day, but are always abroad in the night. Under the belly, is a circular patch, which, in the dark, shines like a candle; and on each side of the head, near the eyes, is a prominent globular, luminous body, in size about one-third larger than a mustard seed. Each of these bodies is like a rising star, emitting a bright, and not small light. The largest species of fly is rather more than one inch in length. Another species is not more than half that size, and their light proceeds from under their wings, and is seen only when they are elevated, like sparks of fire, appearing and disappearing every second. Of these the air is full in the night, though they are never seen in the day. They are common, not only in the southern, but northern parts of America, during the summer. In Siam the trees on the banks of the river Main, in summer, are beautifully illuminated* with swarms of fire-flies, which emit and conoeal their light as uniformly as if it proceeded from a machine of the most exact contrivance. Darwin beautifully says—

* You bid in air the tropic beetle burn,
And fill with golden flame his winged urn."

But no language can depict the beauties of this splendid tribe; for,

"Who can paint like nature,
Can imagination boast amidst its gay creation
 hues like hers."

* "————— the fire-fly's red light,
With its quick-glancing splendour illumines the night."

P. T. W.

PETER PINDARICS;

OR, JOE MILLER VERSIFIED.

THE VOLUNTEER.

SOME twenty years ago; it may be more,
When Buonaparte was in lofty station,
He vow'd he'd fly his eagles on the shore,
And freedom give to all the British nation.
Now John Bull relish'd not this kind intention;
He knew that eagles were much giv'n to peck;
So thank'd the emperor for his attention,
Yet firm resolv'd his progress he would check.
From John o'Groats to Cornwall's austral end,
A race of volunteers immediate springs,
With British hearts their monarch to defend!
Who swore they'd clip th' Imperial eagle's wings.

Sam Miles, a lad with heart of British oak,
 Tho' head with somewhat of a softer mould,
 Among the awkward squad his station took,
 And in a moment grew a soldier bold.

The drill was over, well he'd play'd his part,
 Now homeward to his loving spouse he hies;
 Explain'd the mysteries of the martial art,
 And held the musket to her gazing eyes.

"Come here, my love! I'll quickly fire the piece,
 And you shall hear the wondrous noise it
 makes:"

He loaded, twirl'd the rod about with grace,
 And soldier-like, his footing firmly takes.

He touch'd the trigger, but the piece was dumb;
 For why, our hero had forgot to prime!
 He scratch'd his head, and after many a hum,
 "There's not enough," so charg'd another time.

Yet all was hush, his efforts were in vain,
 A third he tried, nor yet the fourth was right;
 He charg'd, and ramm'd, and ramm'd, and ramm'd,
 and charg'd, again,
 Till down the teeth he forc'd with all his
 might.

But now a ray of reason glanc'd his soul,
 "I see, I see my error, never fear,
 All's right, my love, I quite forgot the hole;
 I ought t' have put a little priming here."

He fired bang! with a tremendous sound;
 The piece was burst, and straight to atoms
 flew.

Laid our brave warrior sprawling on the ground
 And by his side, unhurt, his wife so true.

After awhile the wife began to rise;
 Sam seiz'd her fast; roar'd out with voice of
 woe.

"O, Janet, Janet, keep still! shut your eyes,
 'Tis only once! she's nine times more to go!"

CLAVIS.

The Novelist.

No. LVII.

DER FREISCHUTZ; OR, THE SEVENTH BULLET.

THE extraordinary interest which the new musical piece produced at the English Opera House, under the title of *Der Freischutz*, has excited, induces us to give our readers the original story on which it is founded, which we copy though somewhat abridged, from a recently published work entitled *Popular Tales and Romances of the Northern Nations*. The tale was dramatized by Weber, the celebrated German composer, and the music is very beautiful. The original story is called

THE FATAL MARKSMAN.

BERTRAM, the old forester of Linden, and his wife, Anne, had an only daughter, Kate, who was attached to William, the bailiff's clerk; but, as the farm and the office of forester had been two hundred years in the family, and William was no huntsman, Bertram wished his daughter to marry Robert, the hunter, in order to secure the situation still in the family. William, on learning this, quits his

clerkship, to qualify himself as huntsman;—meets with Bertram, displays his skill, and gains his favour. The forester tells him, he will become a second Kuno, who was Bertram's great-grandfather's father. It was a rule in those days, that if a poor man committed a trespass against the forest laws, he was bound on the back of a stag, and the animal turned loose, when the man was either bruised or goled to death, or perished of hunger. When the young knight of Wippach, with whom Kuno lived, was hunting with the Duke, a stag of this sort was seen. The Duke offered a great reward to any person who would hit the stag, but threatened him with his severest displeasure if he wounded the man. Kuno ventured, killed the stag, and the man was unhurt. The reward was the farm to him and his heirs; but some envious persons saying that Kuno had resorted to witchcraft and black arts, the Duke enjoined, that every descendant of Kuno must undergo a trial, and fire what they call his probationary shot before he is admitted tenant. All Kuno's descendants succeeded in the trial; and William practised much, in order to qualify himself for it, Bertram having promised his daughter in case of success. He has, however, a run of ill-luck;—sometimes his gun would miss fire; at other times, instead of a deer, he would hit the trunk of a tree. At length he became afraid to draw a trigger, for fear of doing mischief, as he had already killed a cow, and nearly wounded a huntsman.

"Nay, I stick to my own opinion," said huntsman Rudolph one night, "somebody has cast a spell over William; for in the regular course of nature such things could never happen; and this spell he must undo before he will have any luck."

Bertram laughs at this, which he calls superstitious foolery; but William stating that his balls seemed to fly askance, Rudolph bade him go some Friday night to a cross-road, and make a circle round about him, with a ram-rod or a bloody sword, and bless it three times in the same words as the priest uses, but in the name of Samiel. The forester trembles at this, observing that Samiel is one of Satan's host.

The next day William again sets out, but with still worse luck, when he meets with an old soldier, who hearing of his bad luck, tells him his gun is charmed; but that he can give him a ball that cannot fail of going true. William loaded his piece, and looked about for an aim. At a great height above the forest, like a moving speck, was hovering a large bird of prey. "There!" said Mr. Timber-toe, "that old devil up there, shoot him."

William laughed, for the bird was floating in a region so elevated as to be scarcely discernible to the naked eye. "Nay, never doubt; shoot away;" repeated the old soldier, "I'll wager my wooden leg you'll bring him down." William fired, the black speck was seen rapidly descending, and a great vulture fell bleeding to the ground.

The soldier gives him a few balls, and then leaves him. William uses them with success, and in the forest-house all was pleasure when William returned, as formerly, with a load of venison, and gave practical evidence to old Bertram that he was still the same marksman he had first shewn himself in his noviciate. He should now have told the reason of his late ill-luck, and what course he had taken to remove it: but, without exactly knowing why, he shrunk from telling of the inevitable balls, and laid the blame upon a flaw in his gun which had escaped his notice until the preceding night.

"Now, dame, dost a' see?" said the forester, laughing: "who's wrong now, dame, I wonder? The witchcraft lay in the gun that wanted trimming; and the little devil, that by your account should have thrown down old father Kuno's picture so early this morning, I'm partly of opinion lies in a canker'd nail."

"What's that you're saying about a devil?" asked William.

"Nay, nothing at all but nonsense," replied the old man: "this morning, just as the clock was striking seven, the picture fell down of itself; and so my wife will have it that all's not right about the house."

"Just as it was striking seven, eh? Ha!" And the old soldier flashed across William's thoughts, who had taken his leave at that identical time.

"Aye, sure enough, as it was striking seven: not a very likely time for devils to be stirring; eh, my old dame? eh Anne?" at the same time chucking her under the chin with a good-natured laugh. But old Anne shook her head thoughtfully, saying:—"God grant all may turn out natural!" and William changed colour a little. He resolved to put by his balls, and, at the most, only to use one upon his day of trial, lest he might be unconsciously trifling away his future happiness at the wily suggestions of a fiend. But the forester summoned him to attendance upon the chase; and, unless he were prepared to provoke the old man, and to rouse afresh all the late suspicions in regard to his skill, he found himself obliged to throw away some of his charmed balls upon such occasions.

William's last ball was expended before

the day of probation, and his only hope was in again meeting with the wooden-legged soldier. He is, however, much agitated by a story which Bertram relates, of one George Smith, of Prague, who had cast devil's balls with an old upland hunter in a cross-road, with sundry magical incantations, where terrific apparitions flocked about him, and he fell senseless to the ground. William, however, as the day of trial approached, determined to go to the cross-road in the forest, and try the awful experiment. Having provided himself with lead, bullet-moulds, coals, &c., he was prepared to step out of the house; but was induced to stop that night by Bertram, who had some forebodings of ill. On that night his uncle came to see him. The third night came; and it was the eve of trial. Bertram determined that night to keep the bridal-feast.—Amidst their festivity, the picture of Kuno again fell, and wounded Katharine on the temple. William drank freely to drown his own reflections; and, under pretence of having shot a deer, and forgotten it, he leaves his young bride on their bridal festival, and hastened to the forest.

The moon was in the wane, and at this time, was rising, and resting with a dim red orb upon the horizon. Gloomy clouds were flying overhead, and at intervals darkened the whole country, which, by fits, the moon again lit up. The silvery birches and the aspen trees, rose like apparitions in the forest; and the poplars seemed to William's fevered visions, pale shadowy forms that beckoned him to retire. He shuddered; and it suddenly struck him, that the almost miraculous disturbance of his scheme on the two preceding nights, together with the repeated and ominous falling of the picture, were the last warnings of dissuasion from a wicked enterprise, addressed to him by his better angel that was now ready to forsake him.

Once again he faltered in his purpose. Already he was on the point of returning, when suddenly a voice appeared to whisper to him: "Fool! hast thou not already accepted magical help: is it only for the trouble of reaping it, that thou would'st forego the main harvest of its gifts?" He stood still. The moon issued in splendour from behind a dark cloud, and illuminated the peaceful roof of the forester's cottage. He could see Katharine's chamber window, glancing under the silvery rays; in the blindness of love, he stretched out his arms towards it, and mechanically stepped homewards. Then came a second whisper from the voice; for a sudden gust of wind brought

the sound of the clock striking the half hour: "Away to business!" it seemed to say. "Right, right!" he said aloud, "Away to business! It is weak and childish, to turn back from a business half accomplished; it is folly to renounce the main advantage, having already perhaps risked one's salvation for a trifle. No: let me go through with it."

He stepped forwards with long strides; the wind drove the agitated clouds, again over the face of the moon; and William plunged into the thickest gloom of the forest.

At length he stood upon the cross-way. At length the magic circle was drawn; the skulls were fixed, and the bones were laid round about. The moon buried itself deeper and deeper in the clouds; and no light was shed upon the midnight deed, except from the red, lurid gleam of the fire, that waxed and waned by fits, under the gusty squalls of the wind. A remote church-clock proclaimed that it was now within a quarter of eleven. William put the ladle upon the fire, and threw in the lead, together with three bullets which had already hit the mark once: a practice amongst those who cast the "fatal bullets," which he remembered to have heard mentioned in his apprenticeship. In the forest was now heard a pattering of rain. At intervals came fitting motions of owls, bats, and other light-shunning creatures, scared by the sudden gleams of the fire; some, dropping from the surrounding boughs, placed themselves on the magic circle, where, by their low, dull croaking, they seemed holding dialogues, in some unknown tongue, with the dead men's skulls. Their numbers increased; and, amongst them were indistinct outlines of misty forms, that went and came, some with brutal, some with human faces. Their vapoury lineaments fluctuated and obeyed the motions of the wind: one only stood unchanged, and like a shadow near to the circle; and settled the sad light of its eyes stedfastly upon William. Sometimes it would raise its pale hands, and seemed to sigh: and when it raised its hands, the fire would burn more sullenly; but a grey owl would then fan with his wings and rekindle the decaying embers. William averted his eyes: for the countenance of his buried mother seemed to look out from the cloudy figure, with piteous expressions of unutterable anguish. Suddenly it struck eleven; and then the shadow vanished, with the action of one, who prays and breathes up sighs to heaven. The owls and the night-ravens flitted croaking about; and the skulls and bones rattled beneath their wings. William kneeled down on his

coaly hearth; and with the last stroke of eleven, out fell the first bullet.

The owls, and the bones were now silent. But along the road came an old crooked beldame pell-mell against the magic circle. She was hung round with wooden spoons, ladles, and other kitchen utensils; and made a hideous rattling as she moved. The owls saluted her with hooting, and stroked her with their wings. At the circle, she bowed to the bones and skulls; but the coals shot forth lambent tongues of flame against her, and she drew back her withered hands. Then she paced round the circle, and with a grin presented her wares to William. "Give me the bones," said she in a harsh, guttural tone, "and I'll give thee some spoons. Give the skulls to me, love: what's the trumpery to thee, love?" and then she chanted, with a scornful air,

There's nothing can help: 'tis an hour too late;
Nothing can step betwixt thee and thy fate,
Shoot in the light, or shoot in the dark,
Thy bullets, be sure, shall go true to the mark.
"Shoot the dove," says the word of command:
And the forester bold, with "the skilful hand,"
Levels and fires: oh! marksman good!
The dove lies bathed in its innocent blood!
Here's to the man that shoots the dove!
Come for the prize to me, my love!"

William was aghast with horror: but he remained quiet within the circle, and pursued his labours. The old woman was one whom he well knew. A crazy, old, female beggar had formerly roamed about the neighbourhood in this attire, till at last she was lodged in a mad-house. He was at a loss to discover, whether the object now before him were the reality or an illusion. After some little pause, the old crone scattered her lumber to the right and left with an angry air, and then tottered slowly away into the gloomy depths of the forest, singing these words:

"This to the left, and that to the right:
This and that for the bridal night.
Marksman fire, be sure and steady:
The bride she is dressed—the priest he is ready.
To-morrow, to-morrow, when day-light departs,
And twilight is spread over broken hearts,—
When the fight is fought, when the race is run,
When the strife and the anguish are over and done:
When the bride-bed is decked with a winding-sheet,
And the innocent dove has died at thy feet,
—Then comes a bride-groom for me, I trow,
That shall live with me in my house of woe.
Here's to him that shoots the dove!
Come for the prize to me, my love!"

Now came all at once a rattling as of wheels and the cracking of postillions' whips. A carriage and six drove up with outriders. "What the devil's this that stops the way?" cried the man who rode the leaders. "Make way there, I say, clear the road." William looked up, and saw sparks of fire darting from the

horses' hoofs, and a circle of flame about the carriage-wheels. By this he knew it to be a work of the fiend, and never stirred. "Push on, my lads, drive over him, helter skelter," cried the same postillion, looking back to the others; and in a moment the whole equipage moved rapidly upon the circle. William cowered down to the ground, beneath the dash of the leaders' forelegs; but the airy train, and the carriages soared into the air with a whistling sound, round and round the circle, and vanished in a hurricane, which moved not a leaf of the trees. Some time elapsed before William recovered from his consternation. However, he compelled his trembling hands to keep firm, and cast a few bullets. At that moment, a well known church-clock at a distance, began to strike. At first the sound was a sound of comfort, connecting, as with the tones of some friendly voice, the human world with the dismal circle in which he stood, that else seemed cut off from it as by an impassable gulph: but the clock struck twice, thrice,—here he shuddered at the rapid flight of time, for his work was not a third part advanced, then it struck a fourth time. He was appalled; every limb seemed palsied; and the mould slipped out of his nerveless hand. With the calmness of despair, he listened to the clock, until it completed the full hour of twelve; the knell then vibrated on the air, lingered, and died away. To sport with the solemn hour of midnight, appeared too bold an undertaking, even for the powers of darkness. However, he drew out his watch, looked, and behold! it was no more than half-past eleven.

Recovering his courage, and now fully steeled against all fresh illusions, he resumed his labours with energy. Profound quiet was all around him,—disturbed only at intervals by the owls that made a low muttering, and now and then rattled the skulls and bones together. All at once a crashing was heard in the bushes. The sound was familiar to the experienced hunters' ears; he looked round; and, as he expected, a wild boar sprang out and rushed up to the circle. "This," thought William, "is no deception;" and he leaped up, seized his gun, and snapped it hastily at the wild beast; but no spark issued from the flint: he drew his hanger; but the bristly monster, like the carriage and horses, soared far above him into the air, and vanished.

William, thus repeatedly baffled, now hastened to bring up the lost time. Sixty bullets were already cast: he looked up;

and suddenly the clouds opened, and the moon again threw a brilliant light over the whole country. Just then a voice was heard from the depths of the forest crying out, in great agitation,—“William! William!” It was the voice or Kate. William saw her issue from the bushes, and fearfully look round her. Behind her panted the old woman, stretching her withered, spidery arms after the flying girl, and endeavouring to catch hold of her floating garments. Katharine now collected the last remains of her exhausted strength for flight: at that moment, the old wooden-leg stepped across her path; for an instant, it checked her speed, and then the old hag caught her with her bony hands. William could contain himself no longer: he threw the mould with the last bullet out of his hands, and would have leaped out of the circle: but just then the clock struck twelve; the fiendish vision had vanished; the owls threw the skulls and bones confusedly together, and flew away; the fire went out; and William sunk exhausted to the ground.

Now came up slowly a horseman upon a black horse. He stopped at the effaced outline of the magic circle, and spoke thus: “Thou hast stood thy trial well; what would'st thou have of me?”

“Nothing of thee, nothing at all,” said William: “what I want—I have prepared for myself.”

“Aye; but with my help: therefore, part belongs to me.”

“By no means, by no means; I bargained for no help; I summoned thee not.”

The horseman laughed scornfully; “Thou art bolder,” said he, “than such as thou are wont to be. Take the balls which thou hast cast; sixty for thee, three for me; the sixty go true, the three go askew: all will be plain, when we meet again.”

William averted his face: “I will never meet thee again,” said he,—“leave me.”

“Why turnest thou away?” said the stranger with a dreadful laugh: “do'st know me?”

“No, no”—said William shuddering; “I know thee not! I wish not to know thee. Be thou who thou mayest, leave me!”

The black horseman turned away his horse, and said with a gloomy solemnity—“Thou do'st know me: the very hair of thy head, which stands on end, confesses for thee that thou do'st. I am he—whom at this moment thou namest in thy heart with horror.” So saying he va-

nished—followed by the dreary sound of withered leaves, and the echo of blasted boughs falling from the trees beneath which he had stood.

“Merciful God! what has happened to you, William?” exclaimed Kate and her mother, as William returned pale and agitated after midnight: “you look as if fresh risen from the grave.”

“Nothing, nothing,” said William,—“nothing but night air; the truth is, I am a little feverish.”

“William, William!” said old Bertram, stepping up to him, “you can’t deceive me: something has met you in the forest. Why would you not stop at home? Something has crossed you on the road, I’ll swear.”

William was struck with the old man’s seriousness, and replied—“Well, yes; I acknowledge, something has crossed me. But wait for nine days: before then, you know yourself that”—

“Gladly, gladly, my son,” said Bertram; “and God be praised, that it is any thing of that kind which can wait for nine days. Trouble him not, wife; Kate, leave him at peace!—Beshrew me, but I had nearly done thee wrong, William, in my thoughts, now, my good lad, go to bed, and rest thyself. ‘Night,’ says the proverb, ‘is no man’s friend.’ But be of good cheer: the man that is in his vocation, and walks only in lawful paths, may bid defiance to the fiends of darkness, and all their works.”

William needed his utmost powers of dissimulation to disguise from the old man’s penetration how little his suspicions had done him injustice. This indulgent affection of father Bertram, and such unshaken confidence in his uprightness, wrung his heart. He hurried to his bedroom, with full determination to destroy the accursed bullets. “One only will I keep, only one will I use,” said he, holding out his supplicating hands, pressed palm to palm, with bitter tears towards heaven. “Oh, let the purpose, let the purpose, plead for the offence; plead for me the anguish of my heart, and the trial which I could not bear! I will humble, I will abase myself in the sight of God: with a thousand, with ten thousand penitential acts I will wash out the guilt of my transgression. But can I, can I, now go back, without making shipwreck of all things—of my happiness, my honour, my darling Kate?”

Somewhat tranquillized by this view of his own conduct, he beheld the morning dawn with more calmness than he had anticipated.

The ducal commissioner arrived, and expressed a wish, previous to the decisive

trial, of making a little hunting excursion in company with the young forester. “For,” said he, “it is all right to keep up old usages: but, between ourselves, the hunter’s skill is best shewn in the forest. So jump up, Mr. Forester elect; and let’s away to the forest!”

William turned pale, and would have made excuses; but, as these availed nothing with the commissioner, he begged, at least, that he might be allowed to stand his trial first. Old Bertram shook his head thoughtfully:—“William, William!” said he with a deep, tremulous tone. William withdrew instantly; and in a few moments he was equipped for the chase, and with Bertram followed the commissioner into the forest.

The old forester sought to suppress his misgivings, but struggling in vain to assume a cheerful aspect. Katharine too was dejected and agitated; and went about her household labours as if dreaming. “Was it not possible,” she had asked her father, “to put off the trial?” “I thought of that also,” replied he, and he kissed her in silence. Recovering himself immediately, he congratulated his daughter on the day—and reminded her of her bridal garland.

The garland had been locked up by old Anne in a drawer; and, hastily attempting to open it, she injured the lock. A child was therefore dispatched to a shop to fetch another garland for the bride. “Bring the handsomest they have,” cried dame Anne after the child: but the child, in its simplicity, pitched upon that which glittered most: and this happened to be a bride’s funeral garland of myrtle and rosemary entwined with silver, which the mistress of the shop, not knowing the circumstances, allowed the child to carry off. The bride and her mother well understood the ominous import of this accident; each shuddered; and flinging her arms about the other’s neck, sought to stifle her horror in a laugh at the child’s blunder. The lock was now tried once more; it opened readily; the coronals were exchanged; and the beautiful tresses of Katharine were enwreathed with the blooming garland of a bride.

The hunting party returned. The commissioner was inexhaustible in William’s praise. “After such proofs of skill,” said he, “it seems next to ridiculous that I should call for any other test: but to satisfy old ordinances, we are sometimes obliged to do more than is absolutely needful; and so we will dispatch the matter as briefly as possible. Yonder is a dove sitting on that pillar; level, and bring her down.”

“Oh, not *that*—not *that*, for God’s

sake, William," cried Katharine, hastening to the spot, "shoot not, for God's sake, at the dove. Ah! William, last night I dreamed that I was a white dove; and my mother put a ring about my neck; then came you, and in a moment my mother was covered with blood."

William drew back his piece which he had already levelled; but the commissioner laughed. "Eh, what?" said he, "so timorous? That will never do for a forester's wife: courage, young bride, courage!—Or stay, may be the dove is a pet dove of your own!"

"No, it's not that!"—said Katharine—"but the dream has sadly sunk my spirits." "Well, then," said the commissioner, "If that's all, pluck 'em up again! and so fire away, Mr. Forester."

He fired: and at the same instant, with a piercing shriek, fell Katharine to the ground.

"Strange girl!" said the commissioner, fancying that she had fallen only from panic, and raised her up: but a stream of blood flowed down her face; her forehead was shattered; and a bullet lay sunk in the wound.

"What's the matter?" exclaimed William, as the cry resounded behind him. He turned and saw Kate with a deathly paleness lying stretched in her blood. By her side stood the old wooden-leg, laughing in fiendish mockery, and snarling out—"Sixty go true, three go askew." In the madness of wrath, William drew his hanger, and made a thrust at the hideous creature. "Accursed devil!"—cried he in tones of despair—"Is it thus thou hast deluded me?" More he had no power to utter; for he sank insensible to the ground, close by his bleeding bride.

The commissioner and the priest sought vainly to speak comfort to the desolate parents. Scarce had the aged mother laid the ominous funeral garland upon the bosom of her daughter's corpse, when she wept away the last tears of her unfathomable grief. The solitary father soon followed her, and William, the fatal marksman, wore away his days in the madhouse.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wolton.*

PARISH AFFAIRS.

IN a village in Staffordshire, on examining the parish accounts, the three following curiosities appeared:—One of the overseers had made 63 weeks in one year; an item in the other overseer's account was

for a sum of money paid in aid of the county rats.—This caused a good deal of laughter, in which no one joined more heartily than the constable, who immediately afterwards produced his account, in which was a charge for holding a conquest over a man found dead.

A DOCTOR'S BILL.

A SINGULAR old gentleman, in a neighbouring county, was waited upon the other day with his surgeon's bill, for the purpose of being paid. After cogitating for some time over its contents, he desired the young man who called with it to tell his master, that the medicine he would pay for, but he should return the visits.

PROFESSOR PORSON observing that he could pun upon any words, was told that he could not pun on the three Latin gerunds *di do dum*, when he gave the following answer:—

When Dido found Æneas would not come, She mourned in silence, and was *di do dum*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A FURTHER account of the *Sandwich Islands*, with some *Anecdotes of the late King*, are unavoidably postponed.

M. N., on the *Music of the Spheres*; *H. M.*, on *Fleet Marriages*; *T. F. D.*, *Spectator*, (whose promised communication we shall be glad to receive); *The Draughtsman*, No. IV.; *Jaques*, and *Jacobus*, in our next.

The Sonnet on the Swallow; *F. M.-y's*; and *Georgius Novices's Lines on Lord Byron*, are not good.

First efforts in poetry, like the first attempts at making love, are generally rather awkward, and the less known of both, by strangers, the better.

Mirator had better call on our publisher, as we cannot make the *Mirror* the medium of answering questions respecting *Limbird's Classics*, *Limbird's British Novelist*, or any other works he may publish.

The following communications are intended for insertion. *A. R.*, *Thoma*; *T. A. C.*, *Timothy Quaint*; *A. B. C.*, and *H. S.-I.*

Enigmas, *Charades*, *Rebuses*, &c. are inadmissible.

C. E.'s first good-natured effusion is too personal, and his second too local to interest the general reader.

The article alluded to by *Lechix* has not been received.

I. W. C. will see his letter anticipated in No. 94, of the *Mirror*.

The following have been received, *L. G.*, *Bob Green*, *I. M. C.*; *G. C.*, and *I. W. C.*

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. XCVII.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1824.

[PRICE 2d.]

Illustrations of Shakspeare.

No. V.

MIDDLEHAM CASTLE, YORKSHIRE.



MIDDLEHAM CASTLE, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, was one of the strongest and most magnificent castles in Yorkshire, and even now, in its ruins, it is grand and venerable, as will be seen from our view of it. It was built in the year 1190, by Robert Fitz Ranulph, grandson of Ribald, younger brother of Allan, Earl of Bretagne, to whom the whole of Wentleydale was given by Conan, Earl of Bretagne and Richmond, and it afterwards came into possession of the Neville family.

Middleham Castle is alluded to by Shakspeare, in the third part of King Henry VI. It was in this castle that Edward IV. was confined after he had been surprised and taken prisoner, in his camp at Wolvey, by Richard Nevil, Earl of Warwick, surnamed the king-maker, who put Edward under the care

of his brother, the Archbishop of York. "Edward," says Rapin, "behaved so obligingly to that prelate, that he had leave, with a small guard, to hunt now and then in the park. This first step being taken, he prevailed with one of his guards to deliver a letter to two gentlemen of the neighbourhood, wherein he pointed out to them what course they should take to free him. The gentlemen overjoyed at the opportunity to do the king so great a service, privately assembled their friends, and lying in ambush near the park, easily carried him away."

Edward, the only son of Richard III. was born in this castle, which from that time to the present, is scarcely mentioned in history. It was formerly moated round by the help of a spring in the higher ground, from which water was conveyed.

VOL. IV.

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ON THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—It has been a great matter of surprise to me, that so beautiful and highly poetic a theory as that of the Music of the Spheres should be suffered to lie neglected and forgotten. Amidst the varied speculations of the ancients, there have been practical illustrations of many ideas, which exclusively belonged to their verse; and with the greatest deference to the talent exhibited in the columns of the MIRROR, I submit the following observations upon that sublime and most interesting theory:—

It was an ancient, astronomical theory that the heavenly bodies were fixed in solid, transparent spheres of different diameters,—and that these spheres, revolving in different measures, produced the several phenomena of the motion of the heavens. It was a pretty fancy, that these spheres in their movements produced, to ears that were subtle or sublimed enough to hear it, a kind of sweet and mellow music, like the sound of musical glasses.

Upon this subject I will quote the words of Sir Thomas Brown, who was a noted antiquary and philosopher, in the early part of the reign of Charles I.—“There is music wherever there is harmony, order, and proportion, and thus far we may maintain the Music of the Spheres; for those well-ordered motions and regular paces, though they give no sound unto the ear, yet to the understanding they strike a note most full of harmony.”

As to myself, I think this demonstration of a theory, as sublime as it is beautiful, satisfactory. Although not delimited strictly, mathematically, and physically, yet does that consideration impel from my mind that proportion and simplicity of design which most strikingly affect the heart? There is oft-times a pleasure in being deceived; and while I indulge the full force of my speculation, I affect that which is not *real*, and am careless as to all niceties of demonstrative accuracies.—We all know the language of music;—it is felt—it is understood. Its powers of association operate so forcibly upon the human mind, that it elevates or depresses, governs and subjects:—

“There is in souls, a sympathy with sounds.”

Indeed, I think I may not be deemed either romantic or extravagant, if I introduce another conjecture, or antithesis. To me there exists exquisite harmony in *sights* as well as *sounds*; and in this manner I will place my argument:—That as the essence of music is harmony, and

as we may observe a harmony in sights as well as sounds, and in the arrangement of the several parts of the material world, so the application of the principle of harmony to the arrangement of the celestial bodies, leads those to the notion of music who cannot conceive of harmony without sound. In unison with these ideas, the late Capel Lofft* produced a most ingenious article on the “Harmony of Colours,” in a number of the “Monthly Magazine.”

I have now given the state in which the matter in question at present stands, and can conceive of no bias which can misdirect the mind, or take from it the satisfaction of believing in a theory which combines so much of harmony with that of love and feeling in its nature. By some it is rejected as an ancient, visionary romantic, and wild enthusiasm; but cannot the lover of nature—cannot the same influences which possess and claim the attention and veneration of his soul, indulge a theory which is fraught with beauty and sublimity?

The indulgence and cultivation of a high and lofty feeling of romance, have in too many instances led the mind into wild and fatal errors; while, on the contrary, a temperate enthusiasm for song and poesy gives that soft polish to the mind which elevates it, and fits it for the noblest and the best of purposes. What influences can be more heavenly—what associations more exquisite—what greater serenity of soul can be felt, than in viewing and contemplating the blue sky, that illumined expanse of heaven, the gay-spangled, starry firmament, the soft fall of the tremulous moon-beam upon the green sea, the dark wood, or the lofty mountain! These scenes are *real*,—they are full of *harmony*,—they are each in their respec-

* The death of this amiable man took place on the 26th of May, 1824, at Montcalier, near Turin. Capel Lofft was born in 1751, at Bury St. Edmund's, in the county of Suffolk. He was educated at the Grammar-School of his native town, and gave early and decided proofs of genius: he afterwards studied the law, and in that profession was made a barrister. He was an enthusiast in black-letter literature; and, besides contributing to various periodical journals, was the author of numerous literary, political, classical, and legal publications. Latterly he resided at his seat, Troston-Hall, an obscure, though delightful spot, five miles from Bury, and but a few miles distant from the village of Euston, the birth-place and residence of the author of the “Farmer's Boy;” and it is well known it was through the exertions of Capel Lofft that Bloomfield's “humble muse” became known to a world which distinguished him with the just honours and reputation of a poet. Mr. L. was a warm politician, an ardent lover of the arts and sciences, and his philosophical and metaphysical disquisitions discover a mind (though beautifully poetic in its character) displaying an acuteness and clearness equal to the development of the object of his research.

tive order; and all the earth is laid out with, and governed by, *proportion*. So the celestial world. Each planet rolls along in its given road,—each sphere is contained in one uniform surface; and the vast, concaved expanse which seems to vest our globe causes sounds, which are full of real and affecting melody. M. N.

STANZAS.—BY W. M. PRAED.

O'er yon church-yard the storm may lower,
But, heedless of the wintry air,
One little bud shall linger there,
A still and trembling flower.

Unscath'd by long revolving years,
Its tender leaves shall flourish yet,
And sparkle in the moonlight, wet
With the pale dew of tears.

And where thine humble ashes lie,
Instead of scutcheon or of stone,
It rises o'er thee, lonely one,
Child of obscurity!

Mild was thy voice as zephyr's breath,
Thy cheek with flowing locks was shaded!
But the voice hath died, the cheek hath faded
In the cold breeze of death!

Brightly thine eye was smiling sweet!
But now decay hath still'd its glancing;
Warmly thy little heart was dancing,
But it hath ceas'd to beat!

A few short months, and thou wert here!
Hope sat upon thy youthful brow;
And what is thy memorial now?
A flower and a tear!

ENGAR.

FLEET MARRIAGES.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

It appears the custom of marrying in the Fleet, prevailed about seventy-five years ago; the following extract which I have taken from the Newcastle Magazine, published in March, 1749, tends to corroborate your account of this singular practice. (*See Mirror, No. 94.*)

"It is now, and has been the practice for some time, amongst a great number of women *that are in debt*, to go to the Fleet and hire a man to marry them, then get a certificate of their marriages, and bid defiance to their creditors.

"A merry instance of this happened the beginning of this month, at a most noted marrying-house, kept by a C—r, whose name is L—. A woman goes there, and desires the person of the house to get her a man to be married to. He sends for one, (he having many always ready at his call) and the woman agrees with him, pay's him more money than he ever had before on such an occasion, and sends for the parson, who asked one guinea and a half for his trouble, on which the man was very angry, and said to his newly intended spouse, 'My dear, I have been married to upwards of forty women this last year, particularly to two this very

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morning, and never paid more than half a guinea, and you shall not be imposed upon." So the parson took the half-guinea, and they were married accordingly." H. M.

THE USE AND DESIGN OF SCRIPTURAL PRINTS.

As painting was prior to printing, and as hieroglyphics were in use before letters, so to such as are yet unacquainted with words, picture is still the best method of instruction, and considering how great the proportion of the unlearned is, in the bulk of the people, there cannot well be found any thing more worthy of encouragement than this universal method of conveying information. Pictures speak all languages, and in a style suited to every one's capacity; the meanest understanding is enlightened by them, and such, as if they could read the history, would scarcely be the wiser, apprehend it with all its circumstances from the print, so that independent of books, a charitable, and intelligent christian may instruct a poor neighbour from a set of prints only. They are wonderfully calculated to invite and allure young people to knowledge; sight is the most interesting of our senses, and the first effort of our reason is to know the meaning of what we see; as helps to retaining the facts they express, as well as record, there is nothing equal to prints, which may truly be styled an artificial memory, as they impress on the mind, such clear, strong, and lively apprehensions of what they represent, as cannot easily be injured, and hardly ever effaced. We find by experience they have a wonderful, as well as happy effect in moving the passions, and in this respect are more useful than histories themselves; books make us wiser only, but scriptural prints, well executed, will make us better, by stirring us up to do what our reading instructs is our duty.

SUPERSTITIONS IN MECKLENBURG, SCHWERIN.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—The following is an Extract from Mr. Downe's Letters from Mecklenburg and Holstein. If it is worthy of insertion, it is at your service.

KIOU.

THE following are among the Superstitions of the Mecklenburgians:—1. Whoever reads epitaphs loses his memory.—

2. Yarn, spun by a girl under the age of seven, possesses extraordinary virtues. Linen made of it furnishes the best bandages for gouty patients; and when wrought into garments, forms a complete coat of mail—not only against the bullet and the dagger, but even against the more formidable operations of witchcraft: nay, the very yarn itself can be wound into unerring musquet-balls.—3. When a mouse gnaws a gown, some misfortune may be apprehended.—4. When a stranger enters a room he should be obliged to seat himself, were it only for a moment, as he otherwise takes away the children's sleep with him.—5. The crowing of a hen indicates some approaching disaster.—6. Whoever sneezes at an early hour, either hears some news or receives some present the same day.—7. Women who sow flaxseed should, during the process, tell some confounded lies, otherwise the yarn will never bleach white.—8. Beggar's bread should be given to children who are slow in learning to speak.—9. When women are stuffing bed-ticks, the men should not remain in the house, otherwise the feathers will come through the ticken.—10. To rock a cradle when empty is injurious to the child.—11. If a child less than a twelve month old be brought into a cellar, he becomes fearful.—12. The first tooth cast by a child should be swallowed by the mother, to ensure a new growth of beautiful teeth.—13. A child grows up proud if suffered to look into a mirror while less than a twelve month old.—14. To eat while the bell is tolling for a funeral, causes tooth-ache.—15. Stepping across a child prevents its growth.—16. The following are omens of death:—A dog's scratching the floor, or howling in a particular manner; and an owl's hooting in the neighbourhood of the house.—17. When a child puts any combustible matter into the fire or candle during the evening, an effect, similar to that produced by chewing dandelion, ensues at night.—18. Buttoning a coat awry, or drawing on a stocking with the inside out, causes matters to go wrong during the entire day.—19. White specks on the nails are lucky.—20. He who has teeth wide asunder, must seek his fortune in a distant land.—21. He who purposes removing to a new house, must send in before hand bread, salt, and a new broom.—22. Domestic harmony must be preserved when washing-day comes, in order to ensure fine weather; which is indispensable, as the ceremony is generally performed out of doors.—23. When children play soldiers on the roadside, it forebodes the approach of war.—24. Whoever finds a blade of four-leaved trefoil (shamrock) should wear it for good

luck.—25. By bending the hand to the hollow of the arm, the initial letter of the name of one's future spouse is represented.—26. When a female drops her garter on the road, it shows that her husband or lover is faithless.—27. To find a horse-shoe, or part of one, is lucky.—28. When two persons wash themselves with the same water, it occasions hostility between them.—29. To prevent cats or dogs from running away, they should be chased thrice round the hearth, and their hinder parts then briskly rubbed against it.—30. He who sees a wolf first need not apprehend any injury from him.—31. By plating the tongue of an otter or serpent in his whip, a carman may be assured, that his horses will be enabled to draw the greatest load up the steep side of a ditch, and will never drink too much.—32. Whenever women or girls wash sacks, it will soon rain.—33. He who cuts down a man that has hanged himself, becomes dishonourable in his dealings.—34. The itching of the left hand betokens the receipt—that of the right, the expenditure of money.—35. Red silk twist, or the stocking of the left leg, wound about the neck, are an infallible cure for a sore throat.—36. When a man's ear tingles, somebody is speaking ill of him.—37. Children born on Sundays, are gifted with the faculty of seeing ghosts and spectres.—38. He who fasts on Holy Thursday, or three successive Fridays, becomes exempted from fever for the year; or cured of it if already affected.—39. It is also an unfailing remedy to write with chalk on the door of the sick room—Stay away Fever, Mr. — is not at home.—40. To prune fruit-trees at Easter, secures them for the year from caterpillars, and the fruit from worms.—41. Whoever eats soup at Easter will have a running at the nose continually.—42. Rain on St. John's day is bad for the nuts.—43. When it rains on St. Medordus' day, Midsummer day, or the anniversary of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin, it will continue to do so for 40 days; and when it does so on the day of the seven sleepers, near the end of June, the rain will continue unabated for seven weeks.—44. When the nightingales come, the night-frosts go.—45. When the frogs croak in the evening, the morrow will be a fine day.

CURIOUS WILLS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—I beg leave to forward you a few more abstracts from Curious Wills, in addition to those inserted in No. 91, of the MIRROR, and which like them have

been proved in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury. Many of them it will be seen are not of the most amiable character.

H. O.

JESSE PAGE, Seaman, late of His Majesty's ship, Saltash, proved 8th of November, 1749.

"*In nomine Domini*, I, Jesse Page, Considering the frailty of this wicked age, The danger I run, as now going to sea In the Saltash, a cruising against the enemy.

Being sick in my pocket, but sound at my heart,

Make this my last Will before I depart:
Imprimis, my body I freely commit,
To the earth or the sea, as God shall think fit,

As to such worldly wealth I leave in this life,

To Peter Jones I bequeath it and his loving wife,
Dwellers at Gravesend, in the county of Kent,

Victuallers too, and 'tis the true intent,
Of this my last Will and Testament,
That they and their heirs the same shall enjoy,

Exempt from incumbrance this right to annoy,

In witness whereof to this my last Will I've subscribed and set my own hand and seal,

September the second, 21st year of the reign

Of our Sovereign George, now King of Britain."

JOHN AYLETT STOW, late of the Parish of St. Andrew, Holborn, deceased, proved 8th of June, 1781.

"I hereby direct my executors to lay out five guineas in the purchase of a picture, of the viper biting the benevolent hand of the person who saved him from perishing in the snow, (if the same can be bought for that money) and that they do in memory of me give it to Edward Bearcroft, Esq. a king's counsel, whereby he may have frequent opportunities of contemplating, and by a comparison between that and his own virtues, be able to form a certain judgment which is best and most profitable, a grateful remembrance of past friendship, and almost parental regard, or ingratitude and insolence, this I direct to be presented to him in lieu of £3,000, I had by a former Will (now revoked and burnt) left him."

SAMUEL PURLEWENT, late of Lincoln's-Inn, in the county of Middlesex,

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Esq. deceased, proved November 19, 1792.

"It is my express will and desire that I may be buried at Western, in the county of Somerset, if I die there, if not, to be carried down there, (but not in a hearse) nor will I have any parade or coach to attend upon me, but let me be carried in any vehicle, with all the expedition possible to Bath, so as the same does not exceed the sum of £25, and when I arrive there, I direct six poor people of Western do support my corpse to the grave, and that six poor women, and six poor men of Western do attend me to the grave, and that I may be buried at twelve at noon, and each of them to have half-a-guinea: and I hereby order and direct, that a good boiled ham, a dozen fowls, a sirloin of beef, with plum-puddings may be provided at the Crown, in Western, for the said eighteen poor people, besides the clerk and sexton. And I allow five guineas for the same; and I request and hope they will be as merry and cheerful as possible, for I conceive it a mere farce to put on the grimace of weeping, crying, snivelling, and the like, which can answer no good end, either to the living or dead, and which I reprobate in the highest terms."

"CODICIL.

"I desire that after I am buried, there be a cold collation provided at the public house, a sirloin of beef, potatoes, and a fillet of veal, with plenty of good ale, where I hope they will refresh themselves with decency and propriety. No friends or relations whatever to attend my funeral."

JASIER PORTER, late of Little Dean, in the county of Gloucester, but now of Little Britain, London, M. D. deceased, proved 4th February, 1795.

"In consequence of my having been defrauded of my birthright and paternal estate, by the cruel and unnatural Will of my father, in 1779, which was effected by the villany and artifice of my sister, to aggrandize her fortune, and become his executrix, I would stigmatize their memory to the latest posterity, and exhibit a picture of them in full length, that I may deter the vicious from acts of injustice, which disgrace humanity; and assure the world, that the memory of bad actions can only be effaced by public marks of detestation and abhorrence.

"Therefore my Will is, that £10 be deposited in the hands of the Overseers of the parish of Enmore, which they shall distribute equally amongst ten of the elder men, paupers of the said pa-

rish, on the 5th day of November, on condition that they make two effigies, representing a man and a woman, which shall be fixed on two stakes, and a copy of my father's Will shall be affixed thereto, with a label in large characters of these words, 'To expiate the crimes of fraud and perjury, and make some atonement to the manes of the testator, we commit these effigies to the flames, at the request and in commemoration, of our benefactor.'

"The ten poor men shall assemble at the Castle Inn, at Enmore, and walk in slow procession, at the beat of drum, through the village, and carry the above effigies with my father's Will affixed thereto, as far as the great elm, in the cross ways, near the church, where a bonfire shall be provided for the purpose of burning the said effigies.

"The eldest of the ten men, on arriving at the above place, shall commit the said effigies to the flames, and in a solemn and audible voice, first repeat the words above, 'To expiate,' &c.

"After performing this ceremony, the men shall repair to the Castle Inn, to dinner, and there receive the £10 divided among them, agreeable to the words of my Will."

WOMAN.

This knowledge joys the human mind—

Man is not form'd to live alone,
But ever can a bosom find,

Which joys or sorrows with his own :

For what were life debarr'd of thee,

Sweet woman? say, what then were life?

'Tis known by all a dream to be,
A sea with rocks, with tempests rife.

But thou! oh, lovely woman, thou,

Thou art the pilot of that life;

'Tis thy fond love conducts us through,

In youth the mother, and in age the wife.

Then what were life debarr'd of thee,

Sweet woman? say, what then were life?

'Tis only blest when blest with thee!

Without thee, woman, 'tis not life.

H. S.—T.

A TRAVELLING gentleman saw by the side of the road, on a sandy heath, a colony of rats moving in grand divisions, and in the most perfect order, from a dilapidated mill towards a parson's barn. This was not so wonderful; but upon a nearer approach, to his great surprise, he saw, by the help of a good glass, two rats leading their aged parent, who was blind, in the following extraordinary manner:—A long wheat-straw was held in the centre between the gums of the old rat, for he was toothless as well as blind, at the extremities of which each of the sons, marching gently, conducted their sire to the destined spot.

The Draughtsman;

OR,

HINTS ON LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

NO. IV.

DIFFERENT MIXTURES OF COLOURS.

PRUSSIAN blue and raw Terra de Sienna make, perhaps, the best green for the distant parts of a picture. Greens for the middle ground may be composed of gamboge and Prussian blue. Burnt umbre, Prussian blue, and a little of the solution of sap green, make an admirable tint for the verdure of fore-grounds, foliage of fore-ground trees, &c. Indigo and burnt umbre make a good sea-green. Light red and gamboge make an orange tint for the nearer parts; lake, and raw Terra de Sienna, for the distant.

Fore-ground Browns.—Cologne earth, burnt umbre, bistre, and burnt Terra de Sienna, to be used separately for the flat shades. In using one or other of them, join it with a little of the solution of sap-green, as it makes the browns work easier, and gives a brilliancy to them, which they never can produce of themselves.

Solution of Sap Green.—Take an ounce of sap-green, pound it in small pieces, then put them into a two-ounce phial, full of clear water; as soon as it becomes completely dissolved, it may be used in the manner above described.

MASTERS WORTHY OF IMITATION.

By studying nature attentively, you will acquire a style peculiar to yourself. But before you cherish any fixed habit, which may be quite erroneous, and throw you rather behind, than tend to forward you in your pursuit, I would recommend to your attention the etchings of some of the first Dutch landscape painters; they afford the best specimens of rustic scenery in the world. Make choice of Waterloo for your master in grouping trees, and you will never be disappointed of a faithful guide, the more you attach yourself to him, his greatness will increase in proportion. The etchings of this celebrated artist may be met with occasionally at sales. There are several others of equal celebrity; among these, Swanevelt, Both, Roos, Everdingen, Deitrey, Warotter, are entitled to the highest summit of fame—likewise Potter and Berghen as cattle painters. The etchings produced by those masters form the richest repository of design to which the young artist can apply himself. There are several

authors on painting whose works are highly beneficial to young practitioners in the art of design. The following works are esteemed as excellent:—The Discourses of Sir Joshua Reynolds; Treatise on Painting, from the Italian of Leonardo da Vinci; Letter on Landscape Painting, from M. Gessner to M. Fueslin, which is printed along with the Idyls of the same author.

METHOD OF LEAVING OUT THE LIGHTS IN WATER-COLOURED DRAWINGS.

If the lights of your pieces be many and intricate, it becomes rather a laborious task to preserve them broad and clear, although one much in the habit of drawing may find little or no difficulty in it. Many, indeed, spurn the idea of using any assistance that may be deemed mechanical (a sure proof of a genuine and noble imagination), nevertheless, any aid or assistance that can be thrown in the way of the unexperienced painter may not be altogether disregarded.

Liquid for preserving the Light.—

When you have done the outline with the black-lead pencil, take the yolk of a raw egg, mix it with water on your palette to the consistency of any other colour in fluid, after which take your hair-pencil full of it, and stop out all the parts of your drawing you may intend leaving light. This done, you may lay in, after the usual manner, the dead colouring, or gray. When finished with the dead colour, let the dampness evaporate entirely. Take afterwards a crumb of pretty soft bread, and you will find, by applying it in place of Indian rubber, that all the touches done with the egg will fly off, and leave the paper as pure as before you began the drawing. There are other liquids which answer the same purpose, but this is the simplest, and suits the same end in every respect; consequently, it would be tiring your patience to give an account of a parcel of chemical ingredients, which, when compounded in a hundred different shapes, cannot equal, far less surpass, the utility and effect of the simple yolk of a hen's egg.

[The *Draughtsman*, in its present form, being chiefly extracts from an expensive work, will, it is presumed, at this season of the year, be acceptable to many readers of the MIRROR, and particularly to those who are cultivating an art, at once rational and amusing. T. A. C.

. We have some fears that one of our Correspondent's papers has been mislaid; if so, he will inform us, and we will seek for it.—Ed.

VERSES OCCASIONED BY THE THUNDER-STORM.

(For the Mirror.)

Ou! what an awful gloom prevails around!
And gath'ring clouds portend a storm is nigh;
The pelting rain in torrents steep the ground,
And distant thunder echoes through the sky.

Loud, and more loud resound the rapid peals;
What vivid lightnings flash in forked flakes!
Again, a solemn stillness nature chills;
Again, th' electric fluid darkness breaks.

Curtain'd in clouds, the moon conceals her face,
As if she wish'd this dreadful storm to fly;
Heav'n's concave arch presents an empty space,
No radiant stars, alas! illumine the sky.

You murky spot, transpierc'd by vivid flame,
Reflects the lightning to the aching gaze;
Behold, ye Atheists! to your utter shame,
Renounce your errors, and confess His praise.

But see—the gloomy scenes again dispel,
And grateful breezes fan the sultry air;
Let joyful hymns the lofty chorus swell
To him who deigns to make vain man his care!

Though man presume his Maker's works to pry,
The issue mocks his efforts more and more:
Immortal pow'rs, a mortal's thoughts defy,
How can he question, who dare scarce adore
July 15, 1824. JACOBUS.

The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

COCHIN CHINA.

SAIGON.

SAIGON contains 180,000 inhabitants, of whom 10,000 are Chinese. On the declivity, outside the gate, through which the tortuous covered way is cut, were several of the royal elephants grazing, attended by their drivers, who were sitting on their necks; some of these beasts were of immense size, indeed much larger than any I had ever seen in any part of India. The drivers, or rather attendants, of these huge animals, are provided with a small tube of wood, closed at each end, equidistant from which is a round, lateral aperture, into which they blow, and produce a noise similar to blowing into the bung-hole of an empty cask, for the purpose of warning passengers, or others, of their approach, for they seldom give themselves the trouble to turn aside for any small impediment in their path; and it was amusing to see the old women and others in the bazaars, on hearing the approach of an elephant-horn, gather up their wares, and retreat, muttering, to a respectful distance, while the animal was passing to and from the river-side, where they resorted to drink. On passing us they would slacken their pace, and view, with great apparent interest, objects so unusual as our white faces and European

garb presented; nor were we totally divested of some degree of apprehension at first, from the intense gaze and marked attention of these enormous beasts. Indeed, the Onamese appeared to fear some accident might accrue to us from our novel appearance, and advised us to assume the costume of the country, to prevent any accident; which advice we generally hereafter complied with, at which they were always highly gratified, viewing it as a compliment. Nor was this unattended with other advantages, for our dresses were those of civil mandarins of the second order, which gained us greater respect from the populace.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT.

IN the administration of justice, the utmost venality prevails, the case generally turning in favour of the party bribing highest. Murder, which, according to the earlier travellers, was formerly very uncommon in Onam, is now by no means unfrequent. Theft is universal, although capitally punished upon detection. All capital crimes, excepting adultery, are punished by decollation. The culprits are brought into the great bazars, among which (in cases where there are many to suffer, and this is not unfrequent,) they are distributed. Officers on horseback, and foot-soldiers, are arranged as guards round the bazaars: the criminals are placed upon their knees in a row, distant from each other a few paces; and before each, attached to a stake, planted in the earth, is a placard, stating the crimes for which they are respectively to suffer. The executioner prepares with his keen two-handed sword to inflict the *coup de grace*, while his attendant stands before the first malefactor, gathers his long hair in his hands, pulling it with some violence, by which means the neck is distended: the word is given by the chief mandarin: one blow severs the head from the trunk. The executioner immediately proceeds to the next, who is instantly despatched with the same barbarous dexterity, and in this manner they proceed through the whole line. The heads are erected on poles, and they are exposed for a few days, till, by permission, they are taken down by their respective friends.

In cases of adultery, the parties are bound together back to back, and thrown off a bridge into the river. Minor crimes are punished by imprisonment, flagellation, and the caungue. Polygamy and concubinage are universal in Cochin China. Marriage is a verbal contract, made in presence of the respective parents and friends of the parties, and ratified by the exchange of presents: they seldom take

more than three wives, one of which is always paramount; the children of all are, however, equally legitimate. There is no limitation to the number of their concubines, that depending on caprice, and the ability to maintain them. Notwithstanding the severe punishments inflicted on those females who are guilty of a breach of matrimonial fidelity, no opportunities are neglected to evade the laws enacted for its prevention, where there is any reasonable chance of escaping undetected; and among unmarried females, chastity is scarcely considered a virtue.

ANIMAL TRIBES.

IT is difficult to conceive of the abundance of game in Don-nai: deer and antelope are daily in the bazars, and hares occasionally; and this country of rivers is the paradise of aquatic fowls, of various descriptions, while the copes and rice-plantations are filled with birds of graniverous habits. The sportsman may in half an hour fill his game-bag to overflowing. The woods and mountains abound with wild beasts, such as elephants, tigers, rhinoceroses, &c.

These animals are all hunted by the natives; the elephant for his teeth, the tiger for his skin, and the rhinoceros for his horn. Ivory and rhinoceroses' horns are a regal monopoly. Some of these articles were offered us privately, which, to prevent trouble, we refused. The horn of the rhinoceros is formed much like a limpet-shell, but more pointed; at its base it is generally about six inches long, by four inches wide, and protrudes about six or eight inches. There is a shallow concavity occupying the whole base, resembling the limpet also in that respect. To judge of the goodness of a rhinoceros' horn, this concave part is held to the ear, and the greater the noise, resembling that of the waves on the sea-beach, the better the horn. This criterion certainly appears fallacious, if not ridiculous; but the Chinese, who are accustomed to purchase these articles, are always determined by this test. The Onamese speak with great energy of the irresistible strength and amazing velocity of the rhinoceros. They say he moves so rapidly, that it is difficult for the eye to keep pace with him; that no object in his way is any impediment to his rapid career; that he beats down rocks, walls, and large trees with great ease; and that his track can be easily traced by the ruins in his rear. Speaking of this animal one day to the viceroy, he observed, "You now see him here, before you, in Saigon;" and, snapping his fingers, "now he is in Canjeo." However hyperbolic these

accounts appear to be, we may yet infer from them, that the rhinoceros is an animal of astonishing strength and speed. The common tiger of Cochin China is not greatly dreaded, but the royal tiger is a most terrific animal. The governor presented one of the latter to the commander of each ship; they were confined in very strong cages of iron-wood. That which I had was a beautiful female, about two years old, nearly three feet high, and five feet long: her skin is now in the museum of the East India Marine Society at Salem; for, in consequence of losing, by bad weather, the stock of puppies and kids provided for her on the homeward passage, we were obliged to shoot her.

A remarkable anecdote, relative to this animal, I cannot forbear relating. In Saigon, where dogs are "dog-cheap," we used to give the tigress one every day. They were thrown alive into her cage, when, after playing with her victim for awhile, as a cat does with a mouse, her eyes would begin to glisten, and her tail to vibrate, which were the immediate precursors of death to the devoted little prisoner, which was invariably seized by the back of the neck, the incisors of the sanguinary beast perforating the jugular arteries, while she would traverse the cage, which she lashed with her tail, and suck the blood of her prey, which hung suspended from her mouth.

One day a puppy, not at all remarkable, or distinguishable in appearance from the common herd, was thrown in, who immediately, on perceiving his situation, set up a dismal yell, and attacked the tigress with great fury, snapping at her nose, from which he drew some blood. The tigress appeared to be amused with the puny rage of the puppy, and with as good-humoured an expression of countenance as so ferocious an animal could be supposed to assume, she affected to treat it all as play; and sometimes spreading herself at full length on her side, at others, crouching in the manner of the fabled sphynx, she would ward off with her paw the incensed little animal, till he was finally exhausted. She then proceeded to caress him, endeavouring by many little arts to inspire him with confidence, in which she finally succeeded, and in a short time they laid down together and slept. From this time they were inseparable; the tigress appearing to feel for the puppy all the solicitude of a mother, and the dog, in return, treating her with the greatest affection; and a small aperture was left open in the cage, by which he had free ingress and egress. Experiments were subsequently made, by presenting a strange dog at the bars of the

cage, when the tigress would manifest great eagerness to get at it; her adopted child was then thrown in, on which she would eagerly pounce; but immediately discovering the cheat, she would caress it with great tenderness. The natives made several unsuccessful attempts to steal this dog from us.—*White's Cochin China.*

SONG.

Know'st thou the land where the lemon-trees bloom?
Where the gold orange glows in the deep thick-
et's gloom?
Where a wind ever soft from the blue heaven
blows,
And the groves are of laurel and myrtle and
rose?
Know'st thou it?
Thither! O, thither,
My dearest and kindest, with thee would I go.
Know'st thou the house, with its turretted walls,
Where the chambers are glancing, and vast are
the halls?
Where the figures of marble look on me so mild,
As if thinking: "Why thus did they use thee,
poor child?"
Know'st thou it?
Thither! O, thither,
My guide and my guardian, with thee would I go.
Know'st thou the mountain, its cloud-cover'd
arch,
Where the mules among mist o'er the wild tor-
rent march?
In the clefts of it, dragons lie coil'd with their
brood;
The rent crag rushes down and above it the
food.
Know'st thou it?
Thither! O, thither,
Our way leadeth: father! O, come, let us go!
Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship.

MIGNONETTE.

It is not yet an age since this fragrant weed of Egypt first perfumed the European gardens, yet it has so far naturalized itself to our climate as to spring from seeds of its own scattering, and thus convey its delightful odour from the parterre of the prince to the most humble garden of the cottager.

In less than another age we predict (without the aid of Egyptian art) that the children of our peasants will gather this luxurious little plant amongst the wild flowers of our hedge-rows.

The *Reseda Odorata* first found its way to the south of France, where it was welcomed by the name of *Mignonette*, Little-darling, which was found too appropriate for this sweet little flower to be exchanged for any other. By a manuscript note in the library of the late Sir Joseph Banks, it appears that the seed of the *Mignonette* was sent in 1742, by Lord Bateman, from the royal garden at Paris, to Mr. Richard Bateman, at Old Windsor; but we should presume that this seed was not dispersed, and perhaps not cultivated

beyond Mr. Bateman's garden, as we find that Mr. Miller received the seed from Dr. Adrian, Van Royen, of Reyden, and cultivated it in the Botanic Garden at Chelsea, in the year 1752. From Chelsea it soon got into the gardens of the London florists, so as to enable them to supply the metropolis with plants to furnish out the balconies, which is noticed by Cowper, who attained the age of twenty-one in the year that this flower first perfumed the British atmosphere by its fragrance. The author of the *Task* soon afterwards celebrates it as a favourite plant in London.

—"the sashes fronted with a range
Of orange, myrtle, or the fragrant weed."

The odour which this little flower exhales is thought by some, whose olfactories are delicate, to be too powerful for the house; but even those persons, we presume, must be delighted by the fragrance which it throws from the balconies into the streets of London, giving something like a breath of garden air to the "close-pent man," whose avocations will not permit a ramble beyond the squares of the fashionable part of the town. To such it must be a luxurious treat to catch a few ambrosial gales on a summer's evening from the heated pavement, where offensive odours are but too frequently met with, notwithstanding the good regulations for cleansing the streets and the natural cleanliness of the inhabitants in general. We have frequently found the perfume of the *Mignonette* so powerful in some of the better streets of London, that we have considered it sufficient to protect the inhabitants from those effluvia which bring disorders in the air. The perfume of *Mignonette* in the streets of our metropolis reminds us of the fragrance from the roasting of coffee in many parts of Paris, without which some of their streets of business in that city would scarcely be endurable in the rainy season of the year.

Although it is so short a time since the Sweet *Reseda* has been known in Europe, we find that it has crept into the armorial bearings of an illustrious family of Saxony; and, as Cupid does not so frequently bestow honours of heraldry as his father Mars, we cannot avoid relating the romantic tale which introduced this fragrant and modest little flower to the Pursuivant-at-Arms.

The Count of Walstheim was the declared lover and intended spouse of Amelia de Nordbourg, a young lady possessing all the charms necessary for the heroine of a modern novel, excepting that she took delight in creating little jealousies in the breast of her destined husband. As the beautiful Amelia was

an only child of a widowed mother, a female cousin, possessing but few personal charms, and still less fortune, had been brought up with her from infancy as a companion, and as a stimulus to her education. The amiable and humble Charlotte was too insignificant to attract much attention in the circles in which her gay cousin shone with so much splendour, which gave her frequent opportunities of dispensing a part of that instruction she had received on the more humble class of her own sex. Returning from one of these charitable visits, and entering the gay saloon of her aunt, where her entry or exit was now scarcely noticed, she found the party amused in selecting flowers, whilst the Count and the other beaux were to make verses on the choice of each of the ladies. Charlotte was desired to make her selection of a flower; the sprightly Amelia had taken a Rose; others a Carnation, a Lily, or the flowers most likely to call forth compliment; and the delicate idea of Charlotte in selecting the most humble flower, by placing a sprig of *Mignonette* in her bosom, would probably have passed unnoticed, had not the flirtation of her gay cousin with a dashing colonel, who was more celebrated for his conquests in the drawing-room than in the field of battle, attracted the notice of the Count, so as to make his uneasiness visible, which the amiable Charlotte, who, ever studious of Amelia's real happiness, wished to amuse and to call back the mind of her cousin, demanded the verse for the rose. The Count saw this affectionate trait in Charlotte's conduct, took out his pencil and wrote for the Rose,

Elle ne vit qu'un jour, et ne plait qu'un moment,

which he gave to the lovely daughter, at the same time presenting the humble cousin with this line on the *Mignonette*:

Ses qualites surpassent ses charmes.

Amelia's pride was roused, and she retaliated by her attention to the Colonel, and neglect of the Count, which she carried so far as to throw herself into the power of a profligate, who brought her to ruin. The Count transferred his affections from beauty to amiability; and rejoicing in the exchange, and to commemorate the event which had brought about his happiness, and delivered him from a coquette, he added a branch of the Sweet *Reseda* to the ancient arms of his family, with the motto

Your qualities surpass your charms.

Philip's Flora Historica.

SAPPHO'S SONG.

FAREWELL, my lute!—and would that I
Had never wak'd thy burning chords!
Poison has been upon thy sigh,
And fever has breathed in thy words.
Yet wherefore, wherefore should I blame
Thy power, thy spell, my gentlest lute?
I should have been the wretch I am,
Had every chord of thine been mute.

It was my evil star above,
Not my sweet lute, that wrought me wrong;
It was not song that taught me love,
But it was love that taught me song.

If song be past, and hope undone,
And pulse, and head, and heart, are same;
It is thy work, thou faithless one!
But, no!—I will not name thy name!

Sun-god, lute, wreath, are vowed to thee!
Long be their light upon my grave—
My glorious grave—yon deep, blue sea:
I shall sleep calm beneath its wave!

Improvisatrice.

HINDOO GIRL'S SONG.

PLAYFUL and wild as the fire-flies' light,
This moment hidden, the next moment bright;
Like the foam on the dark-green sea,
Is the spell that is laid on my lover by me.
Were your sigh as sweet as the sumbal's sigh,
When the wind of the evening is nigh;
Were your smile like that glorious light,
Seen when the stars gem the deep midnight;
Were that sigh and that smile for ever the same—
They were shadows, not fuel, to love's dull flame.

Love once formed an amulet,
With pearls, and a rainbow, and rose-leaves set.
The pearls were pure as pearls could be,
And white as maiden purity;
The rose had the beauty and breath of soul,
And the rainbow-changes crowned the whole.
Frown on your lover one little while,
Dearer will be the light of your smile;
Let your blush, laugh, and sigh, ever mingle to-
gether,

Like the bloom, sun, and clouds of the sweet
spring weather.
Love never must sleep in security,
Or most calm and cold will his waking be.*

Idid.

* We have often disavowed criticism in the MIRROR; it is, however, due to the accomplished author of these songs to state, that she is a young lady, who, although but just escaped from her teens, displays talents which would do honour to the best poets of the age.—Ed.

SPIRIT OF THE
Public Journals.

LOVE AMONG THE LAW BOOKS.

MRS. CULPEPPER'S "uncle, the Sergeant," of whom reverential mention has been made in one of these immortal epistles, has fallen in love! He felt a slight vertigo in Tavistock-square, of which he took little notice, and set off on the home circuit; but imprudently venturing out with the widow Jackson in a hop-field, at Maidstone, before he was well cured, the complaint struck inward, and a *mollitie cordis* was the consequence. Mr. Sergeant Nethersole had arrived at the age of fifty-six, heart-whole; his testamentary assets were therefore looked upon

by Mrs. Culpepper as the unalienable property of her and hers. Speculations were often launched by Mr. and Mrs. Culpepper as to the quantum. It could not be less than thirty thousand pounds; Bonus, the broker, had hinted as much to the old slopseller in the bow-window of Batson's, while they were eying "the learned in the law" in the act of crossing Cornhill to receive his dividends. Hence may be derived the annual turtle and turbot swallowed by "my uncle, the Sergeant," in Savage-gardens: hence Mrs. Culpepper's high approbation of the preacher at the Temple Church; and hence her horse-laugh at the Sergeant's annually repeated jest about "brother Van and brother Bear." As far as appearances went, Flutus was certainly nearing point Culpepper: Nicholas Nethersole, Esq., Sergeant-at-law, was pretty regularly occupied in the Court of Common Pleas from ten to four. A hasty dinner swallowed at five at the Grecian, enabled him to return to chambers at half-past six, where pleas, rejoinders, demurrers, cases, and consultations, occupied him till ten. All this (not to mention the arrangement with the bar-maid at Nando's) seemed to ensure a walk through this vale of tears in a state of single blessedness. "I have no doubt he will cut up well," said Culpepper to his consort. "I have my eye upon a charming villa in the Clapham Road: when your uncle, the Sergeant, is tucked under a daisy quilt, we'll ruralize: it's a sweet spot: not a stone's throw from the Swan, at Stockwell!" Such were the Alnascar anticipations of Mr. Jonathan Culpepper. But, alas! as Dr. Johnson said some forty years ago, and even then the observation was far from new, "What are the hopes of man." Legacy-hunting, like hunting of another sort, is apt to prostrate its pursuers, and they who wait for dead men's shoes, now and then walk to the churchyard barefooted. Mr. Sergeant Nethersole grew fat and kicked: he took a house in Tavistock-square, and he launched an olive-coloured chariot with iron-grey horses. There is, as I am confidently told, an office in Holborn where good matches are duly registered and assorted. Straightway under the letter N, appears the following entry, "Nethersole, Nicholas, Sergeant-at-law, Tavistock-square, Bachelor, age 59. Income 3,500*l.* Equipage, olive-green chariot, and iron-grey horses.—Temper, talents, morals,—blank!" That numerous herd of old maidens and widows that feeds upon the lean pastures of Guildford-street, Queen-square, and Alfred-place, Tottenham-court-road, was instantly in motion. Here was a jewel

of the first water and magnitude to be set in the crown of Hymen, and the crowd of candidates was commensurate. The Sergeant was at no loss for an evening rubber at whist, and the ratifa cakes which came in with the Madeira at half-past ten, introduced certain jokes about matrimony, evidently intended as earnest of future golden rings.

The poet, Gay, makes his two heroines in the Beggar's Opera, thus chant in duet:

"A curse attends that woman's love
Who always would be pleasing!"

And in all cases where the parties are under thirty, Polly and Lucy are unquestionably right. No young woman can retain her lovers long if she uses them well. She who would have her adorer as faithful as a dog, must treat him like one. But when middle-aged ladies have exceeded forty, and middle-aged gentlemen have travelled beyond fifty, the case assumes a different complexion. The softer sex is then allowed, and, indeed, necessitated to throw off a little of that cruelty which is so deucedly killing at eighteen. What says the Spanish poet?

"Cease, then, fair one, cease to shun me,
Here let all our difference cease;
Half that rigour had undone me,
All that rigour gives me peace."

Accordingly, it may be observed, that women make their advances as Time makes his. At twenty, when the swain approaches to pay his *devoirs*, they exclaim with an air of languid indifference, "Who is he?" At thirty, with a prudent look towards the ways and means, the question is, "What is he?" At forty, much anxiety manifests itself to make the Hymeneal selection, and the query changes itself into "Which is he?" But at the *ultima Thule* of fifty, the ravenous expectant prepares to spring upon any prey, and exclaim, "Where is he?" Be that as it may, the numerous candidates for a seat in Sergeant Nethersole's olive-green chariot, gradually grew tired of the pursuit, and took wing to prey upon some newer benedict. Two only kept the field, Frances Jennings, spinster, and Amelia Jackson, widow; both of whom hovered on the verge of forty. "It appears to me," said Miss Jennings to a particular friend in Bedford-place, "that Mrs. Jackson does not conduct herself with propriety: she is never out of Mr. Nethersole's house, and jangles that old harpsichord of his with her "Love among the Roses," till one's head actually turns giddy."—"I will mention it to you in confidence," said Mrs. Jackson one very same day to another particular friend at the Bazaar, in Soho-square,

"I don't at all approve of Miss Jennings's goings on in Tavistock-square: she actually takes her work there: I caught her in the act of screwing her pin-cushion to the edge of Sergeant Nethersole's mahogany table—what right has she to knit him purses?" The contest of work-table *versus* harpsichord, now grew warm: betting even: Miss Jennings threw in a crimson-purse and the odds were in her favour: the widow, Jackson, sang, "By heaven and earth I love thee," and the crimson purse kicked the beam. The spinster now hemmed half-a-dozen muslin cravats, marked N. N., surmounted with a couple of red hearts: this was a tremendous body blow; but the widow, nothing daunted, drew from under the harpsichord a number of the Irish melodies, and started off at score with "Fly not yet, 'tis now the hour." This settled the battle at the end of the first stanza; and I am glad it did, for really the widow was growing downright indecent.

About this time, Love, tired of his aromatic station, "among the Roses," of all places in the world, began to take up his abode among the dusty law books in the library of Mr. Sergeant Nethersole's chambers. Certain amatory worthies had long slept on the top shelf, affrighted at the black coifs and white wigs of the legal authors who kept "watch and ward" below, in all the dignity of octavo, quarto, and folio. But now, encouraged thereto by the aforesaid Sergeant, they crept from their upper gallery and mixed themselves with the decorous company in the pit and boxes. One Ovidius Naso, with his *Art of Love* in his pocket, presumed to shoulder Mr. Espinasse at Nisi Prius: Tibullus got astride of Mr. Justice Blackstone: Propertius lolled indolently against Bacon's Abridgement, and "the industrious Giles Jacob" could not keep his two quartos together from the assurance of one Waller, who had taken post between them. In short, the Sergeant was in love! Still, however, I am of opinion, that "youth and an excellent constitution," as the novelists have it, would have enabled the patient to struggle with the disease, if it had not been for the incident which I am about to relate.

The home circuit had now commenced, and Sergeant Nethersole had quitted London for Maidstone. Miss Jennings relied with confidence upon the occurrence of nothing particular till the assizes were over, and in that assurance had departed to spend a fortnight with a married sister at Kingaton-upon-Thames. Poor innocent! she little knew what a widow is equal to. No sooner had the Sergeant

departed in his olive-green chariot, drawn by a couple of post-horses, than the widow Jackson, aided by Alice Green, packed her portmanteau, sent for a hackney-coach, and bade the driver adjourn to the Golden-cross, Charing-cross. There was one vacant seat in the Maidstone coach: the widow occupied it at twelve at noon, and between five and six o'clock in the afternoon was quietly dispatching a roasted fowl at the Star-inn, with one eye fixed upon the egg-sauce, and the other upon the Assize Hall opposite. The pretext for this step was double: the first count alleged that her beloved brother lived at Town Malling, a mere step off, and the second averred an eager desire to hear the Sergeant plead. On the evening which followed that of the widow's arrival, the Sergeant happened not to have any consultation to attend; and, what is more remarkable, happened to be above the affectation of pretending that he had. He proposed a walk into the country: the lady consented: they moralized a few minutes upon the *hic jacets* in the churchyard, and thence strolled into the adjoining fields where certain labourers had piled the wooden props of the plant that feeds, or ought to feed, the brewer's vat, in conical (query, comical) shapes, not unlike the spire of the New Church in Langham-place. The rain now began to fall: one of these sloping recipients stood invitingly open to shelter them from the storm: "Speluncam Dido dux et Trojanus." Ah! those pyramidal hop-poles! The widow's brother from Town Malling was serving upon the Grand Jury: his sister's reputation was dear to him as his own: "he'd call him brother, or he'd call him out," and Nicholas Nethersole and Amelia Jackson were joined together in holy matrimony.

The widow Jackson, now Mrs. Nethersole, was a prudent woman, and wished, as the phrase is, to have every body's good word. It was her advice that her husband should write to his niece, Mrs. Culpepper, to acquaint her with what had happened. She had, in fact, drawn up a letter for his signature, in which she tendered several satisfactory apologies for the step, namely, that we are commanded to increase, and multiply: that it is not good for man to be alone: but chiefly that he had met with a woman possessed of every qualification to make the marriage state happy. "Why no, my dear," answered the Sergeant, "with submission to you, (a phrase prophetic of the fact) it has been my rule through life, whenever I had done a wrong or foolish deed (here the lady frowned) never to own it: never to suffer judgment to go by default, and

thus remain 'in mercy,' but boldly to plead a justification. I have a manuscript note of a case in point in which I was concerned. In my youth I mixed largely in the fashionable world, and regularly frequented the Hackney assemblies, carrying my pumps in my pocket. Jack Peters (he is now in Bombay) and myself, went thither, as usual, on a moon-shining Monday, and slept at the Mermaid. The Hackney stage on the following morning was returned *non est inventus*, without giving us notice of set off: the Clapton coach was therefore engaged to hold our bodies in safe custody, and them safely deposit at the Flower-pot, in Bishopsgate-street. Hardly had we sued out our first cup of Souchong, when the Clapton coach stopped at the door. Here was a demurrer! Jack was for striking out the breakfast, and joining issue with the two other inside passengers. But I said no; finish the muffins: take an order for half an hour's time: and then plead a justification! We did so, and then gave the coachman notice to set off, entering the vehicle with a hey-damme sort of aspect, plainly denoting to the two impatient insiders, that if there was any impertinence in their bill, we would strike it out without a reference to the master. The scheme took, and before we reached Saint Leonard's, Shoreditch, egad! they were as supple as a couple of candidates for the India direction. Now that case, my dear, must govern this. Don't say a civil word to the Culpeppers about our marriage: if you do, there will be no end to their remonstrances: leave them to find it out in the Morning Chronicle."

"This is a very awkward affair, Mrs. Culpepper," said the lady's husband, with the Morning Chronicle in his hand. "Awkward!" echoed Mrs. Culpepper, "it's abominable: a nasty fellow; he ought to be ashamed of himself! And as for his wife, she is no better than she should be!"—"That may be," said the husband, "but we must give them a dinner notwithstanding."—"Dinner or no dinner," said the wife, "I'll not laugh any more at that stupid old story of his about brother Van, and brother Bear."—"Then I will," resumed the husband, "for there may, possibly, be no issue of the marriage." Miss Jennings, the outwitted spinster, tired two pair of horses in telling all her friends, from Southampton-street, Bloomsbury, to Cornwall-terrace, in the Regent's-park, how shamefully Mrs. Jackson had behaved. She then drove to the register-office above-mentioned, to transfer her affections to one Mr. Samuel Smithers, another old bachelor barrister, an inseparable crony

of Nethersole's, who, she opined, must now marry from lack of knowing what to do with himself. Alas! she was a day too late: he had that very morning married the vacant bar-raid at Nando's.

When the honey-moon of Mr. Sergeant Nethersole was on the wane,

"My sprits
Popp'd through the key-hole swift as light,"

of his chambers, in order to take a survey of his library. All was once more as it should be. Ovid had quitted Mr. Espinasse, Tibullus and Mr. Justice Blackstone were two, Propertius and Lord Bacon did not speak, and, as for Giles Jacob, Waller desired none of his company. The amatory poets were refitted to their upper-shelf, the honey-moon was over, and love no longer nestled in the Law Books.

New Monthly Magazine.

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE MANKS PEASANTRY

THE Isle of Man, the "fairy land," as Collins terms it, has ever been distinguished for its belief in ancient superstitions. The ceremony of *hunting the wren*, is peculiar to the island. The following account of it is extracted, with some slight variations, from a history, which though well known in some parts of Lancashire, may not perhaps be so to most of our readers.

The ceremony of hunting the wren, is founded on this ancient tradition. A fairy of uncommon beauty once exerted such undue influence over the male population, that she seduced numbers at various times, to follow her footsteps, till by degrees she led them into the sea, where they perished. This barbarous exercise of power had continued so long, that it was feared the island would be exhausted of its defenders. A knight-errand sprung up, who discovered some means of countervailing the charms used by the siren, and even laid a plot for her destruction, which she only escaped at the moment of extreme hazard, by assuming the form of a wren. But though she evaded punishment at that time, a spell was cast upon her, by which she was condemned to reanimate the same form on every succeeding New Year's Day, until she should perish by a human hand. In consequence of this legend, every man and boy in the island (except those who have thrown off the trammels of superstition) devote the hours from the rising to the setting of the sun, on each returning anniversary, to the hope of extirpating the fairy. Woe to the wrens which shew themselves on that fatal day, they are pursued, pelted, fired at, and

destroyed without mercy; their feathers are preserved with religious care; for it is believed, that every one of the relics gathered in the pursuit, is an effectual preservation from shipwreck for the ensuing year, and the fisherman who should venture on his occupation, without such a safeguard, would, by many of the natives, be considered extremely foolhardy.

In the same island, it is still believed that genii and giants inhabit the subterraneous caverns of Rushen Castle; and that the high-minded Countess of Derby, who once resided in Man, and whose vigorous resistance at the siege of Latham House, has immortalized her name, takes her nightly rounds on the walls of the castle. But, perhaps, the most dreaded spectre in the island, is the *Manthé Doog*, or *Black Hound*, which is still thought to be no stranger to Peel Castle. When a garrison was maintained at that fortress, the soldiers were frequently thrown into great consternation by the nocturnal visits of the spectre. One of the soldiers, familiarized at length with its appearance, having raised his courage by spirituous liquors, ventured one night, notwithstanding the opposition of his comrades, to follow the animal to its retreat. But his tamerity proved fatal. He soon returned, speechless and convulsed, and survived his rash attempt no longer than three days.

This tradition above related, will explain the following allusion in Sir W. Scott's *Marmion*.

"But none of all the astonished train,
Were so dismayed as Deloraine;
His blood did freeze, his brain did burn,
'Twas feared his mind would ne'er return:
For he was speechless, ghastly wan!
Like him of whom the story ran,
Who spake the spectre hound in man."

European Magazine.

Scientific Amusements.

No. VI.

A Fountain of Fire—formed by Phosphuretted Hydrogen Gas.

Process.—Put fifteen grains of finely granulated zinc, and six grains of phosphorus, cut in small pieces, (cut this under water), in a glass. Mix, in another glass, a dram by measure of sulphuric acid, with two drachms of water. Now, take the two glasses into a dark room, and there pour the diluted acid over the zinc and phosphorus in the other glass; in a short time, phosphuretted hydrogen gas will be produced, and beautiful jets of bluish flame will dart from all parts of the surface of the liquid, the mixture will be quite luminous, and a quantity of

beautiful luminous smoke will rise in a column from the glass. A fountain of fire is a very apt name for the appearance that is produced. The experiment is very easily performed, and a very beautiful one.

Illustration of the Art of Bleaching.

PUT into a phial of liquid chlorine, strips of linen cloth, dyed of different colours: the colours will be quickly discharged

To show that Chlorine Gas supports Combustion.

1. A CANDLE, previously lighted, when plunged into a jar of it, burns with a red flame, and a copious emission of dense fumes. 2. Charcoal-dust; 3. tin-foil; 4. copper-leaf; 5. powdered antimony; 6. phosphorus; and some other bodies; when dropt in it, *inflame spontaneously*

To make Cinders, or little Wicker-baskets, appear as if they were crystallized.

SATURATE water, kept boiling, with alum; then set the solution in a cool place, suspending in it, by a hair, or fine silk thread, a cinder, a sprig of a plant, or any other trifle; as the solution cools, a beautiful crystallization of the salt takes place upon the cinder, &c. which resemble specimens of mineralogical spars.

The Mineral Chamelion.

WHEN one part of black oxide of manganese and three parts of nitrate of potass, both reduced to powder, and mixed together, are exposed in a crucible to a strong heat for about an hour, or, as long as any gas continues to be disengaged, a compound of highly oxidized manganese and potass, possessed of some very curious properties, is obtained.—*Experiment 1.* A few grains of this compound, put into a wine-glassful of water, produces a green colour; an increase of the quantity changes the colour to a blue; more still to a purple; and a yet farther increase produces a beautiful deep purple.—*Experiment 2.* Put equal quantities of this substance into two separate wine-glasses, and add to the one hot, and to the other cold, water. The hot solution will be of a beautiful green colour; the cold one of a deep purple. By using more glasses, and water more or less in quantity, and at different temperatures, a great variety of colours will be produced in this way from the same substance.

Miscellaneous.

DISINTERESTED BENEVOLENCE.

It has long been a subject of debate among philosophers, if there is in the mind of man a sentiment of *pure benevolence*, determining him to desire the good of others as a *direct object*, without reference to any expectation or advantage to himself.

A circumstance occurred to my knowledge, the other day, which I think is decisive of the question. I was preparing to embark at Gravesend a few Sundays ago, on my return to London, I saw, on the quay, a foreigner with a wife and two children, vainly endeavouring to make themselves understood, when a gentleman who stood near me addressed them, and in a very short time ascertained that the waterman who had brought them on-shore, was attempting to strip them of their few remaining shillings they had left. The Spaniard, for such the stranger was, finding he had met with one who seemed disposed to be his friend, earnestly craved his assistance and advice, he wanted to get to London, where he had friends, but knew not how or where to find them. He stated himself to be a colonel in the Constitutional Army, but that owing to their total defeat, he had been obliged to make his escape, and succeeded with some others in getting to Marseilles, but that such was the nature of their escape, that they had not time to get any thing away but a few clothes and trinkets, which he was obliged to dispose of for subsistence; at the present moment he had nothing but the clothes he was actually wearing, and three five-franc pieces, out of which he had to pay three shillings for his passage to London. Such was the situation of a man who had been struggling against oppression and tyranny, and fighting to support his country's rights, deserted and destitute in a foreign country, with all miseries of the past, and the dread of the future, working on his almost distracted mind; but he had appealed to one who evidently could not bear to see a fellow-creature in distress, and in a manner that does the highest credit to his feelings and his heart, promised, that as far as his means would enable him, he would be his friend, and such, I understand, he proved himself to be—for he immediately took him to a respectable tavern (on landing), and became answerable for his expenses. Next morning he went with him to Mr. Bowring, the Secretary of the Committee,

and got his name inserted on the List of Refugees, entitled to a share of the money raised for their relief; but finding some delay must take place before he could get any pecuniary assistance, and fearing the expenses of an hotel, he settled the account, and took him home till he could find his friends, which he did in the course of the week, and placed him among them. SPECTATOR.

DUFRESNE,—AN ANECDOTE.

DUFRESNE, an excellent French actor, much celebrated for his performance in all the heroic lovers of Voltaire's tragedies, was interrupted in a speech by a gentleman in the pit, who told him, "he spoke too low." "And you, sir," said the actor, "too loud;" the audience immediately took fire; the house was in a tumult, and resented the insolence of the actor, who had presumed to talk to a gentleman so rudely. The police interposed, and the next evening, Dufresne was commanded to acknowledge his fault in a very submissive manner. The actor came forward to make his acknowledgment; the audience attentive to what he was going to say, Dufresne began, "Gentlemen, till now, I never felt the meanness of my condition."—This exordium struck the pit so forcibly, that they would not permit him to proceed, but dismissed him with loud and reiterated applause. They reflected, that notwithstanding Dufresne had rather added to his former affront by what he had said, they did not wish to make him too sensible of the inferior rank he held in life.

THE HERNHOOTER.

A STRIKING INSTANCE OF HONESTY.

IN the last German war, a captain of cavalry was appointed to procure forage: he accordingly went at the head of his troop to a solitary valley, in which the eye perceived nothing but clusters of trees. At last the officer discovered a cottage, and knocking at the door, it was opened by an old Hernhooter, with a white beard. "Father," said the captain, "show me a field where we can procure forage." "I will," replied the old man. He then put himself at their head, and led them out of the valley. After riding about a quarter of an hour, they arrived at a fine field of barley. "Stop," said the officer to his guide, "this is what we want." "Wait a little," replied the old man, and you shall be satisfied." They continued their progress, and at a short distance they found another field of the same grain: when the

barley was cut, and they had mounted their horses, the Captain said to his guide, "Father, you have brought us a great way unnecessarily; the first field was better than this." "True," replied he; "but that field does not belong to me."

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—Wotton.

EPIGRAM.

BELINDA is the sweetest of all singers,
How the piano sounds beneath her fingers,
Sweetly responsive to her lily hand!
Ye gods! and must the grand sonata stop?
It must—
A customer is calling in the shop,
"Miss, I wants a farthing's worth of sand."

DR SOUTH was remarkable in his writings for a humorous vein of satire, which he would indulge even in the pulpit; and preaching a sermon before Charles II. on the vicissitudes of human life, he made the following remark:—"Who that beheld such a beggarly bankrupt fellow as Cromwell first entering the Parliament-house, with a thread-bare coat and greasy hat, perhaps neither of them paid for, could have suspected, that in the space of so few years he should, by the murder of one king, and the banishment of another, ascend the throne?"—Charles was thrown by this sally into a fit of laughter, and turning to Lord Rochester, he said, "Your chaplain must be a bishop; therefore put me in mind of him at the next vacancy."

AT the late Devon Sessions, on a Jury assembled, there were four persons of the names of *Eastcott, Westcott, Northcott, and Southcott*; and the prosecutor's name was *Prescott*.

LINES

In the shop window of Mr. M. Death, baker, Whitmore-row, Hoxton.

SOME say they cannot get good bread,
Because the fam'd Le Man is dead;
But heed them not—your hopes revive—
You'll get good bread while *Death's alive*.
T. H. D.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ANSWERS to our numerous correspondents in our next; in the mean time they have our thanks.

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) and sold by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

The Mirror

OF

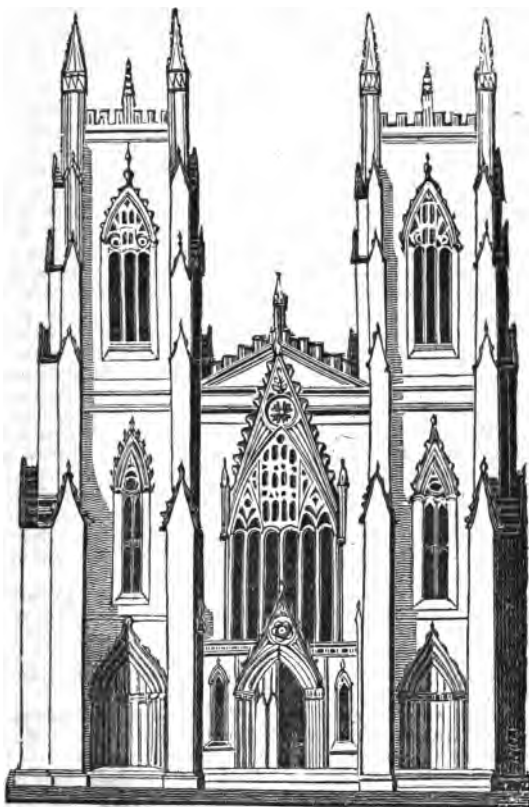
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. XCVIII.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1824.

[Price 2d.]

New Scotch Church for the Rev. E. Irving.



Few individuals have risen to popularity so rapidly as the Rev. Edward Irving. We shall not stop to inquire whether his talents or labours justify the enthusiasm with which he is listened to by a very numerous body in society, or the profusion with which he has dealt out attacks on others have justified the severity with which he has been assailed by a portion of the press. That Mr. Irving is the most popular preacher at this time in London cannot be denied; and his followers have proved that their esteem for him is not confined to words only, for finding that even when the charm of no-

velty was worn off, the chapel in Cross-street, Hatton-garden was still insufficient for Mr. Irving's congregation, they resolved on the erection of another chapel of larger dimensions. For this purpose £7,000 was in a short time subscribed, and a piece of ground purchased on the south side of Sidmouth-street, Brunswick-square, for the sum of £1,500.

Architects were invited to furnish designs, and several were of course sent in to the committee, who finally made choice of one furnished by Mr. Tite, architect. From the nature of the situation only the front of the building can be shown, and

the architect finding that he had only to depend on the effect he could obtain by the height and importance of the front, availed himself of the cathedral-like feature of two towers. Mr. Tite has chosen for his model the west façade of York cathedral, which is allowed to be the finest of its kind in Europe. The principal proportions and features of the new National Scotch Church are also copied from the same admirable model. Of the interior of the new church we cannot speak; but the front, of which we present a correct engraving, it will be seen is calculated to have a very fine effect.

The three doorways form distinct entrances to the galleries and body of the church; the great central window lights a spacious apartment to be used as committee-room and library, connected with the Scotch establishment, and the towers will be arranged as depositories for the archives of the church and presbytery. The central entrance doorway will open into a vestibule, with a groined ceiling, preserving the character of the edifice. The interior of the church will present one uninterrupted area, ceiled in one span, in imitation of the ancient timber ceilings. The light is introduced from fourteen gothic windows, seven on each side, glazed with ground glass. The end wall facing the entrance will be divided into three arched compartments; in the centre one will be placed the pulpit and precentor's desk. The galleries will be supported on iron columns, and open iron girders, pierced with gothic tracery. The pulpit and precentor's desk will be of carved oak, to correspond with the style of the building, in which grandeur and simplicity will be combined in uniform solemnity. The vestry for the minister and other apartments, are at the back of the church, to which there will be a private entrance. The ground underneath will be excavated, and reserved for burial vaults, for which it is said the demand has been already so great, that the managers can sell at almost any price. It is intended hereafter to add schools to these buildings, but this must be the work of future years.

The dimensions of the church are, externally, in breadth, 80 feet, to the outside of the buttresses; in height, to the top of the centre pinnacle, 80 feet,—to the battlements of the towers, 103 feet,—to the top of the pinnacles of the towers, 120 feet; the whole of this front and the towers will be faced with stone. The interior dimensions of the church are, 100 feet by 63 feet; and the height to the centre of the ceiling, 50 feet. It contains sittings in the galleries for 730

persons, and in the body of the church for 1,070,—in all 1,800. But as the whole will be let in pews, it is to be regretted that the poor will be totally excluded.

The laying the foundation stone was fixed for the 1st of July; his royal highness the Duke of Clarence and St. Andrew's had promised to undertake that office, but was prevented by indisposition, and it devolved on the Earl of Breadalbane. When the day arrived Mr. Irving delivered an appropriate discourse at the Caledonian church, Cross-street, Hatton-garden; after which those persons who were connected with the ceremony, proceeded to the spot in regular order.

Arriving at the ground, Mr. Mann, Chairman of the Building Committee, delivered a short address; the Rev. Mr. Manuel offered up a fervent prayer; and the Rev. Mr. Irving, an appropriate address; when Mr. Hamilton, secretary to the General Committee, produced the articles which were to be deposited beneath the stone. These consisted of a *glass plate*, a *bottle*, and a *vase*.

On the *glass plate* was annealed the following passages of Scripture, and the occasion of its being thus lodged in its gloomy recess. 1 Kings, chap. viii. verse 27. "But will God indeed dwell on the earth? Behold the heaven, and the heaven of heavens, cannot contain thee; now much less this house that I have builded?" This was written in the Hebrew character.

The following passage, written in the Greek character, was taken from 1 Peter, chap. ii. verse 6:—"Behold I lay in Sion a chief corner-stone, elect, precious; and he that believeth on him shall not be confounded."

To the above passages was added the following inscription:—"The first stone of this chapel was laid on the 1st of July, 1824, by his royal highness William Henry, Duke of Clarence and St. Andrew's;* Edward Irving, A.M. Minister; William Dinwiddie, Elder; William Tite, Architect."

The *glass bottle*, hermetically sealed, contained an account of the church, the name of the Pastor, Elder, the names of the Finance and General Committees, and a book, on which was written the names of all the subscribers to the day on which the deposit took place.

The *glass vase* contained the following

* When this inscription was placed on the glass, the indisposition of his Royal Highness was not known, nor was his subsequent non-attendance anticipated. It was, however, corrected in the inscription on the trowel, the name of the Royal Duke being omitted, and that of the Earl of Breadalbane substituted in its stead.

coins:—a sovereign, a half-sovereign, a crown, a half-crown, a shilling, a sixpence, a silver fourpence, a silver threepence, a silver twopenny, and a silver penny.

The caskets, and the enclosed memorials, having been exhibited, read, and explained by Mr. Hamilton, were presented by him to the Earl of Breadalbane, who immediately consigned them to their appointed place. This was an excavation made in a stone already prepared for the occasion, and which, when these records were deposited, was covered over by another, to give completion to the security.

This part of the ceremony having been concluded, the stone was lowered down to its final situation, under the inspection and superintendence of his lordship, to whom was presented a silver trowel, bearing the following inscription:—"The first stone of the National Scotch Church, London, was laid on the 1st of July, 1824, by the Earl of Breadalbane; Edward Irving, A. M. Minister; William Dinwiddie, Elder; William Tite, Architect." The stone having reached the place of its destination, his lordship repeated the *formula* of nomination. He then spread some mortar, and, finding the stone was in a proper position, gave it three strokes with a mallet, and pronounced it fixed.

The expense of erecting the new National Scotch Church is estimated at £14,000, and will probably exceed this sum; when completed it will, we trust, be a splendid edifice. In justice to a respectable contemporary we acknowledge that for this account we have been largely indebted to the *Imperial Magazine*, from which our *Memoir of Mr. Smith, the Missionary*, in a former number, was also derived.

HISTORY OF LOGARITHMS.

(For the Mirror.)

"*Quæta Triponas habet, satagit quæ doctæ
Mathesis,
Ite aperit clausum quoquid olympus habet.*"

LOGARITHMS are a scale of artificial numbers, arranged in arithmetical progression, to correspond with other natural numbers in geometrical progression; by which means multiplication and division are performed by addition and subtraction, the extraction of roots by dividing by the index of their power, &c. They afford wonderful facility in laborious calculations; and by their extensive and various uses in almost every branch of the Mathematics, reflect immortal honour upon the inventor.—By them, numbers

almost infinite, and such operations as would otherwise be nearly impracticable, are managed with ease and expedition;—by their means, instructed in plain and spherical trigonometry, and aided by his compass, the mariner boldly

Flows his way
Through rocks amid' the foaming sea;
And leaving his dear, native shores behind,
Considers his life to the capricious wind;
He, unappall'd when threatening tempest raves,
(Triumphant o'er a thousand gaping graves,
Steers his wing'd bark, and shifts the ready sails,
Conquers the flood, and manages the gales!"

By Logarithms, the geometrician investigates the nature and properties of curves;—the astronomer determines the situation, distances, and periodical return of "countless worlds;"—the philosopher accounts for several of the grand phenomena of nature;—the greedy usurer computes the interest of his dirty pelf;—and the mere arithmetician resolves many tedious computations with great facility. In a word, the numerous inestimable advantages derived from them are too well appreciated to require panegyric; and the reader will be probably more pleased with a short history of this invention, than by any needless disquisition, either upon its merits or utility.

In many of the most valuable sciences, it has commonly happened that their origin is involved in doubt, and posterity are often totally ignorant to whose genius they stand indebted for this or that grand improvement. Not so, however, with our present subject; for, as it has been already said in "The History of Arithmetic" (vide MIRROR 84), we unquestionably owe the invention of Logarithms to Lord Napier, in or about the year 1600, though his plan was not matured for publication till 1614. His invention was very possibly suggested by a careful consideration of the coherence between numbers in arithmetical and geometrical progression; wherein it is manifest, that as a rank of numbers in the former increases or diminishes by an equal ratio in addition or subtraction, so the latter (in like manner) is augmented or diminished, equally, by multiplication or division.—as in the following example, where the first rank increases regularly by the multiplier 10; the second, in arithmetical proportion, by the addition of a unit—thereby forming indices or exponents to the former.

Geometrical—1, 10, 100, 1,000, 10,000, 100,000
Arithmetical—0, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5

So that for the foundation of his tables Napier considered the *lower* of the above series as Logarithms correspondent to the upper: thus the Logarithms of

1	would be 0
10	- - - 1
100	- - - 2
1,000	- - - 3
10,000	- - - 4
100,000	- - - 5, &c.

which accords with the tables now in use. Having proceeded thus far, his next business would be to find Logarithms for the intermediate numbers—that is, between 1 and 10, 10 and 100, 100 and 1,000, &c. This was an operation of some difficulty, and was moreover extremely laborious; since, for want of easier methods, which later mathematicians have discovered, to find a Logarithm for ten places must have cost him the tedious process of nearly 50 extractions of root out of root, and 25 bisections; besides some laborious multiplications and proportional statements, to find a mean between the greater and less, and yet as approximate to the latter as possible.

We cannot but admire the indefatigable ability thus devoted to the completion of his project; though to have finished a table of Logarithms entirely in this way would have, perhaps, required almost a century;—but a little consideration must have taught him a shorter method, when he had obtained the Logarithms of most prime numbers. Thus, as $3 \times 2 = 6$, it is evident, that the log. of 3 added to log. of 2 would be equal to the log of 6;—and again, as 10, divided by $2 = 5$, so the log. of 10 less the log. of $2 = \text{log of } 5$, &c.

Lord Napier having in this way constructed a canon of Logarithms, published the same at Edinburgh, 1614, which was most gratefully received by the mathematical world, and the loudest encomiums passed on his labours. He, however, subsequently invented a more commodious form, which he communicated to Mr. Henry Briggs, Geometry Professor at Oxford University, and solicited his assistance in making the necessary calculations; but his lordship's death (probably occasioned by ardent study) devolved the whole upon Briggs, who, with prodigious application and uncommon dexterity, compressed a logarithmic canon agreeably to that new form, from 1 to 20,000, and also from 90,000 to 101,000; for all which numbers he calculated the Logarithms to 14 places; and after a tedious task of nine years, published his work in London, 1624.

Briggs' Tables were reprinted at Gouda, in Holland, 1628, under the superintendance of Adrian Vlacq, a Dutch mathematician, who also computed the intermediate chiliads omitted by Briggs, but carried them only to 10 places. Briggs also partly computed the Logarithms of sines

and tangents of every degree, and the hundredth parts of a degree, to 15 places; and subjoined thereto the natural sines, secants, and tangents themselves (also to 15 places); but, like Napier, he impaired his health, and fell a victim to such continual application. His papers were, after his decease, completed, edited, and published, by Henry Gellibrand, at London, 1633, under the title of "Trigonometria Britannica."

Shortly afterwards, several editions of these tables were printed in different parts of Europe, better arranged for portability and convenient reference than any former impressions. These, with some further improvements, first suggested by Nicholas Roe, of Suffolk, were followed by Sherwin, in his mathematical tables (London, 1705), from which those now in general use are mostly taken, though continued but to seven places, as being sufficiently accurate for common purposes.

The subject has employed the talents of many eminent men, and various rules have been given for constructing tables of Logarithms with more facility than was practised by Napier or Briggs; but they are too diffuse to be here given. The reader may consult with much advantage on these points—Sir Isaac Newton, Mercator, Gunter, Gregory, Dr. Wallis, some papers in the "Philosophical Transactions," by Dr. Halley, Keill, Ronayne, Ward, Oughtred, Norwood, and Leyburn; and among later authors, Dr. Hutton, Mr. Bonnycastle, and Mr. Keith.

It is, perhaps, also right to mention an ingenious scheme by a Mr. Long, who invented a scale of numbers that may be printed on a *moderate-sized card*!—(yet answering for most ordinary cases every purpose of a bulky set of tables), which, by an operation or two in division, finds the logarithm of any number, and the natural number answering to any logarithm by multiplication.

Aug. 1824.

JACOBUS.

AMERICAN PECULIARITIES

(For the Mirror.)

OF all the various courses by which information, at the present day, may be obtained, as to the habits and customs of civilized nations, the readiest, perhaps would be the reading of their newspapers. Newspapers in the United States are numerous. Being subject to no stamp-duty and at little charge for obtaining information, a small capital, at any time, suffices to establish a new journal; and the number of advertisements (for every body in America advertises) affords a quick and

tolerably certain return. The price of paper (as may be supposed), under such circumstances, is low. Daily papers are supplied to subscribers for, upon the average, ten dollars a-year (about two-pence a paper), and, in some instances, cheaper. The advertisements are the first objects which attract attention in an American paper, not merely, though that would be some reason, because they occupy the whole front, but because there is a distinct *drawing or picture* attached to most of them. We have a remnant of this style left in England; but it is only a remnant. In an American paper, however, almost every description of advertisement is distinguished by its appropriate symbol or device. If a horse is to be sold, *there he is*, ready saddled and bridled; if a run-away negro is cried down, *you have the rogue*, at full gallop, bundle and all; a quack-doctor cannot talk without a bottle of medicine in his hand; the tooth-drawer, in his notice, parades the *prize stump* of all the world; no tailor would be listened to who did not exhibit his gentleman full dressed; and a dancing-master gives, in full-length figures, the whole detail of a quadrille. But a few short extracts, taken as they present themselves, will give a better notion than description can, of the style of our Yankee brethren. The American trader speaks his mind freely, and treats his customers now and then with moral illustration, as well as fact. For example:

"George Ott respectfully informs his customers and friends in general, that his bake-house is in full operation, and that he is always prepared to supply them with loaf-bread, crackers, pilot-bread, fresh rusk, &c. &c."

This would be, so far, all in order with us.

"On his part nothing shall be left undone to give complete satisfaction to his customers, and in return he expects them to *pay punctually* when their bills are presented. Experience having taught him, that a disorderly soldier in the ranks, and a bad waymaster in a baker's list of customers, are the most troublesome characters a man can have any thing to do with, he requests those who do not calculate on paying promptly, to *oblige him so far as to give their custom to a more accommodating baker.*

"Being anxious to take a journey for the benefit of his health, which is much impaired, those indebted to him would oblige him very much by making immediate payment; and he requests those who may have claims against him to call and receive their money."

This would not be quite so regular.

The next gentleman that speaks is a wag in his way:—

"Cheap Saddlery.—The subscriber finds by experience, that keeping his shop will not keep him, according to the old maxim. For some time past his expenses have been greater than his income, consequently he has concluded to pursue some other business as soon as he can sell off his stock of saddles, harness, &c.; and from this time forward, every article of saddlery will be sold by him at prime cost, and such as are faded at a less price, for cash. Robert Chapman."

The literary advertisements of America relate chiefly to English publications. Byron and the Waverley novelist flame in every paper:—

"Pleasure and Profit.—Just published, the *Bad Wife's Looking-Glass*, or *History of a beautiful Carolina Lady*, who, from not resisting the devil, in the case of an unfortunate row with her husband, was tempted to murder him, which she actually did in his sleep, under circumstances *singularly interesting*. The argument of this moral looking-glass is to convince all, but chiefly the married, that it is much easier, especially for them, to go to paradise than to purgatory; also, that to get husbands and wives, and to keep them lovers, are very different things; and that, while beauty and shew will soon grow old, the tender assiduities of conjugal love are charms that will last for ever. For sale at J. R. Shenck's, book store, No. 23, Broad-street, price 25 cents."

Again—

"Important Advice to Married Women; containing *infallible means* for securing the affections of their husbands, and preserving domestic harmony. *By a Lady of high distinction.*"

"Salt Water Bathing.—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that his bath-houses at Colly's Bridge have been fitted up in the most comfortable manner, and are ready for the reception of company. He has reduced the price of bathing to 12½ cents. *to those persons who bring their own towels.* Wm. D. Roberts."

One advertiser commences business in a line not yet started upon in England:—

"Thomas Wilson has opened his office as *Justice of Peace*, at 262, North Second-street."

Another applicant desires "a *capable* girl to do household work;" and a fifth has a quantity of soap to dispose of "upon *pleasing* terms."

A-propos to our *capable* girl. Servants in the United States are important and very independent personages. Where one man (or woman) advertises for em-

ployment, twenty masters advertise for hands. Those who do happen to want a situation, too, speak in a sufficiently high tone.

"Wants a situation as wet nurse, a widow lady, with a fresh breast of milk, who can be well recommended." Would hardly do in London.

In another place a gentleman applies for a cook, and "would prefer one without small children."

A register-office keeper, who advertises that he has "a most excellent wet nurse on hand," adds, "families supplied by the month, at 25 cents per month."

Invitations to funerals are given by advertisement, and the notice appears among the deaths:—

"Died this morning, in the 92nd year of her age, Mrs. Jane Wendover. The relations and friends of the family are requested to attend her funeral to-morrow afternoon, at 5 o'clock, without further invitation. Carriages will be in waiting at St. Paul's church."

Query.—Could not large parties be invited (to routs, &c.) in England by advertisement? It would save a great deal of trouble, to footmen especially.

Notices are very frequent of swindlers, and especially of gentlemen who have married ladies, and run away from them. The paragraph in such cases is commonly headed with a drawing of the flying offender, or at least with the words in large capitals—"Stop a villain!" The Observer rejoices in the apprehension of one of these characters:—

"We understand that Dr. Hamilton, who married and deserted one young lady in Vermont, and another in New Jersey, and a description of whom was given in our paper a few days since, has been arrested in Reading, Pennsylvania, where he had engaged himself as a journeyman shoe-maker, with a view to raise means to obtain a third wife."

The next is a case of peculiarly rapacious abduction:—

"Fifty dollars reward will be given for apprehending J. B. Davidson, who took off from my house, on the night of the 7th of August, my wife Ann Talbert, bed and bedding.—Wilson Talbert, jun."

Some Yankee knaves are ingenious, too, in their delinquency:—

"The thieves have of late hit upon a novel mode of deception, while engaged in the work of depredation. When picking a lock in the night, they conceal the sound of their operations by imitating the cry of cats!"—*Southern Patriot*.

A great mass of "verbiage" on various subjects, and stories about the sea serpent, witty articles about fashions, and in-

stances of fascination by rattle-snakes, are too lengthy to be meddled with in the way of selection. Law proceedings are very little given; police details still less; dramatic or literary notices scarcely at all; commerce and its "appliances" form the staple of the paper. Business, in one form or other, appears in almost every line. The first impression of the foreign reader is, that little of *bagatelle* is stirring in America; the second, that the people have something else to do than to attend to it.

Hull, June, 1824.

T. A. C.

(For the Mirror.)

LINES

On a young gentleman, who in the space of four years (and as yet under fifteen,) has not only obtained several prizes, but taken an exalted seat in one of the first schools in the metropolis.

ANOTHER form, and that the seventh class, Brave, my boy! thy studies Angus well! Go on, bright youth, and as the hours pass, Like Newton, triumph! and like Locke, excel!

And yet, so young, so rapidly, to rise! Where some leave off, thy classic lore began: Indeed thou art what won't admit disguise, In years, a boy,—in intellect, a man!

UTORIA.

* Master T. G*****d, whose scholastic gains are set off by a diffidence in making them known, not at all times found attached even to adults in the learned world.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE OF BLOOMFIELD.

ABOUT the second year of Bloomfield's residence at Sheffield in Bedfordshire, he was one day (as is the unrestricted custom of every boy in the town) angling in the river Ivel, when he perceived in the road at a furlong's distance, two persons on horseback, one of whom came galloping down the field to him, and with all the insolence of a pampered menial, inquired, "Do you know that you are trespassing? this river belongs to Lord On—l—y, and he has sent me to order you off." The poet immediately began packing up his tackle, but before he could finish, down comes his lordship himself, and inquiring the poet's name, repeats the message in *propria persona*: the poet hastened his departure, and never again, although very fond of angling, trespassed by dipping a hair in that river. Bloomfield's feelings, at all times of the most sensitive quality, were much affected by the rebuke of this Baucis lord; he went home and wrote him an apology for standing on a common and angling in a paltry stream which the inhabitants of

Shefford have been from time immemorial accustomed to fish in with impunity; with this apology the matter ended. The whole business was duly appreciated by the poet's neighbours, and the following epigram, written on the occasion, may perhaps serve to perpetuate it :

EPIGRAM.

THE POET ANGLING.

As Giles stood patient, angling by a stream,
Lo ! a gaunt presence the meek poet aw'd !
The better fish would'nt bite, roach, dace, and
bream,
Gudgeons were shy—he only caught a lord !

The Topographer.

No. II.

BRIDEWELL.

NEAR the west side of Fleet Ditch was a well dedicated to St. Bride, or St. Bridget. It was this that gave name to the parish church situated in Bride's-lane, and also to the ancient palace of Bridewell, which was the residence of several of our Kings from the time of King John, whose palace it was. In 1087, it was the remains of an ancient castle, and William the Conqueror had its choicest materials collected and gave them towards the re-building of St. Paul's Cathedral, which had been destroyed by fire. Henry VIII. re-built Bridewell palace, in the space of six weeks, in a most magnificent manner, for the reception of the Emperor Charles V. who visited England in 1522. The King himself often lodged at this palace, particularly in 1529, when the question of his divorce from Catharine of Arragon was in agitation.

The palace fell afterwards into decay, and was begged by the pious Ridley from Edward VI. to be converted to some charitable purpose. A house of correction was determined on for vagabonds of each sex and every denomination; and, it is also, the place for disobedient and idle apprentices. Bridewell, however, is not only a prison for the dissolute, but it is also an hospital for the education of industrious youth. Here twenty arts-masters, as they are called, consisting of decayed tradesmen, such as shoe-makers, tailors, flax-dressers, and weavers, have houses, where they receive apprentices who are instructed in their several trades, the master receiving the profits of their labour. And after the boys have served their time with credit, they are allowed ten pounds to begin the world with, and are also entitled to the freedom of the city. Their uniform is blue, with a white hat.

THE FLEET PRISON.

THIS prison for debtors was founded in the reign of Richard I. surnamed *Cœur de Lion*, and was then also made the place of confinement for such as had incurred the displeasure of the Star Chamber. This prison, in the year 1729, became such a scene of cruelty, that a benevolent set of gentlemen, the prototypes of the great Howard, formed themselves into a committee, to search into the horrors of the place; and found that the Warden and his turnkey had exercised against the unhappy prisoners the most shocking atrocities. The monsters were tried for the murder of five miserable men, who had expired victims of their unfeeling barbarity. Yet, notwithstanding the prosecution was recommended from the throne, and conducted by the most able lawyers, to the concern of every good and feeling mind, these miscreants escaped their well merited punishment.

Here, before that security to the young and thoughtless female of fortune, the marriage act took place, used to be written up, "Marriages performed within." And a dirty profligate figure of a parson called out to every gentleman who walked by in company with a lady, "Sir, will you be pleased to walk in and be married?" Many, indeed, were the ruinous marriages performed in this way. It appears by a parliamentary inquiry, that, from the 19th of October, 1704, to the 12th of February, 1705, 2,954 marriages were celebrated in this way in the Fleet.—See MIRROR, Nos. 94 and 97.

BELL SAVAGE INN.

THIS inn is very ancient; and continues an inn to this day. Various have been the reports relative to the derivation of this sign. Stowe, on whom we most build our authority, because he is the most ancient historian and surveyor of London, and also lived so near the time when these places were founded, must have had many oral informations respecting their rise and derivation. He affirms that it took its name from one Isabella Savage, who bestowed the house on a company of cutlers. The painter of the sign, however, gave it a very curious origin, by placing a savage man standing beside a bell. Addison, in his *Spectator*, vol. 1. No. 28, says it took its name from an old French romance, entitled *La Belle Sauvage*, a very beautiful woman, found by some travellers in a wilderness in a savage state. I should rather give the preference to Stowe's account; because this romance was not published before the inn was founded and given to the Cutler's Company.

KING'S BENCH PRISON.

THIS prison is of great antiquity : to this prison Henry V. when Prince of Wales, was committed by that spirited and upright judge, Gascoyne, for striking and insulting him on the bench.

Select Biography.

No. XIV.

PROFESSOR PORSON, M. A.

GREEK PROFESSOR, CAMBRIDGE.

(For the Mirror.)

THE union of a powerful natural genius, with acquirements zealously and arduously obtained, produced the very eminent character whose name stands as the subject of this memoir. Possessed of a genius powerful in judgment, and in its operations developing an acuteness, clearness, and particularly in the most difficult trials of critical skill—a depth of thought—unequaled and sovereign in its majesty of power. “In Greek,” says one of his biographers, “we have no hesitation in pronouncing him the very first; not merely of his own age, but of every other.” It suggests a somewhat interesting inquiry when we consider that to birth or fortune Porson owes nothing. That a mere stripling, without example, without bias, unaided by the influence of any literary authority or exertion should so early throw himself into the mazes of speculative sophistries and controversies, and give up his soul to the dry and laborious pursuits of ancient literature, seems most incompatible with the general dispositions, and irreconcilable with the usual habits of mankind.

Richard Porson, was born December 25, 1759, at East Ruston, in the county of Norfolk, a picturesque hamlet, distant but one mile from the borders of the German Ocean. His father, Mr. Huggin Porson, was parish-clerk of this humble village, and from him Richard was first initiated in his letters. Until the age of fifteen he was placed at a school under the care of a Mr. Summers, where he gave such convincing proofs of his rising talents, as excited the utmost astonishment. His clearness and extraordinary acuteness in the art of arithmetic were most remarkable, and he was so skilful in the exercise of his pen, that no competitors could surpass him in the beauty and elegance of his characters. Aided by a powerful and retentive memory, he was equally successful in mastering the first

difficulties attendant upon a research in the lower ranks of classical learning, at this tender age, and enjoyed the proud honours of bearing off all the Latin, mathematical, and Grecian prizes, *cum multis aliis*.

The period was now arrived when he must quit his native spot, and enter upon a wider and more dangerous field of enterprise. Porson's disposition was of a romantic and somewhat daring nature; and, unfortunately, in after life, their impressions too frequently betrayed him into loose, irregular and voluptuous habits. It was natural, therefore, that a youth of fifteen, sanguine, hopeful, and aspiring, should view the prospect before him with no small interest of heart and calculation. How happily has one of our eminent poets anticipated his frame of mind at this period in the following lines:—

“As yet he was a stranger to all strife,
Save that which nature makes, and that to him
Was the soul's harmony, the spirit's life:—
The prospect of the world was distant—dim,—
And yet he deem'd it bright; but that wild
whim,
Which in young hearts doth bear the name of
Hope
Filled up his cup of error to the brim:—
He panted for the world,—and down the slope
Tow'rd's it he fain would bound like the slim
antelope.”

Through the kind liberality and interest of Mr. Morris, of Grosvenor-square, Porson was placed at Eton; and there he made so rapid an advancement in the various branches of learning as to ensure him a character, the fame of which reached Cambridge long before any steps were taken for his entrance to one of the Colleges.

In 1777, he was entered of Trinity College, and here his combined talents and vast powers of intellect, his rapid rise and progress, astonished the minds of the most competent judges. In 1781, he was elected Fellow of the College, as his great endowments had made him an honour to the society in which he had entered; and in 1785, he took his degree of Master of Arts. According to the statutes of the College, he was obliged either to enter into holy orders, or surrender his fellowship, but long before the period arrived when these statutes would operate, he had resolved to resign his fellowship, from some scruples respecting subscription to the thirty-nine articles. His fellowship accordingly ceased in 1791; but, in 1793, he was chosen Greek Professor, by a unanimous vote of the seven electors. The distinction of this appointment was grateful to him; and it was his first design to have given an annual course of lectures, but from this he appears to have been diverted by various circumstances.

In the mean time he became a frequent contributor to some literary journals, and in all his essays displayed a critical acumen, a plenitude of knowledge, and a force of reasoning and wit, which are rarely found in one man. Before he had been known many years to the public by these occasional effusions, Porson was universally acknowledged to be the first Greek scholar of his time. He wished to have edited *Æschylus*, but did not meet with that encouragement which he had anticipated: he edited, however, a few Greek plays, and assisted in the London edition of Heyne's *Virgil* and the *Grenville Homer*. More he was expected to have done, and more he might have done with surpassing talent; but Porson neglected his great endowments, and suffered coarse, unamiable and loathsome habits to cloud the bright meridian of his glory. He was careless and indifferent of himself, and disregarded the grand precept—

“Principis est virtus maxima nosse suos.”

He wanted regularity of conduct; what he did was by fits and starts, on which no dependance could be placed. But these are errors, alas! too commonly attached to great minds. Yet they are stains which are soon forgotten and forgiven. Their characters are developed in their works, and if *there* they offend—they offend beyond retribution; but if the ascetic influence of their passions involve them in practical impurities only, then the dart rebounds, and wounds but the soul of the author of them.

Porson's manuscript notes on various classical authors, (now in the library of Trinity College) of which a volume has been published, are the most valuable of his works, and are sufficient to raise the highest esteem for his talents, and regret that he profited so little by them; for Porson's extraordinary acuteness, his solidity of judgment, his intense application, and stupendous memory, made him, what the world seldom sees, a complete critic, in the most honourable and esteemed sense of that appellation.

When the London Institution was established, Professor Porson was selected to fill the office of principal librarian. He did honour to his office, although he derived little from it. It was, however, ample provision for a man in whose eyes money had so little value. He died of an asthmatic disorder at his rooms in the Institution, September 25, 1808, in the forty-ninth year of his age. His remains were interred in the ante-chapel of Trinity College, where an elegant monument is erected to his memory.

Of his relations, the only survivor is a sister, a most amiable and accomplished woman, the wife of Siday Hawes, Esq. of Coltishall, Norfolk. M. N.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

ROBERT BURNS AND LORD BYRON.

I HAVE seen Robert Burns laid in his grave, and I have seen George Gordon Byron borne to his; of both I wish to speak and my words shall be spoken with honesty and freedom. They were great, though not equal heirs of fame; the fortunes of their birth were widely dissimilar; yet in their passions and in their genius they approached to a closer resemblance; their careers were short and glorious, and they both perished in the summer of life, and in all the splendour of a reputation more likely to increase than diminish. One was a peasant, and the other was a peer; but Nature is a great leveller, and makes amends for the injuries of fortune by the richness of her benefactions; the genius of Burns raised him to a level with the nobles of the land; by nature; if not by birth, he was the peer of Byron. I knew one, and I have seen both; I have hearkened to words from their lips, and admired the labours of their pens, and I am now, and likely to remain, under the influence of their magic songs. They rose by the force of their genius, and they fell by the strength of their passions; one wrote from a love, and the other from a scorn, of mankind; and they both sang of the emotions of their own hearts with a vehemence and an originality which few have equalled, and none surely have surpassed. But it is less my wish to draw the characters of those extraordinary men than to write what I remember of them; and I will say nothing that I know not to be true, and little but what I saw myself.

The first time I ever saw Burns was in Nithsdale. I was then a child, but his looks and his voice cannot well be forgotten; and while I write this I behold him as distinctly as I did when I stood at my father's knee, and heard the bard repeat his *Tam O'Shanter*. He was tall and of a manly make, his brow broad and high, and his voice varied with the character of his inimitable tale; yet through all its variations it was melody itself. He was of great personal strength, and proud too of displaying it; and I have seen him lift a load with ease, which

few ordinary men would have willingly undertaken.

The first time I ever saw Byron was in the House of Lords, soon after the publication of *Childe Harold*. He stood up in his place on the opposition side, and made a speech on the subject of Catholic freedom. His voice was low, and I heard him but by fits, and when I say he was witty and sarcastic, I judge as much from the involuntary mirth of the benches as from what I heard with my own ears. His voice had not the full and manly melody of the voice of Burns; nor had he equal vigour of frame, nor the same open expanse of forehead. But his face was finely formed, and was impressed with a more delicate vigour than that of the peasant poet. He had a singular conformation of ear, the lower lobe, instead of being pendulous, grew down and united itself to the cheek, and resembled no other ear I ever saw, save that of the Duke of Wellington. His bust by Thorvaldson is feeble and mean; the painting of Phillips is more noble and much more like. Of Burns I have never seen aught but a very uninspired resemblance—and I regret it the more, because he had a look worthy of the happiest effort of art—a look beaming with poetry and eloquence.

The last time I saw Burns in life was on his return from the Brow-well of Solway; he had been ailing all spring, and summer had come without bringing health with it; he had gone away very ill, and he returned worse. He was brought back, I think, in a covered spring cart, and when he alighted at the foot of the street in which he lived, he could scarce stand upright. He reached his own door with difficulty. He stooped much, and there was a visible change in his looks. Some may think it not unimportant to know, that he was at that time dressed in a blue coat with the undress nankeen pantaloons of the volunteers, and that his neck, which was inclining to be short, caused his hat to turn up behind, in the manner of the shovel hats of the Episcopal clergy. Truth obliges me to add, that he was not fastidious about his dress: and that an officer, curious in the personal appearance and equipments of his company, might have questioned the military nicety of the poet's clothes and arms. But his colonel was a maker of rhyme, and the poet had to display more charity for his commander's verse than the other had to exercise when he inspected the clothing and arms of the careless bard.

From the day of his return home, till the hour of his untimely death, Dumfries was like a besieged place. It was known

he was dying, and the anxiety, not of the rich and the learned only, but of the mechanics and peasants, exceeded all belief. Wherever two or three people stood together, their talk was of Burns and of him alone; they spoke of his history—of his person—of his works—of his family—of his fame, and of his untimely and approaching fate, with a warmth and an enthusiasm which will ever endear Dumfries to my remembrance. All that he said or was saying—the opinions of the physicians (and Maxwell was a kind and a skilful one), were eagerly caught up and reported from street to street, and from house to house.

His good humour was unruffled, and his wit never forsook him. He looked to one of his fellow volunteers with a smile, as he stood by the bed side with his eyes wet, and said, "John, don't let the awkward squad fire over me." He was aware that death was dealing with him; he asked a lady who visited him, more in sincerity than in mirth, what commands she had for the other world—he repressed with a smile the hopes of his friends, and told them he had lived long enough. As his life drew near a close, the eager yet decorous solicitude of his fellow-townsmen increased. He was an exciseman it is true—a name odious, from many associations, to his countrymen—but he did his duty meekly and kindly, and repressed rather than encouraged the desire of some of his companions to push the law with severity; he was, therefore, much beloved, and the passion of the Scotch for poetry, made them regard him as little lower than a spirit inspired. It is the practice of the young men of Dumfries to meet in the streets during the hours of remission from labour, and by these means I had an opportunity of witnessing the general solicitude of all ranks and of all ages. His differences with them in some important points of human speculation and religious hope were forgotten and forgiven; they thought only of his genius—of the delight his compositions had diffused—and they talked of him with the same awe as of some departing spirit, whose voice was to gladden them no more. His last moments have never been described; he had laid his head quietly on the pillow awaiting dissolution, when his attendant reminded him of his medicine and held the cup to his lip. He started suddenly up, drained the cup at a gulp, threw his hands before him like a man about to swim, and sprang from head to foot of the bed—fell with his face down, and expired with a groan.

Of the dying moments of Byron we

have no minute nor very distinct account. He perished in a foreign land, among barbarians or aliens, and he seems to have been without the aid of a determined physician, whose firmness or persuasion might have vanquished his obstinacy. His aversion to bleeding was an infirmity which he shared with many better regulated minds; for it is no uncommon belief that the first touch of the lancet will charm away the approach of death, and those who believe this are willing to reserve so decisive a spell for a more momentous occasion. He had parted with his native land in no ordinary bitterness of spirit; and his domestic infelicity had rendered his future peace of mind hopeless—this was aggravated from time to time by the tales or the intrusion of travellers, by reports injurious to his character, and by the eager and vulgar avidity with which idle stories were circulated, which exhibited him in weakness or in folly. But there is every reason to believe, that long before his untimely death, his native land was as bright as ever in his fancy, and that his anger conceived against the many for the sins of the few had subsided or was subsiding. Of Scotland, and of his Scottish origin, he has boasted in more than one place of his poetry; he is proud to remember the land of his mother, and to sing that he is half a Scot by birth, and a whole one in his heart. Of his great rival in popularity, Sir Walter Scott, he speaks with kindness; and the compliment he has paid him has been earned by the unchangeable admiration of the other. Scott has ever spoken of Byron as he has lately written, and all those who know him will feel that this consistency is characteristic. I must, however, confess, his forgiveness of Mr. Jeffrey was an unlooked-for and unexpected piece of humility and loving kindness, and, as a Scotchman, I am rather willing to regard it as a presage of early death, and to conclude that the poet was "fey," and forgave his arch enemy in the spirit of the dying Highlander—"Weel, weel, I forgive him, but God confound you, my twa sons, Duncan and Gilbert, if you forgive him." The criticism with which the Edinburgh Review welcomed the first flight which Byron's Muse took, would have crushed and broken any spirit less dauntless than his own; and for a long while he entertained the horror of a reviewer which a bird of song feels for the presence of the raven. But they smoothed his spirit down, first by submission and then by idolatry, and his pride must have been equal to that which made the angels fall if it had refused to

be soothed by the obeisance of a reviewer. One never forgets, if he should happen to forgive, an insult or an injury offered in youth—it grows with the growth, and strengthens with the strength, and I may reasonably doubt the truth of the poet's song when he sings of his dear Jeffrey. The news of his death came upon London like an earthquake; and though the common multitude are ignorant of literature and destitute of feeling for the higher flights of poetry, yet they consented to feel by faith, and believed, because the newspapers believed, that one of the brightest lights in the firmament of poesy was extinguished for ever. With literary men a sense of the public misfortune was mingled, perhaps, with a sense that a giant was removed from their way; and that they had room now to break a lance with an equal, without the fear of being overthrown by fiery impetuosity and colossal strength. The world of literature is now resigned to fewer, but perhaps, not less presumptuous poetic spirits. But among those who feared him, or envied him, or loved him, there are none who sorrow not for the national loss, and grieve not that Byron fell so soon, and on a foreign shore.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE ENFRANCHISED, OR THE BUTTERFLY'S FIRST FLIGHT.

Thou hast burst from thy prison,
Bright child of the air,
Like a spirit just risen
From its mansion of care.

Thou art joyously winging
Thy first ardent flight,
Where the gay lark is singing
Her notes of delight:

Where the sunbeams are throwing
Their glories on thine,
Till thy colours are glowing
With tints more divine.

Then tasting new pleasure
In Summer's green bowers,
Reposing at leisure
On fresh open'd flowers;

Or delighted to hover
Around them to see
Whose charms, airy rover,
Bloom sweetest for thee;

And fondly inhaling
Their fragrance, till day
From thy bright eye is falling
And fading away.

Then seeking some blossom
Which looks to the West,
Thou dost find in its bosom
Sweet shelter and rest:

And there dost betake thee,
Till darkness is o'er,
And the sunbeams awake thee
To pleasure once more.

New Monthly Magazine.

DANISH SUPERSTITIONS. BALDER'S HILL.

NOT far from the village of Tune, in the district of Roskilde, is the mountain in which Balder is reported to have been buried. Saxo asserts, that once when several countrymen, under the guidance of a professor of the black art, went to this hill for the purpose of digging up a treasure, it seemed to them, when most busied at the work, that a foaming flood, with much noise, was precipitating itself down from the top of the hill; whereupon, in the greatest terror, they cast away their spades, and each sought for safety in flight.

HANEBERG.

IN the parish of East Lygum, in Slesvig, is a height called Haneberg, and not far from it is a fairy-moss. A young peasant once lay down upon this moss, and slept so long, that he awoke very late at night, when he heard around him the most enchanting music, and, looking up, he perceived two fairy maidens, who skipped and danced about, and asked him, in the mean time, several questions, in order to make him speak; but he knew well that there would be danger in doing so, and was silent. Then, suddenly changing their manner, they sung in menacing tones:—

This instant rise and speak to us,
Thou young and handsome swain,
Or we with knives thy breast will rip,
And cut thy heart in twain.

He was much terrified when he heard this, and was just going to speak; but a cock at that moment crowed from the top of the neighbouring hill, and the fairies immediately vanished; from which circumstance the hill is called Haneberg (Cock's hill).

THE SEALS.

IT is a common belief in Ferroe, that the seal every ninth night casts off its skin, assumes a human shape, and dances and assumes itself after the human fashion, until it resumes its skin, and becomes a seal again. It chanced once that a man passed by while this was taking place, and when he saw the skin, he took it up, and hid it. When the seal, who was a female, could not find her skin to creep into, she was obliged to continue in her human shape; and, as she was comely to look at, the same man made her his wife, had several children by her, and lived with her very comfortably. But, after the lapse of a long time, the woman found her concealed skin, and could do then nothing less than creep into it, and become a seal again.

HOLY-CROSS CHURCH.

DIRECTLY over against the pulpit of Onsbergh Church, in Samsoe, is a table, on which is fastened a crucifix, with the following inscription:—“This gilded crucifix was found tied round the neck of a drowned man, who came floating to the shore near Isle Mode, in the parish of Tranbiorn. When the people wished to convey the body to the church-yard, four horses could not stir the cart in which it was placed, nor could they draw the same body to Kolbye Church. But, when they turned towards Onsbergh Church, two horses easily dragged it there. It was buried on the eastern side of this church, which takes its name from the said gilded cross, being called at this time *Helligkors Kirke* (Holy-cross Church), 1596.”

THE SHOPKEEPER OF AALBORG.

ONCE when a raging fire broke out in the town of Aalborg, and the flames had just seized the warehouse of a shopkeeper, so that his whole property was on the point of being consumed, he snatched his weights and measures from the counter, and, with these in his hand, he hurried into the middle of the street, crying, “In case, O God! I have ever with weight and measure robbed and cheated any one, then let the fire consume my house; but, if I have always acted with probity and integrity, preserve then my goods and dwelling.” And no sooner had he said this than the fire died away, and his house escaped. He caused this inscription to be placed over his door, “I was on the brink of a precipice, but I did not fall down. Anno 1663, d. 11 Augusti.”

TORDENSKIOLD'S GRAVE.

IN that part of the church-wall at Holm which looks towards the sea, close by the grave of Tordenskiold, is a stone that will not keep fast in the wall, but is every now and then falling out. “That is Tordenskiold,” says the peasant; “who is coming again to thresh the Swedes.”

NORVIG CHURCH.

A BOOR of Norvig, in Oddsherred, had a great desire to see what was passing in the church at midnight. He, therefore, crept slyly in, and seated himself in one of the pews. He remained there till it was deep night, when the church was suddenly illuminated; he then heard the doors open, and, immediately after, he saw four tall, steel-clad men walk in, bearing on their shoulders a coffin. They halted in the middle of the aisle, raised the flag-stones, and deposited the coffin beneath. After all this was done, they went away.

There is no doubt that the famous Mark Stig was secretly buried by his followers somewhere in North Zealand; and Pantoppidan remarks, in his "Marmor Danica," that many think he was buried in this church.

THE DRAGON OF AALBORG.

Two miles from Aalborg lie several hillocks, which are called Ostbjerg Bakker. Among these, very many years ago, a dragon had his nest, and by his rapacity caused a great dearth in the neighbourhood. Thither came a man who knew how to deal with such reptiles, and he promised to destroy the dragon. He first caused a great wood pile to be raised, and, when this was set fire to, he mounted a powerful horse, and rode past the dragon's nest. The dragon followed him wherever he went, and they came in this manner at length to the blazing pile. The man immediately leapt his horse over the pile, and the dragon crept after him completely through the flames. He made the leap a second time; and a second time the dragon crawled after him; and when he had rode seven times, unscorched and unhurt, over the pile, the dragon, in attempting to creep through it the seventh time, was entirely consumed.

THE MOUNTAIN IMPS.

IN Kund-hill, near the plain of Thyrsing, lives an elf, who has several children. When the sun is gone down, they are frequently seen, with much noise and laughter, to creep up to the summit, and then let themselves roll down one after another. They continue their sport till late at night.—*Monthly Magazine.*

THE GAMBLER; AN EPIGRAM.

Vitiis nemo sine nascitur.—HOR.

No one without a vice or fault is born.

"My love," a chiding dame would say,
"You always lose, yet always play:
When will you leave your gambling o'er,
And be the sport of chance no more?"

"Madam," said he, "I'll do it when
You cease coquetting with the men."

"Alas! I see," replied the wife,

"You'll be a gambler all your life."

THE VICTORY, LORD NELSON'S FLAG SHIP.

THIS fine vessel, which has been laid up in ordinary for seven years at Portsmouth, is now fitting up in that harbour as a guard-ship, in place of the Queen Charlotte. It will be gratifying to the honest national pride of our readers to know, that the strongest interest is excited in every Englishman visiting Portsmouth with re-

gard to this ship, and that numbers eagerly resort to it to behold the spot on which the illustrious *Hero of Trafalgar* received his last wound. It is one of those spots over which patriotism delights to pause, because it revives all those sympathies on which our remembrance loves to rest. These truly British feelings are not only gratified, but are met with a congenial and correspondent warmth by the officers on board, whose courtesy is manifested in a most distinguished manner towards all persons visiting the victory. On the upper deck there is a circular brass plate, of very small dimensions, to mark where NELSON fell!—a spot over which, to the mental eye, *Glory*

"Suspends her halo crown of silver light!"

and on which the animated beholder seems to stand as upon sacred ground, while he reads that memorable sentence which is here inscribed, and which is so indelibly engraved on the memory of his countrymen, as to have become one of the elementary admonitions to the guardians of public freedom in every nation—"England expects every man to do his duty."

All the enthusiastic feelings of the gallant men who fought and died with Lord Nelson at Trafalgar, seem to be infused into the ship's company of the victory; many of whom could only know of them, that

"They were, and are not,"

nor the great commander himself, but by the report of his glorious achievements. The common sailors now on board speak of him but as "that great man," while they anxiously point out the fatal place where he gave his last order, resignedly suffered amputation, and triumphantly breathed his last. Even the cabin where he slept still appears to be an object of their heartfelt veneration. It is indeed impossible to visit the Victory at this moment without having our best national feelings strongly called forth, and instinctively exclaiming, as if his awful form were present—

"BRITONS are BRITONS still, and ne'er will yield
That Charter which thy patriot blood has sealed!"

We seem inspired with the full energy of that resolve which Englishmen should never forget—to revere the rights of every other nation, and to vindicate their own.

The crowds which throng to view the Victory, testify the veneration with which the memory of Nelson will go down to unborn ages, and evince that—to use the words of his gallant friend, and second in command—"his name will be immortal."

British Press.

FAREWELL TO GREECE.

FOR NUMO.

FAREWELL for ever, classic land,
Of Tyrants and of Slaves!
My homeward path lies far away
Over the dark blue waves;—

And where I go, no marble fumes
From myrtle steepes arise,
Nor shineth there such fervid suns
From such unclouded skies;—

But yet the earth of that dear land,
Is holier earth to me,
Than thine, immortal Marathon!
Or thine, Thermopylae!

For there my father's ashes rest
And living hearts there be—
Warm living hearts, and loving ones,
That still remember me.

And, oh! the land that welcometh
To one such bosom shrine;
Though all beside were ruined, lost,
That land would still be mine.—

Ay, mine—albeit the breath of life
Not there I breathed first—
Ay, mine—albeit with barrenness
And polar darkness curst.

The bird that wanders all day long,
At sunset seeks her nest—
I've wander'd long—My native home,
New take me to thy rest.
Blackwood's Magazine.

THE DEAF WOMAN; AN EPIGRAM.

FROM THE LATIN OF WARTON.

DORCAS, whose hearing was extremely bad,
Her apples vending to each Eton lad,
By one was met; when, "What's o'clock?" he
cried;

"Four, four a penny, sir," the dame replied:—
In haste again he ask'd—"No, not another;
I'd not sell more," she said, "e'en on my brother."
Enraged he stamp'd—"Speak lest I use thee ill."
"Well, if you won't," she cried, "another will!"

THE METAMORPHOSE; AN IMITATION
OF ANACREON.

TEN thousand changes, aye, and more,
Of men and maids, in days of yore,
Hath Cupid made; and now should he
But kindly ask me what I'd be,
"Make me, sweet God of earth and sky!
The air my Julia breathes," I'd cry;
"For then (thrice blest, thrice happy day!)
She could not live were I away!"

HOW TO CURE THE GOUT;

FROM THE FRENCH.

Boire jusqu'à la lie est le secret, sans doute,
De tarir la source du mal.—MÉNAGE.

On pain of the gout, my physicians advise
That from my old Port I abstain;
But I, from my heart, such prescriptions despise,
Resolved the last hoghead to drain.

Then, boy, bring it here—let me have a fair bout;
If 'tis wine that engenders this devil,
To drink to the dregs is the secret, no doubt,
To dry up the source of the evil!
Lady's Magazine.

The Selector;

OR,
CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM
NEW WORKS.

MR. EDITOR,—I send you these extracts from the "Appendix to Letters of Henrietta, Countess of Suffolk," and I am pretty sure they will be acceptable to the general class of your readers. F. C. N.

ROYAL NURSERY.

[“Future antiquarians may, perhaps, be glad to see the following *nugæ*, which have been found in Lady Suffolk's papers, and which gives some details of royal wardrobes an hundred years ago.”]

“WINTER CLOTHES,
“What was delivered yearly for each Princess.

“2 Rich coats, embroidered, trimmed, or rich stuff.

1 Velvet, or rich silk.

3 Coats, brocade or damask.

A damask night-gown.

2 Silk under-petticoats, trimmed with gold or silver.”

“SUMMER CLOTHES.
“3 Flowered coats, one of them with silver.

3 Plain or striped lutstrings.

1 Night-gown.

4 Silk hoops.

“The tailor had £2 for making each coat, and *finding all other necessaries*.—Shoes, a pair every week, 6s. 6d. per pair; raised to 7s. before I left St. James's.—Gloves, 16 dozen in the year, 18s. per dozen.—Fans, no allowance; but I find they did not exceed £8 18s. per annum.

“No certain allowance for ribbons, or artificial flowers; but I find these were very trifling articles in my time, which are not so.

“The prices of all silks are much higher than they were formerly: two of the coats were much finer than the other; one with another about (illegible) per yard.—Damask, or satins, from 12s. to 14s. per yard; plain lutstring, 6s. 6d. per yard; Persian, 20d. per yard.

“I find by my bills, I paid the tire-woman 12 guineas a-year. I paid, tuning the harpsichord, food for their birds, and many other little things belonging to their Royal Highnesses, which was little two trifling to mention; which, whilst the Duke (of Cumberland) was with them, came to £50. per annum.

“I don't remember what the necessary-woman's salary was, or whether she was under the Queen's necessary-woman.

"The expenses for cleaning their Royal Highnesses' apartment, £18 a-year, paid by me; making shifts, 2s. 6d. each; combing-cloths, 1s. 6d.; white petticoats, at 1s. 6d. per coat; silk petticoats, 2s. per coat; night-cap, and hood, 1s. 6d.; a dress suit of linen, 20s.—if the bib was all lace; muslins and lawns were bought as wanted, and no settled price.

"Six pair of sheets, six pillow-bears, at 3s. per ell; a pair of sheets at 4s. per ell.—This linen was not given away (as a perquisite to the attendants) till absolutely necessary. Napkins, towels, and table-linen, were delivered every week from his Majesty's house-laundress.

"Coffee, tea, chocolate, and sugar, what was wanted, sent from her Majesty's back stair-room.

"Fire and candles of all sorts from the King's offices.

"Their Royal Highnesses had each a page of honour and gentleman usher, at £100 salary.

"Each one dresser had £50; and one chambermaid, I don't know at what salary; one page of the back stairs.

"The Princess used the Queen's coaches, footmen, and grooms."

"*Their Royal Highnesses Princess Mary and Princess Louisa's Linen, delivered every two years, for each Princess.*

- 18 Day-shifts, 10s. per ell.
- 18 Night-shifts, trimmed, 8s. per ell; the lace 10s. per yard.
- 18 Little petticoats, fine dimity, or India quilting, computed at half-yard wide, 7s. per yard; making, 2s. each.
- 12 Pair of thread stockings, 7s. 6d. per pair.
- 12 Night-cap, laced, 10s. per yard.
- 12 Hoods, cambric holland, 14s. per yard; making, 1s. 6d. per suit.
- 6 Petticoats, over hoops, India quilting, about £3 3s. per petticoat; making, 12s.
- 3 Dozen pocket-handkerchiefs, cambric, £4 4s. per piece;* making 1s.
- 10 Combing-cloths, 14s. per yard; making, 1s. 6d.

"Whilst their Royal Highnesses were in bibs and aprons, they had six suits of broad lace for aprons, but the caps and ruffles were much narrower: they came to about £20 the suit; making, 10s.

"It must be remembered, they had for birth-days very fine entire lace suits, which came to £50 or £60 per suit.

* Large as this sum may appear, I learn that within the last week, four guineas a piece have been given for a set of cambric pocket-handkerchiefs.

"Their fine laces were not given away (as perquisites) every two years. When any of their Royal Highnesses was under wet-nurse, dry-nurse, and rocker's care, they had no dresser or chamber-maid, nor man-servant, belonging to the cradle-nursery, except it was a footman.

"The clothes and linen for the cradle-nursery was under a different regulation that time. There was no perquisites; but linen and clothes were bought when necessary."

"The following memorandum seems to be the account of the expenses of the Queen's and Princesses' Wardrobe, for two years."

"Queen, June 24, 1729 ... £847 12 0
Princesses 366 15 0

£1,214 7 0

"Queen, Sept. 29 £308 7 2
Princesses 216 19 10

£525 7 0

"Stockings, 12 pair, 7s. 6d. per pair.
Shoes, plain, 6s. 6d.
Shifts, 3 dozen,—day, 10s.; night, 3s.
Gloves, 16 dozen, 13s. per dozen.
Little petticoats, 12s.—fine dimity, or Indian quilting.

"Washing.

"The Duke and two Princesses, £90 per annum;—includes the laces, band-boxes, May dew, brushes, patches, combs, quilted caps, pins, powder, paper, wax, and several odd things delivered to their Royal Highnesses' apartments, I find came to about £40; paste for the hands, and pomatum, came from the apothecary, Mr. Jagars, and was not in my bills."

"Prices for her Majesty.

Slippers with gold, 24s.; with silver, 21s. 4d.
Stays, 2s. the pair.
Persians, 20d.
Petticoats, 10s.; 3s. allowed for ribbon.
Gloves, 30d.
Night-gowns, 3s.
Girdles, silver, 23s.; gold, 25s. 8d."
Hollands, for shifts, 10s. 6d.; for handkerchiefs, 11s.; cambric Hollands, 24s.; dimities about 3s.

"Prices for the Princesses.

"Duke stars, 15s.
Gloves, 18s.
Making coats, 25s.
Duke's shoes, 5s. 6d.
Bath ribbon, £4 15s. per piece.
Hats, £1 1s.; feathers, white, £1 1s.
Other colours, £1 4s.
Hollands no settled price."

This is a true and faithful copy. F. C. N.

COUNT DE LA LIPPE.

IN his own territory in Germany, he amused himself with military manoeuvres and experiments; and one day he invited his little court and visitors to dine with him after a review. The dinner was served in a tent on the ground; and towards the latter end of the repast, the count was observed to look several times at his watch and to put it up again, and call for another bottle: at last some one asked the reason of this? "Why," said he, "I have ordered this tent to be *mined* by a new method—it is to be *blown up* at a certain *minute*, and I am anxious to go out to see the *explosion*." The tent, it will readily be believed, was soon cleared, without waiting for the other bottle.

Ibid.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

SPEAKING of the intended invasion in 1798, Admiral Bridport dryly observed, "The French might come as they could: for his own part, he could only say, that they should not come by water."

SUPERIOR MANŒUVRING.

WHILE the 42nd regiment were in America, and employed in foraging, in an excursion through the woods, an Highland soldier came unexpectedly in sight of an American, when both their pieces happening to be unloaded, each retired behind a tree to cover himself while loading; but fearing that the first who ventured out of cover would be brought down by the other, both kept possession of their trees, till, at last, the Highlander losing patience, pushed his bonnet beyond the tree on the point of his bayonet. The American shot his ball through its centre, when his opponent, starting forward made him surrender immediately.

A GOOD PARAPHRASE.

ON the eve of a battle, an officer came to ask leave of the Marechal de Toiras, to go and see his father, who was on his death bed. "Go," said the general, smiling sarcastically, "you honour your father and mother, that *your days may be long in the land*."

MATRIMONY.

AN advertisement in an Irish paper under the above head, signed K. D. has called forth the following reply:—"A lady who has discharged the duties of a house-

keeper to her brother, with honour to herself and satisfaction to the company visiting her brother's house, may be met with, spoken with, and treated with, having her face for her fortune. Being desirous of forming a matrimonial connexion with the advertiser, she takes the method pointed out of describing her accomplishments and qualifications, and flatters herself that she would make a very agreeable partner through life: she is about twenty-two, personable, of a good disposition, able to tire the gentleman in the dance; and having passed some time in the metropolis of England, flatters herself she has acquired that polish of manners on which the world sets so high a value. She can play and sing as well as most people who are not professional; as for drawing, she has had but little practice or opportunity of improvement in that charming art; her connexions are highly respectable, and she will settle herself on the advertiser; as for her talents, they must answer for themselves. She has only to add, that this letter is written in a great hurry, and without the knowledge of her brother or friends; and if the gentleman will appear at Armagh, on Thursday next, at two o'clock, with a pocket handkerchief in his right hand, on the west side of the seventh house, he will meet with

"ELIZABETH."

THOSE perilous rocks on the western coast of our island, called "The Bishop and his Clerks," are said to derive their name from an incident which happened nearly two hundred years ago. A fleet of merchantmen, coming from Spain, were shipwrecked upon them, and only Miles Bishop with J. and H. Clarke, were preserved on the fragment of a mast. Hence the appellation takes its rise.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE communications of *Janet*: *W. F.*; a Translator (whose *Forget me Not* is not forgotten); *E. M. H.*; *Henri*; *T. C. N.*; *H. L.*; together with several other favours from old and new correspondents, shall appear in the next, and succeeding numbers of the MIRROR.

We thank *J. S.* for his hints, but doubt the propriety of adopting them.

Georgius Novice improves, but he must try again.

My Common Place Book, No. VI. is mislaid; it shall have insertion as soon as we find it.

E. M. H. has our best thanks, and we shall feel obliged by his offered description. The subject for an engraving to which he alludes shall be looked after.

* The next number of the MIRROR will contain much interesting information, relating to *Lord Byron*, with an appropriate engraving from an original drawing.

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SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER.

[PRICE 2d

Hucknall Church, where Lord Byron was Buried.



IN devoting so large a space of the MIRROR to the memorial and remains of Lord Byron, we are not merely gratifying our own feelings, but we are induced to believe, rendering a very acceptable service to our readers, who have rather urged us to the course we have pursued by the avidity with which every thing on the subject has been sought after.

In order to render our account of the great poet, who has fallen so young in years, but so full of fame, as complete as possible, we have procured a view of the Church of Hucknall Torkard, where he was buried. This view, of which we give an engraving, was made by Mr. W. P. Smith, a clever artist at Nottingham, expressly for the MIRROR, and is a very accurate sketch.

Hucknall Torkard is a small village situated about eight miles north-west of Nottingham, and contains a population of about 2,000 inhabitants. The Church has, for nearly two centuries, been the burying place of the Byrons, though the only memorial of them is a neat monument in white marble, to the memory of Richard, Lord Byron, "who" as the inscription states, "with the rest of his family, being seven brothers, faithfully served King Charles the First, in the Civil Wars, who suffered much for their

loyalty, and lost all their present fortunes, yet it pleased God so to bless the humble endeavours of the said Richard, Lord Byron, that he re-purchased part of their ancient inheritance, which he left to his posterity."

The funeral of Lord Byron took place on the 16th of July, and was attended by the Corporation of Nottingham, and an immense multitude of persons from the neighbourhood. The doors of Hucknall Church were thrown wide open, and great numbers of persons were there at an early hour, going in and out all the morning, and inspecting the vault which was to be the last resting place of the Noble Lord. The vault is but small, and will not hold more than three coffins abreast upon the floor. Those which were already there, spoke loudly of the vanity of worldly grandeur. Scarcely a bit of wood or velvet was visible. Nothing but six or seven leaden coffins remained, of all the grandeur which had been deposited in that lonely habitation; the most legible inscription is that of the Hon. Catherine Gordon Byron, mother of him whose wishes were fulfilled, where he said, speaking of the noble deeds of his ancestors—

Like you will he live, or like you will he perish;
When decay'd, may he mingle his dust with
your own."

LORD BYRON IN GREECE.

To those who are in the least acquainted with Lord Byron's character, it will readily be believed, that it could be no common cause which called an individual who, in his own country rarely mixed in the strife of politics, to devote his life and fortune to those of a distant land; but the soul of Byron had ever been in Greece: in his youth he could only weep over her wrongs, and pay a tribute of respect to the bright geniuses of antiquity to whom she had given birth;—he saw that classic land groaning beneath the yoke of the crescent;—he saw a Christian people bowed to the earth by a nation of barbarians, and his soul mourned over their fate, and yearned for their deliverance. At length the chains became no longer supportable—the iron had entered the soul, the standard of liberty was raised in Greece, and Thermopylæ became once more the scene of a glorious victory.

Lord Byron was the last man to look on such an event with apathy—he felt that there was a chance of being useful in the country which he loved—he saw a field of exertion, and honourable enterprise open to him—a glorious career presented itself, and he longed to behold, and share in the emancipation of the Greeks. "Greece," said he, in a letter to a friend, when on the point of leaving Italy, "is the only place I ever was contented in; they all say I can be of no great service there, but at all events I will try." With such feelings as these it was that, but a short time before his decease, he composed one of the most beautiful and touching of his songs, on his attaining his thirty-sixth year. It strongly proves the birth of Byron's passion for glory in a new field, as will be seen by one of the stanzas:—

If thou regret thy youth, why live?
The land of honourable death
Is here.—Up to the field, and give
Away thy breath!
Awake not Greece—She is awake;
Awake my spirit."

Lord Byron embarked from Leghorn, and arrived in Cephalonia in the early part of August, 1823, attended by a suite of six or seven friends in an English vessel (the Hercules, Capt. Scott), which he had hired for the express purpose of taking him to Greece. His Lordship had never seen any of the volcanic mountains, and for this purpose the vessel deviated from its regular course, in order to pass the Island of Stromboli. The vessel lay off this place a whole night, in the hopes of witnessing the usual phenomena, when, for the first time within the memory of man, the volcano emitted no fire—the disappointed poet was obliged

to proceed in no good humour with the fabled forge of Vulcan.

As Greece was at this time torn by intestine divisions, Lord Byron proceeded to Cephalonia, in order to procure that accurate information which might best enable him to judge where to take up his residence in Greece, without appearing to support any particular faction. Greece, though with a fair prospect of ultimate success, was in an unsettled state. The third campaign had commenced with several instances of distinguished success—her arms were every where victorious, but her councils were distracted. Western Greece was in a critical situation; and although the heroic Marco Botzaris had not fallen in vain, yet his glorious enterprise, in which he perished, only checked, and did not prevent, the advance of the barbarians towards Anatolicon and Missolonghi. This gallant Chief, worthy of the best days of Greece, hailed Lord Byron's arrival there with transports; and the last act he did before proceeding to the attack, in which he fell (for such men never die), was to write a warm invitation for his Lordship to come to Missolonghi. In his letter, which is addressed to a friend at Missolonghi, Botzaris alludes to almost the first act of Lord Byron in Greece, which was the arming and provisioning of 40 Suliotes, whom he sent to join in the defence of Missolonghi. After the battle Byron transmitted bandages and medicines, of which he had brought a large store from Italy, and pecuniary succour to those who had been wounded in the battle. He had already made a very generous offer to the Government. He says, in a letter, "I offered to advance a thousand dollars a month for the succour of Missolonghi, and the Suliotes under Botzaris (since killed), but the Government have answered me through _____ of this island, that they wish to confer with me previously, which is, in fact, saying they wish me to expend my money in some other direction. I will take care that it is for the public cause, otherwise I will not advance a para—the opposition, say they, want to cajole me, and the party in power say the others wish to seduce me; so between the two I have a difficult part to play; however, I will have nothing to do with the factions, unless to reconcile them if possible."

Lord Byron established himself for some time at Metaxata, in Cephalonia, and dispatched two friends, Mr. Trelawny, and Mr. Hamilton Browne, with a letter to the Greek government, and in order to collect intelligence as to the real state of things: they proceeded to Tripo-

liza and found Colecotronia, (the enemy of Mavrocordatos, who had been compelled to flee from the presidency) in great power: his palace was filled with armed men, like the castle of some ancient feudal chief, and a good idea of his character may be formed from the language he held. He declared, that he had told Mavrocordatos, that unless he desisted from his intrigues, he would put him on an ass and whip him out of the Morea, and that he had only been withheld from doing it by the representations of his friends, who had said that it would injure the cause.

The agents of Lord Byron next proceeded to Salamis, where the Congress was sitting, and Mr. Trelawny agreed to accompany Odysseus, a brave mountain chief, into Negropont. At this time the Greeks were preparing for many active enterprises. Marco Botzaris' brother, with his Suliotes, and Mavrocordatos, were to take charge of Missolonghi, which, at that time (October, 1823), was in a very critical state, being blockaded both by land and sea. "There have been," says Mr. Trelawny, "thirty battles fought and won by the late Marco Botzaris, and his gallant tribe of Suliotes, who are shut up in Missolonghi. If it fall, Athens will be in danger, and thousands of throats cut. A few thousand dollars would provide ships to relieve it—a portion of this sum is raised,"—and Mr. Trelawny adds, in the spirit worthy of him and his deceased friend, "*I would coin my heart to save this key of Greece!*"

A report like this was sufficient to show the point where succour was most needed; and Lord Byron's determination to relieve Missolonghi was still more decidedly confirmed by a letter which he received from Mavrocordatos, from Hydra, October 21. "I will never," said Mavrocordatos, "advise you to run the risk of appearing to embrace the interests of a party; but all the world knows, and no one better than myself, that you are come here with the firm intention of succouring Greece—this Greece is now before you, under your eyes; you may see at the first glance which is the part in danger, that Missolonghi is blockaded by land and by sea, that it is destitute of provisions, and on the point of falling into the hands of the Turks; who afterwards will have no difficulty in penetrating into the Morea and seizing upon its most fertile provinces, from whence it will be hard, nay, impossible to dislodge them. To carry succour to this place, to save it, is to save Greece itself."

Mavrocordatos was at this time endeavouring to collect a fleet for the relief of Missolonghi, and Lord Byron generously

offered to advance four hundred thousand piastres (about £12,000) to pay for fitting it out. In a letter in which he announced this his noble intention, he alluded to the dissensions in Greece, and stated, that if these continued all hope of a loan in England, or of assistance, or even good wishes from abroad would be at an end.

"I must frankly confess," he says, in his letter, "that unless union and order are confirmed, all hopes of a loan will be in vain, and all the assistance which the Greeks could expect from abroad—an assistance which might be neither trifling nor worthless, will be suspended or destroyed; and what is worse, the great powers of Europe, of whom no one was an enemy to Greece, but seemed inclined to favour her in consenting to the establishment of an independent power, will be persuaded that the Greeks are unable to govern themselves, and will perhaps themselves undertake to arrange your disorders in such a way as to blast the brightest hopes you indulge, and are indulged by your friends.

"And allow me to add once for all, I desire the well-being of Greece and nothing else; I will do all I can to secure it; but I cannot consent—I never will consent to the English public, or English individuals being deceived as to the real state of Greek affairs. The rest, gentlemen, depends on you—you have fought gloriously—act honourably towards your fellow-citizens and towards the world, and then it will no mere be said, as has been repeated for two thousand years with the Roman historian, that Philopomen was the last of the Grecians. Let not calumny itself (and it is difficult to guard against it in so difficult a struggle) compare the Turkish Pacha with the patriot Greek in peace, after you have exterminated him in war.

"Nov. 30, 1823. "NOEL BYRON.

The dissensions among the Greek chiefs gave great pain to Lord Byron, whose sensibility was keenly affected by the slightest circumstance which he considered would retard the deliverance of Greece. "For my part," he says, in another of his letters, "I will stick by the cause while a plank remains which can be honourably clung to—if I quit it, it will be by the Greeks' conduct—and not the Holy Allies, or the holier Mussulmans." In a letter to his banker at Cephalonia, he says, "I hope things here will go well, some time or other—I will stick by the cause as long as a cause exists."

The playful humour of Byron sometimes broke out, and amidst the deepest anxiety he felt for the success of the

Greeks; in one of his letters, after alluding to his having advanced £4,000, and expecting to be called on for £4,000 more, he says, "how can I refuse if they will fight; and especially if I should happen to be in their company. I therefore request and require, that you should apprise my trusty and trustworthy trustee and banker, and crown and sheet anchor, D——K—— the honourable, that he prepare all monies of mine, including the purchase-money of Rochdale Manor, and mine income for the year A. D. 1824, to answer and anticipate any orders or drafts of mine, for the good cause, in good and lawful money of Great Britain, &c. &c. &c. May you live a thousand years! which is nine hundred and ninety-nine longer than the Spanish Cortes' Constitution."

All being ready two Ionian vessels were ordered, and embarking his horses and effects, Lord Byron sailed from Argostoli on the 29th of December; at Zante his Lordship took considerable specie on board, and sailed for Missolonghi. Two accidents occurred on this short passage. Count Gamba, an intimate friend, who had accompanied his Lordship from Leghorn, had been charged with the vessel in which the horses and part of the money were embarked; when off Chiarenza, a point which lies between Zante and the place of their destination, they were surprised at day-light on finding themselves under the bows of a Turkish frigate. Owing, however, to the activity displayed on board Lord Byron's vessel, and her superior sailing, she escaped, while the second was fired at, brought to, and carried into Patras; Gamba and his companions being taken before Yusuff Pacha, fully expected to share the fate of the unfortunate men whom that sanguinary chief sacrificed last year at Prevesa, and their fears would most probably have been realized, had it not been for the presence of mind displayed by the Count, who assuming an air of hauteur and indifference, accused the captain of the frigate of a scandalous breach of neutrality, in firing at and detaining a vessel under English colours, and concluded by informing Yusuff, that he might expect the vengeance of the British government in thus interrupting a nobleman who was merely on his travels, and bound to Calamos! The Turkish chief did not proceed to extremities, he not only consented to the vessel's release, but treated the whole with the utmost attention, and even urged them to take a day's shooting in the neighbourhood. The treatment of Gamba and the crew while on board the Turkish ship of war was

extremely courteous, which arose from a singular circumstance. On their first mounting the frigate's deck, the captain gave orders to put them all in irons, and might have proceeded to further extremities, when the master of the vessel went up to him, and asked "whether he did not recollect Spiro, who had saved his life in the Black Sea, fifteen years before?" Upon which, the Turk looking steadfastly at him for a few moments, exclaimed—"what! can it be Spiro?" and springing forward, embraced his former deliverer with the greatest transport. This unlooked for reception was followed by a promise that every effort would be made to obtain his speedy liberation on their arrival at Patras.*

Owing to contrary winds, Lord Byron's vessel was obliged to take shelter at the Scropes, a cluster of rocks within a few miles of Missolonghi: his Lordship had a very narrow escape of being captured by the Turks. While detained here, he was in considerable danger; but still his anxiety was not for himself. "I am uneasy at being here," he says, in one of his letters, "not so much on my own account, as on that of the Greek boy with me; † for you know what his fate would be; and I would sooner cut him in pieces and myself, than have him taken out by these barbarians."

The very first day of his Lordship's arrival was signalised by his rescuing a Turk, who had fallen into the hands of some Greek sailors. The individual thus saved, having been clothed by his orders, was kept in the house until an opportunity occurred of sending him to Patras.

Another grand object with Lord Byron, and one which he never ceased to forward with the most anxious solicitude, was to reconcile the quarrels of the native chiefs, to make them friendly and confiding to one another, and submissive to the orders of the Government. He had neither time nor much opportunity before his decease to carry this point to any great extent; much good was, however, done.

Lord Byron landed at Missolonghi, animated with military ardour, and became, as one of the letters from the place dated soon after his landing, expresses it, *soldier-mad*. After paying the fleet,

* The most unfortunate circumstance connected with this voyage remains to be told. Count Gamba had the charge of Lord Byron's manuscripts, and fearing they would fall into the hands of the Turks, he threw them overboard, and they are for ever lost to the world.

† The Greek boy here alluded to, is now in London, and under noble protection.

which, indeed, had only come out under the expectation of receiving its arrears from the loan which he promised to make to the provisional government, he set about forming a brigade of Suliotes. Five hundred of these, the bravest and most resolute of the soldiers of Greece, were taken into his pay on the 1st of January, 1824. An expedition against Lepanto was proposed, of which Lord Byron was given the command; but owing to a variety of disappointments and delays, it did not proceed. That it did not fail with his Lordship is evident from the following passage in one of his letters, in which he says, "As I pay a considerable part of the clans, I may as well see what they are likely to do for their money; besides I am tired of hearing nothing but talk." He adds in a note, that Parry, who had been delayed, and had been long eagerly expected with his artillery and stores, had not arrived, and says, "I presume, from the retardment, that he is the same Parry who attempted the *North Pole*, and is (it may be supposed) now essaying the *South*."

The project of proceeding against Lepanto being thus suspended, at a moment when Lord Byron's enthusiasm was at its height, and when he had fully calculated on striking a blow which could not fail to be of the utmost service to the Greek cause, the unlooked for disappointment preyed on his spirits, and produced a degree of irritability, which, if it was not the sole cause, contributed greatly to a severe fit of epilepsy, with which he was attacked on the 15th of February. His Lordship was sitting in the apartment of Colonel Stanhope, the active and enlightened Representative of the Greek Committee in Greece, who had gone out to co-operate with Lord Byron, and was talking in a jocular manner with Mr. Parry, the engineer, when it was observed, from occasional and rapid changes in his countenance, that he was suffering under some strong emotion. On a sudden he complained of a weakness in one of his legs, and rose, but finding himself unable to walk, he cried out for assistance. He then fell into a state of nervous and convulsive agitation, and was placed on a bed. For some minutes his countenance was much distorted. He, however, quickly recovered his senses—his speech returned, and he soon appeared perfectly well, although enfeebled and exhausted by the violence of the struggle. During the fit he behaved with his usual extraordinary firmness, and his efforts in contending with, and attempting to master the disease, are described as gigantic. In the course of the month the attack was re-

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peated four times; the violence of the disorder at length yielded to the remedies which his physicians advised, such as bleeding, cold bathing, perfect relaxation of mind, &c., and he gradually recovered. An accident, however, happened a few days after his first illness, which was ill calculated to aid the efforts of his medical advisers. A Suliote, accompanied by the late Marco Botzaris' little boy and another man, walked into the Seraglio—a place, which before Lord Byron's arrival had been used as a sort of fortress and barrack for the Suliotes, and out of which they were ejected with great difficulty for the reception of the committee stores, and for the occupation of the engineers, who required it for a laboratory. The sentinel on guard ordered the Suliote to retire; which being a species of motion to which Suliotes are not accustomed, the man carelessly advanced. Upon which the sergeant of the guard (a German) demanded his business, and receiving no satisfactory answer pushed him back. These wild warriors, who will dream for years of a blow if revenge is out of their power, are not slow to follow up a push. The Suliote struck again, the sergeant and he closed and struggled, when the Suliote drew a pistol from his belt. The sergeant wrenched it out of his hand and blew the powder out of the pan. At this moment Captain Sass, a Swede, seeing the fray, came up and ordered the man to be taken to the guard room. The Suliote was then disposed to depart; and would have done so if the sergeant would have permitted him. Unfortunately, Captain Sass did not confine himself to merely giving the order for his arrest; for when the Suliote struggled to get away, Captain Sass drew his sword and struck him with the flat part of it; whereupon the enraged Greek flew upon him with a pistol in one hand, and the sabre in the other; and at the same moment nearly cut off the captain's right arm, and shot him through the head. Captain Sass, who was remarkable for his mild and courageous character, expired in a few minutes. The Suliote, also, was a man of distinguished bravery. This was a serious affair, and great apprehensions were entertained that it would not end here. The Suliotes refused to surrender the man to justice, alleging that he had been struck, which, in Suliote law, justifies all the consequences which may follow.

Notwithstanding Lord Byron's improvement in health, his friends felt from the first that he ought to try a change of air. Missolonghi is a flat, marshy, and pestilential place, and except for purposes of utility, never would have been

selected for his residence. When the expedition against Lepanto was abandoned, various other projects were proposed both as to military operations and Congresses for uniting Eastern and Western Greece, until, at last came Lord Byron's fatal illness, and all schemes of Congresses and campaigns were for a time forgotten in the apprehensions entertained for his life, and in the subsequent lamentations over his death: the meeting took place at Salona, on the 16th of April; Mavrocordatos was not there, and Lord Byron was on his death-bed, which brings us to an account of

THE LAST MOMENTS OF LORD BYRON.

THE last moments of great men have always been a subject of deep interest, and are pregnant with instruction. Surely if the death of any man will fix attention, it is that of one upon whose most trifling action the eyes of all Europe have been fixed for ten years, with an anxious and minute curiosity of which the annals of literature afford no previous example. The account of Lord Byron's last illness, which we copy from the *Westminster Review*, is collected from the mouth of Mr. Fletcher, who has been for more than twenty years his confidential attendant.

"My master," says Mr. Fletcher, "continued his usual custom of riding daily, when the weather would permit, until the 9th of April. But, on that ill-fated day he got very wet, and on his return home, his Lordship changed the whole of his dress, but he had been too long in his wet clothes, and the cold, of which he had complained, more or less, ever since we left Cephalonia, made this attack to be more severely felt. Though rather feverish during the night, his Lordship slept pretty well, but complained in the morning of a pain in his bones and a head-ache; this did not, however, prevent him from taking a ride in the afternoon, which I grieve to say was his last. His Lordship was again visited by the same slow fever, and I was sorry to perceive on the next morning that his illness appeared to be increasing. He was very low, and complained of not having had any sleep during the night. His Lordship's appetite was also quite gone. I prepared a little arrow-root, of which he took three or four spoonfuls, saying it was very good, but could take no more. It was not till the third day, the 12th, that I began to be alarmed about my master. In all his former colds he always slept well, and was never affected by this slow fever. I therefore went to Dr. Bruno and Mr. Millingen, the two medical attend-

ants, and inquired minutely into every circumstance connected with my master's present illness; both replied that there was no danger, and I might make myself perfectly easy on the subject, for all would be well in a few days. This was on the 13th. On the following day, I found my master in such a state, that I could not feel happy without supplicating that he would send to Zante for Dr. Thomas; after expressing my fears lest his Lordship should get worse, he desired me to consult the doctors, which I did, and was told there was no occasion for calling in any person, as they hoped all would be well in a few days."

In the course of the day his Lordship repeatedly said, he was sure the doctors did not understand, and Mr. Fletcher continued to urge that Dr. Thomas should be sent for, but the doctors assured him that his master would be better in two or three days. Mr. Fletcher continues:—"The whole nourishment taken by my master for the last eight days consisted of a small quantity of broth at two or three different times, and two spoonfuls of arrow-root on the 16th, the day before his death. The first time I heard of there being any intention of bleeding his Lordship was on the 15th, when it was proposed by Dr. Bruno, but objected to at first by my master, who asked Mr. Millingen if there was any great reason for taking blood; the latter replied that it might be of service, but added that it could be deferred until the next day. And accordingly my master was bled in the right arm on the evening of the 16th, and a pound of blood was taken. I observed at the time that it had a most inflamed appearance. Dr. Bruno now began to say that he had frequently urged my master to be bled, but that he had always refused. A long dispute now arose about the time that had been lost, and the necessity of sending for medical assistance to Zante, upon which I was informed, for the first time, that it would be of no use, as my master would be better, or no more, before the arrival of Dr. Thomas. His Lordship continued to get worse, but, Dr. Bruno said he thought letting blood again would save his life; and I lost no time in telling my master how necessary it was to comply with the doctor's wishes; to this he replied by saying, he feared they knew nothing about his disorder, and then stretching out his arm, said, 'here, take my arm, and do whatever you like.' His Lordship continued to get weaker, and on the 17th he was bled twice, in the morning, and at two o'clock in the afternoon; the bleeding at both times was followed by fainting fits, and he would have fallen down more than once, had I

not caught him in my arms. In order to prevent such an accident, I took care not to let his Lordship stir without supporting him. On this day my master said to me twice—'I cannot sleep, and you well know I have not been able to sleep for more than a week; I know,' added his Lordship, 'that a man can only be a certain time without sleep, and then he must go mad without any one being able to save him, and I would ten times sooner shoot myself than be mad, for I am not afraid of dying, I am more fit to die than people think.' I do not, however, believe that his Lordship had any apprehension of his fate till the day after, the 18th, when he said, 'I fear you and Tita will be ill by sitting up constantly night and day.' I answered, 'we shall never leave your Lordship till you are better. As my master had a slight fit of delirium on the 16th, I took care to remove the pistols and stiletto which had hitherto been kept at his bedside in the night. On the 18th his Lordship addressed me frequently, and seemed to be very much dissatisfied with his medical treatment. I then said 'Do allow me to send for Dr. Thomas, to which he answered, 'Do so, but be quick. I am only sorry I did not let you do so before, as I am sure they have mistaken my disease; write yourself, for I know they would not like to see other Doctors here.' I did not lose a moment in obeying my master's orders, and on informing Dr. Brune and Mr. Millingen of it, they said it was very right, as they now began to be afraid themselves. On returning to my master's room, his first words were, 'Have you sent?' 'I have my Lord,' was my answer; upon which he said, 'You have done very right, for I should like to know what is the matter with me.' Although his Lordship did not appear to think his dissolution was so near, I could perceive he was getting weaker every hour, and he even began to have occasional fits of delirium. He afterwards said, 'I now begin to think I am seriously ill, and in case I should be taken off suddenly, I wish to give you several directions, which I hope you will be particular in seeing executed.' I answered I would, in case such an event came to pass, but expressed a hope that he would live many years to execute them much better himself, than I could. To this my master replied, 'No, it is now nearly over,'—and then added, 'I must tell you all without losing a moment.' I then said, 'Shall I go, my Lord, and fetch pen, ink, and paper?' 'Oh! my God, no—you will lose too much time, and I have it not to spare, for my time is now short,' said his Lordship; and immediately after, 'Now,

pay attention;' his Lordship commenced by saying, 'You will be provided for. I begged him, however, to proceed with things of more consequence, he then continued, 'Oh, my poor dear child! my dear Ada! my God, could I but have seen her! give her my blessing—and my dear sister Augusta and her children;—and you will go to Lady Byron, and say——tell her every thing—you are friends with her.' His Lordship appeared to be greatly affected at this moment. Here my master's voice failed him, so that I could only catch a word at intervals, but he kept muttering something very seriously for some time, and would often raise his voice and say, 'Fletcher, now if you do not execute every order which I have given you, I will torment you hereafter if possible.'—Here I told his Lordship, in a state of the greatest perplexity, that I had not understood a word of what he said, to which he replied, 'Oh, my God! them all is lost! for it is now too late—can it be possible you have not understood me?' 'No, my Lord,' said I, "but I pray you to try and inform me once more." 'How can I?' rejoined my master, 'it is now too late, and all is over.' I said, "Not our will, but GOD'S be done," and he answered, 'Yes, not mine be done—but I will try——' His Lordship did indeed make several efforts to speak but could only repeat two or three words at a time, such as, 'My wife! my child! my sister! you know all—you must say all—you know my wishes;' the rest was quite unintelligible. A consultation was now held (about noon), when it was determined to administer some Peruvian bark and wine. My master had now been nine days without sustenance whatever except what I have already mentioned. With the exception of a few words which can only interest those to whom they were addressed, and which, if required, I shall communicate to themselves, it was impossible to understand any thing his Lordship said after taking the bark. He expressed a wish to sleep. I at one time asked whether I should call Mr. Parry? to which he replied, 'Yes, you may call him.' Mr. Parry desired him to compose himself. He shed tears, and, apparently sunk into a slumber. Mr. Parry went away, expecting to find him refreshed on his return—but it was the commencement of the lethargy preceding his death. The last words I heard my master utter, were at six o'clock on the evening of the 18th, when he said, 'I must sleep now; upon which he laid down never to rise again! for he did not move hand or foot during the following twenty-four hours. His Lordship appeared, however, to be in

a state of suffocation at intervals, and had a frequent rattling in the throat; on these occasions, I called Tita to assist me in raising his head, and I thought he seemed to get quite stiff. The rattling and choking in the throat took place every half hour; and we continued to raise his head whenever the fit came on, till six o'clock in the evening of the 19th, when I saw my master open his eyes and then shut them, but without shewing any symptom of pain, or moving hand or foot. "Oh, my GOD!" I exclaimed, "I fear his Lordship is gone!" The doctors then felt his pulse, and said, 'You are right—he is gone.'

APPEARANCES ON OPENING THE BODY OF LORD BYRON.

The following account of the opening of Lord Byron's body, and the appearances it exhibited, is given by the professional gentleman to whom that office was entrusted:—

"1. The bones of the head were found to be excessively hard, and the skull was without the slightest sign of *suture*, like that of an octogenarian. It might have been said to consist of a single bone without *deposes*.

"2. The *dura meninge* was so firmly attached to the internal surface of the cranium, that it required the repeated exertions of two strong men to separate the outer bones from it. The vessels of this membrane were greatly distended and completely full, and it united to the *pia mater*, in different parts, by some membranous filaments.

"3. Between the *via meninge* and the furrows of the brain, a great many bubbles of air were found, with drops of lymph adhering in several places to the *pia meninge*.

"4. The grand *fals* of the brain was crossed with membranous filaments, which attached it firmly to both the hemispheres; it was likewise extremely full of blood.

"5. The *cerebral medulla* was full of minute blood-vessels of a bright red colour, and very much swollen. Under the *pons varolitis* at the base of the hemisphere, in the two superior or lateral ventricles there was found an extravasation of about two ounces of bloody serum; and at the bottom of the *cerebellum* there was a similar expansion, the effects of a severe inflammation of the brain.

"6. The *medullary* substance was in much greater proportion than is common in the *cortex*, and was very firm and consistent. The *cerberum* and *cerebellum*,

without any of the integuments, weighed about six medical pounds.

"7. The impressions or furrows of the blood-vessels, in the internal part of the skull bones, though small, were much more numerous than usual.

"8. The lungs were very fine, perfectly sound but large, to a size almost gigantic.

"9. Between the *pericardium* and the heart, there was an ounce of lymphatic water. The heart was more ample and voluminous than ordinary, but its muscular substance was very relaxed and fibreless.

"10. The liver was smaller than the natural size, as were likewise the biliary vessels, which, instead of bile contained air. The intestines were distended with air and of a deep yellow colour.

"11. The veins were very large and healthy, and the urinary vessels comparatively small.'

From this examination it was unanimously concluded by the medical gentlemen who attended it, that if Lord Byron, from the commencement of his illness, had consented to a little loss of blood, as his private physician repeatedly advised, or even if, at a more advanced stage of the disorder, he had yielded to the pressing solicitations of his medical advisers, to allow a copious bleeding, his Lordship would not have fallen a victim to this attack. From the statements marked 1, 8, 9, it may be confidently asserted that his Lordship could not have lived many years, from his extreme susceptibility of disease, either through the strength of his passions, his excessive occupations, or even through his utter disregard of all the necessary means to prevent the effects of constipation.

ANECDOTES OF LORD BYRON.

AN answer which Lord Byron made to a fellow scholar, in the Grammar School of Aberdeen, who questioned him as to the cause of the honorary addition of "*Dominus de Byron*" to his name, served at that time, when he was only ten years of age, to point out that he would be a man who would think, speak, and act for himself; who, whatever might be his sayings or his doings, his vices or his virtues, would not condescend to take them at second hand. This happened on the very day after he had been menaced with being flogged round the school, for a fault which he had not committed; and when the question was put to him, he replied: "It is not *my* doing. Fortune was to whip me yesterday for what another did, and she has this day made me a Lord for what another has ceased to do. I need not thank

her in either case; for I have asked nothing at her hands."

A gentleman of the sister kingdom, one of those industrious persons who can engage to do any thing, and who let nothing escape them for the want of seeking, heard that Lord Byron was about to set out for the continent, and upon receiving this intelligence, it instantly flashed upon the mind of this universal undertaker, that it would be a good raising of the wind to procure the situation of private secretary to his Lordship. Upon this he made himself as spruce and as interesting as possible; and off he set for the Albany, the place where Lord Byron then lodged. His Lordship was at the door, in the act of stepping into his curricule, when he was arrested by the candidate for the private secretaryship. He began by a long dissertation on his own powers; proceeded to an equally long topography of the route which it might be most eligible to pursue; and ended by an inquiry as to the time at which they would set out. "My dear Sir," said Byron, with much *naïveté*, "we set out this instant; but you see that I cannot accommodate you,—there are but two seats in the curricule, and my servant, the rogue, has got into one of them already."

A young man from a distant part of the country, who had quarrelled with his father, in consequence of having squandered a small sum of money, was friendless, and almost pennyless, in the metropolis; and at last wrote a little poem, or rather a succession of bad rhymes, which he offered to the booksellers. Most of them rejected the proffered poem with scorn; but at last the writer met with one who said that, if ten pounds were given him, he would publish it, and give the writer half the profits. Elated with this, he sallied into the streets, and had wandered as far as Piccadilly, ere he knew what he was about, or whither he was going. Exhausted at last, he stood still at the front entrance of the Albany, with his manuscript in his hand. Byron happened to pass; and his notice being drawn by something peculiar in the young man's appearance, he accosted him. The whole story came out; and the rustic rhymester was taken into the apartment of the bard. "And so you say you have quarrelled with your father?" said Byron. "Yes," said the young man, hanging down his head. "And you could get a chance of half the profits of your poem for ten pounds?" "Yes," said the young man again, raising himself up. "And for how much could you be reconciled to your father?" said Byron, again. "For ten pounds, also," said the young man. "Then,"

said Byron, "there is ten pounds, give it to him, and let him publish the poem if he pleases; and there are five more for yourself, to hasten you on your way." The young man was astonished: and before he could turn round to thank his benefactor, that benefactor had disappeared.

There is a lady now alive, whose husband was killed, and left her with a family, and one child at the breast; the father was a friend of Lord Byron's, and we are assured he borrowed £500 to give the widow, who was left destitute.

Old Murray, who had been a servant at Newstead many years, and was alive and remained there when Colonel Wildman purchased it, being too old to follow Lord Byron, when Lord B. left the place, he said he had but one favour to ask, which was, that he might be buried near him; the reply was, "Well, Murray, I promise you that, or any thing else you like to ask." Old Murray died some years back, and is buried at Hucknall, and his last request also is complied with; but that was nearly not taking place, as had it not been for the wish of Mrs. Leigh, Lord B's sister, he would have been buried in the poet's corner, Westminster Abbey.

"When in 1810, says Lord Byron, after the departure of my friend Mr. Hobhouse for England, I was seized with a severe fever in the Morea, my Arnaout servants saved my life, by frightening away my physician, whose throat they threatened to cut, if I was not cured within a given time. To this consolatory assurance of posthumous retribution, and a resolute refusal of Dr. Romanelli's prescriptions, I attribute my recovery. I had left my last remaining English servant at Athens; my dragoman, or interpreter, was as ill as myself; and my poor Arnaouts nursed me with an attention which would have done honour to civilization.

"When preparations were made for my return, my Albanians were summoned to receive their pay. Basilius took his with an awkward show of regret at my intended departure, and marched away to his quarters with his bag of piastres. I sent for Dervish, but for some time he was not to be found; at last he entered, just as Signor Logotheti, father to the Anglo-consul at Athens, and some other of my Greek acquaintances paid me a visit. Dervish took the money, but on a sudden dashed it to the ground, and clasping his hands, which he raised to his forehead, rushed out of the room weeping bitterly. From that moment to the hour of my embarkation, he continued his lamentations, and all our efforts to console him only produced this answer,—

'He leaves me!'—Signor Logotheti, who never wept before for any thing less than the loss of a para, (about the fourth of a farthing), the Padre of the convent, my attendants, and my visitors, melted; and I verily believe that Sterne's foolish fat scullion would have left her fish-kettle to sympathize with the unaffected and unexpected sorrow of this barbarian.—For my own part, when I remembered that, a short time before my departure from England, a noble and most intimate associate had excused himself from taking leave of me, 'because he had to attend a relation to a milliner's'—I felt no less surprised than humiliated by the present occurrence and the past recollection.

One or two more anecdotes related of this child of nature are both interesting and characteristic. "That Dervish," says his Lordship, "would leave me with some regret was to be expected; for when master and man have been scrambling over the mountains of a dozen provinces together, they are unwilling to separate; but his present feelings, contrasted with his native ferocity, improved my opinion of the human heart. I believe this almost feudal fidelity is frequent among them. One day on our journey over Parnassus, an Englishman in my service gave him a push, in some dispute about the baggage, which he unluckily mistook for a blow; he spoke not, but sat down, leaning his head upon his hands. Foreseeing the consequences, we endeavoured to explain away the affront, which only produced the following answer:—'I have been a robber;—I am a soldier;—no captain ever struck me;—You are my master;—I have eaten your bread;—but by that bread (a usual oath) had it been otherwise, I would have stabbed the dog your servant, and gone to the mountains.' So the affair ended; but from that day forward he never thoroughly forgave the thoughtless fellow by whom he had been insulted.

"On my third journey to Cape Colonna, as we passed through the defile that leads from the hamlet between Keratis and Colonna, I observed Dervish riding rather out of the path, and leaning his head upon his hand as if in pain. I rode up to him and inquired. 'We are in peril,' he answered. "What peril?—We are not now in Albania, nor in the passes to Ephesus, Missolonghi, or Lepanto; there are plenty of us, well armed, and the Choriates have not courage to be thieves." 'True, Affendi, (that is, Lord,) but nevertheless the shot is ringing in my ears.'—"The shot! not one has been fired this morning."—"I hear it notwithstanding—bom, bom, as plainly as I hear your voice."—"Pahaw!"—"As you please,

Affendi; if it is written, so will it be.—I left this quick-cared predestinarian, and rode up to Basili, his Christian compatriot, whose ears, though not at all prophetic, by no means relished the intelligence. We all arrived at Colonna, remained some hours, and returned leisurely, saying a variety of brilliant things in more languages than spoiled the building of Babel, upon the mistaken secret.—While we were contemplating the beautiful prospect, Dervish was occupied about the columns. I thought he was deranged into an antiquarian, and asked him if he had become a Palaeocastro man? 'No,' said he, 'but these pillars will be useful in making a stand;' and added other remarks which at least evinced his own belief in this troublesome faculty of—"forehearing." On our return to Athens, we heard from Leoné, (a prisoner set on shore some days after), of an intended attack from a party of Mainotes concealed in the caverns beneath, and that they were only deterred from attacking us by the appearance of my two Albanians, conjecturing very sagaciously, but falsely that we had a complete guard of Arnaouts at hand. I was at some pains to question the man, and he described the dresses, arms, and marks of the horses of our party so accurately, that, with other circumstances, we could not doubt of his having been in villanous company, and ourselves in a bad neighbourhood."

FUNERAL ORATION ON LORD
NOEL BYRON,
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SPIRIDION TRICOUPL

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Missolonghi, 10th April,

Thursday in Easter Week, 1826.

UNLOOKED-FOR event! deplorable misfortune! But a short time has elapsed since the people of this deeply suffering country welcomed, with unfeigned joy and open arms, this celebrated individual to their bosoms; to-day, overwhelmed with grief and despair, they bathe his funeral couch with tears of bitterness, and mourn over it with inconsolable affliction. On Easter Sunday the happy salutation of the day, "Christ is risen," remained but half pronounced on the lips of every Greek; and as they met, before even congratulating one another on the return of that joyous day, the universal demand was, "How is Lord Byron?" Thousands, assembled in the spacious plain outside of the city to commemorate the sacred day, appeared as if they had assembled for the sole purpose of imploring the Saviour of the world to restore to health him, who was a partaker with

as in our present struggle for the deliverance of our native land.

Residing out of Greece, and enjoying all the pleasures and luxuries of Europe, he might have contributed materially to the success of our cause, without coming personally amongst us; and this would have been sufficient for us, for the well proved ability and profound judgment of our Governor, the President of the Senate, would have ensured our safety with the means so supplied. But if this was sufficient for us, it was not so for Lord Byron. Destined by nature to uphold the rights of man whenever he saw them trampled upon; born in a free and enlightened country; early taught, by reading the works of our ancestors (which indeed teach all who read them), not only what man is, but what he ought to be, and what he may be—he saw the persecuted and enslaved Greek determined to break the heavy chains with which he was bound, and to convert the iron into sharp-edged swords, that he might regain by force what force had torn from him! — He (Lord B.) saw, and leaving all the pleasures of Europe, he came to share, our sufferings and our hardships; assisting us, not only with his wealth, of which he was profuse; not only with his judgment, of which he has given us so many salutary examples; but with his sword, which he was preparing to unsheathe against our barbarous and tyrannical oppressors. He came, with the determination to die in Greece and for Greece! He, whose death we are now so deeply deploring, was a man who, in one great branch of literature, gave his name to the age in which we live; the vastness of his genius and the richness of his fancy did not permit him to follow the splendid, though beaten, track of the literary fame of the ancients; he chose a new road—a road which ancient prejudice had endeavoured, and was still endeavouring, to shut against the learned of Europe: but as long as his writings live, and they must live as long as the world exists, this road will remain always open; for it is, as well as the other, a sure road to true knowledge. The learned men of all Europe celebrate him, and have celebrated him; and all ages will celebrate the poet of our age, for he was born for all Europe and for all ages.

One consideration occurs to me, as striking and true, as it is applicable to the present state of our country: listen to it, my friends, with attention, that you may make it your own, and that it may become a generally acknowledged truth.

There have been many great and splendid nations in the world, but few have

been the epochs of their true glory: one phenomenon, I am inclined to believe, is wanting in the history of these nations, and one, the possibility of the appearance of which the all-considering mind of the philosopher has much doubted. Almost all the nations of the world have fallen from the hands of one master into those of another; some have been benefited, others have been injured by the change; but the eye of the historian has not yet seen a nation enslaved by barbarians, and more particularly by barbarians rooted for ages in their soil—has not yet seen, I say such a people throw off their slavery unassisted and alone. This is the phenomenon; and now, for the first time in the history of the world, we witness it in Greece; yes, in Greece alone! The philosopher beholds it from afar, and his doubts are dissipated; the historian sees it, and prepares his citation of it as a new event in the fortunes of nations; the statesman sees it, and becomes more observant and more on his guard. Such is the extraordinary time in which we live. My friends, the insurrection of Greece is not an epoch of our nation alone; it is an epoch of all nations; for, as I before observed, it is a phenomenon which stands alone in the political history of nations.

The great mind of the highly gifted and much lamented Byron observed this phenomenon, and he wished to unite his name with our glory. Other revolutions have happened in his time, but he did not enter into any of them—he did not assist any of them; for their character and nature were totally different; the cause of Greece alone was a cause worthy of him whom all the learned [men] of Europe celebrate. Consider then my friends, consider the time in which you live—in what a struggle you are engaged; consider that the glory of past ages admits not of comparison with yours; the friends of liberty, the philanthropists, the philosophers of all nations, and especially of the enlightened and generous English nation, congratulate you, and from afar rejoice with you; all animate you: and the poet of our age, already crowned with immortality, emulous of your glory, came personally to your shores, that he might, together with yourselves, wash out with his blood the marks of tyranny from our polluted soil.

Born in the great capital of England, his descent noble, on the side of both his father and his mother, what unfeigned joy did his philellenick heart feel, when our poor city, in token of our gratitude, inscribed his name among the number of her citizens. In the agonies of death;

yes, at the moment when eternity appeared before him; as he was lingering on the brink of mortal and immortal life; when all the material world appeared but as a speck in the great works of Divine Omnipotence;—in that awful hour, but two names dwelt upon the lips of this illustrious individual, leaving all the world besides—the names of his only and much beloved daughter and of Greece: these two names, deeply engraven on his heart, even the moment of death could not efface. “My daughter!” he said; “Greece!” he exclaimed; and his spirit passed away. What Grecian heart will not be deeply affected as often as it recalls to mind this moment?

Our tears, my friends, will be grateful, very grateful to his shade, for they are the tears of sincere affection; but much more grateful will be our deeds in the cause of our country, and, though removed from us, he will observe from the heavens, of which his virtues have doubtless opened to him the gates. This return alone does he require from us for all his munificence; this reward for his love towards us; this consolation for his sufferings in our cause; and this inheritance for the loss of his invaluable life. When your exertions, my friends, shall have liberated us from the hands which have so long held us down in chains; from the hands which have torn from our arms our property, our brothers, our children;—then will his spirit rejoice, then will his shade be satisfied!—Yes, in that blessed hour of our freedom, the Archbishop will extend his sacred and free hand, and pronounce a blessing over his venerated tomb; the young warrior, sheathing his sword, red with the blood of his tyrannical oppressors, will strew it with laurel; the statesman will consecrate it with his oratory; and the poet, resting upon the marble, will become doubly inspired; the virgins of Greece (whose beauty our illustrious fellow-citizen, Byron, has celebrated in many of his poems, without any longer fearing contamination from the rapacious hands of our oppressors, crowning their heads with garlands, will dance round it, and sing of the beauty of our land, which the poet of our age has already commemorated with such grace and truth. But what sorrowful thought now presses upon my mind! I had imagined the blessings of our Bishops, the hymns, and laurel crowns, and the dance of the virgins of Greece round the tomb of the benefactor of Greece;—but this tomb will not contain his precious remains; the tomb will remain void; but a few days more will his body remain on the face of our land—of his new chosen

country; it cannot be given over to our arms; it must be borne to his own native land, which is honoured by his birth.

Oh, Daughter! most dearly beloved by him; your arms will receive him; your tears will bathe the tomb which contains his body; and the tears of the orphans of Greece will be shed over the urn containing his precious heart, and over all the land of Greece, for all the land of Greece is his tomb. As in the last moment of his life you and Greece were alone in his heart and upon his lips, it was but just that she (Greece) should retain a share of the precious remains. Missolonghi, his country, will ever watch over and protect with all her strength the urn containing his venerated heart, as a symbol of his love towards us. All Greece, clothed in mourning, and inconsolable, accompanies the procession in which it is borne; all ecclesiastical, civil, and military honours attend it; all his fellow-citizens of Missolonghi and fellow-countrymen of Greece follow it, crowning it with their gratitude and bedewing it with their tears; it is blessed by the pious benedictions and prayers of our Archbishop, Bishop, and all our clergy. Learn, noble lady, learn that chieftains bore it on their shoulders, and carried it to the church; thousands of Greek soldiers lined the way through which it passed, with the muzzles of their muskets, which had destroyed so many tyrants, pointed towards the ground, as though they would war against that earth which was to deprive them for ever of the sight of their benefactor;—all this crowd of soldiers ready at a moment to march against the implacable enemy of Christ and man, surrounded the funeral couch, and swore never to forget the sacrifices made by your father for us, and never to allow the spot where his heart is placed to be trampled upon by barbarous and tyrannical feet. Thousands of Christian voices were in a moment heard, and the temple of the Almighty resounded with supplications and prayers that his venerated remains might be safely conveyed to his native land, and that his soul might rest where the righteous alone find rest.

FAMILY OF BYRON.

ALTHOUGH there are few persons who valued less the distinctions of birth than Lord Byron, yet he did not despise the pride of ancestry. His family, as will be seen by the following genealogical table, is of great antiquity, and was distinguished nearly eight centuries ago. We ought to premise that the abbreviations *ob. s. p.* signify that the person died without issue.

Genealogical Table of the Family of Byron from the earliest period.

Sir Roger de Buron, living in 1306, grandson of Hugh de Buron, Lord of Horostan Castle, living in 1145, who was the son of Ralph de Buron.

Cecilia, d. of Rich. Clayton of Clayton, Lancashire.

Robert de Byron, Lord of the Manor of Clayton. Sir Richard Byron, Knt.

John de Byron, Custos of Dover Castle and the City of York, living 1301.

Alice, cousin and heir of Robert Ba. Sir John de Byron, Knt., living 1313. nasire, of Hyndeley, Lancashire.

Sir Richard de Byron, M.P. for Lincoln, in 1322.

Elizabeth, d. of Sir Wm. Bernake. Sir James Byron, Knt., died before 24 of Edw. III.

Sir John Byron, who was knighted for his valour at the siege of Calais, ob. s. p.

Joan, d. of Sir Wm. de Colewich, of Colewich, in Nottinghamsh.

Margery, d. of John Booth, of Barton, Esq. Sir John Byron, Knt.

Lucy, d. of Sir John Ashken. Richard Byron, who died during the life-time of his father.

Alice, d. of Sir John Boteler, of Beaussey, Lancashire. Sir Nicholas Byron, of Clayton, Knt. Sir Ralph Byron.

Joan, d. of Sir Edmund Trafford. James Byron, ob. s. p.

Joan, d. of Sir John Bourcheir. Sir Nicholas Byron, K.B., ob. 1504.

Margery, d. of Sir Robert Powichurst. Sir John Byron, knighted by Henry VII. Consistable of Nottingham Castle, Master of Sherwood Forest, and Custos of the Isle of Man, ob. 1488, s. p.

Alice, d. of Sir John, the fourth son, knighted 1379, married Margareta, d. of Sir Wm. Fitzwilliam, Lord Deputy of Ireland, by whom he had no issue.

Sir Nicholas Byron, Knt., who was Colonel General of Cheshire and Shropshire, and Governor of Chester, ob. s. p.

Anne, d. of Sir Richard Molyneux, Bart. Sir John Byron, third son, K. B.

Sir John Byron, K. B., M. P. for Notts, Lieutenant of the Tower, a brave man, was created Baron Byron, of Rochdale, Oct. 24, 1643. He was Field Marshal General and Governor to the Duke of York. He was twice married, and died without issue, 1642.*

Elizabeth, d. of Geo. Rosell, Esq. Sir Richard, second Lord Byron, Governor of Appleby Castle, ob. 1679.

Elizabeth, d. of Lord Chaworth. William, third Lord Byron, ob. 1695.

Lady Frances, d. of Duke of Portland. William fourth Lord Byron, Gent. of the Bedchamber, died 1736. Lady Frances, d. of Lord Berkeley.

William, fifth Lord Byron, Master of his Majesty's Stag-hounds, was in 1776. His Lordship died in 1798, without surviving issue.

Miss Trevelian, d. of J. Trevelian, of Cornwall, Esq.

John Byron, Admiral in the Navy, ob. 1786; the last man on board the Wager, man of War, of Lord Anson's squadron.

* Sir John was the eldest of that gallant band of brothers, who fought so bravely for Charles I., and were so severely punished in Lord Byron's Adieu to Newcastle Abbey. See *Minnors*, No. 88.

Amelia, Baroness Conyers. John Byron, Esq. Miss Gordon.

George Anson, now Lord Byron, Capt. R.N. Juliana married, Sir Robt. Wilmot, Bart.

Anna Isabella, only d. of Sir Ralph Milbanke born Jan. 16, 1788; died in Noct. Bart., b. 1792. Greece, April 19, 1824.

Ada b. 1815, * Sole daughter of my house and heart. * BYRON.

ON LORD BYRON.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—As I understand that you intend to allot the MIRROR of next week principally to matters concerning the late Lord Byron, I take the liberty of troubling you with my tribute of regard and regret for that great genius, who, though young in years, became the highest star in the poetical constellation of our country.

It is a humble offering, but it is a heart-felt one; and if your charity at any time prevails over your critical judgment, I hope it may so in the present instance, by giving it a niche in your interesting little journal.

JUVENIS.

LINES ON LORD BYRON.

HARK of my country! thy land-note of pleasure

I leave to awaken a tenderer tone,
And breathe my soul's sorrow in more solemn measure,

In mourning the minstrel whose spirit is gone.

The world crowned his harp with the palm of its praises.

Who hath closed now his brief, but brilliant career;

And the wail of the world now a requiem raises
For the patriot poet, and patriot peer.

The far flash of fancy—the full flow of feeling,
Have won him his wreath from a wand'ring world;

The vivid verve flowing like streams gently stealing,

Or wild as the waters down cataracts hurled!
He could cause the loud laugh with the sally of satire;

But now lamentation bends e'er the black bier

Of Byron—the noble of name and of nature—
The patriot poet and patriot peer.

O, England! be proud,—for till Time's tide assuages

Thy lyre shall be loved for the songs of thy son;—

And seek the wide world—search the annals of ages—

What one a more glorious garland hath won?
And to thee Caledonia a leaf of his laurels

Belongs, for thou nursed'st him a "young mountaineer;"

And how dear thou wert, tell the earlier carols,
Of the patriot poet and patriot peer.

But thou, lyric land! of a Sappho and Homer,—
Classic country! that once owned the good and the great:

O! dear to thee, Greece, is the sun of the summer,

So dear was the sun of song just on thee set!
And thy heart, his name will retain in remembrance,

By gratitude graven more daring and dear,
Than the marble memorial's, passive resemblance

Of the patriot poet and patriot peer.

Rest thy manes, matchless minstrel! no more
thy new numbers,

Shall thrill us with rapture, or taro us with wee!

O! green be the grass on the sod of thy slumbers,

As green as the garland Fame bound on thy brow!

Though thy life sun hath set in the noon of its splendour,

Yet this thought thy sorrowing country shall cheer—

That thou liv'd'st for liberty—died'st to defend her,

The patriot poet and patriot peer!

LINES ON THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON.

(For the Mirror.)

HARK! what sounds of hopeless sorrow

Float o'er Europe's southern sea,—

Sounds the mighty's fall, that follow

Sounds of woe, O, Greece, from thee!

Wide o'er each enlightened land

Spreads the murmuring voice of grief;

Supreme on Freedom's ev'ry strand

Is wee that scarcely knows relief.

Hark! Briton's sons commence the dirge:

"Tho' Byron's noon-day sun is set,

Still o'er earth's extremest verge

Its ardent rays will linger yet.—

"Linger? eye, shall last for ever,

Tho' the heroic bard's no more;—

Tho' o'ercast by clouds of error,

Shall cheer the brave of ev'ry shore.

Amidst the deathless great of Greece—

Amidst the valiant, and the just,

His laurell'd head reclined in peace,

Surrounded with congenial dust.

"Often on his mournful story

Shall English lips reluctant dwell.—

Farewell! then, our England's glory:

Erring, matchless bard, farewell!"

Tottenham.

I—N M—N.

ON THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON.

(For the Mirror.)

Son of immortal fame! Athena's bard,

Could nought the hand of rigid Fate retard?

Could nought delay fierce Death's devouring ire?

Or to thy noble breast recall its fire?

Rich in the gems of all inspiring song,

Thy vocal lyre, Athena's sons among,

Supplied fresh ardour to their zealous flame,

And re-illumined the dying lamp of fame.

What tho' the voice of envy shall refuse

To venerate the cherished of the Muse?—

What tho' vile calumny shall cast a gloom,

And spread malicious curses o'er thy tomb?—

Thy glittering sun o'er all shall rise sublime!

Perish the name of Byron—perish time.

Where'er is raised the patriot's flaming blade—

Where'er bold freedom's banner is displayed,

Then there the name of Byron shall be found,

And fames wide echo syllable the sound.

ERONIAN.

C. F. W.

A TRIBUTE TO LORD BYRON.

(For the Mirror.)

HARK to the knell! of which the mournful peals

Thro' Hella's isles her heavy loss proclaim

The joint lament of ev'ry heart that feels

The worth and glory gone of Byron's name!

The heart is cold that owned no tyrant's chain:

Neglected lies the harp, that sweetly sung

A heaven-inspired, independent strain—

Its warble ended, and its chords unstrung.

Weep, Albion, weep! nor Greece refrain from wee!

The tear that o'er the hero's grave is shed

(To worth entombed a tribute poor and low)

Honours the living, and rewards the dead.

Greece, Greece bewails, her head with cypress
crown'd,
The soul, the bounteous hand all
fed:
The heart she keeps, tho' in death's fetters
bound,
She had it living, and retains it dead.*

By the still urn the Grecian soldier stands,
While the big tear rolls from his manly eyes;
With unfeigned woe he clasps his warlike
hands—

The Greek, that nobly fights and nobly dies.

Noble the hand that guides a poet's pen,
And loves to trace the soul-enchanting strain !
But nobler still the hand that gives to man
The means to rive a tyrant's woeful chain !

The fabled phoenix dies ; its grave of fire
Creates another of its wondrous kind :
Another phoenix rises from the pyre,
But Byron leaves no parallel behind.

What ! tho' a shade his talents o'ercast,
And dimm'd the splendour of his former days ;
So shines the sun, the cloud obscuring past,
With greater glory and more lucid blaze.

Too weak this strain the hero's fame to tell !
It claims a nobler verse, far nobler lays :
The pen can't trace what ev'ry soul feels well ;
'Tis Byron's lays must vibrate Byron's praise.
T. L.

* This is an error.

LINES

Written on and near the tomb of Lord Byron.

(For the Mirror.)

THE mild and mellow lustre of the morn
Beams thro' its thin mist : gliding, as in scorn,
The distant landscape—late the lowly scene
Of funereal pageant. Thy turret's shewn,
O, Hucknall, meets my eye ; and mocks my woe,
Why dost thou thus thy laughing light-beams
throw,

As thou wert wont, when in more youthful hour,
Gaily I rambled round my bridal bower *
Thy smiles were welcome then :—they suit not
now.

The gathering gloom that broods upon my brow,
Thou should'st be plunged, in more than mid-
night gloom,

Deep as the darkness of thy recent tomb.

Oh ! thou wast once a joyal sight to me,
Such as thou never, never more may'st be ;—

Yet, oft at misty morn, or dewy eve,
My soul must seek thy scenes, to gaze and
grieve ;

But ne'er again in joy my feet can wend
The oft-trod paths, that to thy turret tend.

* N. B. Hucknall was the author's residence
at the period of his marriage

BYRON AND GREECE.

(For the Mirror.)

My muse was kindled on the poet's tomb :
My harp was tuned upon the poet's bier :
His fire, his power, his grandeur and his gloom,
These first I felt,—and awe, must woo them
there.

There shall be now the scene of my devotion ;
The shrine to which my pilgrimage I pay :
Yet still, it better were the foam-white ocean
Had never borne his bones from Greece away.
Oh ! may his spirit, like a sunny ray,
Dart through the soul of Greece,—all Greece
shall be

Deliver'd from the Turks' tyrannic sway :
And e'en from her deliverer's fetters free,—
For chains are chains, tho' bound by brethren on ;
And lands are never free, whilst warriors there
be one.

The following elegant tribute to the
memory of Byron is from a clever little
volume, just published, entitled, "The
Buccaneer, and other Poems."—By John
Malcolm :—

LINES ON THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON.

"The sun goes forth, but Conrad's day is dim,
And the night cometh, ne'er to pass from him."
CORSAIR.

He's gone ! the glorious spirit's fled !
The Minstrel's strains are hush'd and o'er,
And lowly lies the mighty dead
Upon a far and foreign shore.
Still as the harp o'er Babel's streams,
For ever hangs his tuneful lyre,
And he, with all his glowing dreams,
Quench'd like a meteor's fire !

So sleeps the great, the young, the brave
Of all beneath the circling sun,
A muffled shroud—a dungeon grave—
To him—the Bard, remain alone.
So, genius, ends thy blazing reign—
So mute the music of the tongue,
Which poured but late the loftiest strain
That ever mortal sung.

Yet musing on his early doom,
Methinks for him no tears should be,
Above whose bed of rest shall bloom
The laurels of eternity.
But, oh ! while glory gilds his sleep,
How shall the heart its loss forget ?
His very fame must bid it weep,
His praises wake regret.

His memory in the tears of Greece,
Shall be embalmed for evermore,
And till her tale of troubles cease,
His spirit walk her silent shore.
There e'en the winds that wake in sighs,
Shall still seem whispering of his name ;
And lonely rocks and mountains rise
His monuments of fame !

But where is he ?—ye dead—ye dead,
How secret and how silent all !
No voice comes from the narrow bed—
No answer from the dreary pall.
It hath no tale of future trust,
No morning beam, no wakening eye,
It only speaks of "dust to dust,"
Of trees that fall—to lie.

"My bark is yet upon the shore,"
And thine is launched upon the sea,
Which eye of man may not explore,
Of fathomless Eternity !
Perchance, in some far-future land,
We yet may meet—we yet may dwell ;
If not, from off this mortal strand,
Immortal, fare thee well !

TO GREECE, ON THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON.

LAND, where the father-herd attuned the lyre
For gods and heroes, where fair Sappho sang
Immortal love, and like the bird of morn
Bright Pindar soar'd on inspiration's wing !
Land of the martyrs, whose eternal names
The consecrated page of virtue bears
When columns moulder ; weep not him who
gave

His glowing genius to thy holy cause,
Who left the myrtle shades and orange bowers,
And soft retirement on Ausonia's shore,
For the steep mountain and the castled rock,
Where, like an eagle in the stormy clouds,
Young Freedom's banner floated, and the cry
Of vengeance, like the thunder, peal'd around.

Weep not for Byron, he hath won his fame,
Weep not his glory, but avenge his loss ;
Fought on the foe the spirit he hath breathed
So shall the plain of Marathon again

Be ripe with glory's vintage, so the waves
Of Salamis be redder'd with the blash
Of the descending Crescent, and thy rocks—
Thy rocks, Thermopylæ! of awful fame,
Again be brighten'd by the lightning's flash,
Blasting the savage from the hero's soil.

He died to win thee from the cold embrace
Of desolation—from the tyrant's grasp.
The slave's base scorn, and pity of the free,
And when just waking from thy trance of
mind

Did not his lyre enchant thee? Sweet and
wild
And full of grandeur, like prophetic strains.
His voice inspired thee with immortal hopes,
Like the strange music of the Orphean song
That checked decay, and called the spirit back
And flushed the face of death with living fires.

His was not siren-like the strain that stung
O'er rosy bowers and vintage-cover'd hills
Effeminate enchantment, such as made
The vassal youth, in base and shameless joys,
Forget the virtues of their race—forget the
sires

Of arts and glory in their ancient land
When liberty enclosed it—No! his Muse
Held not the cup of Circe to the lips,
Sparkling with witchcraft that enslav'd the
soul.

The hand that swept the chords, was fit to
wield

The sword, Alcæus, thy own warrior-bard,
Twin'd with the laurel from the Delphic tree—

Around him gather'd not the votaries
Of dance, and lute, and wanton revelry,
Wrathing their flow'ry crowns, and strewing
o'er

The couch of pleasure with the myrtle bough;
But chiefs, in iron clad, and martial youth,
Strong in the pride that turns the tyrant pale—
Forming the Spartan rampart of the land,
'Gaining hosts, that roll'd, like the dark ocean,
on,

And broke in foam and feebleness away!

To these he spoke the words of fire, that flew
Electric through the land!—now mute that
voice,

And tuneless the wild chords of melody—
No living hand can waken it!—Let his dirge
Be heard upon the stormy breath of war!—
His requiem not the sighs of drooping slaves,
But holy hymns of freemen!—and the flowers
That deck his urn, be of the immortal growth
Of Fame's bright chaplet,—never known to
spring

From out the bosom of a land in chains!

MONODY ON THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON.

Byron is dead!
That proud unbending soul at last has fled,
Alike mysterious, both in joy and gloom,
Scorning the world, he sank into the tomb:
And those fair shores, where oft he lov'd to
dwell,

Caught his last breath, and heard his last fare-
well.

What grief now hangs o'er Missolonghi's tow'rs
Darkens her halls, and reigns thro' all her
bowers:

Soft Grecian virgins weeping at the loom,
And Grecian warriors mourn his early doom.
For he, the bard, that struck the lofty lyre,
Whose soul was fill'd with Freedom's sacred
fire,

Who nobly steer'd his bark o'er billowy wave
To aid a patriot cause, and join the brave,
Shall sing no more! cold, silent, pale he lies,
Death, in his much-lov'd Greece, has closed his
eyes.

Bring odours from the east, rich spices burn,
Bet the dark cypress wave o'er Byron's urn.

Strew fragrant myrtle on his marble tomb,
And round it twine the "*guhl* in all her bloom."
Call on the spirits of his magic song,
And sound a requiem as they pass along.

Behold the visionary forms arise
Like varied clouds in soft autumnal skies
Oh, for that voice whose melody divine
So sweetly sang the cedar and the vine;
Oh, for the pencil of the master's hand,
To paint in order all the mournful band.
First pensive Harold, *Childe* of tuncful lay,
In pilgrims garb y'clad, here wends his way:
To memory recd, how sweet the scenes he
brings—

While on the breeze his harp's wild note he
flings:
Then, like some tender oriental flower,
That droops its head beneath the vernal shower
Beaming with loveliness to heaven allied—
Mark the meek beauties of Abydos' bride!
Mark her fine form—her eye of sunny light—
Her glowing charms fung radiant on the sight!
To one lov'd youth her virgin soul she gave—
Heard ye that shriek?—his life-blood stain'd the
wave.

See through the shade a darkling visage lour—
Stern Hassan's foe—the fierce and vengeful
Giaour.

He lifts his threat'ning arm, he strikes his
breast,

Then smiles triumphant, for he *had been blast*.
Now on his Leila lost he seems to cry:
Now mounts his sable steed, and thunders by.
Stay, warrior, stay! behold a Caucasian shade—
Bright Leila's self—thy own Circassian maid:
She who in chains yet feit her heart was free,
Her tyrant's vengeance braved, and died for
thee.

Ah! see her shining in her white cimarr,
Lustrous tho' pale, like vesper's early star.
And was she murdered, by that Moslem crew,
The loveliest form that ever mortal knew?
Now turn the gaze upon "*a dark-blue sea*,"
Where yon black vessel sails so swift and free:
She clears the rocky point—she makes the land:
Some vigorous warrior springs upon the sand,—
He climbs the beetling rock—now know ye
him?

Conrad, the far-famed Corsair, bold and grim.
Ah! who remembers not that piercing eye—
That frown that rais'd the haram's dastard
cry!

But deep despair has sudden changed his brow,
Wild is his eye—his step is broken—slow—
Onward he comes, to join the mournful throng,
And madly listens for Medora's song.
Medora—Oh! the spell that's in that name,
What Saint e'er burn'd with such devoted
flame?

What bard, save one, could paint that angel
fair,

Her eyes' soft languor and her golden hair,
Streaming all free upon the evening gale,
As from her rock she gaz'd on Conrad's sail?
But who can sing the crowds that swell the tide,
The daring lover, or the blooming bride.
All, all are favourites of the Sacred Nine,
And give their poet's name to endless time.
And now the sun, slow sinking to his rest,
Throws his retiring splendour on the west;
Yet still he lingers o'er fair Greece's isles,
And rests luxuriant on her ruin'd piles:
Beams on the Minaret, glitters on the Mosque,
Gilds the high Crescent, gems the gay Kiosk:
Then brightly glances, ere he fades from view,
O'er the white sails, on Stamboul's waters blue.
Hark! floating on the air so sweetly clear,
What heavenly strains entrance the list'ning ear!
Behold th' Aonian Maids themselves descend,
And o'er their Byron's tomb in sorrow bend;
And, to the utmost reach of future years,
Patriots will wet his bed of death with tears.

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Illustrations of Shakspeare.

No. VI.

SIWARD'S MONUMENT.



DURING the middle ages, and when Scotland was in closer alliance with France than England, our Northern frontier was a place of considerable importance, and its defence was often entrusted to the Earls of Northumberland and their followers, who had the most to fear from those predatory incursions, which the Scots so frequently made. In case of success, the Earls of Northumberland were also the first to roll back on Scotland the strife of arms. Such was the case when the murderous usurpation of Macbeth had roused both countries to resist him. It was then that Siward, Earl of Northumberland, who commanded the English forces, and his gallant son, young Siward, bearded the tyrant in his own Castle, and dared him to the fight.

The castle of Macbeth was situated at Dunsinnan, one of the Sidlaw hills of Scotland, and some remains of it are yet to be seen. The tragedy of Macbeth, by our

immortal bard, has familiarized this part of Scottish history with the public; we have, however, added the original story on which Shakspeare founded his inimitable play. Of course some liberties have been taken by the dramatist; for, although guilt has a thousand terrors unknown to innocence, yet, a daring spirit like that of Macbeth was not to be scared, even though Birnam Wood should come to Dunsinane, or his foe be not of woman born.

Macbeth was a very brave man, no doubt; and, among those who fell beneath his prowess in the engagement which lost him the crown he had usurped, was young Siward, son of the Earl of Northumberland. Over his body a rude monument was erected, of which we present an engraving. As it is now pretty generally believed Shakspeare was once in Scotland, it is highly probable he visited this scene of one of his best plays—the tragedy of Macbeth.

THE HISTORY OF MACBETH.

ABOUT the lineage and station of Macbeth, whose misdeeds have been dramatized, writers have written variously, as their purposes were either narrative or dramatic. The fabulous Boece was the first, who said, that Macbeth's father was thane of Angus, and married Doad, the second daughter of Malcolm II. Buchanan, without inquiry, adopted the fables of Boece. Holinshed followed Boece, as to the station of Macbeth, and Shakspeare repeated the echoes of Holinshed. The more voracious Wyntown calls Macbeth the thane of *Crumbachty*, which is the Gaelic name of Cromarty : and in the well known story of the *Weird Sisters*, the chronicler makes the first witch hail Macbeth thane of Crumbachty; the second, thane of Moray; and the third, king. These intimations lead directly up to the several fictions of Boece, Holinshed, and Shakspeare. Macbeth was, by birth, the thane of Ross; by marriage with the Lady Gruoch, the thane of Moray; and, by his crimes, the king of Scots. Finley, as we may learn from Torfæus, was maormor, or, as the Norwegian historian calls him, *jarl* of Ross, who, at the commencement of the eleventh century, carried on a vigorous war, in defence of his country, against the incursions of that powerful viking, Sigurd, the Earl of Orkney and Caithness. With his dominions, the district of Finley was contiguous, while the country of Angus lay, southward, at a great distance. Finley lost his life about 1020, in some hostile conflict with Malcolm II. This fact alone evinces, that Finley would scarcely have fought with his wife's father, if he had been the husband of Doad. The Lady Gruoch, when driven from her castle by the cruel fate of her husband, the maormor of Moray, naturally fled, with her infant son, Lulach, into the neighbouring country of Ross, which was then ruled by Macbeth, who married her, during the reign of Duncan. We have now seen distinctly, that Macbeth was maormor of Ross, the son of Finley, and the grandson of Rory, or Roderick; and that he was the husband of Gruoch, who was the daughter of Boedhe, and the granddaughter of Kenneth IV. Macbeth thus united in himself all the power which was possessed by the partisans of Kenneth IV., all the influence of the Lady Gruoch, and of her son, Lulach, together with the authority of maormor of Ross, but not of Angus. With all these powers, in addition to his own character for address and vigour, Macbeth became

superior to Duncan and the partisans of his family. Macbeth had to avenge the wrongs of his wife, and to resent, for himself, the death of his father. The superiority of Macbeth, and the weakness of Duncan, were felt, when the unhappy king expiated the crimes of his fathers, by "his most sacrilegious murder;" and Macbeth hastily marched to Scone, where he was inaugurated as the king of Scots, supported by the clans of Moray and Ross, and applauded by the partisans of Kenneth IV. If Macbeth had been in fact, what fiction has supposed, the son of the second daughter of Malcolm, his title to the throne would have been preferable to the right of Duncan's son, according to the Scottish constitution, from the earliest epoch of the monarchy. Whatever defect there may have been in his title to the sullied sceptre of his unhappy predecessor, he seems to have been studious to make up for it, by a vigorous and beneficent administration. He even practised the hospitality, which gives shelter to the fugitive. During his reign, plenty is said to have abounded; justice was administered; the chieftains, who would have raised disturbances, were either overawed by his power, or repressed by his valour. Yet, injury busied herself in plotting vengeance. Crian, the abbot of Dunkeld, who, as the father of Duncan, and the grand-father of his sons, must have been now well-stricken in years, put himself at the head of the friends of Duncan, and made a gallant, but unsuccessful attempt, to restore them to their rights. The odious crime, however, by which Macbeth acquired his authority, seems to have haunted his most prosperous moments. He tried, by distributing money at Rome, by largesses to the clergy, and by charity to the poor, to obtain relief from "the affliction of those terrible dreams that did shake him nightly." Macbeth, and the Lady Gruoch, his wife, gave the lands of Kirkness, and also the manor of Bolgy, to the Culdees of Lochleven. Yet, the friendship of the Pope, and the support of the clergy, did not ensure Macbeth a quiet reign. His rigour increased with his sense of insecurity. The injuries of Macduff, the maormor of Fife, constantly prompted the son of Duncan to attempt the redress of their wrongs. With the approbation, perhaps by the command, of Edward the Confessor, Siward, the potent Earl of Northumberland, and the relation of Malcolm, conducted a numerous army into Scotland, during the year 1054. The Northumbrians, led by Siward and his son, Osbert, penetrated, probably, to Dunsinane. In this vicinity,

were they confronted by Macbeth, when a furious conflict ensued. The numbers of the slain evince the length of the battle, and the bravery of the combatants. Osbert was slain: yet Macbeth, after all his efforts of valour, and vigour of conduct, was overcome. He retired into the north, where he had numerous friends, and where he might find many fastnesses. Siward returned into Northumberland, and died, at York, in 1055. Meantime, Macbeth continued his bloody contest with Malcolm: and this uncommon character was at length slain, at Lumphanan, on the 5th of December, 1056; by the hand of the injured Macduff.

EXORCISM; OR, CASTING OUT DEVILS.

ALTHOUGH the diffusion of knowledge, and the blessings of education, are rapidly dissipating the superstitions which marked the age of ignorance, yet there are still some prejudices which have not given way to the light of truth. Among these may be classed the belief in exorcism, or of the demoniacal possession, and the power of casting out devils, which still prevails. Nor is this superstition confined, as some assert, to Roman Catholics, as we shall have occasion to show; and we are acquainted with more than one conscientious Methodist who fully believes in the existence of demoniacal possession. Our attention has been called to this subject by a trial at the last Wexford Assizes, when the Rev. John Carroll, a Roman Catholic priest, and five other persons, were tried for the murder of Catharine Sinnott. It appeared in evidence, that Mr. Carroll, who was deranged, had given notice that on a certain day he would perform some miracles. The principal witness deposed, that from two to three hundred persons were assembled to see Father Carroll perform his miracles; some were kneeling, and some standing; heard some of the people say, "Jesus, strengthen the man." The woman, Moran, was laying speechless on the ground. Father Carroll came up with his hat off, looked at her for some time, then stamped twice with his foot, and said, "Begone." The priest then threw himself on his back; and rubbed the back of his hand on the gravel until it bled. He then got up, and standing over Mrs. Moran's head, exclaimed, "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!—Father, Father, Father, assist me!" The majority of persons present remained kneeling all the time. Father Carroll then proceeded to Sinnott's house, which was crowded; witness could

not see the priest, but heard water dashing about the room; saw the priest afterwards in bed; the child was under a tub; Mr. Carroll was standing on the top of the tub, and he sometimes leaped and pranced upon the tub. Afterwards he took off his stockings, and whistled a hornpipe. At four o'clock the witness (Furling) took the priest away. The child frequently called out to her parents to save her; did not interfere when he saw the priest on the tub; when he was first going into the room, Parel, one of the prisoners, asked whether he was mad or drunk? and desired him to keep out of the way, as the priest was at that moment going to expel a devil, and that he (the devil) might hurt witness in his passage out of the room. At this time the people had formed a passage to let the devil pass. Witness thought Father Carroll mad, though he suffered him to sit on the child. In his cross-examination he again stated, that the reason why a passage was made in the crowd, was to allow the devil to pass from the child.

The father of the child, who, with the mother, were calm spectators of the horrid scene, said that there was a general belief that Mr. Carroll did perform miracles, and that though he had killed his child, he thought he would return and bring it to life.

The most satisfactory evidence of the insanity of Mr. Carroll was given, and he was acquitted on that ground, but subject to be confined during his Majesty's pleasure; but the same excuse cannot be offered for the two or three hundred spectators, whose credulity is so extraordinary. The other prisoners were also acquitted. There has not been, that we are aware of, an instance of exorcism more melancholy than this, though the doctrine is very old.

Exorcism is a religious custom, which seems coeval with the earliest attempts at public worship, even in savage life, and is still a solemn rite of the Romish church, the believers in which maintain that their priesthood has the power of expelling devils, or demons, from the bodies of possessed persons. The word is derived from the Greek *εξορκισμ*, signifying to abjure, or conjure; yet, in point of fact, the conjuration ought to be regarded as the formula only, by which the evil spirit is commanded to depart from, or relinquish his hold on the deceased patient, whilst exorcism is the ceremony entire.

Demoniacal possession has engaged the attention of many learned men, both in ancient and modern times, and numerous arguments have been urged as well in defence of its reality as in attestation of its falsehood. The idea, itself, is of extreme

age, and the established theology of the heathen world, from its earliest rise until its final extinction, was in a considerable degree founded on the basis of demonism. The sacred writings furnish abundant evidence that a belief in frequent possession was common both to the Jews and the Gentiles, many ages prior to the Christian era; and Josephus, the Jewish historian, asserts, that the method of exorcism prescribed by Solomon, "prevailed, or succeeded greatly," among the Jews, "even to his time."

The Catholics (who at the present day are the principal upholders of the utility of exorcism) infer from various passages of the New Testament, that our Saviour and his Apostles countenanced the doctrine of real possession; and even among Protestant divines of great learning and unimpeachable goodness, there are some who maintain a similar opinion. "It is impossible for me," says Dr. Campbell, "to deny the existence of possessing demons, without admitting that the sacred historians were either deceived themselves in regard to them, or intended to deceive their readers." But in contravention of this testimony, as Dr. Sykes, and other polemicists have remarked, it should be remembered that it was customary with the ancient historians, with the sacred writers, and with Jesus himself, to use the language of the vulgar, although known and admitted to have been originally grounded on a false philosophy, or a debasing superstition. We are not warranted to conclude, however, merely from the circumstance of the sacred writers adopting the common phraseology of the time, that they thereby gave sanction to the system which it favoured, any more than we are justified in ascribing an erroneous hypothesis to the naturalist, who, in accordance with the prevailing modes of expression, tells us that the "dew falls," the "sun sets," and the "moon changes." With the Jews it was a very prevalent opinion, though not peculiar to them, that evil spirits frequented desolate places; yet, because Jesus, in his address to that people, alludes to it for the purposes of useful instruction, shall we then represent him as entertaining and sanctioning the vulgar belief! Many are the expressions of our Saviour, which it is impossible to understand in a literal sense, and should, therefore, have given to them that liberal interpretation which an impartial judgment awards. How else can we be convinced of the propriety of the command recorded by St. Mark, (chap. ix. verse 25), "Thou dumb and deaf spirit, I charge thee come out of him." It was no unusual thing with

Christ to address the elements and other objects equally insensible, as agents endowed with reason and liberty. He "rebuked" the "winds" and the "seas," saying, "peace, be still." He "rebuked" a "fever," and it left the afflicted; and to the "dead" he said, "arise!" With these instances before us, we can have little hesitation to ascribe the language of scripture, in reference to demoniacal possession, to the then popular belief in its reality, which required a conformity of expression in order to be the more clearly understood.

In remote ages, when the cause and nature of diseases were but little known, the credulous and vulgar were easily prevailed on to credit the notion of maniacs and epileptics, being really possessed by evil spirits; yet even in those days the inquirers into truth very soon pronounced, that what commonly passed for demoniacal possessions were merely natural disorders. The learned Hippocrates wrote his book Περὶ Τηρῆς Νόσος expressly to shew that the epilepsy has nothing in it superhuman more than any other distemper; and that those, who, ascribing to it the agency of the gods, undertook to cure it by expiations and charms, were alike ignorant and impious. Plotinus, also, a Platonist of the third century, speaks of those who pretended to cure disorders by expelling demons, as "admired only by the vulgar;" whilst they were despised by men of sense, who believed "that all diseases proceed from natural causes;" we learn, too, from Origen, that in his time physicians accounted in a natural way for disorders imputed to demons, although he himself condemned them for so doing.

"The doctrine of demoniacal possessions," says Farmer, who has written extensively upon the subject, "is so manifestly repugnant to the perfections of God, to the wisdom, equity, and goodness of the divine government, and to that fixed order of causes and effects which we discover in every part of nature, and particularly in the human system, that few, perhaps, in this enlightened age, would appear in its defence, were it not for an apprehension that it is supported by the authority of revelation;" yet that this surmise is absolutely groundless, is evident from the whole tenor of the scriptures, the fundamental principles, both of the Jewish and Christian dispensations, being utterly inconsistent with such a belief, and fully demonstrative of the fact, that there never was, nor can be, a real demoniac.

One of the last instances of supposed demoniacal possession among Protestants

was that of George Lukins, who was a native of Yatton, in Somersetshire, and had been brought up a tailor. This person, about the year 1770, whilst going round the neighbourhood with other young fellows, acting Christmas plays or mummeries, suddenly fell down senseless, struck, as he conceived, by an invisible hand, which was thus allowed to punish him for the part he was then playing, though his general conduct through life had been commendable and pious. He was recovered with difficulty, and from that period became subject to fits of a most singular and dreadful nature, which continued with more or less violence during eighteen years. Whilst under the influence of these deplorable seizures, his countenance became greatly distorted, and his actions convulsive and violent to an extraordinary degree. He would then, in a roaring voice, declare himself to be the devil, and with horrid execrations summon around him certain invisible agents, commanding them to torture the possessed by all the diabolical means possible. He would next, at the presumed order of the demon, sing hunting and pastoral songs in different tones; in one part imitating a delicate female, in another singing in his own character, and again changing his voice, would personate the demon himself with hoarse and appalling modifications of sound, that bore no resemblance to any thing human. He would afterwards sing an "*inverted Te Deum*," in the alternate voices of a man and woman, who, with much profaneness, would thank the demon for having given them so much power. The demon himself would seem to conclude the paroxysm by declaring, that he would punish him for ever; and then, after barking furiously, and strongly asserting his own diabolical dignity, he appeared to quit his prey, and the patient recovered from the fit, though utterly exhausted and helpless. At other times Lukins would mimic various animals, particularly the dog, and would both act and bark like one for a long while. The general time of the duration of his fits was about an hour. Various medical means were tried by different persons to relieve him, but all without avail, and he became wretchedly exhausted and debilitated.

At length, about 1788, Lukins began to declare that he was possessed by seven devils, and that nothing would avail but the united prayers of seven clergymen, who could ask deliverance for him in faith. Some time elapsed before a sufficient number of divines could be found to engage in such an unusual service; but eventually the Rev. J. Easterbrook, vicar

of Temple church, Bristol, and several ministers of the Wesleyan sect, assembled in the vestry-room of Temple church, on June the 13th, in the above year. Here Lukins being present, they began by singing a hymn, which seemed to throw him into strong convulsive agitations, "very different from his usual seizures," and his face was variously distorted. His right hand and arm then began to shake with violence, which was always customary at the commencement of his fits, and, after some violent throes, he spake in a deep, hoarse, hollow voice, "*personating an invisible agent*," upbraiding him as a fool for bringing that silly company together, and swearing by his "infernal den," that he would never quit hold of him, but would torment him a thousand times worse for making this vain attempt. The residue of the fit was nearly a repetition of his former seizures, but mingled with more direful imprecations, and greater apparent agony. At last, after one of the clergymen had several times abjured the evil spirit to depart from him in the name of "Jesus, and in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost," he exclaimed with dreadful howlings, "Must I give up my power?" and soon after, in another voice, as if with astonishment, "Our Master has deceived us!" The abjuration was then repeated, and a voice asked, "Where shall we go?" the reply was, "To hell, thine own infernal den, and return no more to torment this man." On this, the agitation, howlings, and contortions of Lukins were stronger than ever: but as soon as the conflict was over, he said, in his own natural voice, "Blessed Jesus;" and becoming quite serene, immediately praised God for his deliverance, and returning the most devout thanks to all present, went away entirely relieved from his fits and supposed possession, but subject to great weakness and nervous debility. His case occasioned great controversy in the western parts of England, and some accused him of imposture; but the facts were, that both mind and body were disordered by the effects of epilepsy.

The learned Selden, speaking on the subject of demoniacal possession, asks, "Why have we now none possessed with devils in England?" the old answer is, the devil hath the *Protestants* already, and the *Papists* are so *holy*, he dares not meddle with them! He further adds, "*Casting out devils* is mere juggling; they never cast out any but what they first cast in. They do it, where for reverence no man shall dare to examine it; they do it in a corner, in a mortice-hole, not in the market-place. They do nothing but what may be done by art; they

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make the *devil fly* out of the window in the likeness of a bat or a rat; why do they not hold him? why in the likeness of a bat or a rat, or some other creature? and why not in the shape we paint him in, with claws and horns?" In reply to these pertinent questions, it has been remarked, that *real bats* and *rats* may be procured, but every carver is not to be trusted with the making a *horned* or *cloven-footed* image of the devil.

The exorcist of the Romish Church is a priest or tonsured clerk, who has received the four lesser orders. The fourth council of Carthage appoints, that in the ordination of exorcists, the bishop, putting the book of Exorcisms in their hands, shall say these words, "Receive it, and keep it in remembrance, and have power to lay hands on energumeni, whether baptized or catechumens;" and this form still obtains.

The exorcising an haunted house, appears, from the ancient form (which is given at length in Bourne's *Antiquitates Vulgares*), to be attended with considerable difficulty, the priest being ordered to visit it for an entire week, and commencing at the gates, on Monday, to proceed by degrees, daily, through the whole habitation, repeating certain prayers, psalms, ejaculations, &c., till on the following sabbath, placing himself "*in one of the largest and most sumptuous parts of the house, he shall direct this exorcism to the demons that haunt it, 'I exorcise you, O ye demons, who have thus boldly presumed to invade this habitation of men, and give such disquietude to its inhabitants, by the triune God, whose is the earth and the fulness thereof, the round world, and they that dwell therein; by our Lord Jesus Christ, who, continuing what he was, made himself man, conceived by the Holy Ghost, and born of a Virgin, and who for our sakes, when he had undergone many sufferings, underwent also the torment of the cruel cross, upon which he bowed his head, and gave up the Ghost, that he might obtain for us abundant grace in the present life, and in the world to come, life everlasting:—By all the grace acquired for us, by the grace of faith conferred in baptism, of fortitude in confirmation, of charity in the eucharist, of justice in penance, of hope in extreme unction, of temperance in matrimony, and of prudence in holy orders, and by all holy men and women, the saints of God, who now inherit eternal glory, and by all their merits, that you remove this your presumptuous power from this house, and continue here no longer, nor any more vex its inhabitants.'*"

The priest is then to exorcise and bless

the house by a particular formula, and "*the image of our Saviour upon the cross*" is to be erected in an open part of the principal room; after which, "let the priest sprinkle the whole house from top even to the bottom," saying a "lesson" from the 19th chap. of St. Luke, which regards the interview between Jesus and Zaccheus. The ceremony is then ended, by hanging up at the four corners of the house, the herb *abyssum*, "after it has been signed by the cross." Some years ago there was an example of exorcism took place in one of the Roman Catholic districts in England: the evil spirit is said to have resembled an owl, and most probably was so in reality. Another instance of the existing superstition of the Catholics occurred at Basle, in Switzerland; where the ceremony of the "Greater Excommunication" was solemnly performed against the *field mice*, for making depredations on the grain.

Pliny asserts, that anciently houses were hallowed with *brimstone* against evil spirits. How curious the change! In modern times diabolical visitations are almost always said to be accompanied by a scent of burning sulphur.

FACETIE.

THE Swedish general, Torstenson, on taking a German town, found in one of the churches, twelve silver images of the apostles, as large as life, which he ordered to be sent to Sweden, saying, Jesus Christ has said, Go ye into all the world, and they have not yet visited my country.

Two peasants were sent by their congregation to a large town to seek an eminent painter, who was to paint an altarpiece for their church. The subject was the martyrdom of St. Sebastian. The painter to whom they addressed themselves, inquired whether he should represent the saint as living or dead. This question for some time perplexed them, at length, however, one replied, "The best way is to paint him alive; if he is to be dead, you know, we can kill him at any time.

A magistrate of Saumur, being chosen to congratulate the king on his arrival, began his speech in the following manner: "Sire, the inhabitants of your town of Saumur, are so rejoiced to see your majesty, that—that—that"—he stopped. "Yes, sire," said the Duke de Breze, "the inhabitants of Saumur are so rejoiced to see your majesty, that they cannot express it.

While Duke Pico, of Mivandula, was a child, an old doctor once remarked in his presence, that children, who had

much understanding in their youth as little Pico, generally became dull as they grew older; "Then," said the Duke, smartly, "you must have been very sensible in your youth."

A peasant being kicked by a horse, exclaimed, "Ah! I suspected that, the confounded beast has always owed me a spite since I discovered his master to sell him."

"Look," said Mr. A. to Mr. B., (with whom he had long disputed who had the best sight,) see! there is a fly sitting on the point of the steeple!" "O, yes," (said Mr. B., who was aware of the jest,) I see it very well; it has a hollow tooth!"

The people in the vicinity of Smyrna are in the habit of diverting themselves in the following manner. After taking away the eggs of the breeding storks, they put hens eggs under them. The unexpected appearance of the chickens so discompose the stork, that he collects his neighbours with a loud cry, to be witnesses of the shame of his polluted wife, who then fall upon the innocent female and peck her to death, whilst her deluded mate bewails his destiny with a most doleful noise. HERMAN.

THE FATAL AVALANCHE.

(For the Mirror.)

TOWARDS the close of the summer of the year 18—, business led me to the Rhenish Vineyards, and having completed the matters which drew me from the shores of this happy island, I suffered myself to be prevailed on by a young friend, deeply smitten with the picturesque, (his capability for enjoying and improving which, his pen and pencil have given numerous proofs not less gratifying to his family and friends than creditable to himself)—to accompany him on a desultory ramble amid the grandeur and beauty of the scenery of Switzerland: in the course of one of these our pedestrian strolls, occurred the incident which I am about to relate, though I despair of doing so with a tenth part of the touching pathos with which the recital struck upon my own heart. Geology is a study in which I take much delight, and in this land of mountain and vale a wide field opened itself for the indulgence of my favourite pursuit, I engaged in it with assiduity, and in the course of my inquiries was directed to Mount R—, situate on the quiet shores of Lake L—, thither our steps were accordingly bent, as to a spot where our mutual tastes might meet gratification, the port-folio being as indispensable a part of my companion's equipment as the valise, for a depositary, of mine;—his knees and pencil were immediately

put in requisition, but as a closer inspection of nature was essential to *my views* I wandered onward to inspect the various strata of the mountain before us, which appeared as though riven asunder by some powerful convulsion of our great mother, for a considerable portion of it had fallen and formed a second hill at its base; the singularity of this circumstance arrested my attention, and fancy became instantaneously engaged in a thousand ways to discover the cause; I had not remained long in this reverie when my attention was diverted by the notes of one of those Swiss songs, the wild simplicity of which is become proverbial. I stood for sometime in my musing position, primary and secondary, lime-stone freely yielding the palm to this delectable attack upon the auditory nerve; the song ceased, and on raising my eyes I found I had been indebted for this sudden and delightful change in the current of my ideas to a young peasant whom I discovered tracking one of the mountain declivities which terminated on the spot I stood, his rake was flung carelessly over the left shoulder, and a young woman whom he kindly and carefully guided down the treacherous track, was affectionately linked with his right arm. I advanced a few paces to meet them, and, after mutual salutations, proceeded to inquire of the young man if he knew aught of what had caused the ruinate scene before us?—a shade passed over his fine open countenance, and his features fell, but it was evidently the pain of recollection, not the gloom of displeasure, which led to the change I had marked. I saw I had touched a troubled chord, for a sigh escaped him, but one look of tenderness and love from his blooming companion, restored him to himself, he acknowledged the appeal without utterance, and courteously turning towards me, proceeded to reply to my interrogatory.—"Yes, Sir," he said, "I can, indeed, relate to you the melancholy event which in one brief hour brought destruction on two villages and their peaceful and happy inhabitants, and made me an orphan without a home to shelter me, or a relative to guide my tender years. About sixteen years since, I was walking homeward from school, in one of our brightest evenings, with hope and innocence for my companions, when suddenly my steps were arrested by a loud rumbling noise from the mountain, followed by a crash that rooted me to the spot, but a short time had elapsed ere I saw an old woman of our village hastening with unequal steps and terror-stricken looks up the pathway by which I and my Marguerite just now descended. Young

as I was, I quickly discerned by her look and manner, some dreadful catastrophe had happened; judge, Sir, of my dismay when I heard her exclaim on meeting me—poor child! all, all is lost,—the mountain has fallen, our houses and our friends are all buried beneath it!—Alas! it was too true, all were destroyed. The intelligence spread rapidly in all directions, and every assistance that humanity could suggest was promptly rendered, but it availed nothing, so enormous was the mass that had fallen, the destruction was complete! In the morning I had left my blessed home, my honoured parents, affectionate brothers and sisters, and many kind and dear friends, as little conscious of the impending danger as I was myself, in the evening I stood on yon spot bereft of all, the scene of ruin and horror full in my view: after the labour of some days, the neighbouring peasantry had dug to the houses, but all that could be recognised of my family, was a part of the body of my poor mother, identified by the old woman who first met me in her flight. Yonder, Sir, is the spot on which our house stood, its materials are now intermingled with the mountain, turf and stones, and by that fragment of wall still grows you see, a rose tree in which I had taken much childish delight, and which a few days since shed its last blossom on the else unmarked tomb of so many who were dear to me.” His eyes became suffused, and those of the young woman, who I learnt was his recently deceased wife, were streaming at the recital; my own heart was ill at rest at the narrative of this pathetic tale, and I vainly endeavoured to give utterance to some consolatory expressions on his sudden and irreparable loss; a silence of some minutes ensued, a silence that spoke more than can ever be hoped for from language: he continued, “But God is good, and though his ways are inscrutable, the beams of His mercy illumine and cheer the lowest depths of misery—my forlorn and helpless situation created much pity, and many hands were stretched forth to alleviate it. I was taught and cherished until I was of fit age to take upon myself the management of such part of my little patrimony as had escaped the general desolation, but come with me, Sir, and you shall witness the comfort with which the exertions of those kind friends has surrounded me.” At a short distance stood his cottage, humble it is true, and its furniture homely, but the busy hands of industry had made it a source of content the splendours of a palace are often found inadequate to. I walked in his small garden and praised the diligence with which it was cultivated,

nor did the neatness of the little parterre, whose flowers mingled their sweets with those of the jasmine trained around the window, escape without remark, *this* was his wife's care, and a blush of pleasure stole over her cheek at finding herself thought deserving a share of that applause it was her delight to hear lavished on her husband. At this juncture I saw two ladies alight from their carriage at some distance in the public road, and advance towards the cottage; availing myself of the travellers' license, I walked to meet them, they were my country-women, and thanked me politely for my offers of service; on our way to the cottage I gave them a translation to the best of my ability of the young Switzer's mournful story,—they were deeply, nay painfully affected by it, and though the smile of woman is to my heart as the sun-beam to the flower, her tear touches it more nearly; we had now reached the wicket gate of the garden, where the young couple stood to receive us, and I again became interpreter; no idle curiosity prompted the visit, with the power to do good, they also possessed the will, and after many inquiries, alike honourable to their heads and hearts, into the situation and prospects of the young pair, they proffered their purses as the best evidence they could give of their interest in their welfare and desire to improve it: with an acknowledgement of the eye I shall never forget, they both declined the tendered boon, the young man adding, “Ladies, *English* ladies, we are grateful for your goodness, but our labour is adequate to the supply of our wants, in your travels you will meet with those who need your bounty, on them let it be bestowed.” I would not have missed this scene for worlds; when wealth and content fall to the lot of individuals like these, who is the man that could coolly sit down and analyze their respective value? If such an one *does* exist, I could not name a surer means by which he is likely to lose both, than the pursuit of his vain inquiry!

DOG'S COLLAR.

MR. EDITOR.—Passing the other evening up the Strand, I saw a pretty little dog, and on stooping to see what was written on it's collar, I was saluted with the following distich:—

“This collar don't belong to you, Sir,
Pass on—or you may have one too, Sir.”
J. M.

Triumphal Arch in Paris.



THE Triumphal Arch of the Carrousel in Paris, of which the above is a correct engraving, was erected in 1806, in honour of the French army, according to plans furnished by Messrs. Percier and Fontaine. It is 45 feet high, 60 feet long, and 20½ feet wide. It consists of three arcades in front, and of another which crosses these. Each front is ornamented with eight columns of the red marble of Languedoc, of which the bases and the capitals are in bronze. Each column supports the statue of some French military officer.

The four marble horses, so celebrated for their admirable sculpture, and so long the pride of Venice, adorned this arch; they were attached to a splendid car, in which there was a bust of Napoleon; and were led by two allegorical statues, representing peace and victory. Six bas-reliefs adorn the front of the monument. The first is the capitulation of Ulm, and is executed by Castelier; the victory of Austerlitz, by Espercieux; the entry into Vienna, by Desaine; the entry into Munich, by Claudion; the interview between the two Emperors, by Rancey; and the peace of Presburg, by Le Sueur.

In the year 1815, this Triumphal Arch, which cost 1,400,000 francs (upwards of 50,000*l.*), was despoiled of its car, horses, and their conductors, as well as the marble bas-reliefs, and the eight military statues alone were suffered to remain. The horses were very properly restored to Venice, whence they had been taken by Bonaparte.

EDWARD AND ELIZA.

'Twas evening, and the moon's pale beams
Were dancing on the seas;
When fearlessly a little skiff
Came rushing through the breeze

The swelling sea—the foaming surge—
A dangerous course express!
But Edward's fears were lost in hope—
His port was happiness.

Eliza's fond, and ardent heart
Had led her to the shore—
To gain the welcome—long lost view,
Of him she lov'd, once more.

For two long years had duty call'd
Since Edward's parting kiss,
Had told Eliza, that in her,
Was center'd all his bliss.

Ecstatic joy rush'd through their hearts
When each by each were seen:
The panting bosom ne'er discern'd
The gulph that lay between.

The skiff, now toss'd by ev'ry surge,
The shore had nearly gain'd;
And Edward's eager, manly voice
The maiden's ear attain'd.

"Belov'd Eliza, soon you're mine
"In life no more we'll part;"
A sudden gust upset his skiff,
And still'd his o'erflowing heart.

A piercing shriek Eliza made,
And dauntless sought the wave;
But only reach'd her lover's arms,
To share his wat'ry grave

Ramsey, August, 1824.

MARIA.

CANINE MADNESS.

(For the Mirror.)

THE prevention of the direful effects of canine madness seems to have been attempted in the early ages; to accomplish this, Pliny recommends the worming of dogs, and from his time to the present, it has deservedly had its advocates. Very

strong proofs have been adduced of its utility. The fact, however, is, that taking out the worm has nothing to do with annihilating the disorder, although it will most certainly hinder the dog seized with it, from doing any hurt to man or beast. A late author asserts, he had three dogs that were wormed, bit by mad dogs at three several periods, yet, notwithstanding, they all died mad—they did not bite, nor do any mischief; that, being determined to make a full experiment, he shut one of the mad dogs up in a kennel, and put to him a dog he did not value; the mad dog often ran at the other to bite him, but his tongue was so swelled that he could not make his teeth meet; the dog was kept in the kennel until the mad one died, and was purposely preserved for two years afterwards, to note the effect, but he never ailed any thing, although no remedies were applied to check any infection that might have been received from the contact of the mad dog. The writer has had various opportunities of proving the usefulness of worming, and inserts three of the most striking instances, under the hope of inducing its general practice.

A terrier-bitch went mad, that was kept in a kennel with forty couple of hounds; not a single hound was bitten, nor was she seen to offer to bite. The bitch being of a peculiar sort, every attention was paid to her, and the gradations of the disease (which were extremely rapid) minutely noted; the hydrophobia was fast approaching before she was separated from the hounds, and she died the second day after; at first warm milk was placed before her, which she attempted to lap, but the throat refused its functions; from this period she never tried to eat or drink, seldom rose up, or even moved, the tongue swelled very much, and long before her death the jaws were distended by it.

A spaniel was observed to be seized by a strange dog, and was bit in the lip; the servant who ran up to part them narrowly escaped, as the dog twice flew at him; a few minutes after the dog had quitted the yard, the people who had pursued, gave notice of the dog's madness, who had made terrible havoc in a course of ten miles from whence he had set off. The spaniel was a great favourite, had medicine applied, and every precaution taken; upon the fourteenth day he appeared to loathe his food, and his eyes looked unusually heavy: the day following he endeavoured to lap milk, but could swallow none; from that time the tongue began to swell: he moved but seldom, and on the third day he died:

for many hours previous to his death, the tongue was so enlarged, that the fangs or canine teeth could not meet each other, by upwards of an inch.

The hounds were some years after parted with, and were sold in lots; a madness broke out in the kennel of the gentleman who purchased many of them, and although several of these hounds were bitten, and went mad, only one of them ever attempted to bite, and that was a hound from the Duke of Portland's, who in the operation of worming had the worm broke by his struggling, and was so troublesome that one half of it was suffered to remain; the others all died with symptoms similar to the terrier and spaniel, viz. a violent swelling of the tongue, and a stupor rendering them nearly motionless, and both which symptoms seemed to increase with the disease.

The idea that worming prevents a dog from receiving the infection when bitten, should be exploded; but the foregoing facts shew how far it may be recommended for the restriction of a malady horrid in its effects, where a human being is concerned, and which to the sportsman and farmer is attended with such dangerous and expensive consequences.

T. A. C.

ON THE BEAUTIES OF BUTTERFLIES.

* In down of ev'ry variegated die
Shines flut'ring soft, the gaudy butterfly:
That powder, which thy spoiling hand distains,
The form of quills and painted plumes contains.
Not courts can more magnificence express,
In all their blaze of gems and pomp of dress."
BROWN.

A CELEBRATED writer, whose Essays appeared in the *Universal Magazine*, between the years 1785 and 1792, observes, "Amid the vast profusion of beautiful objects in the creation, no one seems more admirably formed to attract the attention of a contemplative philosopher, than the papilio, or butterfly. The beauty of, this insect, the splendour and astonishing variety of its colours, its elegant form, its sprightly air, with its roving and fluttering life, all unite to captivate the least observant eye. These insects seem to vie with each other in beauty of tints and elegance of shape. Nature, in these insects, seems to have been fond to sport in the artificial mixture and display of her most radiant treasures. In somewhat elaborate harmony of colouring, what brilliancy of tints! what soft and gradual transitions from one to another! In the wings of others we may observe the lustre and variety of all the colours of gold and

silver, and azure, and mother-of-pearl; the eyes that sparkle on the peacock's tail; the edges bordered with shining silk and furbelows, the blended dyes of Hungary point, and the magnificence of the richest fringe. But with whatever admiration we view this beautiful insect with the naked eye, how greatly is that admiration augmented, when we examine it through the microscope."

Baker, in his "Essay on the Microscope," says, Those conversant in microscopes need not be informed, that the beautiful colours on the wings of butterflies and moths are owing to elegant minute *feathers* ending in *quills*, and placed with great exactness in orderly rows; as, when rubbed off, the holes they come from show; but few it may be, have much observed the great variety of their make, not only in moths and butterflies of different sorts, but even in those taken from different parts of the same wing; insomuch that it is pretty difficult to find any two of them exactly alike." George Adams, "On the Microscope," on the contrary, maintains, "that the lively and variegated colours which adorn the wings of the moth and butterfly, arise from the *small scales*" or *plates*, that are planted therein, is very evident from this, that if they are brushed off from it, the wing is perfectly transparent; but whence this profusion and difference of colour on the same wing? is a question as difficult to resolve as that of Prior, when he asks—

"Why does one climate and one soil endure
The blushing poppy with a crimson hue,
Yet leave the lily pale, and tinge the violet
blue?"

"The prodigious number of small scales which cover the wings of these beautiful insects, is a sure proof of their utility, because they are given by Him who makes nothing in vain." P. T. W.

* Regularly arranged, like slates upon a house.

PETER PINDARIC;

OR, JOE MILLER VERSIFIED.

THE GREY HORSE, OR CLERICAL WIT.

(For the Mirror.)

A QUAINT Sussex parson, astride a grey horse,
Chanc'd to meet with a friend, and they gan "a
discourse,"

Not of Pentateuch, Septuagint, texts, or divines,
But of this thing and that, just as fancy inclines:
And if, Mr. Reader, you'd know what about,
I must beg you, good friend,—à l'Anglois,—to
find out.

But I'll whisper a little, and thence may be
guess'd,

A priori, as schools say, the tone of the rest,
Amongst other matter the parson held forth,
"My grey horse," he exclaims, "does not well
suit my cloth,
So I think I shall sell him." Cries his friend,
"Let me see—

I'm just wanting a horse—perhaps we may agree;

Name your price, Doctor."—"Why," says the
Parson,—“he's sound—
As a friend, sir, you'll have him for—for—twenty
pound.”

"By the hope, St. Ledgers! * I think it too high,
But as for the colour, I care not—not I—
So send him home, doctor."—The doctor of

course
Full as glad of the cash, as the squire of his
horse,

Said he would. And with this they both wish'd
a good morning—

But what, Mr. Reader, already a-yawning?—

Why just rouse for a moment, and we'll do the

same,
For 'gainst Time I am writing, and not against
Fame;

And if you can wait, you shall toddle away
Better pleas'd with my tale, than the squire with
his grey,

For the very next morning, nor that over dry,
When he wish'd, before breakfast, his bargain to
try,

And mounted, and call'd him the flow'r of his
stud,

He was no sooner up—than tipp'd down in the
mud.

Well this was a mighty, queer upset indeed,—

However, he mounted again the "sound" steed;
But thought more of his br—ch, than he thought
of his rein,

So presently down came poor stamper again!

"Devil take thee, thou varlet!" the first word
he spoke,

"But I tell thee, my friend, this is more than a
joke."

To pass oaths and *abolutions*, and hasten the
farce on,

Poor grey horse, cuff'd and cur'd, was 'spatch'd
back to the parson.

"Why, Sir," says the squire, "said you not
t'other day,

You wish'd, if you could, to get rid of your grey,
Because, sir—Yes, these were your words by my
oath—

Because 'twas a horse, "did not well suit your
cloth!"

Why I find the brute stumbles—I've mounted
and tried,

And foun'd twice in the mire, in a five minutes
ride.

"Beswore the old devil!"—Cries t'other with
mirth,

"Then pray, my good sir, does he suit well
your cloth?"

Why I knew the horse stumb'l'd—like squires in
their liquor—

So thought—they might buy coats, just as well
their vicar!"

Carshakton, Aug. 11th, 1824. WILLIAM P.-L.-N.

* An original adjuration, that a very Homer
never put into the mouth of any of his "squires."
The author hopes it will be justly appreciated.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

WOMEN VINDICATED.

MALHERBE says in his Letters, that the
Creator may have repented having formed
man, but that he had no reason to repent
having made woman: most people of
sound heads and good hearts (and they
generally go together, since virtue is only
practical wisdom,) will unite in opinion
with Malherbe; and yet how glibly will
scribblers, who must know the falsehood
of their accusations, fall into this vulgar

error of pouring forth their stale flippancies against the sex. There is, probably, more male impertinence of this sort in print than was ever uttered by the whole of womankind since the transgression of Eve. In an article upon "The Satirists of Women," the writer has endeavoured to expose the miserable motives by which they have been generally influenced in thus venting their disappointment and malignity; and where such direct personal feelings cannot be traced, we may, perhaps, be over charitable in assigning their slanders to ignorance, or an overweening conceit of their own epigrammatic smartness. Nothing but the latter can have seduced such a man as Voltaire into the following lines when speaking of women:—

— "Quelques feintes caresses,
Quelques propos sur le jeu, sur le tems,
Sur en sermon, sur le prix des rubans,
C'eut epouse leurs ames excede'es ;
Elles chantaient deja faute d'ide'es."

Much may be forgiven a man whom we know to be capable of better things, who, perhaps, despises the vulgar taste to which he is thus pandering; but who shall absolve the pert-brainless smatterers, "who have but one idea, and that a wrong one;" who have but one little stock of cut and dried jokes of the same anti-feminine tendency, which they vent, *usque ad nauseam*, in the form of rebus, charade, epigram, and epitaph? A shallow coxcomb of this sort will complacently ask you, "What is the difference between a woman and her glass?" in order that he may anticipate you, by exclaiming with an asinine grin—"because one speaks without reflecting, and the other reflects without speaking." Following up the same idea, he will inquire whether you know how to make the women run after you, and will eagerly reply—"by running away with their looking-glasses." He will tell you that Voltaire says "ideas are like beards—men only get them as they grow up, and women never have any," of which only the former clause of the sentence is Voltaire's, that which has reference to women being the addition of some subsequent zany. At the bare mention of the sign of the Good Woman in Norton Falgate, he will chuckle with delight; Chaucer's and Prior's objectionable tales he will quote with egregious glee; upon the subject of marriage he is ready with some half dozen of the established *bons-mots*, and is provided with about the same quantity of epitaphs upon wives—from the

"Cy gist ma femme; ah! qu'elle est bien
Pour son repos et pour le mien"

which Boileau stupidly pronounced to be

the best epigrammatic epitaph upon record, to the more recent

"Here lies my dear wife, a sad vixen and shrew;
If I said I regretted her, I should lie too."

And his facetious dulness will be wound up with a few hard hits at widows, from the dame of Epheus to the last new subject of scandal; though he will prudently say nothing of those upon the coast of Malabar, who for many ages have continued to afford instances of conjugal devotion to which no solitary parallel can be produced, upon the part of a husband, throughout the whole wide extent of time and space.

His babble, in short, will be a faithful echo of the old jest-books, none of which can be opened without our stumbling upon a hundred of such stale flippancies. Let us consult the Virgilian lots, for instance, of the "*Musarum Deliciae*;" by opening it hap-hazard, and we encounter the following venerable joke:—

Women are books, and men the readers be,
In whom oft-times thy great errata see;
Here sometimes we've a blot, there we espy
A leaf misplaced, at least a line awry;
If they are books, I wish that my wife were
An almanack, to change her every year."

Another dip and we turn up the following dull invective:—

"Commit the ship unto the wind,
But not thy faith to woman-kind;
There is more safety in a wave,
Than in the faith that women have;
No woman's good;—if chance it fall
Some one be good amongst them all,
Some strange intent the Destinies had,
To make a good thing of a bad."

The next venture exhibits some quibbling, too stupid to transcribe, upon the etymology of the word woman, which is made synonymous with woe-to-man, while we are sapiently informed that a very little alteration would convert Eve into evil and devil. Once more we open upon the old falsehood of female inconstancy.

"A woman's love is like a Syrian flower,
That buds, and spreads, and withers in an hour."

And shortly after we begin with the fertile subject of marriage.

"Marriage, as old men note, hath liken'd been
Unto a public fast, or common rout,
Where those that are without would fain get in,
And those that are within would fain get out."

Even in an epitaph upon a young woman, which was meant to be encomiastic, the writer cannot forbear a misplaced taunt upon the sex.

"The body, which within this earth is laid,
Twice six weeks knew a wife, a saint, a maid;
Fair maid, chaste wife, pure saint,—yet 'tis not strange,

She was a woman, therefore pleased to change:
And now she's dead, some woman doth remain,
For still she hopes once to be changed again."

In justice to the author we shall con-

clude with the following, both because it is in a better style as well as taste :—

ON HUSBAND AND WIFE.

"To these whom Death again did wed,
The grave's the second marriage-bed;
For though the hand of Fate could force
Twixt soul and body a divorce,
It could not sever man and wife,
Because they both lived but one life.
Peace, good reader, do not weep,
Peace, the lovers are asleep:
They, sweet turtles, folded lie
In the last knot that love could tie.
Let them sleep, let them sleep on,
Till this stormy night be gone,
And the eternal morrow dawn,
Then the curtains will be drawn,
And they waken with that light,
Whose day shall never sleep in night."

And now, before dismissing the gentle reader, we not only caution him against the sorry and stale impertinences levelled at a sex, which in these days of sordid or ambitious scrambling among men, remains the redeeming bright spot of humanity, and almost the exclusive depository of the virtues; but we do in all sincerity of friendly purpose admonish him, if he be a bachelor, to lose no time in becoming a candidate for those ineffable comforts, "locked up in woman's love." To guide him in this pious undertaking, we will transcribe for him Sir John Menis's instructions

HOW TO CHOOSE A WIFE.

"Good Sir, if you'll show the best of your skill
To pick a virtuous creature,
Then pick such a wife, as you love a life,
Of a comely grace and feature.
The noblest part let it be her heart,
Without deceit or cunning,
With a nimble wit, and all things fit,
With a tongue that's never running;
The hair of her head it must not be red,
But fair and brown as a berry;
Her forehead high with a crystal eye,
Her lips as red as a cherry."

New Monthly Magazine.

ROBERT BURNS AND LORD BYRON.

(Concluded from No. 98.)

WHEN Burns died I was then young, but I was not insensible that a mind of no common strength had passed from among us. He had caught my fancy and touched my heart with his songs and his poems. I went to see him laid out for the grave; several elder people were with me. He lay in a plain unadorned coffin, with a linen sheet drawn over his face, and on the bed, and around the body, herbs and flowers were thickly strewn according to the usage of the country. He was wasted somewhat by long illness; but death had not increased the swarthy hue of his face, which was uncommonly dark and deeply marked, the dying pang was visible in the lower

part, but his broad and open brow was pale and serene, and around it his sable hair lay in masses, slightly touched with grey, and inclining more to a wave than a curl. The room where he lay was plain and neat, and the simplicity of the poet's humble dwelling pressed the presence of death more closely on the heart than if his bier had been embellished by vanity and covered with the blazonry of high ancestry and rank. We stood and gazed on him in silence for the space of several minutes—we went and others succeeded us—there was no justling and crushing, though the crowd was great—man followed man as patiently and orderly as if all had been a matter of mutual understanding—not a question was asked—not a whisper was heard. This was several days after his death. It is the custom of Scotland to "wake" the body—not with wild howlings and wilder songs, and much waste of strong drink, like our mercurial neighbours, but in silence or in prayer—superstition says it is unsensie to leave a corpse alone; and it is never left. I know not who watched by the body of Burns—much it was my wish to share in the honour—but my extreme youth would have made such a request seem foolish, and its rejection would have been sure.

I am to speak the feelings of another people, and of the customs of a higher rank, when I speak of laying out the body of Byron for the grave. It was announced from time to time that he was to be exhibited in state, and the progress of the embellishments of the poet's bier was recorded in the pages of a hundred publications. They were at length completed, and to separate the curiosity of the poor from the admiration of the rich, the latter where indulged with tickets of admission, and a day was set apart for them to go and wonder over the decked room and the emblazoned bier. Peers and peeresses, priests, poets, and politicians, came in gilded chariots and in hired hacks to gaze upon the splendour of the funeral preparations, and to see in how rich and how vain a shroud the body of the immortal had been hid. Those idle trappings in which rank seeks to mark its altitude above the vulgar belonged to the state of the peer rather than to the state of the poet; genius required no such attractions; and all this magnificence served only to divide our regard with the man whose inspired tongue was now silenced for ever. Who cared for Lord Byron the peer, and the privy councillor, with his coronet, and his long descent from princes on one side, and from heroes on both—and who did not care for George Gordon Byron, the poet, who has charmed us, and

will charm our descendants with his deep and impassioned verse? The homage was rendered to genius, not surely to rank—for lord can be stamped on any clay, but inspiration can only be impressed on the finest metal.

Of the day on which the multitude were admitted, I know not in what terms to speak—I never surely saw so strange a mixture of silent sorrow and of fierce and intractable curiosity. If one looked on the poet's splendid coffin with deep awe, and thought of the gifted spirit which had lately animated the cold remains, others regarded the whole as a pageant or a show, got up for the amusement of the idle and the careless, and criticised the arrangements in the spirit of those who wish to be rewarded for their time, and who consider that all they condescend to visit should be according to their own taste. There was a crushing, a trampling, and an impatience, as rude and as fierce as ever I witnessed at a theatre; and words of incivility were bandied about, and questions asked with such determination to be answered, that the very nutes, whose business was silence and repose, were obliged to interfere with tongue and hand between the visitors and the dust of the poet. In contemplation of such a scene, some of the trappings which were there on the first day were removed on the second, and this suspicion of the good sense and decorum of the multitude called forth many expressions of displeasure, as remarkable for their warmth as their propriety of language. By five o'clock the people were all ejected—man and woman—and the rich coffin bore tokens of the touch of hundreds of eager fingers—many of which had not been overclean.

The multitude who accompanied Burns to the grave, went step by step with the chief mourners; they might amount to ten or twelve thousand. Not a word was heard; and though all could not be near, and many could not see, when the earth closed on their darling poet for ever, there was no rude impatience shewn, no fierce disappointment expressed. It was an impressive and mournful sight to see men of all ranks and persuasions and opinions mingling as brothers, and stepping side by side down the streets of Dumfries, with the remains of him who had sang of their loves and joys and domestic endearments, with a truth and a tenderness which none perhaps have since equalled. I could, indeed, have wished the military part of the procession away—for he was buried with military honours—because I am one of those who love simplicity in all that regards genius. The scarlet and gold—the

banners displayed—the measured step, and the military array, with the sound of martial instruments of music, had no share of increasing the solemnity of the burial scene; and had no connexion with the poet. I looked on it then, and I consider it now, as an idle ostentation, a piece of superfluous state which might have been spared, more especially as his neglected and traduced and insulted spirit had experienced no kindness in the body from those lofty people who are now proud of being numbered as his coevals and countrymen. His fate has been a reproach to Scotland. But the reproach comes with an ill grace from England. When we can forget Butler's fate—Otway's loaf—Dryden's old age, and Chatterton's poison-cup, we may think that we stand alone in the iniquity of neglecting pre-eminent genius. I found myself at the brink of the poet's grave, into which he was about to descend for ever—there was a pause among the mourners as if loath to part with his remains; and when he was at last lowered, and the first shovelful of earth sounded on his coffin-lid, I looked up and saw tears on many cheeks where tears were not usual. The volunteers justified the fears of their comrade by three ragged and straggling volleys. The earth was heaped up, the green sod laid over him, and the multitude stood gazing on the grave for some minutes' space, and then melted silently away. The day was a fine one, the sun was almost without a cloud, and not a drop of rain fell from dawn to twilight. I notice this—not from my concurrence in the common superstition—that "happy is the corpse which the rain rains on," but to confute a pious fraud of a religious Magazine, which made Heaven express its wrath at the interment of a profane poet, in thunder, in lightning, and in rain. I know not who wrote the story, and I wish not to know; but its utter falsehood thousands can attest. It is one proof out of many, how divine wrath is found by dishonest zeal in a common commotion of the elements, and that men, whose profession is godliness and truth, will look in the face of Heaven and tell a deliberate lie.

A few select friends and admirers followed Lord Byron to the grave—his coronet was borne before him, and there were many indications of his rank; but, save the assembled multitude, no indications of his genius. In conformity to a singular practice of the great, a long train of their empty carriages followed the mourning coaches—mocking the dead with idle state, and impeding the homester sympathy of the crowd with barren pa-

gentry. Where were the owners of those machines of sloth and luxury—where were the men of rank among whose dark pedigrees Lord Byron threw the light of his genius, and lent the brows of nobility a halo to which they were strangers? Where were the great Whigs? Where were the illustrious Tories? Could a mere difference in matters of human belief keep those fastidious persons away? But above all, where were the friends with whom wedlock had united him? On his desolate corpse no wife looked, and no child shed a tear. I have no wish to set myself up as a judge in domestic infelicities, and I am willing to believe they were separated in such a way as rendered conciliation hopeless; but who could stand and look on his pale manly face, and his dark locks, which early sorrows were making thin and grey, without feeling that, gifted as he was, with a soul above the mark of other men, his domestic misfortunes called for our pity as surely as his genius called for our admiration. When the career of Burns was closed, I saw another sight—a weeping widow and four helpless sons; they came into the streets in their mournings, and public sympathy was awakened afresh; I shall never forget the looks of his boys, and the compassion which they excited. The poet's life had not been without errors, and such errors, too, as a wife is slow in forgiving; but he was honoured then, and is honoured now, by the unalienable affection of his wife, and the world repays her prudence and her love by its regard and esteem.

Burns, with all his errors in faith and in practice, was laid in hallowed earth, in the church-yard of the town where he resided; no one thought of closing the church gates against his body, because of the freedom of his poetry, and the carelessness of his life. And why was not Byron laid among the illustrious men of England, in Westminster Abbey? Is there a poet in all Poet's Corner who has a better right to that distinction? Why was the door closed against him, and opened to the carcasses of thousands without merit, and without name? Look round the walls, and on the floor over which you tread, and behold them encumbered and inscribed with memorials of the mean and the sordid and the impure as well as of the virtuous and the great. Why did the Dean of Westminster refuse admission to such an hero of fame as Byron? if he had no claim to lie within the consecrated precincts of the Abbey, he has no right to lie in consecrated ground at all. There is no doubt that the pious fee for sepulture would have been paid—and it is not a small one. Hail! to the Church

of England, if her piety is stronger than her avarice.—*London Magasin.*

Useful Domestic Hints.

HOW THE DEAF MAY HEAR.

ABOUT 1750, a merchant at Cleves, named Forrisen, who had become almost totally deaf, sitting one day near a harpsichord while some one was playing, and having a tobacco-pipe in his mouth, the bowl of which rested accidentally against the body of the instrument, he was agreeably and unexpectedly surprised to hear all the notes in the most distinct manner. By a little reflection and practice, he again obtained the use of that valuable sense, which, as Bonnel says, "connects us with the moral world;" for he soon learned, by means of a piece of hard wood, one end of which he placed against his teeth, whilst another person placed the other end on his teeth to keep up a conversation, and to be able to understand the least whisper. His son afterwards made this beneficial discovery the subject of an inaugural dissertation, published at Halle, in 1754.

Perolle has given some excellent observations on the capability of hard bodies to conduct sound, in the Memoirs of the Academy of Turin, for 1790 and 1791. The effect is the same if the person who speaks rests the stick which he holds in his teeth against some vessel into which the other speaks.

POTATOE-TOPS.

A CHEMIST of Copenhagen has discovered a brilliant yellow matter for dyeing in potatoe-tops. The mode of obtaining it is by cutting the top when it is in flower, and bruising and pressing it, to extract the juice. Linen or woollen imbibed in this liquor 48 hours take a fine, solid, and permanent yellow colour. If the cloth be afterwards plunged in a blue dye, it then acquires a beautiful permanent green colour.

APPLE-BREAD.

A VERY light, pleasant bread is made in France by a mixture of apples and flour, in the proportion of one of the former to two of the latter. The usual quantity of yeast is employed as in making common bread, and is beat with flour and warm pulp of the apples after they have boiled, and the dough is then considered as set: it is then put in a proper vessel, and allowed to rise for eight or twelve hours, and then baked in long loaves. Very little water is requisite; one, generally, if the apples are very fresh.

CURE FOR HABITUAL DRUNKENNESS.

YOU have heard the story of the Highland chieftain, who was advised to put small shot in his bumper glass, to diminish by degrees its capacity for holding whiskey, and thus to wean himself from drinking. The following will teach a trick worth two of this: the name of our modern discoverer is Baron Brulh Cramer, a celebrated German, who has found out a method of making the most confirmed tippler have the greatest loathing and repugnance to all sorts of spirits and strong liquor. The Baron's remedy is not only safe, but powerfully strengthening to the whole body; and the drinker will have the great satisfaction, that while he is acquiring a loathing for strong liquor, he is at the same time improving his health, and adding to his bodily strength. To keep you no longer in suspense, the following is the receipt of the new German remedy for tippling:—Take one tea-spoonful of the tincture of columba, one tea-spoonful of the tincture of cascarilla, one tea-spoonful of the compound tincture of gentian, a wine-glass full of infusion of quassia, and twenty drops of elixir of vitriol; mix and take twice or thrice a-day, and have a jug of cold water dashed over the head every morning on coming out of bed, and the feet bathed in warm water every night. Continue this for six or eight weeks. Dr. Roth, of Swinmunde, has succeeded with this remedy in completely curing many poor creatures, both men and women, who were actually killing themselves by continually tippling and drunkenness. Let us hope it may be equally successful in this country.

A HINT TO HORTICULTURISTS.

COMMON salt effectually destroys slugs and snails, so destructive in most gardens; so inimical is it to them, that it not only immediately deprives them of life, but in a very short time entirely dissolves them.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

LORD MANSFIELD.

A FELLOW who was tried for felony before Lord Mansfield, at the Old Bailey, when called upon for his defence, said, "My Lord, the last witness has sworn false; it was impossible that I could have been guilty of the crime that I am charged with."

"Why so?" said his Lordship.

"Because, my Lord, I was at that very time at *Bartelmy Fair*, pricking at the belt."

"Pricking at the belt," said the noble judge, "what is that?"

"What, my Lord, don't you know?—Why, it is the *best rig* that's going.

EPITAPH ON TWO POETS
IN THE SAME GRAVE,

BY THE REVEREND MR. GRAVES.

BENEATH one tomb, here sleep two faithful friends;
Constant thro' life, united in their ends.
Their studies, their amusements were the same;
Alike their genius, and alike their fame.
By fortune favour'd, or by want oppress'd,
Still they in common every thing possess'd:
One heart, one mind, one purse—theo' small their riches,
One room, one bed, one hat, one pair of breeches.

EPIGRAM.

ANNE FLOOD was committed for stealing a — po
Was tried for't, poor thing! nay, convicted she stood;
"Well, well, cries Sir Chairman, we'll let the girl go—
Why, it's only a *Pot carried off* by—
A FLOOD!" W. P

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The articles inquired after by P. T. W. shall appear forthwith.

Clavis on the *Harvest Moon*, and *Hamilton*, in our next.

Catharine is not forgotten. F. R.—y in an early number.

The following communications have been received:—

Owynne, A. R., S. X., Herman, A. Reaer, A Constant Reader, J. M., Gho, Orlando, P. T. W., Lectrix, Julian, W. T., R. T., H. S.—t, and Mr. Porter's MS. Volume.

J. S. has fallen into a very common error, in attributing to Mr. Canning the inscription for the tomb of the Marquis of Anglesea's leg. It was written by the author of the "Witchfinder," and is, if we mistake not, printed in one of his previous novels. It originally appeared in the *Morning Post*, and is a clever *jeu d'esprit*.

* * * No. 99 of the *MIRROR*, published this day, is a Supplementary Number, and is wholly devoted to Lord Byron. It contains a view of the Church where he was buried, from a drawing made expressly for the *MIRROR*; a Genealogical Table of the Family of Byron, for the last eight centuries; the last moments of the noble Poet; Original Anecdotes of his Lordship; Greek Oration; and numerous Poetical Tributes to his memory.

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The Mirror

OF

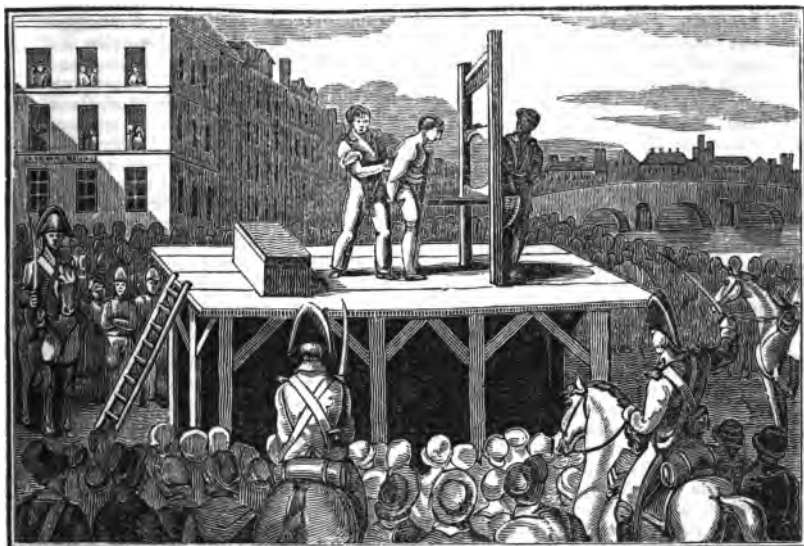
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CL.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1824.

[PRICE 2d.]

The Guillotine.



WHEN the guillotine was first introduced in France, an Englishman, anxious, no doubt, for the honour of his country! claimed the invention as English; and proved, or attempted to prove, that it was used in those times which gave rise to the proverbial prayer, *From Hell, Hull, and Halifax, good Lord deliver us*, times which from this prayer would seem to have been the prototype of the French revolution; be this as it may, Dr. Guillotin, a very worthy, honest and humane man, was himself the inventor, and proposed it out of humanity to avoid the barbarous scenes of beheading by the axe. The revolutionary government ordered it to be tried on certainly an *innocent victim*, for it was a sheep, and had its employment been confined only to the wolves of the revolution, such as *Egalité, Orleans, Robespierre, Carrier, St. Just, Hebert, Legendre, Fouquier, Tinville, Panis, Sergent, Vadier, Louis du Bas Rhin, Vaulland, &c.*, humanity would have to rejoice instead of deploring the use of an instrument which disposes of life with such terrible dispatch, but, alas! the best, the most virtuous of men were almost exclusively the victims of Dr. Guillotin's inventive genius, for it is

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to be lamented, that the prophecy of one of them at the bar of the revolutionary tribunal, has been but very partially fulfilled. *I suffer (said he) when the people has lost its reason; you will perish when it has recovered it.* The guillotine was permanently established throughout the greatest part of France, and it is said, that it was owing to the republican zeal of *Quillac* that it was established at Calais, a circumstance which will never be either forgotten or pardoned by the natives. As the operation of guillotining occupies only a few seconds, the committees of blood were soon rid of their victims, and such was the criminal inattention to the innocence or guilt of the parties, that the agents would go over the cells and mark at random the doors with chalk; the inmates of all so marked, were led the next morning to the scaffold, and one man's life was saved by his door being open at the time of their visit, they chalked it, but on its being shut the mark was inside, and he escaped.

On one occasion the executioner had a list of twenty-eight victims given him, and only twenty-seven could be found; he said to the rest of the prisoners, "My number is twenty-eight, and I will not

go without them, so arrange it as you like;" one of those not condemned, said, "Well, it is no matter whether it be to day or to-morrow, I will make up the number;" the executioner instantly bound his hands, cut off his hair, and he suffered with the rest.

Loizerolles, father and son, were both confined in the prison of St. Lazare, Loizerolle, Jun. was called for trial—he was not present, but his father was, and answered for him, and although the indictment bore François-Simon Loizerolles, *fil.*, aged twenty-two, and the father's name was Jean-Simon Loizerolles, aged sixty one, against whom there was no charge, Coffinhal, without hesitation, changed the names and age in the indictment, and this heroic parent gave life a second time to his child by a sacrifice the most sublime, that of his own existence!

Instances of this kind were not rare amongst the victims of the revolution; parents tried to substitute themselves for their children, and children for their parents; and frequently, alas! the god-like attempt only served to involve both in one common fate.

Executions were so common, that they ceased to excite sentiments of horror in the generality of the people, they went to them as parties of pleasure; and sorry are we to add, that the sex, so timid, so modest, until the barriers of virtue are broken down, seemed most to enjoy the spectacle of uncounted thousands murdered, whose only crimes were their fidelity to God and to the king. At length, very few attended, unless there were several cart-loads to be executed, if there were only fifteen or twenty to be guillotined, it was not thought worth the while; it is only the *little basket*, said the monsters, it is not worth going to see. In general the sufferers displayed the most heroic courage, with the exception of the blood thirsty monsters, who after sending thousands of innocent victims to the scaffold, expiated their own crimes there; these wretches were in general pusillanimous at their last moments.

The view we have given (from a drawing by a Parisian artist) represents the Place de Grève, with the guillotine, and Louvel, the assassin of the Duke de Berry, just at the moment he is about to be precipitated under the axe of the guillotine; he is attached to the board which turns on a hinge and slides to the block to receive the head; there were upwards of sixty thousand persons present, and the place was lined with troops nine deep; the soldier on horseback is in the act of giving a blow with the flat side of his sabre as he galloped over the square, his

horse fell with him, and he had his thigh broken; in the distance is a view of Port Notre Dame.

MARRIAGE.

(For the Mirror.)

How often has the Poet's lyre been strung to aid the sacred institution of marriage—how often has the stern moralist laboured to prove its inestimable felicity—how often has the venerable philosopher left the boundless labyrinth of abstruse science to join the consecrated throng—how often has the war-worn warrior, hardened by the din of clangorous swords, sought repose in the lap of matrimony—how often has the princely head, that bears a regal crown, sought a pleasure here, far above all the glittering pomp of a purple robe and a golden *flour de lis*—how often has the votary of profligacy and lust, when disgusted with his sensual appetite, kneeled and received forgiveness and happiness at the shrine of matrimony—and how often have individuals, of all classes, and of all nations, found a beacon here, which directs and guides them to that standard of bliss from whence they can wave the banner of continued love and harmony, and bid defiance to the many restless follies of life?

Men, though pursuing various courses, are all endeavouring to gain that grand central boon, happiness. But how opposite are the various means adopted in order to realize this treasure.

The hermit exclaims,

"O! solitude, bless'd state of man below."

And the more busy and covetous,—

"Drunk with the burning scent of place or power,

Staunch to the foot of sacre, till they die."

Man was neither created to seclude himself from the scene of life, nor to worship fortune's "glittering wave;" but that he should acknowledge the omnipotent power of his maker, by promoting those laws and institutions which that power has thought fit, in his wise dispensations, to create for the blessing of man. It is the fundamental duty of man first to regulate his own actions so that they may prove conducive to his happiness here, and essential to the blessings of eternity, and then to look around him, and, if he is capable, render assistance to others, and not that we should imitate Diogenes, who degraded himself below the brute creation, or Pythagoras, who, when invited to a wedding gave this answer;—"I never desire to go to such a feast, or be present at a funeral;" nor like Tom Dupperwit, who would not admit

marriage to be either a heaven or hell upon earth, but "rather that middle state, commonly known by the name of purgatory."

Marriage was instituted in Heaven.— "The first marriage was in Paradise—the first persons conjoined were the first parents of mankind, and the great dispenser of all good was the author of their union." With such an example as this, who will not exclaim, with Shakspeare, that marriage "is a pattern of celestial peace?" Indeed I look upon marriage as an institution which creates all those finer ties of love and friendship which softens the heart and purifies the mind.

The marriage state is sometimes not productive of happiness, but it generally happens where virtue is absent.—

"No means of happiness when virtue yields;
That basis falling, falls the building too,
And lays in ruins every virtuous joy."

But these are but few in comparison to the number of marriages that daily occur. When the holy bond is cemented by the tie of continued love, and the heart vibrates at the pleasing impulse, we care little what that undesirable wanderer, the bachelor may say, for we

"By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A Paradise below!"

"Marriage," says Dr. Johnson, "is evidently the dictate of nature; men and women are made to be the companions of each other, and therefore I cannot be persuaded but that marriage is one of the means of happiness." It is a state not only suited to the conditions of some few individuals, but appropriated to all persons under all circumstances—extended to the concave arch of Heaven, and of incalculable duration. It will brighten affliction's gloomy countenance, and make sorrow wear a cheerful garment. It will deck the humble and contented cot with almost heavenly bliss, and waft its fragrance even to the most remote recesses of poignant misery.

If we trace marriage to a low state we may there see cheerfulness and contentment depicted even in the white-washed wall and the clean fire-side, where, though luxury is unknown, the husband returns from his diurnal labour, and rests in the bosom of felicity, while the scanty mite is sweetened when distributed by a wife's hands. But, say some, how is the marriage state when surrounded by a family? Why, if possible, enjoying more felicity; they, instead of detracting, in the least degree, from the happiness of this state, present themselves as living images and tokens of love, who live to cheer the parent when life shall almost have spun its

web. "But," says Mr. Place, in one of his works on Population, "this increase of inhabitants will not do, unless a method can be discovered without being injurious to health, or destructive to female delicacy, to prevent conception." Were I disposed to leave our immediate subject, much could be urged on the suggestion of this abominable idea. But, to be brief, is Mr. Place not aware, that an estimate has been made in England and America, and that there is not more than one person to several acres, and that one acre will support two persons comfortably.

To trespass a little further, marriage has been, by all nations, whether civilized or barbarous, ancient or modern, held with respect and veneration. We have instances of it on record from the Hebrews, the Greeks, the Romans, &c. &c.; indeed, many burthens have at various periods been imposed upon the bachelors, and honourable rewards offered to those who entered the marriage state. Lycurgus and Augustus erected many severe laws to that effect. In short, if we turn our attention to the manner in which this ceremony is conducted, whether it be by Arabs, Grecians, Turks, Russians, Spaniards, or Greenlanders, or Laplanders, we shall find that all, in their native ceremony, pay respect and love to this state. The Samoides and Thibets are the most careless. I believe, a verbal consent forming the marriage ceremony; in short, the women are allowed a plurality of husbands, but these are rare exceptions.

Many persons take a too superficial view of the marriage life, only looking at the few difficulties with which it is sometimes entailed; and by this means make that appear unproductive of happiness, which was by God himself instituted for the promotion of comfort in all his creatures. If the married man has more anxiety and cares than he who enjoys celibacy, he has, at the same time, a far greater portion of real felicity than the bachelor can possibly enjoy. Bishop Taylor, who seems to have well known the human character, has left some valuable truths on this head, which, though brief, contain much of sterling nature. He says, "Marriage is a school and exercise of virtue; and though marriage has its cares, yet the single life hath desires, which are more troublesome, and more dangerous, and often end in sin, while the cares are but instances of duty and exercises of piety. **** Here kindness is spread abroad, and love is united and made firm as a centre. Marriage is the nursery of Heaven. The virgin sends prayers to God; but she carries but one soul to him;

but the state of marriage fills up the number of the elect, and hath in it the labour of love, and the delicacies of friendship, the blessings of society, and the union of hearts and hands. *** Celibacy, like the fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in perpetual sweetness; but sits alone, and is confined, and dies in singularity; but marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house, and gathers sweetness from every flower, and labours and unites into societies and republics, and sends out armies, and feeds the world with delicacies, and exercises many virtues, and promotes the interest of mankind, and is that state of good things to which God hath designed the present constitution of the world.

As a parting word I am induced to add an observation why marriage too often proves itself but the prickly thorn that belongs to the rose. Marriage, before engaged in, ought to be maturely considered, and formed on the basis of sincerity and affection; when this is not adopted, the result generally is unpropitious. Those marriages, too, that are contracted through the persuasive arts of *friends*, for the purpose of adding wealth to wealth, not unfrequently prove their stability in a court of justice. But when marriage is raised upon the unshaken rock of love and esteem, the

"Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets," will never cease to flow, but as time glides on, still flow with an almost more rapid stream."

"Hail, wedded love! mysterious bond, true source
Of human offspring, sole property,
In Paradise of all things common else.
By thee, adulterous lust, was driven from men
Among the bestial herds to range; by thee
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother, first were known."

I have thrown thus much together which I am sure will meet with approbation from your fair readers, and that it should animate the *imperfect man*, so that he may become that grand and noble treasure to his country, which I consider every married man (who acts as he ought,) to be, is the anxious wish of
Lambeth, July 21. A. B. C.

TRANSLATIONS.

(For the Mirror.)

A FRENCHMAN, attempting to translate the beautiful ode of Pindar, beginning with "ἀριστον μὲν ὕδωρ," rendered it thus:—

"Cette une excellent chose que l'eau."

A Mr. Moore's translation is hardly better:—

"Water the best of elements we hold."

A countryman of the first men ioned gentleman displayed much the same felicity in rendering the spirited address in Silius Italicus of Scipio to Hannibal:—

Expectatus ades.
Perfide tandem

Ab, perfide
Tu parais fort à propos.

While I am on this subject, I cannot refrain from the epitaph in the Greek Anthologia:—

"Ἐπι σοὶ κατὰ γῆς κούφη κόβης οὐκ ἔρπε
Νέαρχε,
ὄβρα σε ἠγιδίως ἔξεργάσωσι κόβες."

Which a friend translates,

"Light lie the dust on thee, Nearchus,
That dogs may sooner get thy carcass."

In a former Number of your work, you gave an epitaph on Franklin. The following was put on his statue, which was erected in the American Congress:—

"Eripuit caelo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis."

A gentleman, who was no friend of Franklin, translated it in the following couplet:

"On heaven and earth insatiate he would plunder,
Kings of their crowns, Olympus of its thunder."

MUS.

JEANIE MAKENZIE.

(For the Mirror.)

[Since the first appearance of "*Chrysal, or the Adventures of a Guinea*," the press has but seldom sent into the world a more interesting work than that to which the following lines owe their birth. "*Aureus, or the Life and Opinions of a Sovereign*," proves that the author has dived deeply into the sea of life; and, with a strong and comprehensive mind, laid before the public a volume, that, from the nature of the characters introduced to us, promises to make an impression that will not be easily forgotten.]

Poor Jeanie's sad story lays claim to a sigh,
Nay, more, till the current of feeling is dry.

The soft tears of sympathy flow!

Like the wonder-struck savage, untutor'd and wild,

Her plaints were the plaints of Simplicity's child!

Her grief from the fountain of woe.

Cold, houseless, and shiv'ring, poor Jean sat

distress'd,

Yet warm and affectionate hugg'd to her breast

Her Charlie! the offspring of love!

Caledonia (her country) was far from her view,

When Jeanie's orisons to Heaven's door flew,

And call'd for relief from above.

'Twas heard! for compassion, like mercy divine!

Encompass'd, and snatch'd her from misery's

shrine,

From death and the fangs of despair!

'Twas Gratitude's tear-drop that roll'd down her

cheek,

Ere Jeanie, poor Jeanie Mackenzie could speak,

To bless it with Gratitude's pray'r!

UTOPIA.

THE HARVEST MOON EXPLAINED.

(For the Mirror.)

It is generally believed that the moon rises about 50 minutes later every day

than on the preceding;—but this is true only with regard to places on the equator. In places of considerable latitude there is a remarkable difference, especially in the harvest time, with which, formerly, farmers were better acquainted than astronomers, and gratefully ascribed the early rising of the full moon at that period of the year to the goodness of God, not doubting but that he had ordered it so, on purpose to give them an immediate supply of moon-light, after sun-set, for their greater conveniency in reaping the fruits of the earth. This phenomenon is owing to the small angle made at that season of the year by the horizon, and the orbit of the moon. As the spectator is carried by the earth's rotation, his horizon will constantly change its situation, and cut the moon's orbit at different points, till it has gone through the whole of it, and the inclination of the orbit to the horizon will be continually changed. Now the difference between the times of the rising of the moon on two successive nights will depend upon the angle which the moon's orbit makes with the horizon: the less the angle is, the less the moon will have descended below the horizon, at the time when it is brought into the same situation it was 24 hours before;—therefore, when the angle is the least, there will be the least difference of the times of the moon's rising. This happens when the first point of Aries rises, at which time, in the latitude of London, there is scarcely 17 minutes difference of the rising for two successive nights. About the 23d Sept. the first point of Aries rises, at which time the moon rises, if then at the full, because she will be at the beginning of Aries. In this case, the moon will rise about the full for several nights, with but a small difference of the times of her rising: this happening in the time of harvest, is called the Harvest Moon.

As the full moon may not be on the 23d Sept. that which happens nearest is called the Harvest Moon. On Sept. 8, the moon will rise full four minutes after six, 32 minutes before the sun sets. On Oct. 8, at 48 minutes after four, nearly half an hour before sun-set;—and both before and after full, rise with but a few minutes difference for several nights.—The same small difference of the time or rising happens every month; but not being at the full moon, and at that time of the year, it is not taken notice of; for the moon can never be full but when she is opposite to the sun, and the sun is never in Virgo and Libra but in our autumnal months, therefore it is plain the moon is never full in the opposite signs, Pisces and Aries, but in these months; and,

M 3

consequently, we can have only two full moons, which rise so near the time of sun-set for a week together as before named.—The former is the harvest, the latter the hunter's moon. It may be asked, why we never remark this singular rising of the moon, seeing she is in Pisces and Aries twelve times in the year besides, and must then rise with as little difference as in time of harvest. The answer is plain; for in winter these signs rise at noon, and being then only a quarter of a circle distant from the sun, the moon in them is in her first quarter; but when the sun is above the horizon, the moon's rising is neither regarded nor perceived. In spring, these signs rise with the sun, because he is then in them; and as the moon changeth in them, at that time of the year, she is quite invisible. In summer they rise about midnight, and the sun being then three signs, or a quarter of a circle, before them, the moon is in them about her third quarter—when, rising so late, and giving but very little light, her rising passes unobserved. But in autumn, these signs being opposite to the sun, rise when he sets with the moon in opposition, or at the full, which makes her rising very conspicuous.

The greatest difference of the moon's rising, at London, on two successive nights, is 1 hour and 17 minutes; and this happens when the moon is in the first point of Libra, and therefore at the vernal full moons. In summer our full moons are low, and their stay is short above the horizon, when the nights are short and we have least occasion for moon-light. In winter they go high, and stay long above the horizon when the nights are long, and we want the greatest quantity of moon-light. In this instance of the Harvest Moon, and in many others discoverable by astronomy, the beneficence of the Deity is conspicuous, who has ordered the course of the moon so as to bestow more or less light on all parts of the earth, as their several seasons and circumstances render it more or less serviceable. About the Equator, where there is little variety of seasons, and the weather changes seldom, and at stated times, moon-light is not necessary for gathering in the produce of the ground, and there the moon rises about 50 minutes later each night. In considerable distances from the Equator, where the weather and seasons are more uncertain, the autumnal full moons rise very soon after sun-set for several evenings together, as before stated. At the Polar circles, where the mild seasons are of very short duration, the autumnal moon rises at sun-set from the first to the third quarter. And at

the Poles, where the sun is for half a year absent, the winter moons shine constantly without setting from the first to the third quarter.

CLAVIS.

FLEET MARRIAGES.

Notting Hill, Aug. 10, 1824.

SIR,—Having noticed in the MIRROR several observations relative to *Fleet Marriages*, I beg to hand you the following lines, which are inscribed under an old print in my possession, representing the scene they describe. The print is inscribed “J. June, sculp.”

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. E. COWMEADOW.

A FLEET WEDDING,

Between a brisk young Sailor and his Landlady's Daughter, at Rederyf.

SCARCE had the coach discharg'd its trusty fare,
But gaping crowds surround the amorous pair;
The busy plyers make a mighty stir!
And whisp'ring, cry, “D'ye want the parson,
Sir?”

Pray, step this way, just to the Pen in Hand;
The Doctor's ready there at your command.”
“This way, (another cries.) Sir, I declare,
The true and ancient register is here.”
Th' alarmed parson quickly hear the din!
In this confusion, jostled to and fro,
Th' enamour'd couple know not where to go,
Till, slow advancing from the coach's side,
Th' experienc'd matron came, (an artful guide;)
She led the way, without regarding either,
And the first parson spliced 'em both together.

BRITAIN'S NAVAL REMEMBRANCER,

From the commencement of the late War to the Peace of 1802.

[The following record of our Naval Victories, during a period only of nine years, which was printed on a fly-sheet in the year 1802, is deserving of a more permanent record, and we, therefore insert it in the MIRROR. If any of our naval readers could give us a similar list for the subsequent period, we should feel much obliged.—Ed.]

LORD HOOD'S

Destruction of the French Fleet, at Toulon, December 18, 1793.

BROUGHT AWAY.—One of 120, one of 80, one of 74, one 40, one 38, one 36, two of 32, one 26, two of 24, one 20, two of 18, and one of 14 guns.

BURNT.—In the Grand Arsenal.—One of 84, five of 74, one 76, one 36, one 34, and one of 24 guns.

BURNT.—In the Inner Road.—Two of 74 guns.

BURNT.—In the Dock-yard.—One 74, one 36, one 24, and one of 18 guns.

Two of 32 burnt, by mistake, by the

Spaniards; one 32 burnt by the Spaniards on shore; and one 32, one 20, and one of 18 surrendered.

LORD HOWE'S

Glorious Victory, June 1, 1794.

ENGLISH FLEET.—Three of 110, four of 98, two of 80, seventeen of 74, one of 44, two of 38 four of 32, one of 28, and two of 14 guns.

FRENCH FLEET.—Four of 120, ten of 84, fifteen of 74, two of 60, four of 40, one 36, one 30, one 22, and one of 16 guns.

This great and arduous contest ended in the capture of two ships of 84, and four of 74 guns, and two of 74 sunk.

ADMIRAL CORNWALLIS'S

Brave Defence against a very superior Force, June 17, 1795.

BRITISH FLEET.—One ship of 110 guns, four of 74, and two frigates.

FRENCH FLEET.—Thirteen sail of the line, of 80 and 74 guns each, seven frigates, seven razes, and two brigs.

This severe conflict was sustained from half-past eight in the morning till night, and at length our brave British tars obliged the enemy to sheer off.

LORD BRIDPORT'S

Victory off Port L'Orient, June 23, 1795.

Le Tigre - - 80 } Taken, after a long
Alexander - - 74 } chase, by the Fleet
Le Formidable 74 } under Adml. Lord
Bridport, close in with Port l'Orient.—
These ships composed part of a fleet consisting of twelve ships of the line, eleven frigates, and some smaller vessels, more of which would doubtless have been taken, had they not been sheltered by the land.

The British Fleet thirteen sail of the line.—Total of British killed, 31,—wounded, 108.

LORD KEITH'S

Capture of the Dutch Squadron in Sandanha Bay, August 17, 1796.

Two of 64, one 54, one 44, one 40, one 28, one of 26 guns, and a store-ship.

Surrendered by Rear-Admiral Lucas, on capitulation to, and taken possession of, by the squadron under Lord Keith, without firing a gun.

LORD ST. VINCENT'S

Victory off Cape St. Vincent, Feb. 14, 1797.

BRITISH FLEET.—Two of 100, two 98, two 90, seven 74, one 64, one 40, three 32, two 18, and one of 12 guns.

SPANISH FLEET.—One of 136, six 112, two 84, eighteen 74, twelve 34, and one of 12 guns.

might put a period to this hard-fought battle; and notwithstanding the vast superiority of the enemy, British valour deprived them of two ships of 112, one of 80, and one of 74 guns.

LORD DUNCAN'S

Victory off Camperdown, Oct. 11, 1797.

ENGLISH FLEET.—Seven of 74, seven of 64, and two of 50 guns.

DUTCH FLEET.—Three of 74, four of 68, one of 67, two of 64, two of 56, two of 54, one of 48, two of 44, one of 32, one of 26, two of 24, three of 18, and two of 16 guns.

The action of that triumphant day commenced about 40 minutes past noon, and ended in the capture of two of 74, three of 68, two of 64, two of 56, one of 44, and one of 32 guns.

LORD NELSON'S

Triumphant Victory off the Mouth of the Nile, August 1 and 2, 1798.

ENGLISH FLEET.—Thirteen of 74, one of 50 guns, and a brig.

FRENCH FLEET.—One of 120, two of 84, one of 80, one of 78, six of 74, two of 70, two of 44, and two of 36 guns.

It is needless to recount the innumerable instances of British bravery displayed in this action; suffice it to say, that the whole French Fleet were taken or burnt except two ships of the line, and two of 44 guns that escaped.

SIR J. B. WARREN'S

Victory off the N. W. Coast of Ireland, October 12, 13, and 18, 1798.

ENGLISH FLEET.—One of 80, two of 74, three of 44, one of 38, and one of 36 guns.

FRENCH FLEET.—One of 80, of 46, four of 40, one of 42, two of 36, and a schooner.

To describe distinctly the various evolutions of the ships, or to expatiate on the conduct of the heroes who commanded them, would far exceed our limits; we need only remark, that out of the whole French squadron only three of their smallest ships escaped.

ADMIRAL MITCHELL'S

Victory in the Texel, August 28, and 30, 1799.

BRITISH FLEET.—One of 66, seven of 64, one of 54, two of 50, one of 44, one of 38, and three of 32 guns.

DUTCH FLEET.—One of 74, one of 60, four of 68, one of 66, three of 54, eight of 44, two of 32, three of 24, and one of 16 guns.

All of which surrendered, or were taken

possession of, under the orders of Admiral Lord Duncan, in the New Deep, and within the Texel.

LORD NELSON'S

Victory off Copenhagen, April 2, 1801.

The Danish force, for the defence of Copenhagen consisted of six ships of the line, eleven floating batteries, and one bomb-ship; besides schooners and gun-vessels, supported by the crown battery, with 88 pieces of canon, at the mouth of the harbour; also four sail of the line, with batteries on the Isle of Amack, off the harbour's mouth; these were completely vanquished, and the greater part destroyed after four hours hard fighting.

SIR J. SAUMAREZ

Victory off Algieras, July 12, 1801.

The English squadron consisted of five ships of the line, and three frigates; and the combined Spanish and French squadron of ten ships of the line, three frigates, and many smaller vessels, under the command of Admirals De Moreno and Linois.

The issue of this combat was, the San Antonio, of 74 guns, taken, and the Real Carlos and San Hermenegildo, of 112 guns each, took fire and blew up with more than 2,000 souls.

List of Ships captured and destroyed from the different hostile Powers, to the end of the year 1800.

FRENCH.—45 ships of the line, 2 fifties, 130 frigates, and 143 sloops.

DUTCH.—25 ships of the line, 1 fifty, 31 frigates, and 32 sloops.

SPANISH.—8 ships of the line, 18 frigates, and 49 sloops.

Total, 78 ships of the line, 179 frigates, and 224 sloops.

SUSPENSION WIRE BRIDGE AT GENEVA.

COLONEL DUFOUR has made numerous experiments to ascertain the respective strength of different sized wires; and the great superiority of a bundle of wires over the same quantity of iron formed into a bar of equal length with the wires; and for determining the influence of folds, returns, &c. on the tenacity of wire; and the most efficient modes of joining wires, &c. Colonel Dufour has recently erected a Suspension Bridge of Iron Wire at Geneva, of which he gives the following account:—

The preceding researches have been applied with the greatest success, in the construction of two bridges across the

dry ditches of the fortifications of Geneva. The first of these ditches is 33 feet deep, and 108 feet wide, at the site of the bridge; the second is 22 feet deep, and 77 feet wide: they are separated by what is called the counter-guard, which is about 70 feet wide, and the top of which is level with the surrounding soil. A stone building is erected on the city edge of the first ditch, which serves as a point of attachment for the wires, as a gate to the city, and also as a station for the persons who have charge of the bridge: a piece of masonry is erected on the counter-guard, as a point of support for both bridges; and a third erection of a similar kind serves as an outer gate, and for a support to the end of the outer bridge. The wire used is of the kind called No. 14, in commerce; it is made up into lengths or bundles, each containing 100 wires, and there are three such collections on each side of the bridge. As the line of suspension proceeds uninterruptedly across both ditches and the intervening bank, the length was found too great for one bundle; they were therefore made in shorter lengths, terminating at each end with a ring, and were connected by placing these rings side by side, and passing a strong iron bolt through them. Each single wire was first stretched by a weight of 220 lbs., then made up into bundles of 100 each, which were united by iron ties at successive intervals, and the whole rolled round with iron wire, which gives them the appearance of cords. The longest of these bundles are 120 feet each, the others were made shorter as being more convenient for the situation they would occupy in the line of suspension. From this arrangement it is evident that each of the six main lines of suspension may be considered as one bundle, though consisting of many parts: they are made fast at one extremity to a plate of iron firmly attached to the stone gate before mentioned, then pass over the first ditch, across the stone support on the counter-guard, over the second ditch, over the second standard, and finally are made fast to iron bars, which being attached to plates, are loaded with masses of stone, and buried in the earth. From the six principal lines other lines descend, consisting each of twelve wires only, these are made fast to the traverses or pieces of wood, which form the bases of the bridges. On these are mortised long pieces of carpentry, which are bolted together with them, and to which are fastened the railings of the bridges, and then other planks are fastened across these again, forming the path of the bridge. The rapid and complete success of this under-

taking, does great honour to Mr. Dufour. It was not quite finished when M. Pictet wrote his account of it, but would be completed in a few days more. It had been planned and executed in the short space of six months. Its expense was previously estimated at 16,000 francs (about £650 sterling), and the cost amounted to within one or two hundred francs of that sum. This accuracy of estimation is not the least merit of M. Dufour, the engineer. The expectations with regard to the duration of the bridges are all in their favour; the iron is defended from rust by a thick coat of paint, which is to be renewed when required; the wood-work is of select materials, and not being any where in contact with the earth, is not liable to rot. Before constructing the large bridges, a model was made 38 feet long, and having only two suspending lines, each composed of 12 wires of .073 of an inch in diameter. The footway was constructed on 11 wooden traverses, which hung from the suspension lines, each by only four single wires, two at each end. This bridge was submitted to the roughest trials on the part of those persons who were curious to examine it, such as leaping, marching, &c. but without the least accident or failure.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

(For the Mirror.)

ÆSCULAPIUS invented the probe. By means of ether, water can be made to freeze in summer. Augustus Cæsar established lending houses. Basins were formerly used instead of mirrors. Bladders were used by the Romans to preserve their hair during the night. Chemical names of metals were first given to the heavenly bodies. There has been an instance of an elephant that walked upon a rope (see Suetonius). Fuller's earth was used by the ancients for washing. The streets of Rome have no lights but those placed before the images of saints. Mahomet IV. was very fond of the ranunculus. The Duke of Mantua is said to have had, in his possession, a powder which would convert water instantaneously into ice even in summer. The Greeks and Romans kept servants, whose duty it was to announce certain periods of the day. Ancient watchmen carried bells. Watchmen among the Chinese are placed upon towers. At Petersburg they announce the hour by beating on a suspended plate of iron. Porus, an Indian king, sent to Augustus a man without arms, who with his feet could bend a bow and discharge arrows. Printers originally endeavoured to make the books they printed resemble manu-

scripts. Puppets were employed formerly to work miracles. Chinese puppets put in motion by means of quicksilver. The Roman ladies dyed their hair with plants brought from Germany. Saltpetre is used by the Italians for cooling wine. Thomas Schweicker wrote and made pens with his feet. Soap was invented by the Gauls, used by the Roman ladies as a pomade. Urine was used by the ancients for washing, taxed by Vespasian. Boiled water is said to freeze sooner than un-boiled. Wildman taught bees to obey his orders. The Greek and Roman physicians prepared their own medicines. Gustavus Erickson, King of Sweden, when he died, had no other physicians with him than his barber, master Jacob; an apothecary, master Lucas; and his confessor, magister Johannes. The scales of bleak are used for making artificial pearls. King Charles II. invited to England, Brower, a Fleming, to improve the art of dying scarlet. Buckwheat was not known to the ancients, brought from the north of Asia into Europe about the beginning of the 16th century: sows itself in Siberia for four or five years, by the seed that drops. Butter was known to the Scythians: called by Hippocrates *pikerrion*: eaten by the Thracians at the wedding entertainment of Spheerates: used by the Lusitanians instead of oil: Pliny ascribes its invention to the Germans. The Carthaginians had the first paved streets. Chimnies are not to be traced at Herculaneum. Dogs in Kamtschaika have socks upon their feet to preserve them from the snow. Saint Elizabeth the inventress of Hungary water. Mrs. Dorothy Spreadbury invented the Oxford Sausage. Fowls are said to thrive near smoke. Honey was used by the ancients for preserving natural curiosities. Snake jacks are of high antiquity. Horses in Japan have their shoes made of staw. The streets in Jerusalem are swept every day. The transformation of insects was little known to the ancients. Justin, Emperor of the West, was so ignorant that he could not write without his secretary guiding his hand. The kitchens of the ancients were insufferably smoky. The streets of London were not paved in the 11th century. Quarantine was first established by the Venetians. Theancients wrote with reeds. Rolender sent the cochineal plant, with live insects on it to Linnæus, at Upsal. The first mention of horse-shoes is in the works of the Emperor Leo. The first account of stirrups is to be found in a book written by the Emperor Mauritius, on the Art of War. Emperors and Kings formerly held the stirrups when priests mounted

their horses. The windows of the ancients had no glass. The use of quills is said to be as old as the 5th century. Reeds continued long in use after quills began to be employed; quills were so scarce at Venice in 1433, that it was with great difficulty men of letters could procure them. Jacob Ehrni was beheaded in the Dutchy of Wurtemberg, for adulterating wine. P. T. W.

TO THE "FORGET-ME-NOT."

SMALL fragile wood, while thus I view
Thy soften'd tint of constant blue,
I pray, in life, whate'er my lot,
May those I love "forget me not."

When parting from the friends I lov'd,
My beating heart with anguish mov'd;
While from the shore the vessel shot,
They each exclaimed, "Forget me not."

When last I left my native plain,
Perhaps ne'er to return again,
Each tree and shrub, on that dear spot,
Appear'd to say, "Forget me not."

From this, thou little lonely weed,
My love for thee does all proceed;
To gaze on thee will bring to thought,
That those I love "forget me not."

J. H. F.

CULTIVATION OF THE CRANBERRY.

(For the Mirror.)

IN the Transactions of the Horticultural Society, Mr. Milne recommends the more extended cultivation of the cranberry. He observes, "I have been long convinced that both species may be grown with much advantage in numberless situations in this island, and have been surprised that cottagers and others, living on or in the neighbourhood of moors and heaths, covered with soil suitable to their growth, have not been advised to cultivate them for the sake of profit. According to Withering's quotation from Lightfoot, twenty or thirty pounds' worth of the berries are sold by the poor people each market-day, for five or six weeks together, in the town of Lamton, on the borders of Cumberland. This is a considerable sum for berries picked up from barren wastes, and in a district so thinly inhabited; and it is remarkable that the ready sale for them has not tempted some person to make the trial to supply the market in a more certain and regular way; if they could not be consumed or disposed of in the immediate neighbourhood where they may be grown, they could easily be sent a great distance without the hazard of being spoiled. There is one argument in favour of their cultivation, which is, that they may be made to grow with little trouble, in places and on soils where few other useful plants yet known will grow

to advantage. It may be said that the demand for them will be limited and uncertain; but that may have been said of a number of other things of a similar nature, which now meet with a regular sale, and which the growers, of course, endeavour to cultivate according to the demand they have for them. The American cranberry would be the easiest managed, and most productive for general use; but as many prefer the flavour of the English cranberry, there would also be a demand for it, though at a higher price."

T. A. C.

SONNET,

Written on Visiting the Ruins of Kenilworth Castle, Warwickshire.

ON princely Kenilworth's romantic site
I stand, enwrapp'd in shadows of the past!
Those time-ciad remnants, yet sublimely vast,
Memorials of magnificence and might,
Tell us a tale of wonder. They recall
To Fancy's vision many a lordly scene,
What time chivalrous, England's virgin queen
Grac'd martial tournament, and festive hall,
A sovereign and a guest! Instructive pile!
We learn, while musing 'mid thy ruin'd mass,
The story of thy former greatness—while
On every breeze there comes a voice which
says,
"Though earthly grace and grandeur have their
day,
Their night, like thine, will come—their dark-
ness and decay!"

SONNET,

Written at the Tomb of Shakespeare, Stratford-on-Avon.

A HUMBLE vot'ry of the tanelful nine,
To Shakespeare's tomb a pilgrim I repair,
To yield the mind's deep adoration there,
And bow the knee at wisdom's proudest shrine!
Lo! where the bath linger'd, lost in wonder's maze,
The ken of princes, and the glance of peers—
Lo! where have paus'd, in reverential gaze,
The good and great of other climes and years—
Bend I, great shade! submissively to pay
The unfeign'd homage of one grateful heart,
To whom thy magic pages doth portray
The boundless realms of nature and of art!
Allow this lowly tribute to the fame
Which shall to every age transmit thy honour'd
name!

BRIDEWELL BOYS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—I was pleased to see, under your article, "The Topographer," in No. 38 of the MIRROR, the account of Bridewell. It brought back to my recollection times of old, when the "Bridewell Boys," the apprentices to "Arts'-masters," were persons of no small consequence. Within my memory they were a formidable body, all dressed alike, in a round jacket and large trowsers of blue cloth, and a large round hat, of a drab colour. They had an engine, with which they attended at fires; and whether they, with their engine, came first or last, they would always have the best place—frequently fighting

for it, and, I believe, always obtaining it. In some respects they were a set of sad dogs. An account of their manners, conduct, &c. would not only be interesting, but highly useful, as an example of manners sixty years ago.

Some of your readers can, perhaps, furnish the particulars, as well as the reason for their dress, &c. being discontinued, and their engine being no longer seen in the streets.

AN OLD COCKNEY.

The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM
NEW WORKS.ASHANTEE WARFARE—
DESTRUCTION OF EMPEROU.

ON the first invasion of Fantee, the inhabitants of Emperou observed an unfortunate neutrality, but afterwards joined a Caboceer, named Quazi Beni, and made a stand. M. Dupuis, who omits no opportunity of vindicating or excusing the conduct of the King of Ashantee, states, that he sent messengers promising protection of life and property, if they would submit, but the Emperous refused.

The order was now given to exterminate the population of every town, and raze the houses to their foundations; and in conformity with this resolution a body of troops was detached against Emperou, with orders not to spare an inhabitant of either sex. In the mean time the Fantee troops, assisted by the inhabitants and their auxiliaries, assembled to the number of many thousands, and by vigilance succeeded in cutting off some reconnoitring parties of the enemy. Too much elated by this success, they at length determined upon the plan of endeavouring to intercept the communication between the detachment and the king's head-quarters. They separated their men into two bodies, one of which being left to guard the town, the other made a circuitous march to the westward, and fell unexpectedly upon the flank and rear of their adversaries. No happy consequences attended the action; it would appear, from accounts of the survivors, that neither party was prepared for the rencontre. The Ashantees, however, lost no time in sounding the alarm, rallying their forces, and recalling the advanced guard to their assistance, while the Fantees, even before the onset were appalled. In this state of eventful inactivity, it is said, the main bodies of the Fantees remained passive spectators during a distant skirmish between their own

vanguard and a detachment of the enemy. At least the Ashantees advanced with a shout, which struck a decided panic in their favour; the Fantees soon fled outright, and, with some loss, rejoined their comrades at Emperou. Notwithstanding this check, the inhabitants as the Ashantees approached, suffered themselves to be led out to battle. The united force of the Fantees is stated to have greatly outnumbered their enemies, and a battle of the most sanguinary complexion ensued, at the distance of a mile from the town. The first charge of the Ashantees was severely checked, and they were driven back upon the main body with slaughter. The enemy, however, was too well disciplined to allow the Fantees to improve upon their advantage, and a murderous firing succeeded the onset, in which the Ashantees, from superior celerity, had the advantage. Still, however, the Fantees maintained their ground, with a degree of intrepidity not undeserving of record, as it is perhaps a solitary instance during this war of their valour and resolution. On a sudden, volleys of musketry announced an attack on their rank and rear, supported by the king in person. This unexpected charge decided the fortune of the day, for the Fantees now retreated with precipitation, while their enemies rushed on, and strewed the forest with indiscriminate carnage. Before the retreating army could regain the town, it was doomed to cut a passage through an opposing body of the enemy, who were at that critical period in possession of many of the houses; despair assisted their efforts, and their enemies were either cut to pieces or trampled under foot. The town itself, which was already in flames, afforded no protection against the murderous assaults of their pursuers. In this hopeless state, several of the caboccers, after destroying their property, their wives, and children, put an end to their own existence; whilst the people, endeavouring to fly from the scene of carnage, were intercepted and butchered, or cast headlong amidst the burning houses. To sum up the horrors of this barbarous scene, every house was entered with fire and sword, and the inhabitants of both sexes destroyed. It is said, that, with the exception only of about one hundred people, who fled before the town was assaulted, not a soul escaped from the calamity. These particulars were narrated by my two guides, who were in that conflict.

The walls stood in many places erect, exhibiting the action of fire, which, by vitrifying the clayey composition, had preserved the ruins from dissolution. The surface of the earth was whitened in parti-

cular spots, with ashes, and bleached human bones and skulls, forming a distressing portrait of African warfare. In crossing the opening, some of the Fantees, by way of diversion, pointed to the relics, saying jocosely, they were Ashantee trophies: the Ashantees retorted the jest upon their fellow-travellers with equal good humour, and all parties were indifferent at a retrospection so paralyzing to humanity.—*Dupuis' Journal of a Residence in Ashantee.*

ON A FINE HOUSE, BUILT BY A LAWYER.

The lawyer's house, if I have rightly read,
Is built upon the fool and madman's head.

ON THE LAW.

UNHAPPY Chremes, neighbour to a peer,
Kept half his sheep, and fatted half his deer;
Each day his gates thrown down, his fences broke,
And injur'd still the more, the more he spoke;

At last resolv'd his potent foe to awe,
And guard his right, by statute and by law—
A suit in Chancery the wretch began;
Nine happy terms through bill and answer run,
Obtain'd his cause and costs, and was undone.

From cannibals thou fly'st in vain;
Lawyers less quarter give:
The first won't eat you till you're slain,
The last will do't alive.

Poetical Note Book.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals

KEW.

KEW has to contend with all the disadvantages of a flat surface; like Versailles, too, the soil was swampy and ungrateful: the wealth of a nation drained and fertilized both. It however has been so contrived, that a great diversity of scenery is exhibited. The pleasure-grounds are ornamented with several (too many) temples, &c. (one Gothic, one in the Arabesque or Turkish style, and one in the Venetian.) The principal of these is a magnificent Pagoda, in imitation of a Chinese building. It is 49 feet in diameter at the base, and 163 in height. It is accordingly a very conspicuous object in a flat country, as the view is not intercepted by adjacent hills, and it is far too high to be concealed by the adjoining shrubbery. The green-house is 142 feet, long, 25 high, and 30 broad. The exotic garden was established in the year 1760, by the Princess Dowager, from whom his present Majesty has imbibed a taste for botany. The pleasure-grounds, about 120 acres in extent, were begun by the late Prince of Wales, and finished under the eye of the Princess Dowager, who took great delight in this spot.

PARIS IN 1818.

- 1,100 Streets.
 10 Lanes.
 111 Passages.
 32 Quays.
 18 Boulevards.
 87 Places.
 31 Squares.
 131 Culs de Sac.
 10 Public Promenades.
 56 Barriers.
 16 Gates.
 16 Bridges.
 10 Halls.
 28 Markets.
 9 Basins.
 13 Barracks.
 12 Palaces.
 2 Cathedrals (Notre Dame, and
 St. Genevieve.)
 38 Churches.
 4 Temples.
 5 Colleges.
 15 Hospitals.
 9 Other Charitable Foundations.
 And 10 Theatres.

PICTURE.

ON tiptoe, laughing like the blue-eyed May,
 And looking salant, where a spoil'd urchin strives
 (In vain) to reach the flowers she holds on high,
 Stands a young girl fresh as the dawn, with all
 Her bright hair given to the golden sun!

There standeth she whom Midnight never saw,
 Nor Fashion stared on with its arrogant eye
 Nor gallant tempted;—beautiful as youth;
 Waisted like Hebe; and with Dian's step,
 As she, with sandals newly laced, would rise
 To hunt the fawn through woods of Thessaly
 —From all the garden of her beauty nought
 Has flown; no rose is thwarted by pale hours;
 But on her living lip bright crimson hangs,
 And in her cheek the flushing morning lies,
 And in her breath the odorous hyacinth.

New Monthly Magazine.

JAMES II. AND HIS SECOND QUEEN.

HER Majesty, after the accession, took certain courtiers under her especial protection; and it was craftily insinuated by one* of them, "that the friends and relations of the king's first wife (Anne, dutchess of York) as Rochester, Clarendon, Dartmouth, and others, were in greatest favour, and in possession of the best places; while her friends, though she was queen consort, were but slenderly provided for; and her friends being reckoned to be Lord Sunderland, the Lord Chancellor, and the Lord Churchill, they began to play their private batteries against each other."

* Lord Sunderland.

DR. JOHNSON.

THE following anecdote of Dr. Johnson is related on the authority of Miss W——, of the South House, who was intimate with both Johnson and Mrs. Thrale. On a certain occasion, at Mrs. Thrale's, at Streatham, some new piece in verse, on Scottish scenery, was to be rehearsed and criticised. The whole literary coterie were assembled—Johnson at their head; but, unfortunately, he was in one of his irritable and untractable fits, and had slept none the preceding night. The reader had proceeded to a florid description of the river which flowed near the birth-place of Smollet, on which the poet thus sings—

Not cause thou gav'st to Roderic Random
 Thy streams shall flow when partial Smollet's
 dead,
 The bard forgotten, and his works unread.

At the conclusion of this line, Johnson rose from his chair with a *growl*, repeated aloud, and in rhyme—

This man had better been asleep in bed.

The farther reading of the verses was instantly postponed to another opportunity.—*Monthly Magazine.*

The Novelist.

No. LVIII.

1--- FOSTER BROTHERS—A
GAELIC LEGEND.

BY MRS. GRANT.

THE Laird of D—— had no surviving male issue except twins, whose right of primogeniture could not be ascertained.— Their form and features so exactly resembled, that during infancy their nearest relatives could not distinguish one from the other. As they grew up, the expression of their countenances marked the difference to discerning eyes. He who was accounted the junior contemplated all objects of interest with ferocious eagerness, or, if his passions found less excitement, deep traces of cunning lurked in his contracted brow. Niel, though high-spirited and manly, was gentle as the deep river, which, though at times it may overflow, never sweeps the plain with irrecoverable devastation. When roused to just resentment he could be appeased by moderate concessions, and by him no service was forgotten or unpaid.

Both brothers grew up majestic in stature and supereminence in prowess for their immature years: but ere they at-

tained the age for appearing at the head of their father's clansmen, he suddenly expired.

By the advice of a crafty nurse, the younger had secretly prepared for an event which, by the course of nature, could not be far distant; and, abetted by the desperadoes of many tribes, seized the Castle of D—, and the circumjacent lands. The neighbouring proprietors, indignant at this violence, interposed, insisting that, should not the claims be amicably adjusted before a certain day, the battle-axe must decide the contest; and as these decrees were enforced by the presence of armed followers, there could be no appeal. The usurper had his retainers already in warlike array, and the rightful heir, who had been driven to a smaller estate some miles to the south, was so beloved by the vassals of his late sire, that the most valiant and worthiest hastened to his banner, erected on the sands, opposite to his hereditary domain. The usurper and his bands drew up within view, and each host waited the signal for onset; to be given by the umpires, who with weaponed multitudes had posted themselves on the surrounding hills.

Attended only by two sons of his foster-parents, the reputed elder brother advanced to the front ranks of his antagonist, demanding a parley. The usurper sent a spokesman to say, he came not to exchange words but blows.

"I desire to spare the blood of a brother, and of my people," said Niel. "I have not forgotten our promise to my father, never to raise an arm against each other; and he denounced a malediction to him who could be so unnatural. I would not grieve nor offend his spirit for all the lands from sea to sea."

The usurper sent for answer, that he scorned, like Niel, to shelter cowardice under a pretence so poor, and warned him to expect no mercy.

"Since no choice is left me but to disquiet the shade of my father, or to give up my right," said Niel, "let my brother keep the castle and lands he iniquitously holds. My gallant men are two to one, their battle-axes gleam bright in the sunbeams, and justice and honour nerve their brawny limbs; and, lo! the invincible Chieftain of Mull, with his berlins, covers the bay. I was not suspected of cowardice when my happy arm saved the hero who now comes to risk his life in my cause; but since, in obedience to my father, I promised peace to my brother, the peace of his halls shall never be invaded by me."

Niel dispatched messengers to the Chieftain of Mull, and to the several

umpires, to announce his fixed determination. The woods resounded, the echoing caverns of the mountains prolonged loud acclamations to the magnanimous youth, and his own warriors returned the shout of triumph more noble than the defeat of enemies.

When the pealing voices subsided, Niel modestly said, "No applause belongs to me, but the humble merit of listening to good counsel from these my foster brothers. Like us they are twins; but at the demise of their father, their only conflict aimed to compel each other to accept some advantage."

From this period the Chieftain of Mull and the Laird of D— became sworn brothers. They exchanged their first-born sons, that the boys reared in the respective castles of their adopted parents might have two fathers and two mothers, and have their hearts knit in the bonds of fraternal love.

The usurper of D— lived childless. He perished in a broil on the spot where he refused to compromise with his brother. His vassals rejoiced in coming under a head who never had been known to stretch his prerogative, nor neglect the meanest of his dependants. He died, leaving many sons, whose friendship strengthened the generous power of his successor.

The Chieftain of Mull also gave place to the heir of his large heart and mighty hand; but a misunderstanding between him and Mac-Callanmore menaced his isle with fire and sword. The redoubtable superior assembled his adherents on the main land within sight of Dowart. All appeared in martial accoutrements, except the intrepid Laird of D—, who presented himself with only three attendants.

"I cannot draw a brand against the chief, whose mother bestowed upon me the first sustenance," said he; "and she that gave me birth nourished his infancy."

"Then," said Mac-Callanmore, "when I have chastised M'Lean, I turn my weapons against you and yours."

"Be it so, since nothing but a breach of honour can save us. An everlasting bond of friendship must be held sacred, at the peril of life, and of all that is dearest in existence."

His father's foster-brother, with locks like the silvery spray, breaking over a rocky shore, and his manly sons in the prime of youth, were all that the Laird of D— took from his castle. The venerable father heard the threats of Mac-Callanmore, and borrowed a boat that his sons might hasten to collect the clansmen, to meet opposite to Dowart next day. Favoured by darkness, he passed

over to tell M'Lean the danger incurred for his sake.

"It will not avail me to ruin my friend," said M'Lean. "Forty berlines side before my castle; take them, and tell your Laird, if he loves me, to save his ancient house from desolation."

By day-break, the second morn, Mac-Callanmore marshalled his forces.

"Whence came these well-appointed berlines? They bear the ensigns of D—," said Mac-Callanmore.

"They were sent me by M'Lean, and he beseeched me, if I loved him, to save my ancient nouse from desolation."

"He has saved himself," responded the high-souled Mac-Callanmore. Do you exhort him to pay the feudal dues, not to my prowess, but to his own honour, and let me make a third in your heroic friendship. As for you, D—, who, supported by only three followers, came to maintain the faith of noble amity, I shall ever hold you up as a bright example, that it is the part of a great and wise man valiantly to confront evils, rather than to skulk, as you might have remained within the walls of your own castle."

Select Biography.

No. XV.

THEODORE, KING OF CORSICA.

A GREAT deal of false sympathy has been manifested respecting Theodore, King of Corsica, who was a mere adventurer, and that not of the most honorable class.

Theodore Anthony, Baron Newhoff, more remarkable for being the only one of his profession (of adventurers) who ever obtained a crown, than for acquiring that of Corsica, was born at Metz, about the year 1696; and after a variety of intrigues, escapes, and escapes in many parts of Europe, and after having attained and lost a throne, returned in 1748-9 to England, where he had been before about the year 1727. "I saw him," says Walpole, "soon after his last arrival: he was a comely, middle-sized man, very reserved, and affecting much dignity, which he acted in the lowest ebb of his fortunes, and coupled with the lowest shifts of his industry. An instance of the former appeared during his last residence at Florence, where, being reduced to extreme poverty, some English gentlemen made a collection for, and carried it to him. Being apprized of their coming, and having only one chamber in

a little miserable lodging, he squeezed his bed to one side, and placed a chair under the canopy, where he sat to receive the charity."

Being involved here in former and new debts, he for some time received benefactions from the Earl of Granville, the Countess of Yarmouth, and others; and after being arrested, some merchants in the city promoted a subscription for him; but he did not behave well, and they withdrew their money. He behaved with little more honour when a paper (written by Walpole) in the *World* was published, for his benefit. Fifty pounds were raised by it, and sent to his prison. He pretended to be much disappointed at not receiving more: his debts, he said, amounted to one thousand five hundred pounds. He sent in a few days to Dodsley, the publisher of the *World*, to desire the subscription might be opened again; which being refused, he sent a lawyer to Dodsley, to threaten to prosecute him for the paper, which he pretended had done him great hurt, and prevented several contributions.

In May 1756, an extraordinary event happened.—Theodore, a man who had actually *reigned*, was reduced to take the benefit of the Act of Insolvency, and printed the following petition in the *Public Advertiser*:—

"An Address to the Nobility and Gentry of Great Britain, in behalf of Theodore, Baron De Newhoff."

"The Baron, through a long imprisonment, being reduced to very great extremities, his case is earnestly recommended for a contribution to be raised, to enable him to return to his own country, having obtained his liberty by the late Act of Parliament. In the late war in Italy, the Baron gave manifest proofs of his affection for England; and as the motives of his coming here are well known, it is hoped all true friends to freedom will be excited to assist a brave, though unfortunate man, who wishes to have an opportunity of testifying his gratitude to the British nation.

"Those who are pleased to contribute on this occasion, are desired to deposit their benefactions in the hands of Sir Charles Asgill, Aiklerman, and Company, bankers, in Lombard-street; or with Messrs. Campbell and Counts, bankers, in the Strand."

Theodore, however, remained in the liberties of the prison till December, 1756, when, taking a chair, for which he had not money to pay, he went to the Portuguese minister's, in Audley-street; but

* No. 8, February 23, 1753.

not finding him at home, the Baron prevailed upon the chairmen to carry him to a tailor's, in Chapel-street, Soho, who having formerly known him, and pitying his distress, lodged him in his house. Theodore fell ill there the next day, and dying in a few days, was buried in the church-yard of St. Anne, in that parish.

A strong peculiarity of circumstances attended him to the last. His manner of obtaining his liberty was not so extraordinary as what attended it. Going to Guildhall, to demand the benefit of the Act, he was asked, "What effects he had?" he answered, "Nothing but the kingdom of Corsica." It was accordingly registered for the benefit of his creditors.

So singular a destiny was thought worthy a memorial, that might point out the chief adventures, and even the place of interment, of this remarkable personage. Mr. Horace Walpole, his friend and benefactor, erected a marble near his grave, with a crown, taken from one of his coins, bearing the following inscription:—

Near this place is interred
Theodore, King of Corsica,
Who died in this parish, Dec. 11, 1756;
Immediately after leaving the
King's Bench Prison,
By the benefit of the Act of Insolvency;
In consequence of which, he registered
His kingdom of Corsica,
For the use of his Creditors.

The grave, great teacher, to a level brings,
Heroes and beggars, galley-slaves, and kings:

But Theodore, this moral learn'd ere dead;
Fate pour'd its lessons on his living head,
Bestow'd a kingdom, and denied him bread.

F. R—Y

Miscellanies.

STATUARY COBBLER.

(For the Mirror.)

IN an old church, in the town of Truro, in Cornwall, there is a large massive monument, which is erected to the memory of John Roberts, Esq. who died in 1674. It was originally decorated with several figures; and having fallen into decay, was a few years since repaired, by order of Miss H—, of Landarick, a descendant of the family. When it was finished, the mason presented an account, of which the following is a literal copy:—
"To putting one new foot to Mr. John Roberts, mending the other, and putting seven new buttons to his coat, and a new

string to his breeches knees,—to new feet to his wife Phillis, mending her eyes, and putting a new nosegay in her hand,—to two new hands, and a new nose to the captain,—to two new hands to his wife, and putting a new cuff to her gown,—to making and fixing two new wings on Time's shoulders, making a new great toe, mending the handle of his scythe, and putting a new blade to it." All of which items are severally drawn out, and balanced by pounds, shillings, and pence.

GOSSIP'S BRIDLE.

THERE is, in the venerable church of Walton-on-Thames, a curious instrument, presented to the parish about a century and a half ago, by a person of some consequence at that time, whose name was Chester. It was intended to be worn as a punishment by the fair sex, who had been guilty of defamation, and whose tongues engendered mischief. It is of singular construction, and when fixed, one part enters the mouth, which prevents the possibility of articulation. It bears this inscription, "Chester presents Walton with a bridle, to curb women's tongues who talk idle;" and its presentation arose from the circumstance of the individual, whose name it bears, losing a valuable estate, through the instrumentality of a gossiping lying woman.

MODERN PHRASES.

KILLING an innocent man in a duel (according to the present phraseology) is called, an affair of honour; violating the rights of wedlock, an affair of galantry; defrauding honest tradesmen, out-running the constable; reducing a family to beggary by gaming, shaking the elbows; a drunkard, the worst of all rivers, is, a *bon vivant*; disturbing a whole street, and breaking a watchman's head, a midnight frolic; exposing some harmless personage to insults, annoyances, and losses, a good hoax; uttering deliberate falsehoods, shooting the long bow, &c. &c.

RIVER SPECTACLES.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

I FIND, in an American paper, the following notice, respecting the invention of an useful instrument, which the inventor had named, River Spectacles. It is a tube, which may be varied in length as

occasion may require. The diameter at top, where the eye is applied, is about an inch. There is a gradual enlargement of the tube to the centre, where the diameter is ten times that of the other extremity. There is a glass at each end. The tube is intended to examine the bottom of rivers, lakes, &c. The great reason why we cannot see with the naked eye through the water, is the effect of reflection, and refraction at the moment light falls upon the surface. This glass overcomes the difficulty, in transporting the sight as it were to the dense centre of the water, where it takes advantage of the light in the water, and is carried in a straight line as it is in the air. To make use of the apparatus during the night, they place lights all round the centre of the cylinder, which are shorter as they descend to the base of the tube. These lights throw a strong light around, and enable the inspector to see distinctly the bottom of the river.

T. A. C.

THE TABLE IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

THE English, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, had only two stated meals a-day, dinner and supper: the former at nine in the forenoon, the latter at five in the afternoon. These hours, besides being convenient for business, were supposed to be friendly to health and long life, according to the following verses, which were then often repeated:—

Lever a cinq, diner a neuf
 Souper a cinq, coucher a neuf,
 Fait vivre d'ans nonante et neuf.

To rise at five, to dine at nine,
 To sup at five, to bed at nine,
 Makes a man live to ninety-nine.

We are not, however, on that account to imagine, that they were either enemies or strangers to the pleasures of the table. On the contrary, they had not only a variety of dishes, but these, too, consisted of the most delicate kinds of food, and were dressed in the richest and most costly manner. Thomas a Becket is said to have given five pounds, equivalent to seventy-five pounds at present, for one dish of eels. The Monks of St. Swithins, at Winchester, made a formal complaint to Henry II. against their Abbot, for taking away three, of the thirteen dishes, they used to have every day at dinner.—The Monks of Canterbury were still more luxurious, for they had at least seventeen dishes every day, besides a dessert; and these dishes were dressed with spices and sauces, which excited the appetite, as well as pleased the taste.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—Wotton.

AMBITION ESTIMATED.

BLEST be the princes who have fought
 For pompous names or wide dominion.
 Since by their errors we are taught,
 That happiness lies in opinion.

A MODERN JEHU.

THY nags, the leanest things alive,
 So very hard thou'rt wont to drive,
 I heard thy half-starv'd coachman say,
 It cost you more for whips than hay.

EPIGRAM.

REVEAL, my good Sir John, I pray,
 Why does your lady's teeth decay?
 Although she's yet in beauty's flower.
 My Lord, 'tis this, I have no doubt,
 It is her tongue that wears them out,
 She never lets it rest an hour.

IT was once a custom in Germany, when a woman was convicted of adultery, for the husband to assemble their mutual relations, and, in their presence, to cut her hair close off, strip her naked, and then whip her from one end of the village to the other. When once a woman had sustained this punishment, an indelible disgrace was fixed upon her; no after conduct, however virtuous and unblameable, could restore her lost character, or remove the foul stigma. No temptation could persuade a man acquainted with this fact to unite himself with her, though fortune, youth, and beauty all combined to allure him to it.

Æ. CÆ.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

THANKS NOW, and answers in our next.
 Dr. Bruno, one of the medical attendants on Lord Byron, has published a letter in answer to the account of the last moments of the bard, which has appeared in the MIRROR. The Doctor's object is to vindicate his professional character; in doing which, he says he recommended bleeding, but Mr. Millingen, the other surgeon attending his Lordship, put it off from day to day, until it was too late. If, however, Dr. Bruno had sufficient confidence in his own skill, he should not have suffered it to be defeated by an inferior practitioner.

In answer to more than one inquiry, we deem it necessary to state, that Nos. 88, 90, and 99, of the MIRROR, are devoted exclusively to the life, recollections, anecdotes, &c. of Lord Byron, and contain an elegantly engraved portrait of his Lordship on steel, and a view (from an original drawing) of the church in which his remains were deposited.

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The Mirror

OF

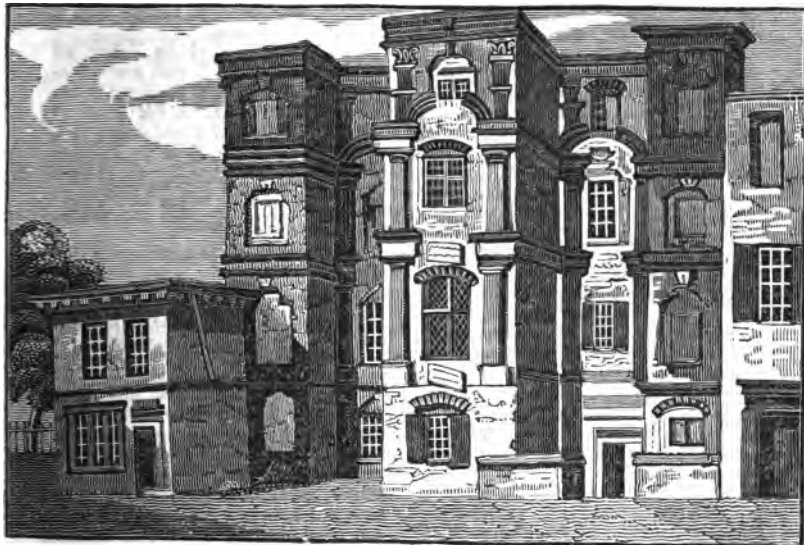
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CII.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1824.

[PRICE 2d.

Templars' House, at Hackney.



THE first mention we find of the village of Hackney (which our country readers, perhaps, need scarcely be told is in the suburbs of London), is in the year 1253. About forty years afterwards, in the year 1290, the village is recognised in a license, preserved in the Tower, to erect a guild to the Holy Trinity and the Virgin Mary, granted to Henry Sharp.

At this village the Knights Templars had one of their stations; and their house, of which we give a view, still remains. It is situated at the upper end of Church-street, nearly opposite to Dalston-lane.

It is an extraordinary circumstance, that all our endeavours to discover the history of this building, though so conspicuous in its situation, and so interesting in its appearance, have, as far as relates to the two last centuries, been fruitless. All that has happened to it, or in it, during so long a period, our most diligent local inquiries have not been able to rescue from oblivion. Latterly we know that it has been occupied by Mr. Wright, a wine-merchant, and used as a tavern. There are many who recollect the meetings upon public business, &c. held in this house, which were afterwards transferred to the Mermaid Tavern. Of

late years it was let out in tenements: and upwards of twenty families, at one time, resided in it.

To the Crusades the world is indebted for the orders of knighthood, of which that of the Knights Templars was one of the first and most distinguished. The generous Templars confined not their benevolence within the narrow limits of family or national connection. Christianity and misfortune were the only cements which attached them to any.

The number of the Templars was at first only nine, Hugo de Pagannes, or Payennes, Geoffry de St. Aldemars, and seven whose names are not known. In the year 1117 or 1119, they went as Pilgrims to the Holy Land, when Baldwin II. was king. When they arrived at Jerusalem, they were so much shocked at the terrible distress of the Christian inhabitants, that they engaged themselves by oaths of the most solemn nature, to protect and succour the helpless and distressed. They applied to king Baldwin for permission to form themselves into a fraternity, and dwell in Jerusalem.—Baldwin approved of their petition, and with the sanction of Pope Honorius II., they were formed into an order

Their rules and habits being settled, they began to consider what services they could render mankind. Being informed that in the town of Zaft there resided many thieves, who molested the pilgrims that resorted to the Holy Sepulchre, they resolved to disperse them. For this purpose the king of Jerusalem gave them lodgings in his palace, near the Holy Sepulchre, and near the place where Solomon's Temple once stood, whence they were called Templars; and in old records are styled, *Fratres Militie Templi Solomonis*. For the first nine years, they were reduced to great poverty; but as they fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and healed the sick, their virtues became renowned; many persons entered their order, and left them estates which rendered them wealthy. When the Templars first settled in England, they built a temple in Holborn; but in the reign of Henry II., finding this inconvenient, they built another in Fleet-street, from the model of that which they had at Jerusalem.

The Templars at length became numerous, and famous for their valour, fighting the infidels by sea and land; and such was once the general opinion of their honour and fidelity, that any grounds, territories, or castles, which were objects of dispute, were committed to the care of the Knights Templars. So many princes and great men left them fortunes, that they possessed at last sixteen thousand lordships in Europe.

Amongst the rules for preserving the honour of the order, it was ordained, that a Templar should be legitimate, and noble in arms and family, for three descents. The spirit of the order is well exhibited in the answer of their Grand Master, Odo St. Amand, to Saladin. In one of the battles of the crusades, the Grand Master took the nephew of Saladin prisoner. Shortly afterwards, Saladin made a captive of Odo, to whom he offered his liberty, on condition that he would restore his nephew. Odo replied, that he would never set his brethren the example of surrendering themselves prisoners, in hopes of being ransomed; that it was the duty of a Templar to vanquish or die; and that he had nothing to give for his ransom but his knife and his girdle.

When the order of the Templars was abolished, all their possessions near the metropolis were granted to the priory of St. John of Jerusalem, Clerkenwell; the holy brotherhood of which, though they disclaimed the military and political pursuits of their predecessors, continued their ecclesiastical establishments, and even improved upon their system.

As the estate of the Hospital, as it was termed, of St John of Jerusalem, was by these means so much increased, the house in Clerkenwell was about this time re-erected; and from the circumstance of one gate of the priory still remaining, we may, in comparing the original style of the mansion which we are contemplating with that, be induced to believe that it had the same founders.

At the dissolution of the Priory, all the estates annexed to it were granted to lay possessors. That at Hackney is recorded to have fallen to the share of Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, who, in 1535, conveyed it to Thomas Audley, Lord Chancellor, for the king's use, though it appears that the Earl occasionally resided there until his death, which happened two years after.

This house was unquestionably included in the Hackney estate thus rendered to the Crown, and probably about this time re-edified; which may solve the difficulty that occurs with respect to some parts of the building appearing, if we look back to the first period of the possession of the holy brotherhood, comparatively modern.—From the pilasters and semi-circular arch in the front, we may be led to believe that the designer had seen Italian architecture; but of this kind of imitation of a style which the religious intercourse with Rome must have rendered familiar, there are many instances even antecedent to the age of Henry VIII.; and it is curious to observe, that they were generally introduced as additions to, or ornaments of, the Saxon or Gothic buildings.

The Templars' House at Hackney almost faces a house which was once the residence of John Ward, Esq. M. P.; a gentleman who has by Pope been consigned to an infamous kind of celebrity in company with

——— "Waters, Charters, and the Devil."

He is said to have assisted Sir John Blunt in eluding the inquiry of Parliament respecting *South Sea* acquisitions; and although he stood in the pillory the 17th of March, 1727, and suffered under immense penalties, he still retained more than a *plum*: consequently he was, in the 'Change-alley dialect, a *Good Man*.

MAXIMS.

SATIETY and disgust are the inevitable consequences of a continual chase after pleasure.

Activity animates a wilderness, transforms a cell into a world, bestows immortal fame on the calm philosopher in

his chamber, and on the industrious artist in his workshop.

He who confines himself to his real necessities, is wiser, richer, and more contented than all of us.

One may be in solitude amongst all the tumults of life and this world.

Vacant souls are a burthen to themselves, and are therefore engaged in a continual round of dissipation.

We should have time for every thing did we not wilfully mis-spend it.

He who is contented with himself must certainly have a bad taste.

Silence is a mark of either wisdom or stupidity.

Zimmerman.

"WHICH is the best method to become virtuous?" said one to Socrates. "When we endeavour to be that which we wish to appear."

Disobedience deserves chastisement; weakness, pity; folly, ridicule; absurdity, contempt; wickedness, punishment.

Pliability without firmness, is weakness; firmness without pliability, stupid self-will.

"I know!" is the language of a proud ignoramus; "I know not!" that of a fool; "I know that I know nothing!" that of a wise man.

Children say what they do; old people what they have done; and fools what they wish to do.

"Phocion," said Demosthenes, "the Athenians will some day kill you in their rage."—"And you," said Phocion, "when they are in their right senses."

Ageilaus was asked by what means a young man could acquire esteem, and advance himself.—"By learning," returned he, "to speak well, and act still better."

You wish to learn to conquer,—learn to suffer.

Sulaor.

EVERY station has its burthen. Even as certain it is, that it has also its peculiar pleasures, which become the sweeter by its opposite grievances.

Philanthropy is founded on nature; esteem on power, talents, or merit, friendship and harmony. I love man because he is a man. I honour the man who is more exalted or more virtuous than myself; but I am his friend, whose heart and mind sympathizes with mine. I can solicit affection—esteem I can acquire;—but not friendship, it gives and receives of itself.

One should eat to live, not live to eat.

Riches serve wise men, and govern fools.

Labbler

It is melancholy, but salutary, to know one's self; pleasant; but hazardous, not to know one's self.

The more candid and sincere we are, the more gentle and prudent should we be.

Stollberg.

MEDIOCRITY seems to be the most advantageous situation for the attainment of wisdom. Poverty directs our attention too much on our temporal concerns; and wealth, too much on the enjoyment of our superfluity.

Rievethal.

THE despicable man alone fears contempt.

The just man offends no one, and therefore arouses no enemies; the philanthropist feels no more compassion than resentment against those that offend him without provocation; the courageous man has less enmity, because he can make greater opposition; and the modest man escapes enmity, or soothes it, because he does not perceive it, and therefore does not feel it.

Garro.

It is the error of youth to consider itself more happy or unhappy than it really is.

Lessing.

LET us be happy to-day, if it will not hinder our being so to-morrow.

Triplet (de).

THE desire of becoming happy is an indispensable portion of our nature; and the desire of making others so is the greatest pleasure of an honest man.

Gellert.

See much,	Admire little.
Hear much,	Believe little.
Know much,	Speak little.
Avoid much,	Fear little.
Labour much,	Use little.

Andree (Valentine).

THE contented man is never poor; the discontented never rich.

The greatest and noblest revenge is forgiveness.

Wardemann.

BELL RINGING.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR.—If any of your numerous correspondents would inform me of the origin of the terms "Grand-sire" and "Bob Major," as applied to two particular peals of bells, it would greatly oblige

Your obedient servant,

August 20, 1824.

LYRA.

PATIENCE.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR.—Being lately on business at the Colonial Office, in Downing-street, waiting (for, *mora manet omnes*, who enter there) till I could have a hearing, I sought to drown *ennui*, by some amusement, and soon was enabled to do so, since others, who had waited there before me, had vented their sighs in rhymes on the window-shutters. Among the inscriptions was the following effusion, with its answer, both of which I transcribed, hoping that they might be deemed worthy of insertion in the MIRROR.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
August 23, 1824. G. L.

"THE patience of Job to tire,
I've surely waited long enough;
To warm my nose there is no fire
Alas, that I forgot my snuff!"

ANSWER.

"Alas, my poor fellow,
I pity your case!
That thus you are plagued
With a nose on your face
For if you had none
It is certain enough,
It could not be cold,
And you would not want snuff."

HYDROPHOBIA.

The following article has appeared in the *Hamburgh Correspondent*:—

"The plant (*Alisma Plantago*, Linnæus) which is successfully employed as a cure for the hydrophobia, grows in water, either in marshes, lakes, or ponds. It has a capillary root resembling that of an onion. The plant continues under water until the month of June, at the commencement of which, or even during the month of May, in a warm temperature, from five to seven detached sprouts, of a long convex form, shoot from beneath the water. These sprouts have a long, reddish bark, and are each provided with a pointed, smooth and deep coloured leaf. In the month of June, a stalk appears with a round green root, resembling that of asparagus. This stalk shoots from beneath the water, sometimes with, and sometimes without leaves. It is divided into several sprigs without leaves, at the extremity of each, of which, is a small

trefoil flower, of a pale red colour, which afterwards contains the seed. This plant is in blossom during the whole of the summer season. The latter end of August is the fittest time to gather it. It is made use of in the following manner:—One large root, or two or three small ones, are first well washed and dried in the shade. They are then reduced to powder and strewed upon bread and butter, and in this way administered to the patient. On the second, or at the most the third trial, this remedy will destroy the virus of the madness, however violent it may be, even when the symptoms of hydrophobia have already appeared. This root operates with equal efficacy on dogs which have been bitten, as well as on mad dogs. During an interval of twenty-five years, this specific has constantly been found an infallible preservative against madness. It has cured individuals, in whom this disease had acquired so decided a character, that they attacked and bit all who came near them; and no symptoms of relapse were ever observable. Numerous cures have been effected, particularly in the government of Zula."

T. A. C.

FEW HAPPY MATCHES.

SAY mighty love and teach my song
To whom thy sweetest joys belong.

And who the happy pairs
Whose yielding hearts and joining hands
Find blessings twisted with their bands,
To soften all their cares?

Not the mild herds of nymphs and swains
That thoughtless rush into the chains

As custom leads the way:
If there be bliss without design
Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,
And be as bless'd as they.

Not sordid minds of earthly mould,
Who drawn by kindred charms of gold
To dull embraces move;

So two rich mountains of Peru
May rush to wealthy marriage too,
And make a world of love.

Not the mad tribe that hell inspires,
With wanton flames these raging fires
The purer bias destroys.

On Etna's top let furies wed,
And sheets of lightning dress the bed,
To improve the burning joys.

Not the dull pairs whose marble forms,
None of the melting passions warms,

Can mingle hearts and hands:
Logs of green wood that quench the coals
Are marry'd, I vow, like stoic souls,
With oslers for their bands.

Not minds of melancholy strain,
Still silent or that still complain,
Can the dear bondage bless;

As well may heavenly concerts spring
From two old lutes with ne'er a string,
Or none besides the bass.

Nor can the soft enchantments hold
Two jarring souls of angry mould
The rugged and the keen.

Sampson's young foxes might as well
In bands of cheerful wedlock dwell
With firebrands ty'd between.

• Nor let the cruel fetters bind
A gentle to a savage mind.
For love abhors the sight.
Loose the fierce tiger from the deer,
For native rage and native fear
Rise and forbid the sight.

Two kindest souls alone must meet,
'Tis friendship makes their union sweet.
And feeds their mutual loves.
Bright Venus on her rolling throne
Is drawn by gentlest birds alone,
And Cupids yoke the doves.

GARRICK'S FIRST PLAY-BILL.

WHEN Garrick quitted Ipswich, where he played a few nights in a provincial company, he repaired to London; but it appears that he was unable to obtain an engagement at any of the great houses. He was then obliged to join the company in Goodman's Fields, who, to evade being sent to prison as rogues and vagabonds for acting without a license, presented *plays* to their audience *gratis*, charging them only for the *concerts*. Here it was that the British Roscius, trembling between hope and fear, made his first bow as *King Richard*. The applause which he received was tumultuous; the public caught with admiration the brilliant sparks of genius which he emitted, and with their fostering hand bore him triumphantly along the current of popularity; they placed him at the very head of his profession, and made him an object of wonder and admiration to the whole world. The following copy of the bill which announces his first appearance is curious:

“*Goodman's Fields, Oct. 19, 1741.*—At the Theatre in Goodman's Fields, this day, will be performed a Concert of Vocal and Instrumental Music, divided into two parts.—Tickets at 3, 2, and 1 shilling.—Places for the boxes to be taken at the Fleece Tavern, next the Theatre.—N. B. Between the two parts of the Concert will be presented an historical play, called the *Life and Death of King Richard III.*; containing the distresses of King Henry VI.; the artful acquisition of the crown by King Richard; the murder of young King Edward V. and his brother in the Tower; the landing of the Earl of Richmond, and the death of King Richard in the memorable battle of Bosworth-field, being the last that was fought between the houses of York and Lancaster; with other true historical passages. The part of King Richard by a Gentleman,* (who never appeared on any stage;) King Henry, Mr. Giffard; Richmond, Mr. Marshall; Prince Edward, Miss Hippeley; Duke of York, Miss Naylor, &c. &c.—With an entertainment of Dancing, &c.—To which will be added, a ballad

* Garrick.
N 3

opera, in one act, called *The Virgin Unmasked*. Both of which will be performed by persons *gratis* for diversion.—The concert to begin at six o'clock exactly.”

THE ARCH OF TITUS, A PRIZE POEM.

Recited in the Theatre, at Oxford, on Wednesday, June 30, 1824, by the Author, M^r. J. T. Horn, of Christ Church.

LIVES there no trophy of the hero's fame,
No proud memorial to record his name,
Whose vengeful sword o'er Israel's fated land
Stamp'd iron bondage with a conqueror's hand?
Beneath yon sacred hills imperial mound,*
With ruin'd shrines and fallen columns crown'd
Where Rome's dread genius guards each mouldering stone,
The cradle of her empire, and her throne,
Titus, thy Arch proclaims the peaceful sway
Of taste, ennobling triumph's proudest day;
Survives, the Forum's grandeur to recall,
And weep deserted o'er its country's fall.
Though dimm'd the outline now, not time o'er-
throws
Th' unrivall'd grace which in each fragment
glows;
And genius beaming through each ruin'd part,
Displays the glories of immortal art,
With mingling beauties crown'd † the columns
tower,
Iona's graceful curve, and Corinth's flower,
And tapering as they rise aloft in air,
The sculptur'd frieze and votive tablet bear.
From o'er each column Fame; exulting springs,
Seems stretch'd for flight, and waves her golden
wings:

Yet linger not! within the circling space,
The storied walls more radiant beauties grace,
In warlike pomp the triumph's rich array §
Leaps from the living marble into day.
High on his car the victor borne along,
Hears with exulting heart th' applauding throng;
With sparkling eye surveys the sacred spoil,
And feels one hour o'erpay long years of toil.
Lo! Judah's swarthy sons before the car,
The wither'd remnant of disease and war!
Rebellious passions light their faded cheek,
And all the bitter pangs they dare not speak.
And shall these trophies from his temple torn,
The living God, some idol shrine adorn?
Shall we, shall Aaron's sons no more rejoice,
Nor breathe yon trump with conquest's silver
voice, |

From Salem's holy mountain heard afar,
In days of festal gladness and of war?
Is then the seven-branch lustre sunk in night,
Which shed o'er Israel's fate mysterious light?
Or shall its golden lamps with heathen flame
Gleam as in scorn to point at Zion's shame?
Yes, it is quenched! till Judah's captive maid,
Wake from her woes beneath the palm-tree
shade,
Recall her wandering sons, abjure her pride,
And bless the anointed king she crucified!
Th' unfaded crown of David's glory claim,
Yon Arch o'erthrown, and Rome itself a name.

* The Arch is situated at the foot of the Palestine hill.

† The building is of the Composite order, and one of the most ancient and beautiful specimens.

‡ The two winged figures, apparently representing Fame.

§ The triumphal procession of Titus is sculptured on the walls in the interior.

| Among the sacred ornaments are still to be seen the golden candlestick, the silver trumpets, &c. Vide Numbers, chap. x. ver. 8 9 10.

The Selector,

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

ROYAL RECEPTION AT ASHANTEE.

As I approached the avenue where the king was seated, the martial instruments surrounding the throne suddenly burst upon the bearing in heavy peals, and the household slaves advanced, flourishing their scimitars over my head with menacing violence. This threatening ceremony was directed with renovated vigour as I advanced to take the king's hand; for the music ceased, and the guards retired from the presence, and I was quietly permitted to pay my respects. The king extended his hand with great complacency, yet with a dignity that created admiration and respect, for it was even more than national. The features of the monarch were placid, yet serious, with the exception of his eyes, which seemed rivetted in good-natured admiration, although they were not permitted to convey this feeling to the muscles of his face. The salutation murmured by the sovereign was re-echoed by an officer in attendance, and reported to me as follows:—"Sai thanks the gods he sees you, and the other white men, and all your people."

The royal chair was a specimen of some ingenuity, yet the workmanship was rude. Its arms and legs were carved from the solid into grotesque forms, and embossed with little ornamental casts of gold. Several caboccers in waiting were decorated with massive gold breast-plates, chains of the same metal, and solid lumps of rock-gold, of the weight, perhaps, of a pound or more each. The royal messengers stood behind the sovereign, shouldering by the blades large crooked sabres, the emblems of their office, and displaying the reversed hilts, cased in thin gold sheathing. In another position, at the back of the king's chair, a select few stood erect as guards, and were armed with common English muskets in gold casing, and habited in grotesque apparel, which consisted of a large helmet or plume of feathers of the Argus bird, sloping backward over the head, in form not very unlike those which, according to history, were worn by the inhabitants of America, and particularly in the empire of Mexico, by the warriors of that nation. In front of the plume was an arching pair of rams' horns, cased in gold, and attached by the centre to several charms and amulets, neatly sheathed in morocco leather. A skull-cap united the whole, and a long tiger's tail flowed

down over a close-bodied jacket, that concealed every part but the arms, in a perfect mail of magical charms, also richly ornamented in gold, silver, or stained leather. A simple covering of cloth, girded about the loins, fell half-way down the thigh, and left the rest of the body bare. In addition to guns, the weapons and accoutrements of these officers were bows, and a quiver of poisoned arrows, suspended from the back by a belt, which at the same time supported the weight of a string of case-knives, and a large powder-pouch. The most ludicrous part of the equipment consisted of a large gold, silver, or iron bell, suspended by a rope that girded the loins, and overhung the posterior, causing at every movement a dull tinkling sound, like the pasturing bells used in Spain. Over these bells were suspended gold and silver epaulettes of European fabrication, more or less tarnished. Some of the officers wore small turbans of silk taffeta, or figured cotton and muslin, and beside were decently dressed in robes of various striped cotton, folded round the loins, and gracefully turned over the left shoulder, exactly as the hayk or alhayk is worn by the Arabs of the western and southern deserts. The king was modestly habited in a large cloth or hayk of figured cotton, cast off from both shoulders, and resting negligently in loose folds, upon the loins and thighs. From his naked shoulder was suspended a thick silk plait or cord, to which were attached a string of amulets, cased in gold, silver, and silk. A massive gold chain encircled his waist, in the form of a zone, below the navel; and a variety of clumsy gold rings covered his fingers, thumbs, and toes. On the left knee he wore a bandage or fillet of silk, and plaited weed, interwoven with gold beads and amulets, terminating in a tasteful tassel, that hung as low as the calf of the leg.

As the position occupied by the king stood nearly in the centre of a large semicircle, above a moiety of the ceremony was still in reserve. The king, or tributary chief of Banna, a monarch subordinate to the sovereign of Ashantee, happened to be at this time at Coomassy, and was stationed at no great distance from his liege lord. His retinue was splendid and numerous, comprising, besides his own people, several moslems of inferior rank, and their slaves. The vassal prince was simply attired in an African cloth, decorated with amulets, &c., sheathed in gold and the skins of beasts. Gold rings ornamented his fingers and toes, and little fillets of gold and aggrè beads encircled the thick parts of each arm. The inces-

sant din that occasionally reigned in all parts, naturally gave rise to a feeling of sincere contempt—disgust I may say, for the music of Ashantee, however grateful it would seem to have been to the auricular organs of Mr. Bowditch, whose harmonic taste is upon record in his work. The illustrious negro prince was seated upon a chair studded with silver coins, such as dollar and half-dollar pieces, which were rivetted against the framework, none being permitted to sit enthroned in gold but the “King of Kings.”

A warlike band, who guarded the person of this tributary, were martially habited in the skins of beasts, chiefly the hides of leopards and panthers: their weapons were bows and poisoned arrows, javelins, guns, sabres, clubs, and case-knives. Many were in a state of nudity, excepting the shim or girdle, three or four inches wide, that passed between the thighs, bracing round the loins and under the posteriors. Chieftains of rank, governors of provinces, and allies of the Ashantee empire, were next in order to the King of Banna, and the intervening space was occupied by caboceers, captains, and other officers of less note. At the expiration of two hours, I had the happiness to arrive at the extreme end of the crescent, where several of the king's ministers stood in waiting to receive and conduct me to a resting-place; this was a spot of clear ground, shaded on the margin by some tall trees.

After a suspense of some minutes' duration, the renewed discord of drums, gong-gongs, &c. in full concert, announced a movement on the part of the court. The clamour became more and more general, and its effect for an interval, deafening. The chiefs advanced at a tardy pace, followed in successive ranks by their vassal captains, personal attendants, and slaves, armed and equipped in their full military habits; some with iron chains suspended round the neck, others round the body in the form of a zone, while the men at arms belonging the household establishments of each caboceer, brought up the rear in close embodied masses. Chiefs of the first class now arrived on the spot, and saluted with courtesy; the reserve of a first introduction was banished from every countenance. The band of each of these officers preceded the march, and was followed by a group of parasites, whose business it was to proclaim in boisterous songs, the strong names of their masters. The bellowing of these heralds, the discordant din of war instruments, and the clamour of my guards, produced a chaos of harsh sounds, that would baffle the efforts of the pen to de-

scribe. The feelings of many of the caboceers, and especially those of a youthful deportment, were conspicuous, in defiance now and then of an affected serenity: their countenances from composure relaxed into smiles, and even a stifled laugh was more than once exacted by the persevering adulation of their attendants; but, not wholly forgetful of what was due to their own dignity, they frequently affected displeasure at the unblushing flattery with which they were assailed. As it may not be uninteresting to the reader, I shall give the translation of one of these songs, as my linguist interprets it.

“Where shall we find such a warrior as the strong and beautiful Apacoo Kudjo, whose eyes are like the panther in fight! O, great slave of the king, how you are beloved! your victories delight his ears. Who fought the Gamans, and killed the caboceer, Adoual? Apacoo Kudjo. Where are the women and the gold? Apacoo Kudjo has them. He is a rich man,—a mighty man! His enemies die when he is angry. He is invulnerable; his fetische (amulet) no man can look upon and live.”

The evening began to close in apace, yet still the pageant displayed unbroken ranks; and no movement had yet taken place in the king's retinue. The moslems, accompanied by their captains, and headed by the bashaw under his canopy, advanced in order, and gave the salutation with a decorum peculiarly korannic. No barbarous music, no osseous relics, no gambols of the war-dance, and no sycophants to sound poetic titles and achievements: even the courtly strut was softened down to a character, modest and reserved. The contrast was thus favourable to education, and the superior rank of these people in the classes of African society could not be more pre-eminently contrasted.

As the King of Banna approached, he silenced his band and sycophants together, by an authoritative wave of the hand—then advancing until he had gained a position exactly opposite to me, he snatched a scimitar from a youth in attendance, while his people formed a silent and distant circle. He then commenced an harangue, which by progressive degrees, degenerated into the most furious utterance, associated with rapid and vehement gestures, and flourishing of his weapon, within two or three paces of my feet. The bystanders, during the pause, gave a respectful attention to the discourse, frequently sympathized in the feelings of the orator, and oftentimes used soothing epithets, while the very eye-balls of the royal chief glanced with real or affected malignity; and the foam spurted from his

mouth as from that of an enraged maniac. At last he ceased speaking, and his countenance subsided into tranquillity, as he cast the scimitar upon the earth. His relaxed features even wore the semblance of a smile while he held me by the hand, saluted, and retired. The interruption gave no satisfaction to my guards, who, after this shadow of royalty was again fairly obscured in the crowd, applied their twigs very smartly to his peoples' shoulders and legs, in revenge for the detention, for we were by this time almost enveloped in darkness. The anxiety I felt to know the substance of the speech could not be gratified at the moment; but subsequently I minuted down the following particulars from the memory of the linguist, which I introduce in this place from its obvious connection.

"Ashantees, who is there so great, so good as Sai? No where can you see such a king. He says, destroy this country,—and it is a desert;—the people are killed with his shot and his powder. When he makes war, he is like the tiger. Can any one fight the tiger? How foolish, then, are those who say they hate this great king, and speak with arrogance; for if they cannot fight, what will become of them. They cannot go in the bush (northwards), for there is my country, Coransa, Takimah, and Bouromy: all this belongs to Sai, he is king over all the kings, and all the people, and his foot stands upon every one's neck. If they run to Adirai river, it is the king's fetische, and will kill them. They cannot pass Tando river. What then? there is only the sea. Will not that kill them too? You know I fight for the king; he is my master, and I love him. I fought with Dinkera (late king of Gaman) and he died, and the people died. If the king bid me make war on any country, I must obey; he is the master, and I am the slave. If he desire me to go to Fantee, I swear the great oath, I will kill them all; I will cut up their bodies in pieces, and take out their hearts, and I will not let one live, because they are an insolent people. Now they hear Dinkera is dead, and they are frightened, and want to make a palaver between white men and the king, because they think he cannot then catch them. Is that reasonable? This white caboceer comes up to talk the palaver. If he comes with truth in his heart, and with friendly intentions, it is well; but if he tries to deceive and dishonour the king, it cannot be suffered; and I shall kill all these people* and drink their blood, because they forget that they are the king's slaves, &c."

Dupuis's Ashantee.

* The Fantees

FRENCH PRISONER IN LOVE.

THE following is a genuine copy of a letter addressed some years ago to a lady of fortune at Portsmouth, upwards of 80 years of age, by a French prisoner of war at Porchester Castle:—

"Porchester, Madam.—Me rite de English very leet, and me am very fears you no saave vat me speak; but me be told dat you vant one very fine mans for your husband; upon my soul me love you very well, and thou you be very old woman, and very cross, and very ugly, and all de devil, and the English no like you, upon my soul me have one grand passion for you, and me like you very well for all dat; and me be told dat de man for you must be one very clen man, and no love de drink, me be all dat; indeed me be one very grand man in France, upon my soul me be one count, me have one grand equipage in France, and me be very good for de esprit; indeed me be one grand beau a-la-mode, one officer in de regiment; me be very good for the Engleterre; indeed you be one very good old woman upon my soul; and if you have one inclination for one man, me be dat gentleman for you, one grand man for you; me will be your hoesband, and take de care for yourself, for de house, for de gardin, for de Schoff, for de drink, and for de little childs dat shall come; upon my soul me kill myself very soon, if you no love me for this grand amour. Me be Madam, your great slave, votre tres humble serviteur,

"PRES A BOIRE."

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

DESCRIPTION OF FORT MARLBOROUGH.

THE situation of Bencoolen, or Fort Marlborough, upon the western coast of Sumatra, is certainly one of the most picturesque which can be well imagined; and in many respects, as a magnificent *coup-d'œil*, far exceeds any view I have yet seen either in the eastern islands, which abound in beautiful scenery, or the upper provinces of Hindostan. A grand amphi theatre of lofty hills, piercing the lowering strata of clouds, with their craggy summits, recalls to the recollection of the spectator some of the finest spots of Alpine scenery discoverable in Europe; while that most singular geological formation, the Gonong Beenks, or sugar loaf, not only stands separate as a prominent, unerring, and permanent mark to ships, but to the scientific eye distinctly exhibits the origin of those mountainous formations, in the stupen-

THE MIRROR.

Some depositions which have descended from that prodigious flood of waters that formerly deluged the globe. This fine country is blessed with a soil boasting the highest fertility, and is evidently capable of bringing forth any vegetable production found in Hindoostan, and probably in Europe. In proof of this it may be mentioned, that potatoes, formerly unknown in the Aurea Chersonesus of the ancient geographers, have within the last few years been introduced into Sumatra, under the administration of Sir Stamford Raffles, with the most gratifying success. They are thriving in perfection, and not only equal to any procurable elsewhere, but now form an important article in the diet of the population. The nutmegs and spices, on account of which the settlement has been long celebrated, are cultivated to an extent, and thrive in a manner, of which I could not previously have entertained the slightest idea. Yet with all these advantages, not exceeded by any British settlement in the world, the appearance of Marlborough cannot be said to add any credit to the well-earned character, which our countrymen have generally acquired, for enterprise and persevering industry. It would therefore form a matter of singularly curious and interesting speculation, to enter into an inquiry regarding the causes which have conspired to retard the prosperity of Bencoolen; that have operated during the lapse of nearly a century and a half, to contract the principal seat of British power in the Malay countries, within limits scarcely exceeding the bounds of an ordinary English village, and are not twice the dimensions of those of the town of Singapore, that has been founded only since the year 1823; causes that have reduced its population, and have rendered the necessaries of life scarcely procurable over a magnificent extent of territory capable of producing all that is required, and comprehending a settlement and possessions, to which, if proper attention were paid, that are clearly capable of completely recompensing our country for the loss of Java, and our other insular possessions, which a dash of the pen of his late Lordship of Londonderry so liberally bestowed upon the unmitigated enemies of our commerce, and would-be rivals, the Dutch.

Asiatic Journal.

THE MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR HER SON.

(For Music.)

My child was beautiful and brave;
An opening flower of Spring—
He moulders in a distant grave,
A cold forgotten thing—

Forgotten! ay, by all but me,
As e'en the best beloved must be
Farewell! farewell, my dearest!

Methinks 't had been a comfort now
To have caught his parting breath,
Had I been near, from his damp brow
To wipe the dews of death—
With one long, lingering kiss, to close
His eye-lids for the last repose—
Farewell! farewell, my dearest!

I little thought such wish to prove,
When cradled on my breast,
With all a mother's cautious love,
His sleeping lids I prest—
Alas! alas! his dying head
Was pillow'd on a colder bed—
Farewell! farewell, my dearest!

They told me vict'ry's laurels wreathed
His youthful temples round;
That "Vict'ry!" from his lips was breathed
The last exulting sound—
Cold comfort to a mother's ear
Who long'd *his living* voice to hear!—
Farewell! farewell, my dearest!

E'en so thy gallant father died,
When thou, poor orphan child!
A helpless prattler at my side,
My widow'd grief beguiled.
But now, bereaved of all in thee,
What earthly voice shall comfort me?—
Farewell! farewell, my dearest!
Blackwood's Magazine.

THE ENGLISH AND THE AMERICANS COMPARED.

WE are an old people. The Americans are a new people. We value ourselves on our ancestry—on what we have done; they, on their posterity, and on what they mean to do. They look to the future; we to the past. They are proud of Old England as the home of their forefathers; we, of America, as the abiding-place of western Englishmen.

They are but of yesterday as a people. They are descended from those, whose burial-places are yet to be seen; we, from those, whose burial-places have been successively invaded by the Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman, until they are no longer to be distinguished from the everlasting hills.

As a whole people, the Americans talk a better English than we do; but then, there are many individuals among us who speak better English than any American, unless we except, here and there, a well-educated New Englander; and a few eminent public speakers, like the late Mr. Pinkney, who was minister to this Court; and Mr. Wirt, the present attorney-general of the United States, who will probably succeed Mr. Rush in the same capacity; and, then, there are a multitude among us who speak better English than is common among the well-educated men of America, although they do not speak the best English, such as the few among us do.

I have heard a great deal said about the habits of cleanliness in England and

America; and I have sometimes laughed very heartily at the reciprocal prejudices of the English and American women.

I have heard an English woman complain of a beastly American for spitting into the fire: and I have heard an American woman express the greatest abhorrence of an Englishman, for spitting in his pocket-handkerchief; or, for not spitting at all, when he happened to mention that well-bred men swallowed their saliva. A spitting-box is a part of the regular furniture of every room in America, although smoking is now entirely out of fashion there.

An American will not scruple to pick his teeth or clean his nails, if he should think it necessary—any where, at any time—before a lady. An Englishman would sooner let them go dirty.

An American never brushes his hat—very rarely his coat; and his hair, not once a-week. An Englishman will brush the first with his coat sleeve, or a silk handkerchief, whenever he puts it on or off: and the two latter, every time that he goes out. The American is laughed at for his personal slovenliness, in England, and the Englishman for his absurd anxiety, in America. Such is national prejudice.

The Englishman is more of a Roman; the American more of a Greek, in the physiognomy of his face and mind, in temper and in constitution. The American is the vainer; the Englishman the prouder man of the two. The American is volatile, adventurous, talkative, and chivalrous. The Englishman is thoughtful, determined, very brave, and a little sullen. The Englishman has more courage; the American more spirit. The former would be better in defence; the latter in attack. A beaten Englishman is formidable still; a beaten American is good for nothing, for a time.

The countenance of the Englishman is florid; not sharply, but strongly marked, and full of amplitude, gravity, and breadth; that of an American has less breadth, less gravity, less amplitude, but more vivacity, and a more lively character. The expression of an Englishman's face is greater; that of the American, more intense.

In the self-satisfied, honest, hearty, and rather pompous expression of an English face, you will find, when it is not caricatured, a true indication of his character. Other people call him boastful, but he is not. He only shews, in every look and attitude, that he is an Englishman, one of that extraordinary people, who help to make up an empire that never had, has not, and never will have, a parallel upon earth. But then he never tells other men

so, except in the way of a speech, or a patriotic newspaper essay.

And so, in the keen, spirited, sharp, intelligent, variable countenance of an American, you will find a correspondent indication of what he is. He is exceedingly vain, rash, and sensitive: he has not a higher opinion of his country than the Englishman has of his; but then, he is less discreet, more talkative, and more presumptuous; less assured of the superiority which he claims for his country; more watchful and jealous, and, of course, more waspish and quarrelsome, like diminutive men, who, if they pretend to be magnanimous, only make themselves ridiculous, and being aware of this, become the most techy and peevish creatures in the world.

The Englishman shews his high opinion of his country by silence; the American his, by talking; one by his conduct, the other by words; one by arrogance, the other by superciliousness.

The Englishman is, generally, a better, braver, and a nobler minded fellow, than you might be led to believe from his appearance. The face of an American, on the contrary, induces you to believe him, generally, a better man than you will find him.

But then, they are so much alike, or rather there are individuals of both countries so like each other, that I know many Americans who would pass every where for Englishmen, and many Englishmen who would pass any where for Americans. In heart and head they are much more alike, than in appearance or manners.

An Englishman, when abroad, is reserved, cautious, often quite insupportable, and, when frank, hardly ever talkative; not very hasty, but a little quarrelsome nevertheless; turbulent, and rather overbearing, particularly upon the continent. At home, he is hospitable, frank, generous, overflowing with honesty and cordiality, and given to a sort of substantial parade—a kind of old-fashioned family ostentation.

But the American is quite the reverse. Abroad he is talkative, noisy, imperious; often excessively impertinent, capricious, troublesome, either in his familiarity, or in his untimely reserve; not quarrelsome, but so hasty, nevertheless, that he is eternally in hot water. At home, he is more reserved; and, with all his hospitality, much given to ostentation of a lighter sort; substitute—finery and show.

An American is easily excited, and, of course, easily quieted. An Englishman is neither easily quieted, nor easily excited. It is harder to move the latter; but once in motion, it is harder to stop him.

One has more strength and substance; the other more activity and spirit. One has more mind, more wisdom, more judgment, and more perseverance; the other more genius, more quickness of perception, more adventurousness.

The Englishman's temper is more hardy and resolute; that of the American more intrepid and fiery. The former has more patience and fortitude; the latter more ardour. The Englishman is never discouraged, though without resources; the American is never without resources, but is often disheartened. Just so is it with the female character.

An American woman is more childish, more attractive, and more perishable; the English woman is of a healthier mind, more dignified, and more durable. The former is a flower, the latter a plant. One sheds perfume; the other sustenance. The English woman is better suited for a friend, a counsellor, and a companion—for the mother of many children, and for the partnership of a long life. But the American woman, particularly of the south, is better fitted for love than counsel:—child-bearing soon destroys her. A few summers, and she appears to have been born a whole generation before her husband. An Englishwoman has more wisdom; an American more wit. One has more good sense; the other more enthusiasm. Either would go to the scaffold with a beloved one; but the female American would go there in a delirium; the Englishwoman deliberately, like a martyr.

Blackwood's Magazine.

DEBATE UPON THE BACHELORS' TAX.

OUR readers will remember Mr. Pitt's determination to lay a heavy tax upon bachelors; but perhaps they are not aware that a similar tax was attempted to be imposed at the close of last year, upon the worthy bachelors of Pennsylvania. A General Ogle originated this measure, and he proposed to lay the tax on all bachelors above twenty-five years of age, the proceeds to be set apart as a fund for the support of the widows and orphans of old soldiers.

The General moved the second reading of his resolution (or, as the Americans have it, "called for the second reading") on the 27th of December.—This was objected to seriously, as not only unfair but impolitic, on the ground that many of the married men had gone home to pay the compliments of the season to their wives. This remark caused a heavy sigh from one bench on which there happened to sit all the married men who remained.—That

sigh was no sign of a "merry Christmas" for them. The bachelors far outnumbered them, and it was expected reasonably enough that the former would carry the day. General Ogle, however, nothing daunted, expressed his confidence in the honour and gallantry of the bachelors, and the resolution was taken into consideration.—Mr. Roberts said, bachelors had mothers, sisters, &c. (aye! what an &c.!) dependent on them, and he thought men ought not—nay, they would not, be compelled to marry against their inclination. He had not married very early; "but," said he, "if I and my wife keep our healths, we have reasonable prospects of a tolerably numerous family!" Some of the bachelors laughed outright at this, as much as to say, we are very well without the burthen.—Mr. Brown hoped the unfortunate unmarried men would have no more evils forced upon them, for they were at best, wretched beings!—Mr. W. (a bachelor, in mighty indignation) "Wretched beings! Sir, I scorn the epithet. I would rather have a pair of feather breeches forced upon me, and be set to hatching eggs, than be married as some men are married!"—We suppose nobody on this side of the Atlantic knows the wife of Mr. Brown.—It was here moved and carried, that the proceeds of the tax should go, not to the widows and orphans, but to the treasury.—Mr. Sterigere proposed to amend the resolution, by inserting the words "and widowers who never had children," so as to include them amongst the taxables as well as bachelors.—Mr. Ogle said, he never knew a widower to have a child; he had heard of a few instances of this kind amongst widows!—Mr. Wise thought bachelors pretty well taxed already. Here he read a section of the tax law, which enumerated as taxable, horses, cows, hogs, single freemen without occupation, geese and geldings! This raised another good laugh, as much as to say, "the single men have got into very strange company!" A committee of married men were then appointed to examine the subject; but as far as we can discover from subsequent papers, the bachelors carried the day. "Their &c.'s," one of the papers says, "overcame the Benedicts."

The Bachelors.

No. LIX.

THE YOUNG BACHELOR.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING, ESQ.

I WAS born at the little town of Froshone, which lies at the skirts of the Absaroka.

My father had made a little property in trade, and gave me some education, as he intended me for the church; but I had kept gay company too much to relish the cowl, so I grew up a loiterer about the place. I was a heedless fellow, a little quarrelsome on occasion, but good-humoured in the main! so I made my way very well for a time, until I fell in love. There lived in our town a surveyor or land-bailiff of the prince's, who had a young daughter, a beautiful girl of sixteen: she was looked upon as something better than the common run of our town-folk, and was kept almost entirely at home. I saw her occasionally, and became madly in love with her—she looked so fresh and tender, and so different from the sun-burnt females to which I had been accustomed.

As my father kept me in money, I always dressed well, and took all opportunities of showing myself off to advantage in the eyes of the little beauty. I used to see her at church; and as I could play a little upon the guitar, I gave a tune sometimes under her window of an evening; and I tried to have interviews with her in her father's vineyard, not far from the town, where she sometimes walked. She was evidently pleased with me, but she was young and shy: and her father kept a strict eye upon her, and took alarm at my attentions, for he had a bad opinion of me, and looked for a better match for his daughter. I became furious at the difficulties thrown in my way, having been accustomed always to easy success among the women, being considered one of the smartest young fellows of the place.

Her father brought home a suitor for her, a rich farmer, from a neighbouring town. The wedding-day was appointed, and preparations were making. I got sight of her at her window, and I thought she looked sadly at me. I determined the match should not take place, cost what it might. I met her intended bridegroom in the market-place, and could not restrain the expression of my rage. A few hot words passed between us, when I drew my stilette and stabbed him to the heart. I fled to a neighbouring church for refuge, and with a little money I obtained absolution, but I did not dare to venture from my asylum.

At that time our captain was forming his troop. He had known me from boyhood; and, hearing of my situation, came to me in secret, and made such offers, that I agreed to enrol myself among his followers. Indeed, I had more than once thought of taking to this mode of life, having known several brave fellows of the

mountains, who used to spend their money freely amongst us youngsters of the town. I accordingly left my asylum late one night, repaired to the appointed place of meeting, took the oaths prescribed, and became one of the troop. We were for some time in a distant part of the mountains, and our wild adventurous kind of life hit my fancy wonderfully, and diverted my thoughts. At length they returned with all their violence to the recollection of Rosetta: the solitude in which I often found myself gave me time to brood over her image; and, as I have kept watch at night over our sleeping camp in the mountains, my feelings have been roused almost to a fever.

At length we shifted our ground, and determined to make a descent upon the road between Terracina and Naples. In the course of our expedition we passed a day or two in the woody mountains which rise above Frosinone. I cannot tell you how I felt when I looked down upon the place, and distinguished the residence of Rosetta. I determined to have an interview with her;—but to what purpose? I could not expect that she would quit her home, and accompany me in my hazardous life among the mountains. She had been brought up too tenderly for that; and when I looked upon the women who were associated with some of our troops, I could not have borne the thoughts of her being their companion. All return to my former life was likewise hopeless, for a price was set upon my head. Still I determined to see her: the very hazard and fruitlessness of the thing made me furious to accomplish it.

It is about three weeks since I persuaded our captain to draw down to the vicinity of Frosinone, in hopes of entrapping some of its principal inhabitants, and compelling them to a ransom. We were lying in ambush towards evening, not far from the vineyard of Rosetta's father. I stole quietly from my companions, and drew near to reconnoitre the place of her frequent walks. How my heart beat when among the vines I beheld the gleaming of a white dress! I knew it must be Rosetta's: it being rare for any female of the place to dress in white. I advanced secretly and without noise, until putting aside the vines, I stood suddenly before her. She uttered a piercing shriek, but I seized her in my arms, put my hand upon her mouth, and conjured her to be silent. I poured out all the frenzy of my passion; offered to renounce my mode of life; to put my fate in her hands, to fly with her where we might live in safety together. All that I could say or do would not pacify her. Instead of love,

horror and affright seemed to have taken possession of her breast. She struggled partly from my grasp, and filled the air with her cries.

In an instant the captain and the rest of my companions were around us. I would have given any thing at that moment had she been safe out of our hands, and in her father's house. It was too late. The captain pronounced her a prize, and ordered that she should be borne to the mountains. I represented to him that she was my prize; that I had a previous claim to her, and I mentioned my former attachment. He sneered bitterly in reply; observed that brigands had no business with village intrigues, and that, according to the laws of the troop, all spoils of the kind were determined by lot. Love and jealousy were raging in my heart, but I had to choose between obedience and death. I surrendered her to the captain, and we made for the mountains.

She was overcome by affright and her steps were so feeble and faltering that it was necessary to support her. I could not endure the idea that my comrades should touch her, and assuming a forced tranquillity, begged that she might be confided to me, as one to whom she was more accustomed. The captain regarded me, for a moment, with a searching look, but I bore it without flinching, and he consented. I took her in my arms, she was almost senseless. Her head rested on my shoulder; I felt her breath on my face, and it seemed to fan the flame which devoured me. Oh, God! to have this glowing treasure in my arms, and yet to think it was not mine!

We arrived at the foot of the mountain. I ascended it with difficulty, particularly where the woods were thick, but I would no relinquish my delicious burthen. I reflected with rage, however, that I must soon do so. The thoughts that so delicate a creature must be abandoned to my rude companions, maddened me. I felt tempted, with the stiletto in my hand, to cut my way through them all, and bear her off in triumph. I scarcely conceived the idea, before I saw its rashness; but my brain was fevered with the thought that any but myself should enjoy her charms. I endeavoured to outstrip my companions by the quickness of my movements, and to get a little distance ahead, in case any favourable opportunity of escape should present. Vain effort! The voice of the captain suddenly ordered a halt. I trembled, but had to obey. The poor girl partly opened a languid eye, but was without strength or motion. I laid her upon the grass. The captain darted on me a terrible look of suspicion, and

ordered me to scour the woods with my companions in search of some shepherd, who might be sent to her father's to demand a ransom.

I saw at once the peril. To resist with violence was certain death, but to leave her alone, in the power of the captain! I spoke out then with a fervour, inspired by my passion and my despair. I reminded the captain that I was the first to seize her; that she was my prize, and that my previous attachment for her ought to make her sacred among my companions. I insisted, therefore, that he should pledge me his word to respect her, otherwise I should refuse obedience to his orders. His only reply was to cock his carbine, and at the signal my comrades did the same. They laughed with cruelty at my impotent rage. What could I do? I felt the madness of resistance. I was menaced on all hands, and my companions obliged me to follow them. She remained alone with the chief—yes, alone—and almost lifeless!—

Here the robber paused in his recital, overpowered by his emotions. Great drops of sweat stood on his forehead; he panted rather than breathed; his brawny bosom rose and fell like the waves of a troubled sea. When he had become a little calm, he continued his recital.

I was not long in finding a shepherd, said he. I ran with the rapidity of a deer, eager, if possible, to get back before what I dreaded might take place. I had left my companions far behind, and I rejoined them before they had reached one half the distance I had made. I hurried them back to the place where we had left the captain. As we approached I beheld him seated by the side of Rosetta. His triumphant look, and the desolate condition of the unfortunate girl, left me no doubt of her fate. I know not how I restrained my fury.

It was with extreme difficulty and by guiding her hand that she was made to trace a few characters, requesting her father to send three hundred dollars as her ransom. The letter was despatched by the shepherd. When he was gone, the chief turned sternly to me: "You have set an example," said he, "of mutiny and self-will, which, if indulged, would be ruinous to the troops. Had I treated you as our laws require, this bullet would have been driven through your brain. But you are an old friend; I have borne patiently with your fury and your folly. I have even protected you from a foolish passion that would have unmanned you. As to this girl, the laws of our association must have their course." So saying, he gave his commands: lots were drawn,

and the helpless girl was abandoned to the troop.

Here the robber paused again, panting with fury, and it was some moments before he could resume his story.

Hell, said he, was raging in my heart. I beheld the impossibility of avenging myself; and I felt that, according to the articles in which we stood bound to one another, the captain was in the right. I rushed with frenzy from the place; I threw myself upon the earth; tore up the grass with my hands, and beat my head and gnashed my teeth in agony and rage. When at length I returned, I beheld the wretched victim, pale, dishevelled, her dress torn and disordered. An emotion of pity, for a moment, subdued my fiercer feelings. I bore her to the foot of a tree, and leaned her gently against it. I took my gourd, which was filled with wine, and applying it to her lips, endeavoured to make her swallow a little. To what a condition was she reduced! she, whom I had once seen the pride of Frosinone; who, but a short time before, I had beheld sporting in her father's vineyard, so fresh, and beautiful, and happy! Her teeth were clenched; her eyes fixed on the ground; her form without motion, and in a state of absolute insensibility. I hung over her in an agony of recollection at all that she had been, and of anguish at what I now beheld her. I darted round a look of horror at my companions, who seemed like so many fiends exulting in the downfall of an angel; and I felt a horror at myself for being their accomplice.

The captain, always suspicious, saw, with his usual penetration, what was passing within me, and ordered me to go up the ridge of the woods, to keep a look out over the neighbourhood, and await the return of the shepherd. I obeyed, of course, stifling the fury that raged within me, though I felt, for the moment, that he was my most deadly foe.

On my way, however, a ray of reflection came across my mind. I perceived that the captain was but following, with strictness, the terrible laws to which we had sworn fidelity. That the passion by which I had been blinded might, with justice, have been fatal to me, but for this forbearance; that he had penetrated my soul, and had taken precautions, by sending me out of the way, to prevent my committing any excess in my anger. From that instant I felt that I was capable of pardoning him.

Occupied with these thoughts, I arrived at the foot of the mountain. The country was solitary and secure, and in a short time I beheld the shepherd at a distance

crossing the plain. I hastened to meet him. He had obtained nothing. He had found the father plunging in the deepest distress. He had read the letter with violent emotion, and then calming himself with a sudden exertion, he had replied coldly, "My daughter has been dishonoured by those wretches; let her be returned without ransom, or let her die!"

I shuddered at this reply. I knew, according to the laws of our troop, her death was inevitable. Our oaths required it. I felt, nevertheless, that not having been able to have her to myself, I could become her executioner!

The robber again paused with agitation. I sat musing upon his last frightful words, which proved to what excess the passions may be carried when escaped from all moral restraint. There was a horrible verity in this story that reminded me of some of the tragic fictions of Dante.

We now come to a fatal moment, resumed the bandit. After the report of the shepherd, I returned with him, and the chieftain received from his lips the refusal of the father. At a signal, which we all understood, we followed him to some distance from the victim. He there pronounced her sentence of death. Every one stood ready to execute his order, but I interfered. I observed that there was something due to pity as well as to justice. That I was as ready as any one to approve the implacable law, which was to serve as a warning to all those who hesitated to pay the ransoms demanded for our prisoners; but that though the sacrifice was proper, it ought to be made without cruelty. The night is approaching, continued I; she will soon be wrapped in sleep; let her then be despatched. Ah! I now claim on the score of former fondness for her is, let me strike the blow. I will do it as surely, but more tenderly than another. Several raised their voices against my proposition, but the captain imposed silence on them. He told me I might conduct her into a thicket at some distance, and he relied upon my promise.

I hastened to seize upon my prey. There was a forlorn kind of triumph at having at length become her exclusive possessor. I bore her off into the thicket of the forest. She remained in the same state of insensibility or stupor. I was thankful that she did not recollect me, for had she once murmured my name, I should have been overcome. She slept at length in the arms of him who was to punish her. Many were the conflicts I underwent before I could bring myself to strike the blow. But my heart had become sore by the recent conflicts it had undergone, and I dreaded lest, by protra-

child, some other should become her executioner. When her repose had continued for some time, I separated myself gently from her, that I might not disturb her sleep, and seizing suddenly my penard, plunged it into her bosom. A painful and concentrated murmur, but without any convulsive movement, accompanied her last sigh.—So perished this unfortunate!

Tales of a Traveller.

The Sketch Book.

No. XXI.

SUPERSTITION.

FROM THE GREEK OF THEOPHRASTUS.

SUPERSTITION is a certain weakness and terror of mind proceeding from unworthy notions of the Deity. The superstitious man, after having washed his hands and sprinkled himself with holy water, carries a bay leaf in his mouth, and would not for the world let it drop till sunset. If a weasel crosses the road he stops short, be his business never so pressing, and will not stir a foot till somebody else has gone before him and broke the omen, or at least till he himself has weakened the prodigy by throwing three stones. If he sees a snake in his house, he is immediately seized with a religious horror, and converts the room where he found it into a chapel. If he discovers a consecrated pillar in a place where several ways meet, he alights off his horse with great devotion, pours oil upon it, and begs a blessing of it. When a mouse happens to gnaw a hole in one of his sacks, he inquires of the soothsayer how he ought to behave himself under such an accident; and though the soothsayer honestly advises him to go home and mend his sack, he still thinks there is something more in the matter, and will never use it again as long as he lives. He is perpetually paring his house with religious ceremonies; and should he chance to walk over a grave, meet a funeral, or sit by a big-bellied woman, would scarce ever enjoy himself after. When he has a dream that he does not know what to make of, he consults all the augurs, wizards, and astrologers in the country, and cannot go to sleep again with any satisfaction till he has found out the god or goddess that put him in such a fright. He goes to the priests of Orpheus every month to get himself initiated into their mysteries, and if his wife is not at leisure to accompany him, marches in the front of several old women, who bring his children after him in their arms. He washes his wise head at every

fountain that falls in his way; and upon extraordinary occasions hires a set of priestesses to come and purify him all over. If he sees a man in a fit of the falling sickness, he has a set form of spitting, which he makes use of very religiously to drive away the infection.

Scientific Amusements.

No. VII.

ELECTRICAL RECREATIONS.

The Animated Feather.

ELECTRIFY a smooth glass tube with a rubber, and held a small feather (or piece of leaf gold) at a short distance from it. The feather will fly to it, and adhere to it for a short time, and then fly off,—and the tube can never be brought close to the feather, till it touches some body that communicates with the ground, the same side of the feather will be constantly opposite the tube.

The self-raising Pyramid.

PROVIDE a large circular bundle of different coloured threads, of different lengths, increasing from the circumference to the centre, where they are to be longest.

The Magical Dance.

FROM the conductor suspend three bells, the two outer by chains, that in the middle by a silk string, while a chain connects it to the floor.—This for Music.

Then suspend a plate of metal, and exactly under it a plate of the same size; on the plate place figures of men, &c. cut in paper of leaf gold, and pretty sharply pointed at both ends.

If a piece of gold be cut with a large angle at one extremity, and a very acute angle at the other, it will want no stand, but will hang by its large angle at a small distance from the conductor.

The Artificial Spider.

CUT a piece of burnt cork, about the size of a pea, in the form of a spider;—make its legs of linen thread, and put a grain or two of lead into it, to give it more weight; suspend it by a fine line of silk between the arch, and an excited stick of wax.

The marvellous Fountain.

SUSPEND a vessel of water from the arch, and place in the vessel a capillary syphon. The water will at first issue by drops only; but when the wheel is put in motion, there will be one continual stream of water; and if the electrification be strong, a number of streams will issue

in form of a cone. The stream will appear quite luminous in the dark.

The Magic Picture.

THIS Picture must have a frame and glass, about two inches off the border of the print to cut off all around.—The upper and under part of the middle of the glass is covered with tinfoil, that communicates with the bottom of the frame: over this tinfoil the print is pasted. Now if the tinfoil on both sides of the glass be moderately electrified, and a person take hold of the bottom of the frame with one hand, so that his fingers touch the tinfoil, and with the other hand endeavour to take off the crown, he will receive a very smart blow, and fail in the attempt. A guinea or a shilling will do as well.

When a ring of persons take a shock among them, the experiment is called—*The Conspirators.*

The Tantalian Cup.

PLACE a metal cup on a cake of wax, fill it with any sort of liquor, and communicate it to the branch by a small chain; when moderately electrified, desire a person to taste the liquor without touching the cup with his hands.

THE MAGICIAN'S CHASE.

The Planetarium.

FROM the branch suspend six concentric hoops of metal, and under them, on a stand, place a metal plate, at the distance of half an inch: then place on the plate, near each hoop, a round glass bubble, blown very light. If the room be darkened, the several glass balls will be beautifully illuminated.

The Incendiaries.

A PERSON standing on a cake of wax, holds a chain that is connected with the branch, and putting his finger into a dish containing spirit of wine, made warm, it will blaze. Many of the preceding experiments may also be performed by a person standing on a stool, as above, and holding in his hand what was directed to be fastened to the prime conductor.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

EFFECTS OF GOOD AND BAD ACTIONS.

BY RICHARD FLECKNOE.

Do good with pain—the pleasure in't you'll find;
The pain's soon past, the good remains behind.

So ill with pleasure—this you've for your pains,
The pleasure passes soon, the ill remains.

MATRIMONY.

CRIES Sue to Will, 'midst matrimonial strife,
"Curs'd be the hour I first became your wife!"
"By all the powers," said Will, "but that's too bad!
You've curs'd the only civil hour we've had."

RULES FOR PURCHASING A HORSE.

"ONE white foot, buy a horse;
Two white feet, buy a horse;
Three white feet, look well about him;
And four white feet, go without him."

SHORT DIALOGUE.

A. Pray will you have the complaisance to take my great coat in your carriage to town?

B. With pleasure; but how will you get it again?

A. Oh! very easily: I shall remain in it.

EPIGRAM.

A would-be *shot* discoursing with a Judge, declares,
That he one morn ere breakfast time,
killed three and thirty hares!
"Indeed! shot three and thirty hares?"
"yes, truly," looking big,
"Then," says the Judge, "you surely must have fired at a wig."

HAMILTON.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE concluding notice of the Sandwich Islands in our next; when we shall give an interesting account of the late King and Queen. The *Greeks*, *J. H.*, *F. R. Y.*, shall also have insertion.

In an early number, *Sappho*, *Pelopidas*, *Francisco*, *R. C—on*, and *J. A. G.* shall appear.

The idea of the *Constant Reader's Poem* is better than the execution.

Communications have been received from *F. C. N.*, *A. A.*, *Junius*, *Jean*, *Alfred*, *Swada*, *Jno. Webb*.

Surely *Pasche* is either a bachelor or an unfortunate husband, he inveighs so much against marriage.

The articles alluded to by *F. R—y*, are not forgotten.

We thank a correspondent for his hint as to the Guillotine—we had our eye on the subject.

We will endeavour to oblige *Georgius Notice*.

We assure *W. P.* that we never doubted the originality of his communication.

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The Mirror

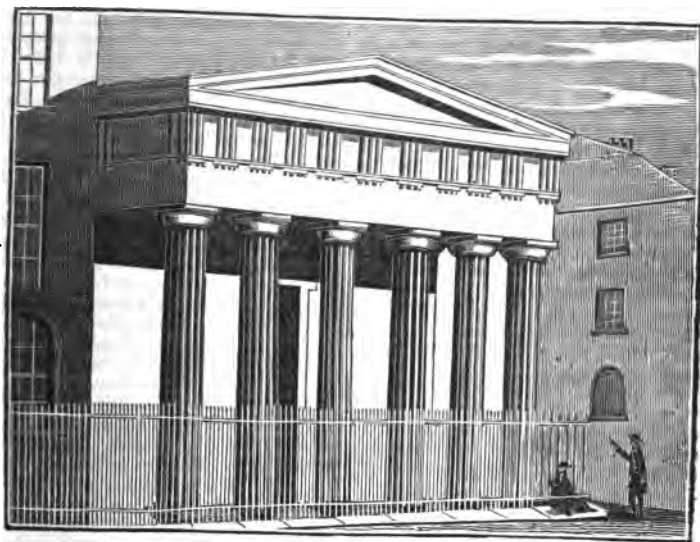
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[PRICE 2d.

New Chapel, in Stamford-Street.



It is as extraordinary as it is disgraceful to the age, that while every other branch of science and of art is making the most rapid progress, architecture is actually retrograding: not that the principles of the art are unknown, but because there is such a total absence of good taste in almost every erection, whether it be of a domestic or ecclesiastical character. In the latter, to use the words of the author of the *Percy Histories of London*, "a pedantic imitation of the venerable temples of Grecian and Roman antiquity has been made, without any regard to situation or propriety.—Heathen images adorn Christian temples; and our modern, flimsy erections, bear as little comparison with those of the ancients as a fortification in pastry does to the strong walls it is intended to represent."

Such is certainly the character of our contemporary architecture. It is, however, gratifying to find even one exception, and that is in the Protestant Dissenting Chapel in Stamford-street, Blackfriars, of which we present a view, from a drawing made for the *MIRROR*. The Chapel was opened last autumn, and forms an elegant and striking contrast with the generality

of chapels and meeting-houses; and may be regarded as a happy illustration of that maxim which ought never to be lost sight of by architects—namely, that beauty is attainable with the most limited pecuniary means, provided those means be employed according to sound economy and pure taste. When we observe the barbarous and truly hideous style in which almost, without a single exception, all our metropolitan structures of this kind are erected,—their utter insignificance, their despicable attempt at ornament, which they sometimes display, and the complete absence of the knowledge of, or the least relish for, architectural effect, which they invariably manifest. When we consider this, it was not without some feeling of surprise that we first beheld this truly unostentatious and simple edifice; and, on viewing it, we cannot help considering it, and hailing it as the indication that a better era of architecture is commenced, and that a taste for its beauties is becoming more generally diffused: and yet we must, indeed, confess, that when we witness the sad doings and pitiful grimaces that our builders—especially those who carry on their exploits in our

suburbs—daily perform in brick and mortar, we are fain to retract our opinion, and confess, to our shame, that there is still nothing among us like a popular feeling for architecture, else could such deformity be permitted, or for a single hour be tolerated “tricks that make artists weep.”

In the chapel of which we are now speaking, there is no attempt at novelty of arrangement, or originality of design, but both judgment and taste are displayed in the adoption of classical features. An hexastyle portico of the Grecian Doric order occupies the whole front of the edifice, and imparts to it a commanding and temple-like aspect. The wall within this portico is unbroken by any other aperture than a single door, forming the entrance to the building. Hence arises a boldness of effect, a greatness of manner, a chasteness and repose, of which we should desire to see more examples, and which we would most earnestly recommend to the study of our metropolitan architects.

On viewing this elegant façade, we regret but two circumstances: first, that the door is not pannelled in a bolder style, and that it has not been painted in imitation of some dark, rich-coloured wood,—secondly, that it has not been attempted to give more the character of stone to the building by tracing the jointings of courses;* yet these are trifling blemishes, easily corrected, and which we should hardly have noticed, were it not that we feel somewhat impatient at perceiving the attainment of perfect beauty in some degree frustrated by what we consider mere capriciousness and perverseness. The interior corresponds with the exterior, in simplicity of taste, and in the style of its decoration, if we can rightly apply the latter term to an edifice, where all that comes under the name of ornament seems to have been studiously rejected. In this respect, we do not think that it would scandalize even a congregation of Quakers; and yet there is a certain air of taste, a propriety of architectural feeling, and, withal, a decorum that satisfies the beholder, and affords him no small pleasure. The chief feature, in this interior, is a recess opposite the entrance, decorated with two fluted Doric columns, forming three intercolumns, the central one of which is occupied by the pulpit, elevated on a sort of screen, which occupies the lower part of these intercolumns, rising to about one third of the height of the columns. This arrangement is one of the most advantageous that can be de-

* The columns are stone; but the entablature and other parts of the front are covered with cement.

vised, for the pulpit is thus rendered an important object. It is not thrust on one side, as in our churches, but the preacher is in front of all the congregation, and equi-distant from either side. Behind this screen, too, the clergyman enters the vestry, or the pulpit, without passing through the chapel itself. At the back of this recess are two ante, corresponding with the columns, and between them the wall is hung with a plain purple drapey, on which the light is thrown down in a rather picturesque manner, by a window which is concealed, being above the entablature, over the columns. This entablature is continued quite round the interior, constituting the only architectural embellishment. There are no galleries, and the light is admitted by three, or rather, perhaps, one window on each side, consisting of three arched apertures, glazed with ground glass. The light thus admitted is quite sufficient, and the effect is far better than that produced by so many windows as it is usual to have in our places of public worship.

Nearly the whole of this interior being of an uniform tint, approaching a white, there is a coldness and rawness arising from this circumstance, which, we think, detracts from the general effect; had a slightly warm hue been given to the glass, this would not have been the case. We would recommend a large transparent blind, strained on a frame, so as to be fixed permanently, before the window on either side, and painted in chiaroscuro, in three compartments, answering to the three arched apertures of each window. We really think that these sort of blinds, if executed in a superior manner, might be very judiciously and effectively introduced into many of our churches and chapels, to subdue the too great body of light now generally admitted, and, at the same time, to render these apertures—what they certainly are not at present—subservient to decoration and pictorial display. By way of conclusion, we consider the Stamford-street Chapel as one of the best and chastest models for that rigid and economical style which best accords with the worship of a dissenting congregation, and we hope, that even sectarians may, by degrees, be led to discard much of that affectation of severity which seems to regard any introduction of the elegancies of art into their chapels and conventicles, as a leaning towards worldly feelings; for, as if to mortify the eye, and to abstain as much as possible from any thing partaking of the nature of a sensual gratification, they have hitherto most pertinaciously adhered to, and most pervertedly affected, what-

ever is most barbarous, monstrous, and contemptible, in architectural taste.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

(Continued from page 73.)

[We had intended to conclude our account of the King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands in our present Number, but we have only room for the following letter at present, to which we give immediate insertion, and shall feel much obliged if any of our correspondents can give us any additional particulars relating to the King and Queen during their residence in this country.—Ed.]

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—Perceiving in your notice to correspondents in this day's MIRROR, that you have promised some further account of the late King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands, whose unfortunate fate is so generally deplored, I have sent you a short sketch of their history, furnished me by a friend, on whom I can rely for its authenticity, which you are at liberty to make whatever use of you please, in adding to the columns of your amusing publication. It is extracted from the journal of the ship Active, one of the vessels trading to those islands.

Your constant reader,

T. J.

Sept. 4, 1824.

ON the death of *Triaboo* (the chief who governed the island of *Owyhee* at the time Captain Cook visited that place, but who was erroneously called *Terreoboo*), violent commotions were excited by the native chiefs, each being desirous of gaining the regal authority. The most conspicuous of these was a chief named *Tame-same-ah* (father of the late *Riho Reho*). This chief, by his superior valour and deep-laid plans, soon gained possession of the island of *Owyhee*; but not being contented with the government of a single island, he determined to oblige the whole group of islands to acknowledge his superiority. Having (partly by threats, and partly by promises) gained over a large party to second his views, he launched his war canoes, and landed his forces on the neighbouring island (*Mowee*), and having secured the Peninsula, he engaged *Keamooko*, the chief of that island, (whose daughter *Tameameah* the First afterwards married, and she is at this time governing as regent in the absence of *Riho Reho*), who, after making a desperate resistance, was obliged to submit. From thence he proceeded to *Moroki* and the rest of the small islands, which were easily gained; but at *Cahu* (*Woahoo*) a long time was occupied before it could be completely conquered; and even after the island itself was governed by *Tameameah*,

he could scarcely be said to have had complete possession of it, for the mountaineers, who were completely defended in their impenetrable fastnesses, frequently sallied forth on their invaders, destroyed villages, and returned to their caves, frequently carrying with them many unfortunate victims, some of whom were inevitably lost. *Tameameah*, having established governors in each island, began to think seriously on the civilization and improvement of his people. For this purpose, instead of fanatical and ignorant Missionaries, (who could teach them nothing within their comprehension,) he encouraged American traders and artificers to settle in the islands, who soon taught the natives numerous artificial wants, which could only be supplied by habits of industry. A flourishing trade was soon established by the king, in the benefit of which, however, the whole of the chiefs participated, and even the lower orders of natives were not without their gains. The harbours were filled with foreign vessels eager to purchase *sandal-wood*; these required a considerable supply of provisions and vegetables. The natives, finding always a good market for the produce of their labour, redoubled their exertions in order to supply themselves with those little articles of luxury, of which they now felt the want. The character of their king fortunately coincided with the exertion made for the improvement of his subjects; he was soon possessed of a considerable number of vessels; he built houses, erected forts, and the islands soon presented a power very far from despicable.

Querogranne, one of the sons of *Triaboo*, who was with his father when Captain Cook was killed, is still living in *Cahu* as a chief of inferior rank: he (as well as all the other chiefs who formerly opposed the usurpation of *Tameameah*) is called *Peco*, that is, prisoner.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

(For the Mirror.)

ARSENICAL liver of sulphur used for detecting metal in wines. The Bakers at Rome are all Germans. Canary birds flew from a ship, wrecked on the coast of Italy, to the Island of Elba, where they multiplied. Cobalt produces sympathetic ink. Mills were constructed at Rome by *Belisarius*. Baron de *Munchausen* was the first who erected hot-houses for rearing ananas. *William Phipps* acquired a fortune by the diving bell. *Poltian* is the first writer who mentions artichokes. The Romans made

'casseroles of young puppies. The crocus was the saffron of the ancients, used for seasoning dishes, likewise for perfuming apartments. The first mill in England was erected by a Dutchman. One erected at Limehouse destroyed by the mob. Schelhorn was the inventor of wooden-bellows. Sieves was used by the Romans. Tulips came from Turkey. Yellow wax becomes white with age. Women formerly rode on she asses. Sealing wax is said to have been invented by Francis Rousseau. It is supposed Pliny had some idea of book-keeping. In Athens when things were found they were announced by bills posted up. Beer in Egypt, was mixed with bitter things. In ages of ignorance, the clergy frequently called themselves the cocks of the Almighty, whose duty it was, like the cock which roused Peter, to call the people to repentance, or, at any rate, to church. The Romans employed partridges for fighting, similar to cock-fighting. It was a Cornish-man who first discovered tin in Germany. The idea of fire-engines was borrowed from the common pump. The Siphon, mentioned by Pliny, is a fire-engine; they were used at Rome, and pipes for conveying water were not unknown to the ancients. Forks were not used by the ancients; their meat was cut by a carver. Forks and spoons are still rarities in some parts of Spain. Indigo was brought to Europe, and used in the time of Dioscorides and Pliny; brought at first from the East Indies—called by Dioscorides *indicon*, and by Pliny and Vitruvius, *indicum*; it was prohibited in Germany, and dyers obliged to take an oath not to use it. Pilgrimages gave rise to the erection of inns and hospitals; the first hospitals were built close to cathedrals. Bulbous roots were famous dishes among the ancients. Brocoli was known to the ancients, and some species of cabbage, but no traces respecting spinach. The parsnip was called *elaphobosoon*. Shallots were brought from Ascalon, in Palestine. Lamp-black is mentioned by Vitruvius. Lead cannot be soldered without tin, nor tin without lead. Gilt leather is mentioned by Lucian. William Lee was the inventor of the stocking-loom. In the northern countries, the first leaves of the dandelion are used as a salad. In the middle ages, shopkeepers and merchants sold their goods in the manner of a lottery. In France they had lotteries for giving portions to poor virtuous young women. Ancient manuscripts were ruled with lead. The Norman fleet, in 1013, had birds which turned with the wind on the tops of the masts. Ancient painters were

often poor slaves. The pellicle detached from the gut of an ox or cow is used by gold beaters. Pyrites were formerly used for guns instead of flints. The first register office established in London, was in 1637, December 20th. Rome had no hospitals for the sick. Surgeons were unknown in the time of the Trojan war. Themistocles is said to have instituted public cock-fighting. Tin was used in the time of Homer and Moses. The Stannum of the ancients was not our tin, but rather a mixture of two metals—the same substance as the werk of the Germans. Tyre was the ancient market for tin. Weather-cocks are mentioned in the ninth century, in France; in the twelfth century, none but noblemen were allowed to have vanes on their houses.

P. T. W.

THE GREEKS.

(For the Mirror)

O, PEACE to the land—to the land ever glorious,
Where Wisdom's light flourish'd ere bondage
began,—
Where the march of the mind waved its banner
victorious,
And the sweet air of liberty breathed upon
man.

And health to the heroes, whose forefathers'
bravery
Arose like a meteor, and dazzled the world!
Whose cause, thunder-arm'd, broke the fetters
of slavery,
And the ensigns of freedom triumphant un-
fur'd!

O, Greece! may thy sons, on the Turk and the
tyrant,
Hurl their wrath till the Ottoman's yoke is no
more;
And the souls of the brave, like the eagle
aspirant,
By the death of their foes, to the heaven skies
soar.

And, hark! hark! a voice from the blue expanse
sings ye:
'Tis his—'tis your *Byron's*, the bard great and
dear!
'Tis his, who with courage and ardour inspires
ye,—
'Tis his, to whose memory *Greece* drops a tear.
Then, onward,—rush onward, ye warriors, to
glory!
'Tis justice you fight for, and freedom you
seek!
Once more shall your deeds blaze resplendent
in story,
And the proud turban'd *Mussulman kneel to
the Greek!*

UTOPIA.

SPIRIT OF THE
Public Journals.

DINNER IN THE STEAM-BOAT.

"They fool me to the top of my bent."
SHAKESPEARE.

'COME, Mrs. Suet, Mrs. Hoggins, Mrs.
Sweetbread, Mrs. Cleaver! dinner's ready;

shall I show you the way down to the cabin? we musn't spoil good victuals, though we are sure of good company. Lauk! what a monstrous deal of smoke comes out of the chimney. I suppose they are dressing the second course; every thing's roasted by steam, they say—how excessively clever! As to Mrs. Dip, since she's so high and mighty, she may find her own way down. What! she's afraid of spoiling her fine shawl, I reckon, though you and I remember, Mrs. Hog-gins, when her five-shilling Welsh-whittle was kept for Sunday's church, and good enough, too, for we all know what her mother was. Good Heavens! here comes Undertaker Croak, looking as down in the mouth as the root of my tongue: do let me get out of his way; I wouldn't sit next to him for a rump and dozen, he does tell such dismal stories, that it quite gives one the blue devils. He is like a night-mare, isn't he, Mr. Smart?'—'He may be like a mare by night,' replied Mr. Smart, with a smirking chuckle, 'but I consider him more like an ass by day. He! he! he! Looking round for applause at this sally, he held out his elbows, and taking a lady, or rather a female, under each arm, he danced towards the hatchway, exclaiming, 'Now I am ready trussed for table, liver under one wing and gizzard under the other.'—'Keep a civil tongue in your head, Mr. Smart; I don't quite understand being called a liver: look at the sparks coming out of the chimney; I declare I'm frightened to death.'—'Well, then you are of course no longer a liver,' resumed the facetious Mr. Smart; 'so we may as well apply to Mr. Croak to bury you.—'O Gemini! don't talk so shocking; I had rather never die at all than have such a fellow as that to bury me.'—'Dickey, my dear!' cried Mrs. Cleaver to her son, who was leaning over the ship's side with a most woe-begone and emetical expression of countenance, 'hadn't you better come down to dinner? There's a nice silver side of a round o' beef, and the chump end of a *line* o' mutton, besides a rare hock of bacon, which I dare say will settle your stomach.'—'O mother,' replied the young cockney, 'that 'ere cold beef-steak and inguns vat you put up in the pocket-handkerchief, vasn't good I do believe, for all my hindsides are of a work.'—'Tell 'em it's a holiday,' cried Smart.—'O dear, O dear!' continued Dick, whose usual brazen tone was subdued into a lackadaisical whine, 'I want to reach and I can't; what shall I do, mother?'—'Stand on tip-toe, my darling,' replied Smart, imitating the voice of Mrs. Cleaver, who began to take in

high dudgeon this horse-play of her neighbour, and was proceeding to manifest her displeasure in no very measured terms, when she was fortunately separated from her antagonist, and borne down the hatchway by the dinner-desiring crowd, though sundry echoes of the words 'Jackanapes!' and 'imperent feller!' continued audible above the confused gabble of the gangway.

'Well, but Mr. Smart,' cried Mrs. Suet, as soon as she'd satisfied the first cravings of her appetite, 'you promised to tell me all about the steam, and explain what it is that makes them wheels go round and round as fast as those of our one-horse chay, when Jem Ball drives the trotting mare.'—'Why, ma'am, you must understand—'Who called for sandwiches and a tumbler of negus?' bawled the steward—'Who called for the savages and tumbling negres?' repeated Mr. Smart.—'Yes, ma'am, you saw the machinery, I believe—(capital boiled beef)—there's a thing goes up and a thing goes down, all made of iron; well, that's the hydrostatic principle; then you put into the boiler—(a nice leg of mutton, Mrs. Sweetbread)—let me see, where was I? In the boiler, I believe. Ah! it's an old trick of mine to be getting into hot water. So, ma'am, you see they turn all the smoke that comes from the fire on to the wheels, and that makes them spin round, just as the smoke-jack in our chimnies turns the spit; and then there's the safety-valve in case of danger, which lets all the water into the fire, and so puts out the steam at once. You see, ma'am, its very simple, when once you understand the trigonometry of it.'—'O perfectly, but I never had it properly explained to me before. It's vastly clever, isn't it? How *could* they think of it? Shall I give you a little of the salad? La, it isn't dressed; what a shame!'

'Not at all,' cried Smart; 'none of us dressed for dinner, so that we can hardly expect it to be dressed for us. He! he! he!'—'Did you hear that, Mrs. H.?' exclaimed Mrs. Suet, turning to Mrs. Hog-gins, 'that was a good one, warn't it? Drat it, Smart, you *are* a droll one.'

Here the company were alarmed by a terrified groan from Mr. Croak, who ejaculated, 'Heaven have mercy upon us! did you hear that whizzing noise?—there it is again! there's something wrong in the boiler; if it bursts, we shall all be in heaven in five minutes.' 'The Lord forbid!' ejaculated two or three voices, while others began to scream, and were preparing to quit their places, when the steward informed them it was nothing in the world but the spare steam which they were letting off.—'Ay, so they always

say,' resumed Croak with an incredulous tone and woe-begone look; 'but it was just the same on board the American steam-boat that I was telling you of; fifty-two souls sitting at dinner, laughing and chatting for all the world as we are now, when there comes a whiz, such as we heard a while ago; God help us! there it is once more; and bang! up blew the boiler; fourteen people scalded to death; large pieces of their flesh found upon the banks of the river, and a little finger picked up next day in an oyster-shell, which by the ring upon it was known to be the captain's. But don't be alarmed, ladies and gentlemen, I dare say we shall escape any scalding, as we're all in the cabin, and so we shall only go to the bottom smuck! Indeed we *may* arrive safe; they do sometimes, and I wish we may now, for nobody loves a party of pleasure more than I do. I hate to look upon the gloomy side of things when we are all happy together (here another groan), and I hope I haven't said anything to lower the spirits of the company.'

'There's no occasion,' cried Smart, 'for I saw the steward putting water into every bottle of brandy.' The laugh excited by this *bon-mot* tended in some degree to dissipate the alarm and gloom which the bodding Mr. Croak had been infusing into the party; and Smart, by way of fortifying their courage, bade them remark that the sailors were obviously under no sort of apprehension. 'Aye,' resumed the persevering Mr. Croak, 'they are used to it—it is their business—they are bred to the sea.'—'But they don't want to be bred to the fishes, any more than you or I,' retorted Smart, chuckling at his having the best of the nonsense.

'Well,' exclaimed Mrs. Sweetbread, 'I never tasted such beer as this—flat as ditch-water; they should have put it upon the cullender to let the water run out; and yet you have been drinking it, Smart, and never said any thing about it.'—'Madam,' replied the party thus addressed, laying his hand upon his heart, and looking very serious, 'I make it a rule never to speak ill of the dead. I am eating the ham, you see, and yet it would be much better if I were to let it exemplify one of Shakspeare's soliloquies—Ham-let alone.'—'La! you're such a wag,' cried Mrs. Hoggins, 'there's no being up to you; but if you don't like the ham, take a slice of this edge-bone—nothing's better than cold beef.'—'I beg your pardon, madam,' replied the indefatigable joker, 'cold beef's better than nothing. Ha! ha! ha!'

'How do you find yourself now, my

darling?' said Mrs. Cleaver to her son, who had been driven below by a shower, and kept his hat on because, as he said, his 'air was quite vet.'—'Vy, mother, I have been as sick as a cat, but I'm bang up now, and so peckish, that I feel as if I could heat any thing.'—'Then just warm these potatoes,' said Smart, handing him the dish, 'for they are almost cold.'—'I'll thank you not to run your rigs upon me,' quoth the young Cockney, looking glumish, 'or I shall fetch you a vipe with this here hash-stick. If one gives you a hinch, you take a hell.'—'Never mind him, my dear,' cried his mother, 'eat this mutton-chop, it will do you good; there's no gravy, for Mr. Smart has all the sauce to himself. Haw! haw! haw!'—'Very good!' exclaimed the latter, clapping his hands; 'egad! ma'am, you are as good a wag as your own double chin.' This was only ventured in a low tone of voice, and, as the fat dame was at that moment handing the plate to her son, it was fortunately unheard. Dick being still rather giddy, contrived to let the chop fall upon the floor, an occurrence at which Mr. Smart declared he was not in the least surprised, as the young man, when first he came into the cabin, looked uncommonly chop-fallen. Dick, however, had presently taken a place at the table, and began attacking the buttock of beef with great vigour and vivacity, protesting he had got a famous 'happetite,' and felt 'as ungrasy as a ound.'—'I never say any thing to discourage any body,' said Mr. Croak, 'particularly young people; it's a thing I hate, but 'other day a fine lad sat down to his dinner in this very packet, after being sea-sick, just as you may be doing now, when it turned out he had broke a blood-vessel, and in twelve hours he was a corpee, and a very pretty one he made.'

'I'm not going to be choused out of my dinner for all that,' replied the youth, munching away with great industry, and at the same time calling out, 'Steward! take away this porter-pot, it runs.'—'I doubt that,' cried Smart.—'I say it does,' resumed Dick, angrily; 'the table-cloth is all of a sop.'—'I'll bet you half-a-crown it doesn't.' Done! and done! were hastily exchanged, when Mr. Smart, looking round with a smirk, exclaimed, 'Ladies and gentlemen, I appeal to every one of you whether the pot has not been perfectly still, and nothing has been running but the beer.' This elicited a shout at poor Dick's expense, who sullenly muttered, 'I'm not going to be bamboozled out of an 'alf-crown in that there way, and vat's more, I von't be made a standing joke by no man.'—'I don't see

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how you can,' replied his antagonist, 'so long as you are sitting.'—'Vy are you like a case of ketchup?' cried Dick, venturing for once to become the assailant, and immediately replying to his own inquiry, 'because you are a saucebox.'—'Haw! haw!' roared his mother, 'bravo, Dick; well done, Dick! there's a proper rap for you, Mr. Smart.'—Somewhat nettled at this joke, poor as it was, the latter returned to the charge by inquiring of Dick why his hat was like a gibletpie? and after suffering him to guess two or three times in vain, cried, 'because there's a goose's head in it,' and instantly set the example of the horse-laugh, in which the company joined. Finding he was getting the worst of it, Dick thought it prudent to change the conversation, by observing that it would luckily be 'igh-water in the arbour when they arrived.'—'Then I recommend you by all means to use some of it,' said the pertinacious Mr. Smart; 'perhaps it may cure your squint.'

Both mother and son rose up in wrath at this personality, and there would infallibly have been a *bourrasque* (as the French say) in the hold, but that there was just then a tremendous concussion upon the deck, occasioned by the fall of the main-boom, and followed by squeaks and screams, of all calibres, from the panic-stricken company at the dinner-table. 'Lord have mercy upon us!' ejaculated Croak with a deep groan, 'it's all over with us—we are going to the bottom—I like to make the best of every thing—it's my way, and therefore hope no lady or gentleman will be in the least alarmed, for I believe drowning is a much less painful death than is generally supposed.'

Having run upon deck at this juncture for the purpose of ascertaining the nature of the accident, which he found to be unattended with the smallest danger, the writer cannot detail any more of the conversation that ensued until their arrival at Calais, which will form the subject of another paper.

New Monthly Magazines.

AN HORATIAN ODE TO THE YACHT OF A GREAT CIVIC CHARACTER,*

Recently returned from the Mediterranean.

—tu nisi ventis
Debes ludibrium, cave,
Nuper sollicitum que mihi tedium,
Nunc desiderium, curaque non levis.—
HOR.

IMMORTAL bark! once more I hail
From Blackwall-shore thy well-known sail,

* The writer was shewn a vessel said to be the modern "Argo." His informant might have been mistaken, but it is enough that the poet had faith as to the identity.

As at the Gun* I stand,
And see thee in thy ventrous pride
Float, like a porpoise on the tide,
Toward the civic strand.

Safe hast thou brought to Ramsgate Pier
Thy precious freight, from danger clear,
And horrors of the sea!
Audacious vessel! Walcheren
Long since confessed thy prowess,—when
Thou sail'st with Castlereagh: †

When his great expedition, plann'd
Against Mynheer's mephitic land,
His genius proved and skill
In statesmanlike affairs—and now
Far to the South thy daring prow
Achieves fresh triumphs still.

And thou hast cross'd the dangerous bay
Bold ship! that sailors call Biscay,
Unfathomably deep;
Where navies roll from left to right,
Till cooks can keep no fires alight,
And nothing do but sleep.

Old Elliot's rock thou anchor'd'st by,
Where sons of Spanish liberty
Had fled, with want afflicted:
And some believed thy chest profound,
Relieved them with a thousand pound; ‡
Until 'twas contradicted.

For Malta spread thy daring sail,
Undaunted by the Libyan gale,
Its breath with red heat blended
Thou dar'd'st the Corsair's bloody flag
Nor saw'st thy noble ardour lag,
Till turtle was expended.

Yes, thou hast cut the Tyrrhene wave,
And seen the clear blue ocean lave
The foot of Etna tall:
Pass'd luscious Capri to the bay
Where hot Vesuvius steams away,
With kitchen like Guildhall.

At Naples almost famine-struck,
Sans flesh, or fish, or egg, or duck
Thou wert in starving plight:
But thy high fortune conquer'd all,
On the same shore where Hannibal
Found his had taken flight.

Where macaroni, rich and rare
Is spun amid the open air,
Like cord is twined and thrown,—
And wine of tears § makes glad the soul,—
And kings of spotless faith control
With Austrian slaves their own.

Doubtless thy skipper went to court;
'Tis a fine clime for kilted sport,
For philibeg and dirk:
The ladies, too, regard "us youth:"
Their eyes and busts are fine in truth,
But skins a little mirk.

No more of Anson, Parry, Cook,
Shall now be read in history's book,—
Of these let fame be dumb;
Thou gastronomic bark, shalt claim
More sterling honours for thy name
When city dinners come:

Thou shalt be toasted three times three
By collar'd Aldermen, and see

The Gun Tavern.

† A voyage famous in a parody on "Black-eyed Susan," said to have been written by the Rev. S. S.—

‡ *Pound* for the rhyme's sake—this donation was stated in the newspapers, and afterwards contradicted. It might have been best answered by a line of Mr. Canning's parody of Dr. Southey's Sapphics—"I give thee sixpence!" &c. &c. Vide Canning's Poems, just published, for the rest of that excellent *jeu d'esprit*.

§ Lachrymæ Christi.
¶ Quarry—Shakspeare.

Thy master, "fore the King,"
 Relating all his perils past,
 His hairbreadth 'scapes from rock and blast,
 His short provisioning.

Accept from me this little lay,—
 Bards have but compliments to pay,
 Cheap though such offerings be;
 May time long see thee riding brave,
 Well stored, well cellar'd, on the wave,—
 The tavern of the sea.

And when (for Argonauts must fall)
 Thy seams are opening, one and all,
 And thou must quit thy station,
 May'st thou be changed to tables strong,
 And joy beneath the feast and song
 Of London's Corporation!

New Monthly Magazine.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS IN GERMANY.

THE following narrative from the pen of Captain L. Forster, an officer in the Gotha contingent of troops attached to the French army during the sway of Bonaparte, is not only curious in itself, but also interesting, as it serves to illustrate the superstitious notion on which the incidents in the very popular German Opera, *Der Freyschutz*, are founded.

"It was in the year 1811, during, if I mistake not, the march from Hamburgh to Stralsund, with the two officers of my company, the Lieutenants B—r and C. Von W——m, that we were quartered in an ancient castle inhabited only by the keeper. We found but a single habitable room, which we were obliged to share with our servants, and as we had not only made a long march that day, but were wet through with a soaking rain, we seated ourselves soon after supper round the fire-place, in which a cheerful fire had been kindled. The conversation turned on a variety of topics, till at length it fixed upon hunting and shooting; many curious stories were related, many instances of excellent shots were mentioned, and at last various allusions were made to the secret acts of gamekeepers. These led to a narrative, with which I may say, on account of its horrible singularity, I was particularly struck, and which I will endeavour to repeat as nearly as possible in the words of the relator.

"Ulrich, the servant of Lieutenant B—r, who was born in a woodland village in the Duchy of Gotha, and, as he himself said, had from his youth, associated much with gamekeepers, and been accustomed to shooting, began as follows:—'Yes, captain, you may think as you please about it, but gamekeepers are up to things that are really astonishing. With Mr. C—r, head forester at Fr—th, there lived an old gamekeeper who could certainly do more than merely eat bread.

He had, to all appearances, an ordinary gun with which he never used any thing but ball, whether he was firing at hares, birds, or any other sort of game; and he was never known to miss even at distances exceeding by twice or three times the usual range of such a piece; but this was not done fairly, for it is certain Old Nick had a hand in it.' We all laughed. 'Laugh as much as you please, still it is positively true. You shall hear.—One evening as we were sitting together, the old man I am speaking of, several of the young keepers, and Charles, the son of the head forester. We were talking of the excellence of the old man's gun, on which he observed, that what we had hitherto seen was nothing to what he could do, adding, that he would immediately fire out of the window, if we would first decide in what part of the country he should shoot a piece of game, and what kind of game it should be. This appeared incredible to us, but for fun we mentioned a spot in the forest about a mile from the house, and desired him to shoot a fox there. He fired out at the window as he had said, and we repaired to the spot specified, and there sure enough we found a fox that had just been shot. The son of the head forester, then quite a youth, was very curious to know by what means this was done, and the old man promised to teach him the trick if he had courage to learn it. Charles was desirous of learning, but desisted at the decisive moment, frightened by terrible apparitions. Well, said I, but did Charles never tell you in what way a person was to set about it?—'Oh, yes; you must strive to get possession of a host already consecrated for the Holy Communion. With this and a gun loaded with ball, you repair, on the night of Christmas Eve, to the forest, nail the host to a tree, go back to a little distance from it, and with a loud voice renounce the belief of the blessed Trinity. Hereupon you fire at the host, and this done, you will find upon it three drops of blood; these you wipe off with a piece of paper, and then make a hole (which may be done at home) in any part of the stock of the gun; put the paper into it and close it up again. When all these ceremonies have been duly performed, every ball fired from this piece is sure to hit whatever the owner pleases."

"I expressed my surprise that any one could be so silly as to believe such absurd and stupid stuff, but Ulrich persisted in his assertion that the thing was nevertheless true.—'For (continued he), Charles C——r contrived to procure a host, and went out into the forest with the old man, on the night of Christmas Eve. Accord-

ing to his direction he nailed the host to the tree, and repeated the oath of abjuration, but when he took aim to shoot, the trees were gone, and he saw nothing but our Saviour, as large as life, hanging on the cross, and innumerable frightful infernal shapes dancing about him, on which he threw down the gun and ran away.'—*Ackermann's Repository*.

The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

SONGS FROM THE GAELIC.

AIR.—“*Roy's Wife*.”

CHORUS.

Will ye go to Aldavallich?
Will ye go to Aldavallich?
Sweet the mellow mavis sings
Among the braes of Aldavallich.

There, beneath the spreading boughs,
Among the woods of green Glenfallich,
Softly murmuring as it flows,
Winds the pure stream of Aldavallich,
Will ye go to Aldavallich, &c.

The first golden smile of morn,
And the last beam that evening sheddeth,
Both that echoing vale adorn—
That brightly glows, this mildly fadeth.
Will ye go, &c.

Short is their hoar winter's stay,
When spring returns like Hebe blooming;
Hand in hand with rosy May,
With balmy breath the air perfuming.
Will ye go, &c.

Brushing o'er the diamond dew,
While Phoebus casts a lengthen'd shadow,
There the fairest maidens pu'
The fairest flowers that deck the meadow.
Will ye go, &c.

But there's a flower, a fairer flower
Than ever grew in green Glenfallich,
The blooming maiden I adore,
Young blithesome May of Aldavallich.
Will ye go, &c.

Let me but pu' this opening rose,
And fondly press it to my bosom;
I ask no other flower that blows,—
Be mine this modest little blossom.
Will ye go, &c.

THE BANKS OF GARRY.

TUNE.—“*O'er the Moor among the Heather*.”

When rosy May embalm'd the air,
And verdure fring'd the winding Garry,
Upon a dewy morning fair,
I met my lovely Highland Mary:
On the flowery banks of Garry,
By the silver-winding Garry,
When rosy May embalm'd the air,
I met my lovely Highland Mary.

Softly wav'd the birken tree,
The little birds were gay and airy:
Sweetly flow'd their melody
Upon the gay green banks of Garry:
On the flowery banks of Garry,
By the silver-winding Garry,
Sweetly flow'd their melody
Upon the gay green banks of Garry.

But what were morning wet w' dew,
And all the flowers that fringe the Garry,
When first arose upon my view
A beam of light, my Highland Mary!
On the flowery banks of Garry,
By the crystal-winding Garry:
'Twould make a saint forget his creed,
To meet her by the winding Garry.

O speed thee, Time! on swifter wing
Around thy ring, nor slowly tarry:
Oh! haste the happy hour to bring
That gives me to my Highland Mary!
On the flowery banks of Garry,
By the silver-winding Garry,
Take, Fortune, all the world beside,
I ask no more than Highland Mary.

Macpherson's Melodies from the Gaelic.

THE NUBIANS.

[We copy the following from “*Travels in Egypt, Nubia, &c.*,” by the Hon. C. L. Fry and James Mangies.” Printed for private circulation only.]

The Nubians are a very distinct race of people from the Arabs; their dress is commonly a loose white shirt and a turban; sometimes they are uncovered, except a cloth round the waist. They are very superstitious, most of them wearing charms to keep off “the evil eye,” or some other apprehended ill. These charms consist of words written on a scrap of paper, and sewed up in leather; they are worn mostly on the right arm, over the elbow, and sometimes round the neck. All the cashiefs we saw had them, and one Nubian dandy had nine of these appendages. Those people think themselves very cunning in schemes to deceive strangers. Few of them smoke; instead of which they use salt and tobacco mixed, enveloped in wool, and kept between the under lip and gum; the boys commence this practice when quite young. They are all rogues, but being bred up in such principles, do not think there is any harm in being so; the opprobrious terms *harame*, *cadab*, (thief, liar,) are not considered abusive with them, as they have no notion of honesty, and cannot possibly keep from pilfering any thing within their reach; we detected our sailors at this work, almost daily, but they always made a joke of it. The several districts differ much in regard to dress, and particularly in the manner of wearing the hair; some have it curled “à la Brutus,” others plaited and hanging down, with great uniformity, in ringlets, to the shoulders, where it is cut off square at the bottom, and looks exactly like a mop. The latter grease their locks plentifully with oil; the former have generally a skewer sticking in their hair in readiness to disturb any animalcule which may bite too hard. There is great difference in the features and make of the several Nubian tribes; the natives of Elpha are tall and good-looking; the

people of Deery are hideous and deformed ; the tribe at Armada are small, but handsome, and well made ; they are frugal in their mode of living, subsisting principally on doura, made into flat cakes, and baked on a stone which is heated, and sour milk and dates. It is usual to see a courier, or man, going on a few days journey, with no other provision than a small bag of dates ; they eat the offal of all the beasts they kill, not rejecting any part ; and when we were at the village to which the crew belonged, the women came down eagerly to dispute for some fowls which having died were thrown on shore. They are great boasters but have no firmness, and have a great aversion to fire arms. They evince much outward show of religion, praying four or five times a day ; and to show their piety, they leave the sand on their foreheads, which sticks there while they are performing their devotions. They are respectful to their cashiefs, to whom are referred all their quarrels and disputes. They are invariably armed, and appear very proud of their weapons ; they mostly carry a dagger on the left arm ; a long pike and a sword slung across the back. The boys, when young, have weapons provided them ; this they imagine shews their independence, and they acknowledge no government. They are exceedingly passionate with each other, but are soon reconciled, even after the most inveterate abuse ; they adhere together, and no bribes can separate them ; we never saw an instance in which we had any of them on our side, or when anything was revealed to us. Bar-rings are common amongst the men ; they usually have but one, and it is immaterial in which ear it is worn. They eat the locusts grilled, and affirm that they are good. They are considerably darker than the Arabs. The only manufacture they have has been pointed out to them by necessity, and consists of neat close-grained platters, made of the date-tree, to contain their milk and food. No earthenware is made in the country ; their water-jars are brought from Egypt.

The women do not cover their faces so scrupulously as the Arabs ; they are not ill-looking ; are generally well made and have good figures. They wear a brown garment, reaching down to the ankles ; it is thrown over the right shoulder, comes close under the left arm, the shoulder of which is bare, and has not an ungraceful appearance ; they are very partial to rings and bracelets ; the former are frequently worn at the nose, the latter are made of one piece of ground glass, which not yielding, and being forced on as small as possible, often causes much pain ; they al-

ways go bare-footed. Young girls have a covering round their loins made of strips of leather, hanging down, and ornamented with cowry shells and beads. The hair of the women is plaited somewhat like the men's, and greased with oil. The Barabras, from their frugal mode of life, are subject to few diseases ; they are all marked with one, sometimes two scars on the spine of the back ; where they have been burnt for the cure of an endemial disease, which attacks them when young ; this mode of treatment, by drawing all the humours to one spot, keeps the discharge open till the patient is recovering, and experience has, doubtless, often shewn it to be successful. A boy, while we were at Ebsambal, was in a state of cure, and accidentally injured the part which caused it to bleed ; the father immediately applied a remedy, by throwing some sand, of which article there is no scarcity in the country, on the wound ; this soon appeased the boy's cries and pain."

TRAVELS IN MEXICO.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—I do myself the pleasure of sending you a few extracts from *Travels in Mexico*, by Wm. Bullock, Esq. F. L. S. Proprietor of the late London Museum of Natural History, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

At the same time, I cannot help saying something about Mr. Bullock's late London Museum ;—it was unfortunately sold by auction, in the year 1819, which event I have often regretted, as it frequently afforded me much amusement. I must say it was an honour to the nation, to boast of such an entertaining and instructive exhibition. I find by a memorandum that I had made at the time, that Mr. Bullock's collection in this Museum, was the result of thirty years unremitting attention, under the auspices of the most scientific characters, not only in England, but in various other parts of the world, and which had been formed at an expense considerably exceeding thirty thousand pounds.

The whole of this collection was sold in the course of eighteen days, in 2,248 lots. Thus has the public been deprived of the sight, and contemplation of one of the most beautiful selections of Natural History that ever was exhibited, or that ever had graced this country.

I remain, Sir,
Your constant reader,
2nd August, 1824. W. F.

APPROACHING THE COAST.
"On the afternoon of Monday, the 24th

of February, 1823, we expected to see the coast of Mexico, and our anxiety increased as sun-set approached. All crowded to the deck, and every telescope was in requisition; distant mountains had been in sight some hours. It was not, however, till a sudden clearing of the mist, that a general cry of 'Orizaba' burst from the quarter deck. The height of this mountain is estimated at 17,000 feet above the level of the sea, and the distance at which we saw it was about 150 miles." Soon afterwards they landed at Vera Cruz.

THE CITY OF MEXICO.

"Nothing around gives any idea of the magnificent city to which you are approaching; all is dreary silence, and miserable solitude. And can this, I thought to myself, be Mexico?—have I then for such a place left my home, and all that is dear to me, whilst half the world intervenes between me, and the comforts of England? what have I gained in exchange! We arrived at the barriers, and passing through a part of the shabby looking troops that surround the city, entered the suburbs, which were mean and dirty, the people inhabiting them covered with rags, or only wrapped in a blanket. So great was my disappointment, that I could scarcely bring myself to believe that I was in the capital of New Spain, the great mart of the precious metals, whence they flow to all parts of the habitable world:—a few minutes more, however, brought us into the city, and whatever I had seen of regularity and largeness of streets, size and grandeur of churches and houses, was here surpassed, and I felt repaid for all the dangers and troubles I had undergone. The streets cross each other at right angles, and many are nearly two miles in length, perfectly level and straight, and with the ends terminating in the view of the mountains that surround the valley. Most of the houses are of the same height, generally three stories, highly decorated and ornamented with two rows of balconies of wrought iron, painted or gilt, and some of bronze. The stories are very lofty, the apartments being from fifteen to twenty feet high. The first or ground floor is entered by a pair of large folding gates, ornamented with bronze, often thirty feet in height. These lead into the court yard, surrounded by the house, filled with trees and flowers, producing a very pretty effect, and having a gallery to each floor, offering so many separate promenades under shelter from the sun and rain. The lower apartments are generally occupied by the porter and

other servants; the floor above is often let off; but the highest, which is the principal, is occupied by the family themselves, having a separate stone staircase of great magnificence leading to it. Nothing can be better calculated than these residences for the delightful climate, in a country where change of temperature is scarcely known, where perennial spring reigns—where fire-places are never seen, and where it is scarcely necessary to have glass windows to exclude the night air from the bed-rooms. All that is requisite is a strong roof against the heavy rains that occur at certain seasons, and lofty rooms to afford a free circulation of air, and nothing can be better adapted for this purpose than the style of architecture introduced by the Spaniards into Mexico.

"The fronts of the houses are in general white, crimson, brown, or light green, painted in distemper, and having a pleasing appearance; and the dryness of the atmosphere is such, that they retain their beauty unimpaired many years. Some of these fronts have inscriptions upon them taken from Scripture: numbers too are entirely covered with glazed porcelain, in a variety of elegant designs and patterns, often with subjects from Scriptural history, giving the whole a rich and mosaic appearance, quite different from any thing of the kind in Europe. The walls of their great staircases are frequently covered in the same manner, and mixed with a profusion of gilding, which, in contrast with the blue and white porcelain, has a really splendid effect. I am inclined to think that this mode of ornament was borrowed from the Moorish palaces and mosques existing in Spain at the time of the discovery of Mexico, and introduced into this city, and Puebla de los Angeles, when the wealth of the mines of the New World was such as to render it impracticable for the proprietors to spend their immense revenues in household expenses, equipages, or servants.

"The porcelain was probably the manufacture of Holland, and the Netherlands, then under the Spanish yoke. The walls of several of the churches are finished in the same manner. The roofs are all nearly flat, and bricked, and many of them are covered with flowers, affording a pleasant place of resort in a fine evening, as the prospect is delightful, and the air refreshing and uncontaminated by smoke. Owing to this species of ornament, the city seen from an elevation, presents a far more beautiful appearance than those of Europe, where the red-tiled and deformed roofs, and shapeless stacks of chimnies, are the

principal features in the prospect. Indeed, no place I ever saw affords so many interesting points for a panoramic view, independently of its own intrinsic beauty, its interesting architecture, its houses with their light balconies, covered parterres of shrubs and flowers, its situation in the grand valley of Mexico, with its sea-like lakes, surrounded by snow-capped volcanic mountains, the highest in New Spain. But the furniture and internal decorations of most of the houses ill accord with their external appearances. The closing of the mines, the expulsion of the rich Spanish families, and sixteen years of revolutionary warfare, with all the concomitant miseries, have wrought a melancholy alteration in the fortunes of individuals, and in the general state of the country: and in this the capital bears no inconsiderable share. The superb tables, chandeliers, and other articles of furniture, of solid silver, the magnificent mirrors and pictures, framed in the same precious metal, have now passed through the mint, and in the shape of dollars are circulating over Europe and Asia, and families whose incomes have exceeded half a million per annum, can now scarcely procure the means of a scanty existence.

"But I hope that these times are nearly at an end, and that the period is arriving when Mexico will again exalt her head among the greatest cities of the world, a rank to which she is entitled from her own intrinsic beauty, and as a capital of one of the finest portions of the globe. The liberality and wisdom of her counsellors, under the new order of things, will enable her to break the trammels in which she has so long been confined, that intelligent strangers may be induced to visit her, and bring with them the arts and manufactures, the improved machinery and great chemical knowledge of Europe; and in return she can amply repay them by again diffusing through the world her immense mineral wealth.

THE BOTANIC GARDEN.

"This beautiful establishment occupies one of the courts of the vice-regal palace, and though situated in the centre of a large and populous city, every vegetable production seems in perfect health and vigour. It affords to the stranger a most delightful retreat from the mid-day sun, and to the botanist, or admirer of the works of nature, a treat not to be met with elsewhere in New Spain, or perhaps in the world. It is handsomely laid out in the Spanish fashion, with flagged walks, bordered with elegant large pots of flowers. The walks are rendered cool

by creeping plants that are trained over them. They diverge from a large stone basin in the centre, constantly supplied by a fountain with water, which in small rivulets spreads itself over every part of this little Paradise, imparting freshness and life to thousands of elegant plants and flowers, unknown to the eye of an European, but which here, in a climate of eternal spring, in the open air, bloom and send forth their fragrance without the assistance of man, and produce a very different appearance to the dwarfish sickly exotics of our hot-houses, which with every possible care and attention, with difficulty linger a few years without re-producing their species.

Apples, pears, peaches, quinces, and other European fruits, flourish here, in company with bananas, avocatas, and the most delicious saptos I ever tasted.

The celebrated hand-tree, that has excited so much attention among botanists, is in great perfection here. I have brought models of its highly curious fruit, made from living plants, as well as several species of the extraordinary cacti, mostly natives of Mexico, with which the garden abounds.

HUMMING BIRDS.

"No subject of Natural History has, since the discovery of the New World, excited the admiration of mankind more than this diminutive favourite of nature; which before the time of Columbus was unknown to the Old World.

"There is not, it may safely be asserted, in all the varied works of nature, in her zoological productions, any family that can bear a comparison, for singularity of form, splendour of colour, or number and variety of species, with this, the smallest of the feathered creation.

"In my former collection the variety of different species amounted to near a hundred, and every day brings us acquainted with more. In Jamaica, I procured the smallest known, which is considerably less than some of the bees; and in Mexico many new species, whose splendid colours glow with a brilliancy and lustre not surpassed by any with which we were previously acquainted.

"Naturalists have fallen into error in asserting that these birds live entirely on the saccharine substance contained in flowers, as I have very frequently seen them take flies and other insects on the wing, and have, on dissection, found them in their stomachs.

"When this bird places his crimson star-like breast to the sun, it then presents all the glowing fire of the ruby, and surpasses in lustre the diadems of monarchs.

“ Europeans who have seen only the stuffed remains of these little feathered gems in museums, have been charmed with their beautiful appearance; but those who have examined them whilst living, displaying their moving crests, throats, and tails, like the peacock in the sun, can never look with pleasure on their mutilated forms. I have carefully preserved about two hundred specimens, in the best possible manner, yet they are still but the shadows of what they were in life. The reason is obvious; for the sides of the *laminae*, or fibres of each feather, being of a different colour from the surface, will change when seen in a front or oblique direction; and as each *lamina* or fibre turns upon the axis of the quill, the least motion, when living, causes the feathers to change suddenly to the most opposite hues. Thus the one from Nootka Sound changes its expanded throat from the most vivid fire-colour to light green; the topaz-throated does the same; and the Mexican star changes from bright crimson to blue.”

———“ Say, who can paint
Like nature?—Can imagination boast,
Amid her gay creation, hues like these?”
THOMSON.

PRINTING.

WE are informed that the Mentz printers, in order that the art might not be divulged, administered an oath of secrecy to all whom they employed; this appears to have been strictly adhered to until the year 1462, at which period the city was sacked and plundered by Archbishop Adolphus, its former rights and franchises were also abolished. Amid the consternation occasioned by this extraordinary event, the workmen of the Mentz press, considering their oath of fidelity no longer binding, now became free agents, and spread themselves in different directions; by this circumstance, the hitherto great mystery was rapidly carried through a considerable portion of Europe: the places which received it early, after some time, commenced a contention for the merit of the discovery, which has given rise to the disputes we are now endeavouring to reconcile.—*Johnson's Typographia.*

Select Biography.

No. XVI

JOSEPH HUME, Esq. M. P.

MR. HUME was born in the borough of Montrose, one of those boroughs which he now represents, in the year 1777, and

was at an early age apprenticed to a Dr. Bate, a person of considerable provincial celebrity in the profession of physic, and, after serving the ordinary period of such apprenticeships, he was sent to the university of Edinburgh, to pursue his studies. Having finished the regular course of physical and anatomical education, at a college at that period, and ever since, famous throughout Europe for its medical science, Mr. Hume, yet but a very young man, made several voyages to India in the Company's service, and was at last, in 1799, appointed an Assistant-Surgeon to the Indian army. A short time after he landed in India, he was ordered to join Lord Lake's army, and served in this eventful period or the history of our Indian sovereignty. During even the uncertainty and anxiety which invariably accompany a state of warfare, the active faculties of Mr. Hume's mind were never unemployed. In the bustle of a camp, and amid the laborious duties of his profession, he still found leisure to devote a sufficiency of time to learn the Persian language; and when the sudden indisposition of Colonel Auchmuty (at that time interpreter to the army), had placed the commander of the British Indian forces in a most distressing situation, intelligence was brought to him that a gentleman in the very subordinate situation of Assistant-Surgeon was in the habit, for mere amusement, of conversing in the language, which no man in a higher situation in the army could be found in the least acquainted with. This singular circumstance was, perhaps, the cause of Mr. Hume's fortune and his fame; he was instantly taken from the more laborious duties of his profession, and employed to obtain information for the army. The emoluments of interpreter were added to his former scanty pay. And so assiduously did he apply himself to his new duties, that the commanding officer of the detachment soon gave him other temporary appointments, which in all armies are well known as sources of considerable emolument, all which appointments he filled with such activity and industry as obtained him the marked approbation of the commander-in-chief, and recommended him to his private friendship. After a service of eight years, Mr. Hume returned home, in August, 1806, with a mind improved by experience in business, and a constitution uninjured by any very long residence in a tropical climate. The calm enervating possession of wealth, the daily round of forenoon calls and evening whist parties, a listless autumn spent in Bath, and a half-torpid spring in town, were not at all pursuits

in life suitable to the active mind of Mr. Hume: one year of such was enough, and in 1809, after being scarcely a year in England, he set out on a tour to visit the classic shores of Greece. On his voyage thither he landed in Portugal, at that time the theatre of war which has crowned the British arms with immortal glory, and personally inspected those fields, which in after-days the British youth may visit as the death-bed of their forefathers, and the birth-place of their family name. From thence he sailed to Egypt, and saw the spot where his gallant countrymen, in the "garb of Old Gaul," scattered the boast of "Invincibles" of the Corsican despot; and where the gallant Abercrombie fell in the hour of victory.

He next sailed for the Grecian Islands, and visited all those classic shores, which, though now withering under the wasting hand of war, are still green in fable; and from Athens proceeded to Constantinople. Two years were nearly exhausted in accomplishing this tour. In 1811 he returned to England, and spent some months with his friends in Scotland; in 1812 he came into Parliament for Melcombe Regis (Weymouth) a borough which returns four members, and which is the exclusive property of the heirs of the late Sir John Johnstone, under the trusteeship, we believe, of the Duke of Cumberland and a Scottish attorney;—how Mr. Hume got there we profess not to explain, but strongly suspect that the leaves of his ledger and banker's check-books could unriddle the mystery, were it safe to examine such unfashionable documents. He was not the man, however, to represent any close borough for any very long period; twelve short months closed his connexions with that noble stronghold of the representation of the people. At the dissolution of Parliament, previous to the death of our late venerable King, Mr. Hume was solicited to offer himself for the borough he now represents (one of those who had obtained a reform of its abuses) and was returned. His conduct in Parliament soon rendered him a "marked man," and at the election which succeeded the accession of his present Majesty to the throne, an opposition was started in the person of John Mitchell, Esq. of Bond-street, supported by the interest of the Crown. Over this opposition, formidable as it was, the popular character of Mr. Hume enabled him to triumph; a petition was presented to the House of Commons, complaining of the return, on the ground that the magistrates of Brechin had been overawed by the populace to vote in Mr. Hume's favour, but which allegation upon the evidence

of the Provost, the House threw out, and declared Mr. Hume duly elected.

PETER PINDARICS;
OR, JOE MILLER VERSIFIED.

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

LONDON 'tis certain is a wondrous place,
Far fam'd for sights and rare shows!
Damsels, who ape a vestal virgin's face,
But, *quite as pure*, is quite another case;
Bedizen'd out with trinkets, scents, and
clothes,
Pray, of their arts beware, ye silly beaux.

And there are famous *Just-asses* of quorum,
With brows terrific, awing those before 'em,
Poor knaves! who trembling wait the legal
lash:

Laws, by an ancient Stole, were compar'd
To spider's webs, most craftily prepar'd;
The weak, like flies, have sorely cause to rue,
While pow'rful wasps can easily break through,
By weight of friends and cash!

"Can gold gain friendship?" Poet Young, ex-
claims;
Indeed it *does*, experience now proclaims;

At least, attracts a mighty swarm about ye
Who cringe obsequious, scrape and boo,
Proffer the utmost they can do,
While their own interest lies in view;
But, just reverse the scene, you know;
Let them surmise your cash is low,
The fawning herd will quickly go,
Neglect and scout ye!

What various, motley scenes this town supplies!
Bubbles and gilded baits attract your eyes;
Black-legs, coquettes, and pious saints de-
mure!

Parsons and dustmen, tramping cheek by jowl,
Viscounts and shoe-blacks, judges, mimics droll,
And matron prudes, as chaste Diana pure!

Players, who graceful tread the tragic scene,
(And just as *graceless* shun a tradesman's
bill)

The vilest knaves, disguis'd in honest mien,
And *Jenny Fribblers*, neither good nor ill!

Then, as to tricks, 'tis sure the devil's place;
Good Heav'n! 'tis they even cheat before your face,
And there, 'tis all the go to run in debt,
In lieu of payment, *promises* you get;
Witness a host of many modern beaux,
Who cut a mighty dash, i'th' tailor's clothes;
Live in first style, or sport a horse and gig,
And then without a sixpence, hop the twig!
Others again stand boldly to their post,
Defy your threat'nings, bid you do your most;
And lastly to reward your patient stay,
In *Banco Regis* wipe their debts away!

But these are facts, experience daily shows,
In truth, which every body knows:

So, to your story—prithce *slightly* muse—
An *honest* lawyer once (if fame speak true,
Among the set, there are indeed but few)
Long owed a cobbler for a pair of shoes:

Who tried all methods to obtain his money,
As begging, praying, threat'ning, dunning,
Now using vinegar, now honey;
But no!—the lawyer was too cunning.

At last, he tries once more: and thus began—

"What is the cause you still refuse,
To pay me *seven and six-pence* for those
shoes?"

Advise me what I ought to do,
With such a paltry knave as you?"

"Do? (quothe the lawyer) summon, man—
But, since you hitherto have stood so nice
Our old affair we'll balance in a trice:
Ten-pence of right belongs to thee
And *six and eight-pence*, lawyer's fee,
Is mine, for my *advise*!"

JABOTTS.

The Revellat.

No. LX.

JACQUOT! JACQUES!! AND Mr.
DE LA JACQUINIERE!!!*(From the French.)*

JACQUOT was the son of a village cobbler: his parents were poor, but industrious, and he lost them whilst in infancy: at an early age he gave ample proofs of sagacity, for he availed himself of every recourse that presented to accumulate the penny: he attended the goats and cows; conducted the horses to water, and waited in the evening at the only Inn in the village, where, by chance, a "god send" induced some solitary traveller to stop. Though sleeping on straw; subsisting on brown bread, fruit, and milk, he sang from the break of morn till its close; and on gaining sufficient to allow of a slight recreation, none footed it so nimbly or merrily in the Sunday's dance. His native village was, in his eyes, a beautiful city: the notary's house, a palace; and the villagers, so many lords and ladies—the most exalted of the creation:—thus he doted on the fields, woods, lawns and rivulets, and also on a certain little peasant, named Susan, who, though not even gifted with wisdom, wealth, or personal charms, was nevertheless, in his eyes, an angel of perfection. Jacquot had but just attained his eighteenth year, when a young nobleman passing through the village, discovering something pleasing in the physiognomy of the industrious peasant, proposed to conduct him to Paris and insure his fortune.

Jacquot had then but little idea of the advantages gained by homage to this volatile deity, but desire of seeing the capital, a feeling of curiosity, and a secret presentiment of future greatness induced him to accept the offer. He wept bitterly on bidding adieu to his fields, his dog, Prin, his goats, cows, and Susan, ejaculating, "Ah, well! it won't be long ere I return; and then I shall tell Prin and Susey all the wonders I have seen in the great city."

Jacquot arrives in Paris: first figures as a groom, then footman, afterwards valet de chambre, when he dropped the name of Jacquot (or *Jem*), as being too vulgar for his aspiring ideas; an appellation that also occasioned the laughter of the housemaids. He assumed that of Jacques (Jemmy), as a designation far more imposing; and ere the termination of the year, Mister Jacques had entirely forgot his favourite dog Prin, his cattle, woods, hamlet, and his Susan: in the

interim he studied with assiduity; learned to read and write; became steward; knew how to calculate, and with strong intellects soon became initiated in subtraction and multiplication: most stewards know the first rule quoted—to their employer's cost.

A comprehension of division was essential, with which he soon became perfectly acquainted: he learned to divide, and next proceeded to Interest; this he managed with equal facility, by lending money on *interest*, by which an enormous profit was obtained: briefly, after occupying the multifarious situations of steward to a naval and military contractor; secretary of the opera, and confidential agent to a Russian prince, and member of the chamber of Senate, a handsome fortune crowned the anxious endeavours of this deep plodding politician. Courted by all; he entered into extensive financial speculations, in which he was ever so favoured by fortune, that on attaining his thirtieth year, an income of 30,000 livres was at his disposal. "Booing, booing" did the business.

"Nor e'en Sir Pertinax such homage show'd
As this, his prototype upon the great bestow'd."

Jacques now began to think that he had pruned sufficiently from the garden of Plutus, resolved on enjoying the fruit that he had so amply reaped. His dream of fortune was not now ideal: he purchased an extensive estate; established an elegant equipage; engaged his livery-servants; assuming the title of Mr. de la Jacquiniere, or Squire James: here was a prodigious *change*, but true; thus

Mushrooms from mingled garbage rise,
And are to votaries of taste a prize!

Repairing one day to the country villa, his carriage was overset by accident at the entrance of a poor village, and whilst workmen were sent in quest of, to place it in repair, our fortunate Squire alighted, and looking around exclaimed, "Heavens! what a filthy hole! what a wretched receptacle! what a despicable country! stagnate pools—filthy quagmires—dirty hovels—frightful rustics—not a single spot where a person of consequence can with decency repose! My organs are quite affected at the bare idea of being compelled to remain here till my vehicle is put in order—confound the rascally coachman, he shall be discharged immediately I reach home"—for this hamlet—have it in his own words,—for M. de la Jacquiniere presumed now to be a man of letters—a poet, forsooth,—and no mean one either, at least he was so flattered by numerous parasites, who admired the delicacies of his table,—

"Tis a degenerate—a vile abode,
Which courtier's feet hath never trod ;
And I, who half the courtiers reign,
Can only view it with disdain."

Whilst making these sapient observations, our Squire had advanced to the bank of a purling rill, whose deviating banks formed, in his eye, an uncouth contrast with the level embankment of his artificial canal, although in the crystal wave he beheld the finny brood gaily disporting, as he seated himself on a sward beneath an ancient willow—a prospect that had never greeted him in his own torpid reservoirs.

M. de la Jacquiniere had been seated but for a few minutes when he was surrounded by a flock of sheep, goats and cows, who were under the *surveillance* of a swarthy female peasant and her dog; the latter, though nearly blind from age, distanced the flock, and hastened with kind and anxious familiarity to lick the hand of the astonished, alarmed, and indignant Squire of the town. "Lud! lud! lud!" shouted the lusty conductress, what may be all this? I never saw Prin so affectionate to any one in all my born days, except poor *Jacquot*.

On the mention of this plebeian name the wealthy gentleman blushed deeply; a thousand conflicting thoughts pervaded his mind; he gazed around: can it be; yea, it is so! he is in his native village; Susan is before him, under the very willow, beneath which he has so often slept and dreamed—dreamed;—aye, but never of moving in his present sphere!

Oh, M. de la Jacquiniere! what must be your sensations; what those of one devoted to ancient friends and place of nativity? Imagination pictures you pressing in your warm embrace, the poor girl whom you formerly so fondly cherished; your tears distilling on your parents' humble sod; your bounties falling like refreshing April showers on the inhabitants of your native hamlet; the companions of your infancy enjoying the social delight of greeting your prosperity in the garden where erst you passed with them so many hours in revelry:—learn the reverse—Prin, poor faithful Prin, the dog so affectionately faithful, was spurned from him with indignation: methinks his melancholy howl still peals on my ear, awakening grievous contrasts. He hastened from Susan and the village; ascended his coach, and on reaching the splendid villa, caused the neck of a beautiful parrot to be twisted, for having had the misfortune to exclaim, "Have you dined *Jacquot*."

His was a love of wealth; so strong—so sure.
As neither time could change, or art could cure.

J. K.—R.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton*.

DR. SOUTH AND KING CHARLES THE SECOND.

THE doctor once preaching before King Charles and his profligate court, perceived in the middle of his sermon that sleep had taken possession of all his hearers. The doctor stopped: and changing his tone of voice, called three times to Lord Lauderdale, who starting up, "My Lord," said South, with great composure, "I am sorry to interrupt your repose, but I must beg you will not snore so loud, lest you awaken his majesty."

PRIDE.

A SPANIARD rising from a fall, whereby his nose had suffered considerably, exclaimed, "*Voto a tal esto es caminar por la turru!*" this comes of walking upon "earth."

LOVE, A JEU D'ESPRIT.

How sweet a torment 'tis to love?
And, ah! how pleasant is the pain?
I would not, if I could, remove,
And now put off the amorous chain.
Tho' Chloris' eyes do give me laws,
And me of liberty beguile,
I, like a martyr, love my cause,
And on my fair tormentor smile.

AN IMPROMPTU.

WALKING BY MOONLIGHT.

Hail! silver Moon—whose cheerful radiance warms
The lover's breast to seek his Chloe's arms;
Who, by the light each others vows exchange,
And seal those vows—while pleas'd by thee they range.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE Public will learn with surprise that we have been threatened with a suit in Chancery, by Messrs. Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, for quoting, from a periodical work they publish, an account of the last moments of Lord Byron, although we acknowledged the source whence we derived it. It is the more remarkable, as the article had previously been copied into all the London, and most of the country papers. Why the MIRROR has been thus invidiously selected for a Chancery suit will perhaps hereafter appear, and the real motive be made known.

Answers to Correspondents in our next.

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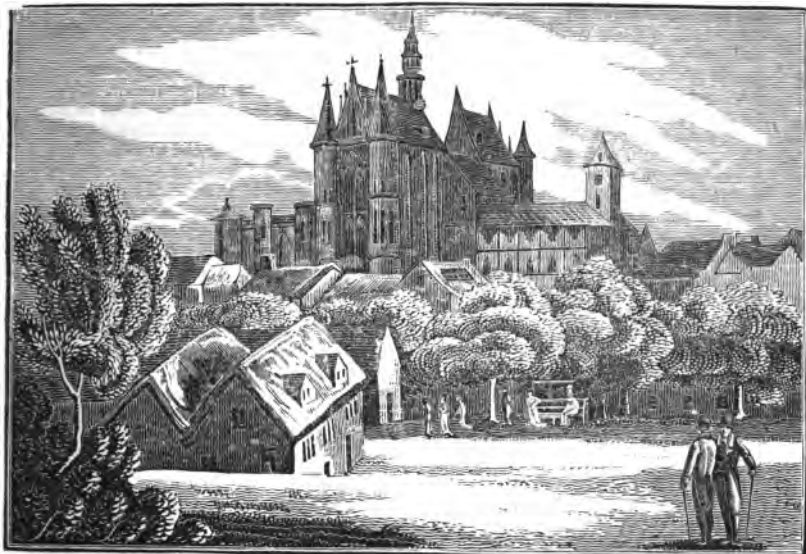
OF
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CIV.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1824.

[PRICE 2d.]

City of Leyden.



THE city of Leyden, of which we present an engraving, from a view by Sir John Carr, was anciently called *Lugdunum Batavorum*, and is situated on a branch of the Rhine, in a pleasant level tract in South Holland: it is encompassed with meadows and gardens. The city is surrounded with an earthen mound, along which are shady walks. It is one of the largest towns in Holland, and inferior to none in the spaciousness of its streets; several of which have fine canals, bordered with rows of trees. The street in which the Stadthouse, a magnificent structure, stands, is accounted among the finest in Europe. The houses are chiefly built of brick, and many of them are five or six stories high. The canals, which traverse the town by their various intersections, form upwards of fifty small inlets, connected together by a hundred and forty-five bridges, mostly of wood.

Leyden is not distinguished by its public buildings; but its university was formerly famous through Europe. The number of professors is twenty-one, who deliver their lectures in Latin. Belonging to the University is a valuable botanical garden, a cabinet of natural history, an

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P

anatomical theatre, an observatory, and a library. The chief manufactures of Leyden are soap and indigo—those of linen and woollen, formerly eminent, having declined. Great quantities of cheese are made, both for home consumption and exportation.

In the year 1419, Leyden was besieged and taken by Albert, Comte of Bavaria, for having taken part with Florent de Wevelinchoven, Bishop of Utrecht. In the year 1574, the Spaniards, after they had taken Haarlem and been obliged to raise the siege of Alcaer, attempted to lay siege to Leyden; but the Comte Louis, of Nassau, brother of the Prince of Orange, advancing with some troops, the Spaniards not thinking themselves at that time in sufficient force, abandoned their enterprise. Sometime after, having obtained a reinforcement, they returned to the siege, under the command of Francis Baldez. This general having seized the outworks, and not thinking himself able to force the city, resolved to turn the siege into a blockade, and starve them to a surrender. It is hardly credible what the inhabitants endured: they indeed signalized their constancy on this occasion

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during a siege of five months, when neither famine nor pestilence were able to destroy their courage. The women lined the ramparts, and performed all the duties of a soldier, animated by the example of one, whose name was Kennava, a woman of undaunted spirit; she attended with her companions all the sallies made on the enemy. The misery became so great, that above six thousand persons died; and there remained no more than 107 muids of wheat for 14,000 inhabitants, who yet remained alive. Of this the Spanish general being apprised, summoned them to surrender, but they told him they could not want the means of existence so long as their left arms remained: those they were determined to feed on, and reserve their right to defend their liberty. Adrian de Werf, burgo-master of the city, shewed at this crisis admirable constancy and courage; being solicited by some of the inhabitants to surrender, he said, "My friends, since I must die, it is of little importance whether I fall by you or by the enemy: cut me to pieces, and divide them amongst you: I shall die satisfied, if in my death I can be the least useful."

During the siege, they made use of paper money, with the inscriptions "HÆC LIBERTATIS ERGO."—and "PUGNO PRO PATRIA." Towards the month of October, just when they were on the point of surrendering, they understood, by means of some pigeons, that relief was at hand. Accordingly, on the 3rd of October, the dikes of the Meuse and Issel having been opened, Louis Boissot, Admiral of Zealand, advanced with a number of troops in flat-bottomed boats to their assistance. The Spaniards seeing the sudden inundation, were fearful of being destroyed immediately, and abandoned the siege with all the works they had constructed for the blockade. In memory of this remarkable event, the inhabitants represent a spectacle of the siege every seven years. William, Prince of Orange, who was scarcely recovered of an illness, ordered himself to be conveyed to Leyden, that he might in person thank the citizens for their brave defence; he liberally rewarded the Admiral Boissot, and Janus Douza, the lord of Noortwyck, who commanded in the city; and did not forget the officers and soldiers.

In this city was born the famous John of Leyden, otherwise Bucold, a tailor and chief of the Anabaptists, who, after taking the city of Munster, in the year 1534, with his adherents Boulenger, Knipperdollinck, and others, was made king, and defended the place a long time against the troops of Francis, Comte de

Waldeck, the bishop; they suffered great hardships during the siege, but could not be induced to surrender. There was among them a woman, who, thinking to imitate the character of Judith, attempted to assassinate the bishop; but being discovered, she was put to death with the same sword which she carried to execute her design. At length the bishop took the city by stratagem, the pretended king was seized with some of his principal companions, and after being reproached for the disorders he had caused at Munster, he was tortured, and hung up in an iron cage on the tower of St. Michael, and there exposed to perish and to rot. He is said to have had fourteen wives, one of whom he put to death with his own hands, because she would not obey his commands. When he rode through the streets he had a crown on his head, and two young men marched before him, one with a sword, the other with the old testament. He ordered those who would not bend their knees to him to be put to death.—They preserve at Leyden a table, on which this phantom of royalty worked as a tailor.

The population of Leyden is at present 31,000 inhabitants.

THE LATE KING AND QUEEN OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

(Concluded from our last.)

IN No. 95, of the MIRROR, we gave a more correct and detailed account of the Sandwich Islands than had previously appeared, so far as relates to a description of each island, and an account of the manners, customs, and peculiarities of the natives. In our last we also inserted an interesting and original letter, and we now give some further particulars respecting the King and Queen who recently died when on a visit to this country. Our account though delayed far beyond the usual period we allow to intervene continued subjects, will not appear unseasonable, as while we are writing, the suite of the late King and Queen are preparing for their departure to their native home. A few days ago they took leave of the Secretary of State for foreign affairs, Mr. Canning, at his office in Downing-street, when his lady, with the utmost urbanity and kindness, came to town, and made the ladies of the suite several elegant and expensive presents. Mr. Canning, also, presented the Secretary with a most beautiful writing desk. On Saturday, the 10th inst. the suite were presented to the King at Windsor, and were most graciously received by his Majesty. In a few

days they will embark on board the *Blonde frigate*, together with the bodies of the late King and Queen, which, on their death, were deposited in St. Martin's Church. The *Blonde* is commanded by Captain Lord Byron, and will convey them to the Sandwich Islands.

We have already stated that the King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands both died of the measles; the Queen, who, as will be seen by the letter we subjoin, (and we have another which confirms it) was his sister, died on the 8th of July; her death affected the King very deeply: to quote the words of the bulletin issued on the occasion by Sir Henry Halford and the other physicians attending them.

"The King in the midst of this deep sorrow, manifests a firmness of mind which has penetrated every body about him with a feeling of respect. Though very anxious to express his grief in the manner of his country, and to shew the marks of deference which are usually paid to the dead there, he submits, with good sense and patience, to every suggestion which our habits dictate."

The King having been consulted as to the entombing of his consort, gave orders that the necessary means for preserving her should be resorted to, and that she should be deposited in some church until he was sufficiently recovered from his present illness to return with her remains to his own country.

The usual process of embalming was not resorted to. The mode adopted on this occasion was by wrapping the body tightly in waxed linen, over which a cloth, oiled, was bound, and a hot iron passed over it, which caused the waxed cloths to adhere closely to the body, excluding all influence of the atmospheric air. The body measured six feet six inches; it is deposited in a coffin similar in its exterior appearance to those in which the royal family of this country are interred. Silver gilt is the metal with which the coffins of the royal family of England are ornamented. In this instance an inferior metal has been adopted, but it is gilt, and ornamented in nearly a similar way.

In a circle round the coffin were arranged the royal war cloaks, which are manufactured of feathers of various colours, and are used by the King and his staff when in battle: on the lid, at the head of the coffin, was placed the Queen's crown: it was a circle of yellow feathers. Several other circles, composed of feathers of the same tint, were placed on the lid, down to the foot. Several bunches of feathers used by the royal attendants to disperse the flies from her Majesty's person, were placed emblematically on the

coffin lid. The principal one, used by Boki, the governor, stood with the handle on the ground at the head of the body, and the feather drooping over the head of her Majesty. Two wax candles (lighted) were placed at the foot of the coffin, on a table covered with white diaper.

The body was afterwards removed from the *Adelphi* to the vault in St. Martin's church.

The bulletin of the physicians states that the death of the Queen aggravated all the symptoms of the King's disease. It was deemed advisable to remove his Majesty to the Caledonian hotel; and on Tuesday afternoon he became sensibly worse, so much so, that in the evening it was found necessary to send for Dr. Ley, who, on his arrival, found the King in a very low state; death appeared to be rapidly approaching.

The King, on seeing Dr. Ley, caught him by the hand, and said, in his own language, "I am dying; I know I am dying."—He continued very sensible, and knew all around him. At two o'clock he became alarmingly worse, and from that time till four o'clock he kept continually saying, "I shall lose my tongue;" and just before he breathed his last, his Majesty faintly said—"Farewell to you all!—I am dying!—I am happy!" after uttering these words he expired in the arms of Madame Boki.

The following bulletin was then issued:

(Copy.) "*Adelphi*, July 14, 1824.

"The King of the Sandwich Islands departed this life at four o'clock this morning. The alarming symptoms of his disorder rapidly increased within the last few days, and he at length sunk under it without much apparent suffering.

(Signed) { "MATTHEW J. TIERNEY,
"HENRY HOLLAND,
"HUGH LEY."

The necessary arrangements were soon afterwards made for preserving his Majesty's body as in the case of his consort, as well as to have the body laid out in state.

The central part of the room was divided from the other by frame-work, forming an area of about fourteen feet square. The floor within the area was covered with a number of small cloaks or tippets, worn by the chiefs in war; these are made of feathers of a scarlet and gold colour, each feather being nicely interwoven in a sort of net-work that has the appearance of being made of linen thread. Around the space on the frame-work were placed war cloaks made of feathers, and variously figured by the intermixture of scarlet, yellow, and black feathers. These were

surrounded by a number of caps and helmets of war, also made of feathers, and of various forms. In the centre was placed the coffin containing the body, covered with a black silk pall. On the coffin were placed the sword worn by his Majesty, (which is elegantly embossed, and in a richly-chased gold scabbard), and his cocked military hat. At the head of the coffin his Majesty's war-cloak was supported; this is made wholly of gold-coloured feathers, and is extremely rich in appearance, and said by his domestics to be of great value, the feathers of which it is made being extremely rare. On the upper part of the cloak is placed a tippet or large cape, which is ornamented with scarlet spots and stripes of feathers. On each side of the coffin were placed three stands covered with fine linen, on which were placed wax-lights and bouquets of flowers in china beakers. Between these stands were placed other war-cloaks, but of smaller dimensions. The whole had a strange, though imposing effect, and formed a singular contrast to the mode adopted in this country on such occasions. About various parts of the room were placed aromatic woods and flowers.

Despatches were immediately sent off to the Sandwich Islands, with an account of the death of the King and Queen, but it would be about five months before they reached there. The following is a copy of the despatch written by Mr. Rives the secretary:—

“Osborn's Hotel, London, July 15, 1824.

“DEAR FRIEND,—It is very sorrowful news for you, but being the will of Heaven, we must submit. I mentioned in my letter, dated July 9, the death of our good Queen. The King, having lost his consort, was much agitated by the fatal shock, and, unable to support the weight his manly bosom experienced, he died, and left us to lament the virtues we so often admired in him. You will know my feelings, and the reason I have to deplore the loss of such true friendship. All the physicians could do, all we could say by way of consolation, availed nothing; he told me, more than once, that all the support the English nation could give him was in vain. The fatal bargain, my dear friend, was made, and he sunk to rise no more. Their bodies will be removed to the Sandwich Islands, to give you and the whole of our nation satisfaction that every thing was done by the English Government and private gentlemen to promote our comfort, and assist our unfortunate Monarch. Even the King of England sent his own physicians, and the Noble Duke of York his surgeon;

and every thing that England produced was at our command. You will much regret, with myself, that circumstances prevented his having an interview with the King of England, who kindly expressed his hope (through his physicians) that our King would console himself, and not sink under his affliction, and that his Most Gracious Majesty would give our King an interview as soon as his health was restored. I hope you are well; and that we shall be able to continue to labour for your welfare, is the wish of

“Yours truly, JOHN B. RIVES.
“To Mr. Pitt, Prime Minister at the Sandwich Islands, or Krimaku.”

The outer coffin of the King of the Sandwich Islands was of immense width, and lined with rich white satin, fluted very tastefully, and the outside was of crimson velvet, and studded with brass nails and ornaments similar to that of the late Queen. On the plate is the following inscription:—

KAMEHAMEHA 2ND
ELII NO NAHINA-O. AWAKI MAKE
I POLIKANI 28.
MAKAIKI KAIKU I
KE-MAHOE MUA.
I KEMAKAIKE 1824
ALOKA INO-NO KOMAKOA
ELII JOLANI.

And underneath is engraven—

Kamehameha 2nd,
King of the Sandwich Islands,
Died July 14, 1824,
In the 28th Year of his Age.

May we remember our beloved King
Jolani.

The remains of his Majesty were removed to St. Martin's Church, and placed near those of the Queen.

To these particulars we are enabled to add others from two private letters, written at Woahoo, in the year 1822, by some English Missionaries, which have, we believe, never been published. From these letters we subjoin extracts; they confirm each other in all the leading points. One of them gives a description of the palace of the King of the Sandwich Islands, which corresponds with that inserted in No. 95 of the MIRROR.—In this palace there were three bed-places, with curtains. The writer of the second letter notices the undress of the ladies, and the late Queen Kamehamealu throwing off her pelisse on entering the chapel. The letters we now subjoin.

“*Woahoo, one of the Sandwich Islands, two days' sail from Owhyee, Aug. 10, 1822.*

“In my former letter I have told you with what delight we visited the South Sea

Islands; and our unexpected visit to these islands has also been entirely so. The pious people of Huaheine were desirous of sending some of their own church members to carry the Gospel to their heathen brethren who inhabit the Marquesas Islands. Our friends, their missionaries, (Mr. Barf and Mr. Ellis,) were also desirous of it. While we were at Huaheine, in February, 1822, his Majesty's cutter, the Mermaid, happened to come, and offered a free passage for ourselves, for Mr. Ellis, and some pious natives. Capt. Kent was taking a ship as a present from the King of England to the King of the Sandwich Islands; so that we must go there first, and then call at the Marquesas as we returned. This would make the voyage upwards of 4,000 miles farther; but we did not dislike this, because we could see for ourselves in what state the natives of these islands were, and what progress the missionaries had made.

"We felt it our duty to accept the offer of the Captain; four members of the church were set apart; two of the deacons and their wives; and with these four and Mr. Ellis we set sail in hopes of thus introducing the Gospel to the long neglected Marquesas. In our voyage, we were delivered from one or two imminent dangers, and came in sight of Owhyee after a month's sail. We remained there fourteen days, waiting for our schooner, from which we had been parted almost all the voyage. We then sailed to this beautiful and fertile island, which is the seat of government, and the principal residence of the American missionaries. The King, whose palace, or rather large grass-covered house, is on a terrace, under a battery of, perhaps, twenty pieces of cannon, received us most graciously, as did his *five* Queens or wives, and his principal chiefs, who were around him, some standing, some sitting, on mats; his Queens were seated on mats; the King was seated in a chair, and chairs were placed for us, and our hats taken by a little French secretary, M. Rives, who is a good deal about the King, and is one of his interpreters. The King was dressed in a blue silk jacket and nankeen pantaloons; but the Queens had no other dress than a *pareu* round the waist, which just covered the hips, and extended about to the knees; other ornaments they had none, except one or two of them a necklace of glass beads, and large ivory ones made out of whales' teeth. This is the ordinary dress of the females in these islands; but occasionally the Queens and chief women dress very richly in European dresses, of which they have great store in their chests, but they don't often wear

them; and even when they have put them on, they take them off in a room, or in the open air, without the least ceremony. For instance, on Sunday morning last, as the favourite Queen was coming up to chapel, attended by a very numerous suite of chiefs and some white persons; she was dressed in a very handsome silk dress, which covered her pretty well; she fancied herself rather too warm, and just before she entered the chapel she took it off, leaving on the *pareu*, of the brief dimensions as above. She had not even a necklace besides, and thus she sat in the middle of the chapel with the most perfect composure. She is a fine looking young woman, of about 19 years of age, very stout, and stands six feet high, without either shoes or stockings. She is also the king's own sister. Two of his wives are his own sisters, and one of the others was one of his father's wives. You may form some slight judgment of the deplorable state of these people at present from what has been mentioned above; but a multitude of instances are too flagrant to be named. O what a contrast do these poor ignorant people form to the neatness, decorum, and purity of the South Sea Islanders. A regard for religion has, however, been most decidedly expressed by the King, Queen, chiefs, and others; all are now learning. One chief and his wife appear most decidedly in earnest. Mr. Ellis delivers a judicious, short, and affectionate discourse, and prays in their own language: he has also written four pretty little hymns in that tongue."

[Extract from the second Letter.]

"Woahoo, 1822.

"O, what need of faithful, zealous teachers in this place! From the king down through all grades of society, the people are buried in the grossest sensuality and ignorance;—many of the common instances of vice that we meet with are unfit to describe. God, however, is now giving striking indications that he has much mercy in store for these people, for within these few days the king has declared himself in favour of the gospel—has begun to learn to read and write: all his queens also, and chiefs, both male and female. The royal residence has become a school-room: to-day, for instance, you might have seen there two missionaries attending to instruct *thinking*, another teaching one principal chief, another having a group of young chiefs about him, while I was teaching one of the queens to write, who, within two days, has certainly made as much progress as I have seen in our Lancasterian schools at any time. In Eng-

land. This morning, at family worship, in the Mission-house, which always takes place at half-past six o'clock, we had a crowd of the natives, who came in hopes of learning something; and every night for a fortnight past, Mr. Ellis, and several others, have gone down to the house of one of the most influential chiefs, at his own earnest request, for prayer, singing, and a short discourse. Many attend with the greatest seriousness; the chief and his wife seem truly in earnest about their souls. Little spelling books now adorn every chief's house, and are often seen in their hands in the open air. None but the chiefs and their immediate people are, in fact, allowed to have books. Every heart among us, I hope, is full of gratitude; and every head, and every hand, full of the delightful employment of teaching either babes or adults. How mysterious and admirable are the ways of God! The Israelites, I apprehend, did not more clearly see the guiding pillar and cloud, than we are hitherto favoured to see the Lord guiding our steps."

FUNERAL CEREMONIES OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDERS.

THE sepulchral rites of the Sandwich islanders are involved in considerable obscurity. Campbell says the bodies of the dead are always disposed of secretly, and he never could learn where they were interred. The Queen, he tells us, preserved the bones of her father carefully wrapped up in a piece of cloth. When she slept in her own house, they were placed by her side; and in her absence, they were laid on a feather bed, which she had received from the captain of a ship, and which was used for that purpose only. When Campbell asked the reason of this custom, she replied, "It was because she loved her father so dearly." Mariner also saw these bones, and on inquiry found that this was not a custom of the Queen only, but a common practice among these islanders.

It was formerly the custom to sacrifice human victims on the death of the King and distinguished chiefs; but the progressive spirit of the times and the introduction of Christianity into the Sandwich Islands have abolished this custom; and at the death of Queen Kahmanna's mother, when three persons offered themselves to be sacrificed, Krimaku, who may be styled the Viceroy of Woahoo, and who is familiarly named by the English Billy Pitt, on account of his influence with Tammeamea, the late King, would not permit the sacrifice.

Near the temple or morai, in Karaka-

fooa Bay, Owhyee, is an edifice, beneath which are interred the remains of Tammeamea, the father of his late Majesty, who died in this country. It is a building thirty feet square, solidly constructed of canes, the corners projecting a little. The door is of wood, four feet and a half high, and fastened by a large padlock. Two stakes, placed crosswise at the entrance, shew that the place is tabooed, and that all access is consequently prohibited.

King, in his account of his voyage, thus describes the manner of mourning, as well as some of the funeral rites of these islanders:—

"When an old chief dies, a number of people assemble and seat themselves round a square area, fronting the house in which the deceased lies; whilst a man, in a red feathered cap, advances from an interior part of the house to the door, and putting out his head, at almost every moment utters a most lamentable howl, accompanied with the most singular grimaces and violent distortions of his face that can be conceived. Afterwards, a large mat is spread upon the area, and the two men and thirteen women come out of the house and sit upon it, in three equal rows, two men and three women being in the front. The necks and hands of the women are covered with feathered ruffs; and broad green leaves, variously scalloped, spread over their shoulders. At one corner of the area, near a small hut, appear six boys, bearing small white banners, &c. The dead body is in the hut. A man in a red cap opens the ceremony. The company, seated on the mat, begin to sing a melancholy tune, accompanied with a gentle and slow motion of the body and arms. They then raise themselves on their knees, and in a posture between kneeling and sitting, move their bodies and arms very rapidly, the tune keeping pace with their motions. After this has lasted an hour, with slower movements at intervals, more mats are spread upon the area, and four or five old women, one of whom is the wife of the deceased, advance slowly out of the house, and being seated in the front of the company, begin to cry and wail most bitterly; the women behind them joining in these lamentations, and the two men inclining their heads over them in a very pensive attitude. In this situation they continue till night, when the corpse is removed. Captain King could not learn how they disposed of the body. Three women of rank informed him that the presence of strangers hindered them from performing some necessary rites. Scarcely had Captain King gone out of sight, before he heard their cries and lamentations; and meeting

them a few hours afterwards, he found that they had painted the lower part of their faces perfectly black. When asked whither the dead were gone? the answer was, that the breath, which they seemed to consider as the soul, or immortal part, was gone to the 'Estooa,' which they described as some particular place, which they supposed to be the abode of the deceased."

ON SALUTATIONS AND GREETINGS.

(For the Mirror.)

TAYLOR, in his "Rule of Living Holy," says, "In all public meetings, or private addresses, use those forms of salutation, reverence, and decency, used amongst the most sober persons." *Salutatio* among the Romans, was daily homage paid by clients and inferiors to their superiors.—Among the great, *Atrium** was the place appointed for this purpose; but among the people of middling condition, the *Vestibulum* only. This practice was not confined to the city, but took place in the army likewise: it being usual for the private soldiers to go very early in the morning to salute their centurion, who, at their head, proceeded to salute the tribune; and then the tribune, with the rest, went and saluted the emperor, or commander-in-chief. The women, too, had their crowds of salutors attending them every morning. The manner of receiving those who came to pay their respects, was to receive those of the better sort with a kiss, and the poorer sort had a small entertainment given them, and were even feasted by such as wanted to be thought more liberal than ordinary. There is a great variety in the forms of salutations: we salute God by adorations, prayers, &c.; kings by genuflexions, &c. In England, we salute one another by uncovering the head, inclining the body, &c. The Orientals salute by uncovering their feet, laying hands on their breasts, &c.† The Arabs aim their muskets at a person by way of a compliment, and sometimes by firing, which is no joke.‡ The Pope makes no reverence to any mortal but the Emperor of Germany, to whom he stoops a very little, when he admits him to kiss his mouth. The ancients believed that the statue of Memnon, in a temple of Egypt, saluted the sun every morning at his rising. The

cheat consisted in this, that the statue being hollow, when the warmth of the morning began to rarify the including air, it was driven out through a narrow duct in the mouth: this made a gentle murmur, which the priests interpreted a salutation. In the army, the salute is performed by a discharge of artillery, or small arms, or both; the men presenting their arms. The colours, likewise, salute royal personages, and generals commanding in chief, which is done by lowering the point to an inch above the ground. In the field, when a regiment is to be reviewed by the king, or his generals, the drums beat a march as he passes along the line, and the officers salute one after another, bowing their half pikes or sword to the ground, then recover, and take of their hats.—The ensigns salute altogether, by lowering their colours. When his Majesty, or any of the royal family are present, when the word of command "to shoulder" is given, the officers recover their swords, and the ensigns raise their colours. At sea this ceremony is variously performed, according to the circumstances, rank, or situation of the parties. There is saluting with muskets, the flag, the sails, and other peculiar regulations for the sea service.

P. T. W.

(For the Mirror.)

SONG.

WHEN from home the lover strays,
What gift shall he send her—
The gentle fair he loves? soft lays,
In words as soft and tender.

Some, from friends when first they part—
Sister, brother, daughter—
Promise coins or works of art,
Or pearls of purest water.

Some, from Eastern climes afar,
Send their choicest treasures—
Diamond wreath or gemm'd tiar,
Meet for life's young pleasures.

Others, (where fair Nature's store
That of Art too graces)
Coral, shells from India's shore,
Fans—and China vases.

But shall I, a son of song,
Send such earth-born trifles?
What flower so sweet, what chain so strong,
But Time destroys or riles?

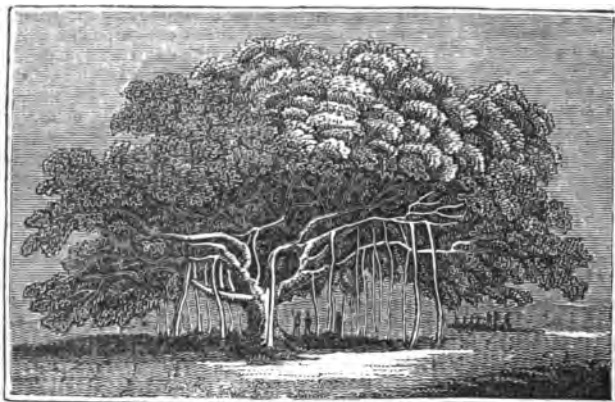
None—the fairest flower must fade—
Chains of gold must perish—
But the wreath of verse that's made,
Time but serves to cherish.

Fair one then, Oh! deign receive
All the Muse can offer—
Had she gems, those gems she'd give,
Gold, that gold she'd proffer.

ALPHUS

* Answering to our court.
† In France, by a kiss on the cheek—in New Zealand, by joining noses.
‡ See Sir Frederick Henniker's (Bart.) Notes during a Journey through Egypt, Nubia, &c.

The Bantian Tree.



THE Banian, or Burr-tree, the *ficus indica* of Linnæus, of which the above is an engraving, is considered one of the most curious and beautiful of nature's productions in the genial climate of India, where she sports with the greatest profusion and variety. Each tree is in itself a grove, and some of them are of an amazing size, as they are continually increasing, and, contrary to most other animal and vegetable productions, seem to be exempted from decay: for every branch from the main body throws out its own roots, at first in small tender fibres, several yards from the ground, which continually grow thicker: until, by a gradual descent, they reach its surface; where, striking in, they increase to a large trunk, and become a parent tree, throwing out new branches from the top. These in time suspend their roots, and, receiving nourishment from the earth, swell into trunks, and shoot forth other branches; thus continuing in a state of progression so long as the first parent of them all supplies her sustenance.

A banian tree, with many trunks, forms the most beautiful walks, vistas, and cool recesses, that can be imagined. The leaves are large, soft, and of a lively green, the fruit is a small fig, when ripe of a bright scarlet; affording sustenance to monkeys, squirrels, peacocks, and birds of various kinds, which dwell among the branches.

The Hindoos are peculiarly fond of this tree: they consider its long duration, its out-stretching arms, and over-shadowing beneficence, as emblems of the Deity, and almost pay it divine honours. The Brahmins, who thus "find a fane in every sacred grove," spend much of their time in religious solitude under the shade of the

banian-tree; they plant it near the dewals, or Hindoo temples, improperly called pagodas; and in those villages where there is not any structure for public worship, they place an image under one of these trees, and there perform a morning and evening sacrifice.

These are the trees under which a sect of naked philosophers, called Gymnosophists, assembled in Arrian's days; and this historian of ancient Greece, it is observed by Forbes, in his oriental Memoirs, affords a true picture of the modern Hindoos. "In winter the Gymnosophists enjoy the benefit of the sun's rays in the open air; and in summer, when the heat becomes excessive, they pass their time in cool and moist places, under large trees; which, according to the accounts of Nearchus, covers a circumference of five acres, and extend their branches so far, that ten thousand men may easily find shelter under them."

On the banks of the Narbudda, in the province of Guzzerat, is a banian-tree, supposed by some persons to be the one described by Nearchus, and certainly not inferior to it. It is distinguished by the name of the Cubbeer Burr, which was given to it in honour of a famous saint. High floods have, at various times, swept away a considerable part of this extraordinary tree; but what still remains is nearly two thousand feet in circumference, measured round the principal stems; the over-hanging branches, not yet struck down, cover a much larger space; and under it grow a number of custard-apple, and other fruit trees. The large trunks of this single tree amount to *three hundred and fifty*, and the smaller ones *exceed three thousand*: each of these is con-

stantly sending forth branches and hanging roots, to form other trunks, and become the parents of a future progeny.

The Cubbeer Burr is famed throughout Hindostan, not only on account of its great extent, but also of its surpassing beauty. The Indian armies generally encamp around it; and, at stated seasons, solemn jatarras, or Hindoo festivals, to which thousands of votaries repair from every part of the Mogul empire, are there celebrated. It is said that seven thousand persons find ample room to repose under its shade. It has long been the custom of the British residents in India, on their hunting and shooting parties, to form extensive encampments, and spend weeks together, under this magnificent pavilion, which affords a shelter to all travellers, particularly to all the religious tribes of the Hindoos. It is generally filled with a variety of birds, snakes, and monnies, the latter of whom both divert the spectator by their antic tricks, and interest him by the parental affection they display to their young offspring, in teaching them to select their food, to exert themselves in jumping from bough to bough, and in taking, as they acquire strength, still more extensive leaps from tree to tree. In these efforts, they encourage them by caresses, when timorous, and menace, and even beat them when refractory.

Among the varieties of the Banian, or Burr trees, is the Peipal, or *ficus religiosa*, which is not uncommon in Guzzerat, and causes a singular variety of vegetation. It may be considered as belonging to the order of creepers, and often springs round different trees, particularly the palmyra, or palm. The latter, growing through the centre of a banian tree, looks extremely grand. The peipal frequently shoots from old walls, and runs along them, so as to cause a singular phenomenon of vegetation. In the province of Bahar, one of these trees was seen by an English traveller, on the inside of a large brick well, the whole circumference of the internal space which it lined, and thus actually became a tree turned inside out. A banian tree thus inverted is uncommon; but the general usefulness and beauty of this variety, especially in overshadowing the public wells and village markets, can only be known by those who live in a sultry climate.

THE GUILLOTINE.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—In your account of the Guillotine, in No. 101 of the MIRROR, I find the following paragraph:—"It is said that

it was owing to the republican seal of Quillac that it was established at Calais." In this, I can assure you, you are misinformed. As your statement has injured the feelings of a worthy and much respected family, I hope you will correct the error into which you have fallen.

So far indeed was M. Quillac from introducing the Guillotine in Calais, that at the unfortunate period alluded to, his benevolence was most distinguished, as many inhabitants of that town can still bear witness.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

R. H.*

* The article on the guillotine was written in Paris; we, however, lose no opportunity in doing justice to the memory of M. Quillac, particularly as the writer of the letter has favoured us with his name and address.

TEMPLARS' HOUSE, HACKNEY.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—Being an occasional reader of your agreeable Miscellany, and an inhabitant of Hackney, I was surprised, this morning, in reading your account of the "Templars' House," which you state to be still standing at the "upper end of Church Street, nearly opposite Dalston Lane;" had you said formerly stood, you would have been perfectly right. I remember the house well—it has, with the exception of one of the ground-floor rooms, which, till lately, has been used as a billiard-room, been pulled down, certainly these ten years.

I am, your's, &c.

Hackney, 4th Sept.

VERITAS.

HISTORY OF ALGEBRA.

"The mathematical sciences are very advantageous in every situation of life: they give a sublime turn of thought, and are always highly amusing to an intelligent mind."—CLARK.

ALGEBRA is a general method of reasoning upon the relation which certain given and known quantities bear to others which are required and unknown, by substituting the letters of the alphabet, and other convenient characters, to represent them. It is by this inestimable study (which is, as it were, the very kernel of all the mathematical sciences), that the most abstruse questions, either in arithmetic or geometry, may be resolved, and that almost by mere play.

The term Algebra is derived immediately from the Arabic; the particle *Al*, implying *excellent*, and *Giabr* being, as is generally supposed, the name of its inventor. It may be, strictly speaking, distinguished into a two-fold sense: viz.,

1. The *numeral*, or old method (which we owe to the Arabians), served merely for solving pure arithmetical questions: it was that wherein only the quantity *sought* was represented by letters, or other characters; but all the *given* quantities were expressed by numbers.

2. The *literal*, specious, or new Algebra, in contradistinction to the former, expresses *both* known and unknown quantities by alphabetical characters: agreeably to the definition at the head of this article. Hence some writers have called it *logistica speciosa*, or specious computation.

With respect to its origin, it is universally admitted, that for *this* science, as well as our present numerals, we are indebted to the genius of the Arabians: from whom it may appear singular to have derived any scientific information, since they always were, and still continue, proverbially, a wandering race of outcasts; but we must remember, that the sun of science shot his morning rays in Asia, though his meridian beams were destined to enlighten Europe. To return to our subject:—We have no direct authority, at what period the Arabians first became acquainted with Algebra: but it is fixed by some writers about the middle of the tenth century; although we have some problems in Greek by Diophantus, said to have been written about 800;—but the manuscripts were not discovered till 1575, when they were translated into Latin, and published in France. It is, however, certain, that nothing like a system of even *numeral* Algebra was known in Europe until the fifteenth century, although some slight notices of the art might have been transmitted rather earlier.

The first known treatise was published in the Italian language, at Venice, 1494. It was translated from the Arabic by Lucas de Burgo, a Franciscan friar, a man of uncommon erudition for that time: much skilled in mathematics, and author of several learned works. To him, it is generally supposed, we owe the Italian system of merchants' accounts (*vide* MIRROR XCII.); and as Venice was at this period remarkably distinguished for commerce, it may reasonably be supposed his translation became well known all over the continent. The next work upon this subject, was by his countryman Nicholas Tartaglia, 1540. These treatises were succeeded by the following: Stifelius and Henischius, in Germany, 1544 and 1569; and lastly, by those of Scipio Ferreus, 1565, and Raphael Bomboli, 1579, in France. These were the principal works of any note upon Algebra, during its infancy. Having thus briefly

sketched out its history, under the former division, the *numerals*, I now proceed to the grand improvement made by the latter, the *literal*—which was invented 1:90, by Vieta, a Frenchman: this was the date of its drawing to perfection, as hitherto Algebra was in such a rude state as to be of little assistance in the mathematics.

After Vieta, the science received much improvement by the writings of succeeding authors—among whom the English mathematicians stand pre-eminent. To enumerate the several gradual amendments resulting from their labours, cannot be interesting to general readers, and would indeed far exceed the limits necessarily prescribed here. The inquisitive upon these points will find ample satisfaction by perusing Dr. Wallis's elaborate work on Algebra; or by consulting the Mathematical Dictionaries of Stone, Dr. Hutton and Mr. Barlow. The following are the chief English authors from 1600 to 1700, viz.:—Harriott, 1621; Oughtred, 1630; Warner, 1632; Dr. Pell, 1659; Wallis, 1664; Kersey, 1671; Brankers, 1688; Raphsen's "Analysis Equationum Universalis" (a great discovery in solving affected equations), 1690; Ward, 1698; and lastly, Sir Isaac Newton's University Lectures,—combining all the perfections of former works, and many original improvements: published 1700. There were also many treatises by foreigners; among whom Des Cartes, a Frenchman, 1647, and Van Schooten, a Dutchman, 1659, were remarkable. Des Cartes proposed a question as a challenge to all Europe, which was answered by Sir Christopher Wren, who, in his turn, gave another to the Frenchman, without, however, obtaining a solution.

Since the above-named authors, so numerous have been the works upon Algebra, many of them highly celebrated for the science displayed, and almost all of them containing some practical improvement, that a list might easily be extended to a very considerable length. The following may, perhaps, be recommended, as particularly deserving attention:—Saunderson, M'Laurin, Emerson's Cyclonathesis, Wood, Bridge, Hutton, Bonycastle, and Peter Nicholson's "Popular Elements of Mathematics." For the purpose of initiation, Fenning's Algebra, and Euler's (of whose work a new translation has lately been published), are particularly adapted; both from simplicity of style and superiority of arrangement.

JACOBUS.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

VAUXHALL.

'Heu quanto minus est, cum reliquis versari
Quam tui meminisse!'

Every body's quotation.

"Lights! Within there! Lights!"—*Or: wlio.*

WELL! Vauxhall is a wondrous scene!
Where Cits, in silks, admirers glean
Under innumerable lamps—
Not safety-lamps, by Humphry made;
By these full many a soul's betray'd
To ruin by the damps!

Here nut-brown trees, instead of green,
With oily trunks and branches lean,
Cling to mine yellow leaves;
Like aged misers that all day
Hang o'er their gold, and their decay,
'Till Death of both bereaves!

The ~~inhabited~~ walk beneath the roof
Is dry for every dainty hoof,
And heve the wise man stops;
But ~~beaux~~ beneath the sallow clumps
Stand in the water with their pumps,
And catch the oiled drops.

Think the Bell!—away the herd
Of revellers rush, like buck or bird;
Each doth his way unravel
To where the dingy Drama holds
Her sombre reign, 'mid rain and colds,
And tip toes, and wet gravel.

The boxes shew a weary set,
Who like to get serenely wet,
Within, and not without;
There Goldsmith's widow you may see
Rocking a fat and frantic knee
At all the passing rout!

Yes! there she is!—there,—to the life.
And Mr. Tibbs, and Tibbs's wife,
And the good man in black.
Bells run, for, oh! the bell is ringing;
But Mrs. Tibbs is calmly singing,
And sings till all come back!

By that high dome, that trembling glows
With lamps, cock'd hats, and shivering bows,
How many hearts are shook!
A feather'd chorister is there.
Warbling some tender grove-like air,
Compos'd by Mr. Hook.

And Dignum too!—yet where is he?
Shakes he no more his locks at me?
Charms he no more night's ear?
He who bless'd breakfast, dinner, rout,
With "linked sweetness long drawn out;"
Why is not Dignum here?

Oh, Mr. Bish!—oh, Mr. Bish!
It is enough, by Heaven! to *dis*
Thy garden dinners at ten!
What hast thou done with Mr. D.?
What's thy "Wine Company," thy "Tea
Without that man of men?"

Yet! blessed are thy suppers given
(For money) something past eleven;
Li'liput chickens boil'd,
Bacellas, warm from Vauxhall ice,
And hams, that sit in airy slice,
And ~~salsas~~ scarcely sold.

See!—the large, silent, pale-blue light
Flares, to lead all to where the bright
Loud rockets rush on high,
Like a long comet, roaring through
The night then melting into blue,
And starting the dark sky!

And Catherine wheels, and names
Of great men whizzing in blue flames;
Lights, like the smiles of hope;
And radiant fiery palaces
Showing the tops of all the trees,
And Blackmore on the rope!

Then late the hours, and sad the stay
The passing cup, the wits astray,
The row, and riot call!
The tussle, and the collar torn,
The dying lamps, the breaking morn!
And hey for—Union Hall!

NED WARD, JUN.
London Magazine.

DREADFUL SHIPWRECK.

*Narrative of the adventures of the crew
of the Russian-American Company's
ship, St. Nicolai, wrecked on the
north-west coast of America. By the
Supercargo of the ship.*

OUR ship was bound for the coast of
New Albion. On the 29th of September,
1806, we were opposite Vancouver's
Cape Flattery, in 48 deg. 25 min. N. lat.
We followed the coast during several days
for the purpose of sketching it. The na-
tives came out in great numbers, and
sometimes we were surrounded by more
than one hundred of their boats, which,
although small, generally held from three
or four to ten people. We never allow-
ed more than three at a time to come on
board, a caution which seemed the more
necessary, as they were all armed. Se-
veral of them had muskets, others had
arrows pointed with stags' antlers, iron
lances without handles, and bone forks
fixed on long poles; moreover, they had
a species of arms made of whale ribs, of
the shape of a Turkish sabre, two inches
and a half long, a quarter of an inch
thick, and blunt on both edges; this
weapon we understood, they used in their
night attacks, so common among these
savages, killing their foes while asleep.

They offered to us sea-otters, rein-deer
skins, and fish, for sale. For a large fish
we paid them a string of blue beads a
quarter of an arshin long, and from five
to six wershok of glass beads; but for
beaver skins they would take nothing less
valuable than broad-cloth.

A few days after this we had a violent
storm which lasted for three days, the
wind blowing from the south; at length
a sudden calm ensued, but the motion of
the waves continued very high. At day-
break the fog, which had till then sur-
rounded us, disappeared, and we saw the
shore at the distance of about ten or
twelve miles. The calm rendered the
sails useless, and the high waves would
not allow us to have recourse to the oars;
the current, therefore, carried us rapidly
towards the shore. We thought ourselves

lost, when happily a north-westerly breeze sprang up, by the help of which we got out of our perilous situation. Soon, however, a new storm arose, which was again interrupted by a calm; and at last, on the 1st of November, after much anxiety, and still more unavailing labour, our ship was cast on shore in 47 deg. 66 min. N. lat. nearly opposite the island of Destruction. Happily the ship had run on soft ground, and during high water, when the tide, therefore, had receded, we found her still entire, although she had been terribly shaken, and was half full of water. There was, however, no possibility of saving her; we therefore went on shore, taking with us the guns, muskets, ammunition, and every other article which we thought we might find useful in our desolate state. Our first care, when landed, was to clean and load our fire-arms, as we had every moment reason to expect a visit from the natives, against whose cupidity and savage fury we had no other security than our resolution. This being done, we made two tents with our sails, and had scarcely finished, when we saw a host of savages pouring down upon us. The mate, accompanied by four hunters, had gone on board, for the purpose of taking down the tackling from the ship. They had taken a burning match with them, there being still a few guns left in the brig. The captain, standing near her, gave the necessary orders, while I had the charge of watching the motions of the enemy and guarding our little camp.

Our tent was occupied by Mrs. Bulugin (the captain's wife), an Aleootskian, from Kadjak, a woman of the same nation, myself, and two natives, who had joined us without any invitation. One of them, a toën (elder), invited me to his hut, which, he said, was not far off; but prudence restrained me from accepting this invitation. I endeavoured to inspire him with a friendly feeling towards us, and he promised that he would not injure us, and would also endeavour to prevent his countrymen from doing so. In the mean time, however, I was informed that the *Koljushes** were carrying off our stores. I entreated our people to bear with them as much as possible before they proceeded to hostilities, and represented to the toën the impropriety of the conduct of his party, and begged him to induce them to desist. But as we could not converse freely, it took me some time to convey my sentiments to him, and in the mean while the question was decided without our interference. Our people

* This is the name of one of the American tribes, the Russian hunters, however, bestow it on all the nations of this coast.

began to drive the savages away, and they in return pelted them with stones. As soon as I was informed of this, I rushed out of the tent, but at the same moment our hunters fired, and I was pierced in the chest with a lance. I ran back for a musket, and on coming out again saw the man who had wounded me; he held a lance in one hand, and in the other he had a stone which he hurled at my head with such violence as to make me stagger to the ground; I fired, however, and he fell down dead. The savages soon took to flight, leaving two dead behind, and carrying one dead and a great many wounded with them. On our side there were few who had not received some hurt or other, with the exception of those who had been on board. Our captain had been stabbed in the back. A great many lances, cloaks, and hats, which strewed the field of battle, formed our trophies of this sad victory.

We spent a comfortless night, and in the morning went to examine the country, with a view of finding a spot where we might winter in safety; but we found the whole of the coast covered with thick forests, and so low that at high water it would be overflowed; it was, consequently, in no way adapted for our purpose. The captain therefore collected us together, and informed us, that by next spring, the Company's ship, *Kadjak* would touch upon this coast, in a harbour not more than sixty-five miles distant from the spot where we then were, to which harbour he proposed that we should immediately proceed. As there was neither bay nor river marked on the chart which could impede our journey, he thought it might be very speedily accomplished; and that while the savages were engaged in plundering the vessel we should have nothing to fear from them, since they could derive no advantage from annoying us. We all, therefore, unanimously replied, "be it as you propose, we shall not disobey you."

Thus we entered upon our march, each of us armed with two muskets, one pistol, a quantity of ammunition, besides three barrels of powder, and some provisions which we carried with us. Previously to our departure, however, we had taken care to spike the guns, destroy the muskets, and throw them, together with the remaining gunpowder, pikes, hatchets, and other iron tools, into the sea. We crossed a river in our boat, and after advancing about twelve miles through the forest we stopped for the night, and having set our watches, passed it without being disturbed.

In the morning we continued our route,

left the forest, and again approached the coast, where we halted, in order to clean our fire-arms. About two o'clock P. M. we were overtaken by two savages, one of whom was the toñ who had visited us on our first landing. They gave us to understand that by following the coast we should meet with many impediments, both from its sinuosities and from the rocks, of which latter they reported that some were impassable. They also shewed us a beaten track through the forest, which they advised us to follow, after which they prepared to leave us. Before their departure, however, I endeavoured to give them a more formidable idea of the power of our fire-arms, by firing with a rifle at a small ring marked upon a board, at a distance of 120 feet. The ball pierced the board where I had marked it, and the savages, after having examined the aperture and measured the distance, departed.

During the night a violent storm arose, accompanied by rain and snow; and the bad weather continuing through the following day, we were obliged to wait in a cave till it was over. During all this time we were beset by the savages, who frequently rolled stones upon us from the top of the hill. The weather clearing up the next morning, we pursued our journey till we reached a stream of some depth, which we followed on a beaten path, in the hope of meeting with a shallow part where we might ford it. Towards evening we arrived at a large hut. The inhabitants had left, but a fire was still burning near it, and it contained a large supply of dried kishutches (a species of salmon), and opposite to it poles were fixed in the water for the purposes of fishing. We took twenty-five of these fish, for which we left about six yards of beads by way of payment; after which we encamped for the night, about 200 yards from it in the forest.

In the morning we perceived that we were surrounded by a troop of savages, armed with lances, forks, and arrows. I went forward and fired my piece over their heads, which had the desired effect; for they immediately dispersed and hid themselves amongst the trees, and allowed us to proceed. In this manner we had continually to contend against the savages, whom we endeavoured to avoid, but who were constantly besetting us, watching for a favourable moment for annihilating us.

On the 7th of November we met with three men and a woman, who gave us some dried fish, speaking at the same time very ill of the tribe among whom we had hitherto suffered so much, and extolling their own. They followed us till the

evening, when we reached the mouth of a small river, on the opposite side of which stood a village consisting of six huts. Here they advised us to wait till high-water tide, which would come on during the night, when they would get us boats to pass us over, adding, that it would not be safe to cross at low water. We felt, however, no inclination to trust ourselves in their hands during the night, and therefore retired to some distance, where we encamped till the next morning.

When we came again to the mouth of the river we saw nearly two hundred savages near the huts; but as we could obtain no answer to any of our questions respecting a passage, we proceeded upwards in search of a ford. As soon as the natives perceived our intention, they sent us a boat rowed by two men who were completely naked. As this boat could not have held above ten people at a time, we begged them to send us another, that we might all cross at the same time. They complied with our request in sending a second boat, but so small a one that not more than four persons could sit in it. It was attended by the woman whom we had met the day previous. The small boat was assigned to Mrs. Bulugin, a male and a female Alecootskian, and a youth who had been apprenticed on board the ship, whilst nine of the boldest hunters embarked in the other, the others remaining on the bank. As soon as the great boat had reached the middle of the stream, the savages who pulled it, drew out a piece of wood which closed a hole which had been purposely made at the bottom of it, threw themselves into the water, and swam on shore. The boat was carried along by the current, and came at one period so near the opposite shore, that all our people in it were wounded by the darts and arrows which the savages threw at them: but fortunately the current took an opposite direction, and they succeeded in landing on our side at the moment when the boat began to sink. Those in the small boat, however, all fell into the hands of these treacherous barbarians, who, justly supposing that the muskets which had been in the boat must have become useless by the wet, now crossed over in order to attack us. We, on our part, intrenched ourselves as well as circumstances would admit. After they had placed themselves in a line opposite to our position, they began shooting their arrows at us, and once even fired a musket; luckily, however, we had a few muskets left dry, with which we ultimately succeeded in driving off our enemies, after having wounded several of

them and killed two. We on our side had one man mortally wounded; and as we would not allow him to fall a victim to those barbarians, we carried him along with us; but before we had advanced one mile his sufferings became so great that he begged us to leave him to die in the forest, since our carrying him with us could not save him, and would only impede our flight; we therefore took leave of our dying companion, and proceeded onwards for some distance. At length we encamped in a convenient spot in a hilly part of the forest.

Now that our immediate danger was over, we began to reflect on our horrible situation. Our poor captain, in particular, who had lost a wife whom he loved more than himself, suffered an anguish beyond description. We could not conceive whence all the savages we had seen could have come, and how they could possibly be the inhabitants of those few huts. But we afterwards learned that they had assembled from all parts of the coast for the purpose of intercepting us, and that there were amongst them above fifty of those who had made the first attack upon us on our being cast on shore. Some had come even from Cape Greville, in 47 deg. 21 min. lat.

During the 9th, 10th, and 11th, it rained incessantly, and we wandered about the hills, scarcely knowing where, but only anxious to hide ourselves from the natives, whom we dared not meet in such unfavourable weather, our fire-arms having become perfectly useless. We suffered dreadfully from hunger, and were compelled to feed upon sponges, the soles of our boots, our furs and musket-covers. At last, however, even these wretched means failed likewise, and we again approached the last-mentioned river; but discovering two huts, and fearing to encounter the savages, the weather being still wet, we again retreated into the forest, where we passed the night. On the 12th, our last morsel of bread being consumed, and the quantity of sponges found not proving sufficient for sixteen men, we killed our faithful companion, a dog, and shared his flesh amongst us. Our distress had now arrived at such a pitch, that our captain resigned his command into my hands, with the approbation of the whole crew, declaring himself unable to conduct us any longer.

On the 13th the rain continued. On the 14th the weather cleared up, and we resolved to attack the two huts which we had noticed. We found them deserted by all their inmates, except a lad about thirteen years of age, who was a prisoner. This lad informed us that the

owners of these huts had hastily crossed the river on noticing our footmarks.

After taking twenty-five dried fish for each man, we again retreated to the woods. We had not proceeded far, however, when we saw one of the natives running after us, apparently with the intention of making some communication, but as we were apprehensive lest he should discover our retreat, we aimed at him with our muskets, and thus forced him to retreat. We then advanced until we reached the edge of a rivulet, where our party halted. I then went, with one of the hunters and an Aleootskian, to a neighbouring hill, for the purpose of reconnoitring. The hunter led the way, but had scarcely reached the summit, when I saw an arrow pierce his back. I immediately called out to the Aleootskian to draw the arrow out of the wound, but at the same moment he was wounded himself. I immediately looked round, and perceived a number of savages on a hill on the opposite side, and about twenty others running towards us with the intention of cutting us off from our comrades. The arrows fell about us like hail. I fired my rifle and wounded one of the savages in the leg, which induced the whole party to take to their heels, carrying the wounded man with them on their shoulders. The wounds of our two men proved slight; and we remained on this spot for two days, in order to recruit our strength.

(To be concluded in our next.)

SONNET TO A CHILD.

Thou darling child! When I behold the smile
Over thy rosy features brightly stray,
(Its light unrivall'd by the morning ray.)
Thy fair and open brow upraised the while,
With an appealing glance so void of guile,
(Untaught the trusting bosom to betray;
Thy sinless graces win my soul away
From dreams and thoughts, that darken and
defile!—
Scion of beauty! If a stranger's eye
Thus dwell upon thee; if his bosom's pain,
Charm'd by thine only smile, forget to smart,
Oh! how unutterably sweet her joy!
Oh! how indissolubly firm the chain,
Whose links of love entwine a Mother's heart!

Blackwood's Magazine.

The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM
NEW WORKS.

SERMONS AT NAPLES.

As for the common sermons that one hears on Sundays in the churches of Naples, they do not give, in general a great idea of the learning and oratorical

powers of the Neapolitan clergy. The orators either bewilder themselves in attempting to explain some of the mysteries of our religion (such as a preacher I heard in the church of *Lo Spirito Santo*, who, in order to render the idea of Trinity intelligible to his audience, employed comparisons drawn from the ancient mythology of Jupiter, Neptune, and Pluto); or, if they preach upon morality, they often enter into details either indelicate or degenerating into the burlesque. One of them preaching before a numerous audience, chiefly composed of females, and descending upon the evil consequences of the passion of love, described, in very lively colours, the beginning and progress of it, the oglees, billets doux, assignations, &c., by way of warning his auditors against the danger of such practices. A stranger, and even an Italian from any other part of Italy, is scandalized at the grossness of these Neapolitan sermons; but I have heard some of the national clergy assert that it is the only way to render them palatable to the greater part of their audience. The itinerant preachers and missionaries who are to be seen preaching in the streets of Naples mounted on a bench or stool, and addressing themselves chiefly to the *lazzaroni*, often reach the extreme of vulgarity in their expressions, to which their rude hearers listen with the greatest attention; and I have seen the latter, at the close of the exhortation, fall on their knees, beat their breasts, and shed penitential tears: the consequence is, that many of them follow the priest to his lodgings, confess their sins, return stolen articles, forgive their enemies, and, in short, make amends for their past misdeeds as far as lies in their power. We should not, therefore, in a foreign land, condemn rashly whatever is not consonant to our own ideas of propriety, but rather look to the effects of such things, and judge from these rather than from the methods employed. It is unnecessary to add that the sermons I here allude to, are delivered in the Neapolitan dialect, and are consequently unintelligible to most foreigners.

M. Viousseur's Italy and the Italians.

THE NEAPOLITANS.

A DISPOSITION to laziness prevails in the inhabitants of Naples, and this is a source of vice and indigence: *In otia nata Parthenope*. Work is done in a bad and slovenly manner; the principal object of workmen seems to be to cheat their masters, and labour as little as they can for their wages. A Neapolitan of the working class goes to dinner regularly at

twelve o'clock, and scarce any prospect of gain will make him delay this most important business; after dinner he generally lies down for a couple of hours; most of the shops are shut from one to four o'clock during the greater part of the year. Thus these people slumber away their life, and are consequently enervated and effeminate. Even the exercise of speech seems often burdensome to them; when not compelled by their passions or some other strong motive, they prefer expressing themselves by gestures. A stranger inquiring his way, or any other question, can hardly bring them to articulate a monosyllable in answer. I have seen a barber sitting gravely in his shop and dozing while his workmen attended to business, and a boy was fanning him and driving the flies from his face. This general inclination to indolence, and to the *dolce far niente*, accounts in a great measure for the misery of the lower classes; which is greater here than I have seen in any other country, and is particularly striking on holydays, and at their numerous festivals and processions, where thousands of ill-dressed people are to be seen, with scarce a person among them having on a *sociemberg* or decent coat. Another source of poverty is the thoughtlessness with which they contract marriages, without having any means of subsistence. The little money the parties can bring together is often barely sufficient to defray the expenses of the marriage ceremony, and of the nuptial dinner, and to provide them with a straw pallet, after which they are left to meet the morrow as well as they can; and it must be observed that they have not the resource of parish relief. The women are very prolific and give birth to swarms of little wretches, who run about the streets half starved, half naked, and dirty; and of whom, those that escape death marry in their turn as soon as they are of age,—and thus, a mendicant generation is continually perpetuated. Mothers carry their little ones in their arms from house to house, endeavouring to excite pity and to support themselves by begging. A man earning a *tari* a day, about eight-pence English, will think of marrying without any scruple. All the women, young and old, handsome or ugly, maids, or widows, think of nothing but marriage; it is the only scope of their actions, the goal which they all have in view. How might this propensity be checked in a country like this, or rather, how could its fatal consequences be prevented without incurring greater evils, is a question for political economists; connected as it is with so many civil and moral considerations, it seems to baffle human wisdom to

resolve it. It is perhaps one of the most striking instances in which one can hardly doubt the inevitability of moral evil.

Apathy and carelessness are prevailing features of the Neapolitan character. These people only live in the present; they drive away the idea of futurity as an unwelcome monitor, and whatever they do is marked with thoughtlessness and want of foresight. If a funeral passes by, although it be that of a friend, *salute a noi*, long life to us, they exclaim, shrugging up their shoulders with undisguised selfishness. I have seen them pass by the wretched objects of distress which abound in the streets of this capital, without paying the least attention to them; the sight of misery and disease does not in the least damp their spirits, and they hurry unfeelingly on from the starving beggar to go and squander their money at a party in the country or at a gambling-table. If they are in want of cash, they contract debts which they have not the means of ever acquitting, without reflecting that this course will lead them ultimately to prison or to an hospital. They eat as if they were taking their last meal; it is a common occurrence on Christmas-eve among the poor people to pledge or sell their clothes, their scanty furniture, and even their beds, to be able to regale themselves on the following day. All their desires are consecrated in the enjoyment of the moment; *carpe diem* seems to be the universal precept. The same disposition renders them fond of gambling; that exercise, by rousing their dormant energies, possesses great charms for them; and the deceiving hope of making their fortune in one night, attracts crowds to the fatal table, where they generally complete their ruin. It is a common practice among many people in this country to promise any thing to captivate the friendship of a person present, without giving themselves the trouble of considering whether they will be able to perform what they have engaged themselves to do; consequently, little trust is to be put in their words. When Vesuvius thunders aloud, or an earthquake threatens them with destruction—when fiery streams vomited from the roaring mouth of the volcano roll on, carrying devastation over the plains below—when the air is darkened by clouds of smoke and showers of ashes, the Neapolitans fall on their knees, fast, do penance, and follow the processions barefooted; but as soon as the roar has ceased, the flame has disappeared, and the atmosphere has recovered its wonted serenity, they return to their usual mode of life, they sink again to their former level, and the tinkling sounds of the *tamburrello* call

them again to the lascivious dance of the *taranella*.

Ibid.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton*.

EPITAPH ON A BAKER.

RICHARD FULLER lies buried here,
Do not withhold the crystal tear;
For when he liv'd he daily fed,
Woman and Man and child with bread.
But now, alas! he's turn'd to dust,
As thou and I, and all soon must;
And lies beneath this turf so green,
Where worms do daily feed on him.

P. F.

MR. SHERIDAN died July 7th, 1816, aged 55 years; but, the man who engraved the plate for his coffin, knowing that 50 was fifty, concluded that 505, would express 55, which was really engraved

INSCRIPTION IN THE BOWLING GREEN AT GRAVESEND.

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. ALDERMAN
NUNN,

An Honest man, and an excellent bowler.

Cuique est sua fama.

FULL forty long years was the Alderman seen,
The delight of each bowler, and king of this green:
As long be remembered his heart, and his name,
Whose hand was unerring, unrivalled whose fame.
His bias was good, and he always was found
To go the right way, and take enough ground.
The Jack to the uttermost verge he would send,
For the Alderman lov'd a full length at each end.
Now mourn every eye that has seen him display
The arts of the game, and the wiles of his play,
For the great bowler Death at one critical cast,
Has ended his length, and close rubb'd him at last.

F. W. posuit 1776.

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[PRICE 2d.]

Cottage in which Burns was born.



BURNS'S Cottage is situated at a short distance from Ayr, near to Kirk Alloway; and has nothing to recommend it, unless considered of consequence, on account of its being the birth-place of such an eminent poet.

The house was built by William Burness, the father of Robert, shortly after whose birth one end of it fell down, which occasioned an alarm easier conceived than described. This house consisted of a kitchen at one extremity, and at the other was a room, dignified with the luxury of a fire-place and chimney—things not usual, at that time, in the cottages of the peasantry of Scotland. William Burness also constructed in the kitchen, a concealed bed, with a small closet at the end, of the same materials as the house; and being altogether cast over with mortar, it had a neat and comfortable appearance.

The person who occupies it at present, has turned it into a snug public-house. At this house, yearly, on the birth-day of Burns, a social party meet, and celebrate it with festivity and rejoicing: scarcely a traveller passes, who does not then pay a tribute to the memory of the poet; and the possessor has contrived that none shall

pass without knowing who once inhabited it, by placing the following inscription near the door:—

Halt! passenger, and read:

This is the humble cottage
that gave birth to the celebrated Poet,
ROBERT BURNS.

The beautiful *Epitaph* written by Burns, on himself, is so strongly illustrative of his character, that we are persuaded a better finish cannot be given to the above, than by its insertion here. Precept, when founded on the deductions of experience, becomes of ten-fold greater value than when its crude advice is the simple inference of reflection.

Is there a whim-inspired fool,
Owre-fast for thought, owre-hot for rule,
Owre-blate to seek, owre proud to nool?
Let him draw near;
And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
And drap a tear.

Is there a Bard of rustic song,
Who, noteless, steals the crowds among
That weekly this area throng?

O, pass not oy!
But, with a frater-feeling-strong,
Here leave a sigh.

Is there a man, whose judgment clear,
 Can others teach the course to steer,
 Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,
 Wild as the wave?
 Here pause,—and, through the starting
 tear

Survey the grave.

The poor inhabitant below
 Was quick to learn, and wise to know—
 And keenly felt the friendly gloom,
 And softer flames;
 But thoughtless follies laid him low,
 And stain'd his name.

Reader, attend!—Whether thy soul
 Soars Fancy's flights beyond the pole,
 Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
 In low pursuit,
 Know—prudent, cautious, *self-control*,
 Is Wisdom's root.

ON HORSE-SHOES.

(For the Mirror.)

THE Greeks and Romans endeavoured, by means of some covering, to secure from injury the hoof of their horses, and other animals of burden. Aristotle and Pliny say, that shoes were put upon camels in the time of war, and during long journeys. Nero, when he undertook short journeys, was drawn by mules, which had silver shoes; and those of his wife, Poppæa, had shoes of gold.—Xenophon says, that certain people of Asia were accustomed, when the snow lay deep on the ground, to draw socks over the feet of their horses. As our horse-shoes were unknown to the ancients, they employed the utmost care to procure horses with strong hoofs, and tried every means to harden them. When Boniface, Marquess of Tuscany, one of the richest princes of his time, went to meet Beatrix, his bride, mother of the well-known Matilda, about the year 1038, his whole train was so magnificently decorated, that his horses were not shod with iron, but with silver: the nails were of the same metal; and when any of them dropped out, they belonged to those who found them. It is supposed, in the ninth century horses were not shod always, but only in the time of post, and on other particular occasions. The practice of shoeing appears to have been introduced in England by William the Conqueror.—We are informed that sovereign gave the city of Northampton, as a fief, to a certain person, in consideration of his paying a stated sum yearly for the shoeing of horses; and it is believed that Henry de Ferras, or Ferrera, who came over with William, and whose descendants still bear in their arms six horse-shoes, re-

ceived that surname because he was entrusted with the inspection of the farriers.* Horse-shoes have been found in the graves of some of the old Germans and Vandals, in the northern countries: but the antiquity of them cannot be ascertained. I should be glad if some fancier of modern days would throw a light upon the subject.

At Oakham, in Rutlandshire, there has long been a custom established, that the first time a peer of the realm comes within the precincts of the manor, he forfeits a shoe from his horse, to be nailed to the castle-wall. This due is now generally compounded for with money; and a shoe, made larger or smaller in proportion to the sum given in commutation, with the owner's name and titles cut on it, is fixed up in lieu of that from the horse's foot. Several horse-shoes, gilt, and of curious workmanship, in consequence, appear on the castle hall-door: some of them of considerable antiquity, and others of recent date. This custom seems to have been derived from the circumstance of the arms of the original owners of the castle bearing horse-shoes. (Near the church are ruins of an ancient castle, said to have been built in early Norman times, by *Walkelin de Ferrers*, son of the Earl of Derby.)—This custom, I should think more honoured in the breach than the observance;—but, no doubt, should the peer run restiff, and not quietly submit to this *truly-classic* ceremony, the *horse-pond* would be the result; and, as Shakspeare says—“I was thrown into the Thames, and cooled glowing hot in that surge, like a *horse-shoe*.”

P. T. W.

* See Brook's Discovery of Errors, in the Catalogue of the Nobility—page 198.

THE STUDENT'S SOLILOQUY,

IN Imitation OF SHAKSPEARE'S HAMLET.

(For the Mirror.)

To learn, or not to learn, 'that is the question:—
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
 The frowns and stripes of an imperious master,
 Or take up heels against the sea of troubles,
 And by eloping end them?—to run—to fly—
 To play—and by a flight to say, we end
 The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
 Our flesh is heir to: 'tis a consummation
 Sincerely to be wish'd: to run—to fly—
 Perchance to be a dunce! aye, there's the rub,
 For thro' this flight, what dread effects may come,
 When we have shuffled off this learned coil,
 Should give us pause. To run—to play—to be a
 dunce—
 Our parent's grief, our country's pest, yea, more,
 Foe to ourselves, and rebels to our God!
 To guilt, to death, to everlasting pain,
 Obnoxious. There's the respect
 That makes us fix our firm resolve, to pray
 To toil, to learn.—Who else in youth would bear
 The will controll'd, all fond indulgence lost
 The school boy's noise the usher's contumely,

The pangs of odious tasks, the master's laws,
The insolence of victors, and the spurns
That a poor boy of all his teachers takes,
When he himself might his *quietus* make
With a bare *fugit*? Who would fardels bear,
To groan, and sweat under a weary life
Of hardships, labour, and the painful tasks
Impos'd from *Latin, Hebrew, French, and*
Greek?

Besides the figures, fractions, knotty roots,
Points, lines and angles, circles, tot'ring curves,
Sines, tangents, secants, minus, or plus b
Problems perplexing; and the extra work
Of puzzling short-hand, and mnemonic toil,
Who this and more would bear? but that the
dread

Of something after youth, and age, and death.
That undiscovered country, from whose bourne
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather choose those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of.
Thus conscience, reason, interest, all persuade,
And thus the sickly wav'ring resolution
Is cur'd and strengthen'd by maturer thought;
With this regard, their currents urge along
And ripen into action.

T. A. C.

THE LEAVES OF ANTIQUITY.

*(From the German of G. Von Herder.)**(For the Mirror.)*

My spirit, wandering through the groves
of the antediluvian world, came to the
gates of Paradise; "What wouldst thou
here, mortal?" said that radiant form
which guarded the garden; but its radi-
ance was chastened, and, instead of the
fiery sword, in its hand was a palm branch.
"I would see the ancient dwelling of my
race," answered I, "the tree of life and
of knowledge, and those happy groves in
which the father of mankind was once
taught wisdom by creation and by Elohim
himself." "That Paradise has faded,"
said the cherub; "the tree of life is
placed in an immortal garden, and the
tree of knowledge blooms amongst all the
nations of the earth; know me," said the
cherub, and, touching me with his branch,
arose in the air.—What forms now met
mine eye! The voices of creation sounded
on my newly opened ear; every thing
living, the eagle and the ox, the man and
the lion, carried the throne of him who
liveth eternally.

There, where the ox moved, the lion
crouched down, while man, their first-
born brother, guided the chariot of crea-
tion; he was the priest of nature, who
presented the sacrifices and voices of all,
to him who liveth for ever; my soul dis-
solved in the harmony of creation.

The cherub stood once more before me.
The palm branch fell from his right hand;
its leaves were the unfolding leaves of the
most ancient tradition. "Receive them,"
said he; "read them, and explain them
to thy brethren." He vanished. I fol-
low the words of the cherub, who hath
survived the many generations of man.
On my lips be the language of the ancient

world; let my traditions breathe the dew
from the branch of Paradise.

THE CHILD OF MERCY.

AT the creation of man, the Most High
assembled in council the highest of the
angels around him.

"Create him not!" said the angel of
peace; "with human blood he will ma-
nure the earth; the first-born of his race
shall be the murderer of his brother."

"Create him not!" said the angel of
justice; "he will be unjust towards his
brother; he will be cruel and unmerciful
towards the weak."

With lies shall he pollute thy sanctu-
ary," said the angel of truth, "though
thou shouldst engrave that faithful seal,
thy likeness, on his countenance."

They spake yet, when Mercy, the
youngest, dearest child of the Eternal
Father, appeared before the throne, and
clasped his knees. "Form him," said
he, "in thy likeness, a favourite of thy
goodness; when all thy servants forsake
him, I will seek him, assist him, and
draw him nearer thee; I will make the
heart of the weak compassionate towards
the weaker; when he deviates from the
paths of peace and truth, when he offends
against justice, the consequences of his
error shall lead him back and amend
him."

The Father of mankind created man
an erring, feeble creature; but even in
error the child of his goodness, the son of
mercy and of a love which never forsakes
him, always amending him.

Man! remember thine origin when
thou art cruel and unjust; of all the at-
tributes of the Most High, mercy hath
chosen thee, and living, compassion and
love drew thee towards the maternal breast.

THE VINE.

AT the time of the creation, the trees re-
joiced each in its own beauty. "The
Lord hath planted me," exclaimed the
mighty cedar; "in me hath he com-
bined firmness and perfume, durability
and strength." "Jehovah's grace hath
planted me for a blessing," said the
shady palm, "in me hath he united
utility and beauty." "As a bridegroom
amongst the young men," said the apple-
tree, "do I exalt myself above the trees
of Paradise." "As a rose amongst
thorns," said the myrtle, "I stand
amongst my sisters, the lowly shrub."
They rejoiced all of them; the fir and
pine also rejoiced. The vine alone was
silent and drooping. "To me," it ex-
claimed, "every thing is denied, trunk
and branches, blossoms and fruit; but as
I am, I will yet wait and hope." It

drooped not long. The deity of the garden, man, approached it; he saw a weak shrub, the sport of the winds, lie drooping and expecting his assistance; he raised it compassionately, and wound it round his arbour. The winds played joyfully around it; the solar rays now pierced the hard berries, preparing in them a sweet juice, a beverage for gods and man. Adorned with luxuriant grapes, the vine bowed down to its lord; he tasted its refreshing juice, and called it his friend. The proud trees now envied the weakly shrub; but it rejoiced in its slender form, and continued to hope. Therefore does its juice even now enliven the heart of man; it raises the courage of the downcast, and refreshes the afflicted.

Despair not, thou that art forsaken; continue to suffer patiently. The sweetest juice springs from an inconsiderable source; the weakly vine produces pleasure and animation.

THE TREES OF PARADISE.

WHEN the Almighty first led man to Paradise, the trees bowed down before him. Each with inclined head offered to the beloved of God its fruit for refreshment and shade for repose. "O that he would choose me," said the palm; "I would cover him with my shade, and with my flowing juice would I refresh him."—"I would cover thee with my blossoms, and my sweetest fruit would I present to thee!" such was the exclamation of the apple-tree. Jehovah led Adam to them all, named them, and permitted the enjoyment of them all, save one, the tree of knowledge.

"The tree of knowledge," said man, mentally; "every tree offers me but earthly, corporeal nourishment, and shall this tree, the only one which invigorates my mind, shall this tree be forbidden?" He suppressed the thought, but when the voice of temptation spake unto him, he tasted the fruits, whose poison now thrills in our veins.

We esteem that which is permitted us little, and ardently desire that which is forbidden. We will not be happy by that which we already possess, but grasp at something which is far above us, far above our reach.

"Thou hast laid a hard command upon man," said the higher spirits on the return of the Most High; "for what is more attractive to a being whom thou hast endowed with reason, than knowledge? For that, wilt thou punish him with death? Soon will he trespass on thy commands."

"Behold! how I will punish him,"

said the Most High, "even on the thorny path of error, even there will I guide him to another tree—of a higher Paradise."

LILIS AND EVE.

ADAM wandered in solitude through the groves of Paradise. He tended the trees, named the animals, and rejoiced in the wondrous fruitfulness of creation; but he found nothing with whom he could share the pleasures of his heart. His eye at length fixed on one of those aerial beings with which, says tradition, the earth was peopled long before the creation of man, and which his then clearer vision enabled him to perceive. Lilis was the name of this beautiful being, who, with her sisters, dwelt in the trees, and lived but on the most delicious odours. "All creatures," said the father of mankind, "live united. O! that this beauteous form were united to me." The All-wise heard him and replied: "Thou hast cast thy favour on a being who is not created for thee; nevertheless, to shew thee thine error, thy desire shall be granted." He uttered the word of transformation, and Lilis stood before him. Adam flew quickly towards her, but instantly was he convinced of his error, for Lilis, the handsome but proud Lilis, drew away from his embraces. "Am I," said she, "of thine origin? Of the air of the heavens was I formed, and not of vile earth. My life is eternal; the power of spirits is mine, and odours my celestial food. I will not multiply with thee the vile race of the sons of the dust." She fled, and did not return unto him.

Jehovah said, "It is not good that man should be alone; I will give him a helpmate meet for him." A deep sleep fell upon Adam; a prophetic vision shewed him his newly-formed bride. It arose from his side of one being with himself. Joyfully he awoke and saw his second self, and when Jehovah led the lovely being towards him, "Thou art mine," exclaimed he; "woman shall thou be called, for from man wert thou taken."

Therefore, when God loveth a youth, he giveth him his other half—the portrait of his soul. Feeling that they are created for each other, they become daily more closely united. But he who early seeks strange charms, and desires the being who was not created for him, receives for punishment a strange half—two opposite souls in one body; they hate each other, and bring each other, through a life of torment, to an early grave.

(To be concluded in our next.)

MULTUM IN PARVO.

(For the Mirror.)

WINDS were little noticed by the ancients in the infancy of navigation. Four only mentioned by Homer. Coals were discovered near Newcastle, 1234. Coffee was first introduced into England by Mr. Nathaniel Canopus, a Cretan, who made it his common beverage, at Baliol College, Oxford, 1641. Chocolate was introduced into Europe from Mexico, 1520. Arm-chairs are said to have been invented by an Alderman of Cripplegate. A pinch of snuff put on the back of a frog or toad, occasions to these reptiles instant convulsions and death. Celery was first introduced at the English tables by Count Tallard, during his captivity in England, after the battle of Malplaquet, 1709. Apricots were first planted in England, 1540, they originally came from Epirus. Baking of bread was invented 1400 years before Christ. Bands for lawyers were first used by Judge Finch, 1615—for clergymen, 1625. Buckles were invented in 1680. A silver penny was the largest coin in England in 1302. Fifty Sheriffs of London were appointed in one day, July 2, 1734, thirty-five of whom paid their fines. The Roman ladies poisoned their husbands; one hundred and seventy suffered death for it; this was the first example of such a crime, year 331. Rent in England was first made payable in money, in the year 1553, instead of kind. Gardening was introduced into England from the Netherlands, from whence vegetables were imported till 1509. Musk-melons and apricots cultivated in England; the pale gooseberry, with salad, garden roots, cabbage, &c. brought from Flanders, and hops from Artois, in 1520. The damask rose brought here by Dr. Linacre, physician to Henry VIII. Pippins brought to England by Leonard Mascall, of Plumstead, Sussex, 1525. Currants, or Corinthian grapes, first planted in England, 1555, brought from Zante. The musk rose and several sorts of plums from Italy, by Lord Cromwell. In fact, we are indebted to various distant countries for our finest flowers and vegetables, which by the industry and the art of man, are made to flourish and scatter their charms in less hospitable regions. The jasmine comes from the East Indies; the elder tree from Persia; the daffodil from Italy; the lily from Syria; the tube-rose from Java and Ceylon; the carnation and pink from Italy; apples from Syria; cherries from Pontus; beans and peas from Spain; cresses from Crete; asparagus from Asia;

from Egypt; cabbage and lettuce from Holland; fennel from the Canary Islands; gourds from Astracan. Rye and wheat from Tartary and Siberia, where they are yet indigenous. Books in the present form were invented by Attalus, king of Pergamus, 887; the first supposed to be written in Job's time; 30,000 were burnt by order of Leo, 761; a very large estate given for one on Cosmography, by king Alfred; were sold at £10 to £30 a piece about the year 1400; the first printed one was the vulgate edition of the Bible, 1462; the second was, "Cicero de Officiis," 1466; Cornelius Nepos, published in Russia, April 29, 1762.

P. T. W.

TO A SISTER.

To watch beside the bed of death,
To gild with smiles the couch of sorrow,
And watch the heaving trembling breath,
That will not want thy care to-morrow.
Dear Mary, when with grief oppress'd,
Your friendship sooth'd my heart desponding;
On thy kind breast when sunk to rest,
You've soothed me on the dawn of morning.
Had I the power your fate to fix,
Your hours should fly on rapture's pinion
A mother's joys—domestic bliss,
And never know despair's dominion.
And when your useful life should close,
Be every aid and comfort given;
And peaceful sink in sweet repose,
Your soul should waft its flight to Heaven.

E. D.

THE SICK CHILD, A MIDNIGHT SKETCH.

BY MRS. C. B. WILSON.

(For the Mirror.)

HE sleeps!—the infant sufferer sleeps,
Unconscious of the bitter pain;
The anxious watch a mother keeps;
The sighs she would repress—in vain;
While o'er his couch she leans and weeps,
Fast as the drops of summer rain!
He sleeps!—nor dreams he of the care,
That rends a mother's aching breast.
He hears not the low murmur'd prayer,
(Where hope seems wrestling with despair,)
That asks his life, while others rest!
He hears it not!—"Oh, God!" she cries,
"Give ME, to bear, this infant's pain;
I'll murmur not;—so those sweet eyes,
Awake to health, and joy again;—
And light will seem, my agonies,
So that *his* lips may not complain!"
Fond mourner! know'st thou not, in love,
In mercy, was this chastening sent,
By HIM who rules and reigns above,
Some greater evil to remove,
And not for wrathful punishment?
Perchance, to shew thy heart how frail
Are the best hopes we cling to here;—
To warn thee, by that cheek so pale,
And that fair brow, as marble clear,
How early death may rend the veil
That covers our existence here!
To teach thee, should you suffer live,
To train him for a world more pure;
Not for the honours EARTH can give.
(That only glitter to deceive.)
But make his heavenly calling sure!
Perchance, 'twas sent to bid thy heart,
That too much worship'd earthly things,

Embrace that wiser, better part,
 To which no worldly passion clings;
 To shew how weak—how frail thou art—
 How vain the blessings, fortune brings!
 Deem it not hard!—Heav'n doth approve
 The feelings of a soul like thine;
 For sacred is a mother's love;—
 And angels waft such sighs above,
 As off rings at religion's shrine!

The Topographer.

No. III.

EDWARD THE CONFESSOR'S FONT.

ON the site of a small inn, known by the sign of the Red Lion, near the middle of the town of Islip in Oxfordshire, anciently stood the palace of King Ethelred; and a portion of its front walls, five or six feet in thickness, remained till within the last few years. In the same yard also stood an ancient building, long used as a barn, but said to have been the identical chapel appertaining to the Saxon palace. Warton is of opinion that this building was maintained in a decent condition, with the establishment of regular service, by the monks of Westminster, till their dissolution in 1540; and says he has a confused remembrance of seeing an old donation for the sustenance of a perpetual lamp to burn before the sign altar in the royal chapel of Islip, under the trust and supervision of the abbots of Westminster.

In this edifice stood a stone font, which tradition had unhesitatingly pronounced to be that in which the Confessor was baptized; and this tradition received the support of Plot, Wood, and Hearne. On the desecration of the chapel in the protectorate of Cromwell, the font was removed to the Plume of Feathers' inn, and applied to the meanest uses. Hearne has recorded that an old lady kept meat to cram her turkeys in this font, but that the turkeys all died, to the great disarrangement of her Christmas dinner, and disappointment of her friends in London. In 1660 it was purchased and carried to Kiddington by Mr. Browne, and placed in his gardens, where it still remains, the property of his descendant, Charles Browne Mostyn, Esq. Its claim, however, to such high antiquity was justly doubted by Warton, who remarked that "the traceries and construction did not agree with the rude arts of the Saxons in the time of King Ethelred, though he admits it may be possible that its substance is the same, under a different form," for," adds he, "it is natural to suppose that the abbots of Westminster, who had a country seat at Islip, paid all due attention to their founder's font, and would repair or renew it if decayed."

The block of stone in which the basin of immersion is excavated, is unusually massy, and when struck, sounds like a bell. It is of an octangular shape, and the outside adorned with irregular tracery work. The interior diameter of the basin is thirty inches, and the depth twenty; at the bottom is an aperture for draining off the water. With the pedestal, which is of a piece with the rest, it is five feet high, and bears the following imperfect inscription in capitals:—

THIS SACRED FONT SAINT EDWARD
 FIRST RECEAVD
 FROM WOMB TO GRACE, FROM GRACE
 TO GLORY WENT
 HIS VIRTUOUS LIFE. TO THIS
 FAYRE ISLE BEQVETHD
 PRAISE AND TO VS LENT
 LET THIS REMAINE THE TROPHIES
 OF HIS FAME
 A KING BAPTIZ'D FROM HENCE A
 SAINT BECAME.

Warton is of opinion this inscription was cut in the stone long before its removal from the chapel, and the notification afterwards added, "This font came from the King's chapel in Islip."

After the desecration of this edifice, as before related, it continued to be used as a barn or out-house till about 1780, when, being found dangerous, it was taken down, and the present barn constructed out of its materials. The chapel was fifteen yards long and seven broad, and latterly covered with thatch. The remains of several human bodies have been dug up within the precincts of this farm yard at different periods, evidently proving it to have been once used as a place of sepulture.—*Dunkin's Oxfordshire.*

JOHN O'GROAT'S HOUSE.

JOHN DE GROAT'S HOUSE, a memorable place in the parish of Cainsby, perhaps, owes its fame less to the circumstance of its local situation at the northern extremity of the island, than to an event which it may not be improper to relate, as it inculcates an useful lesson of morality. In the reign of James IV. of Scotland, three brothers, Malcolm, Gavin, and John de Groat, supposed to have been originally from Holland, arrived in Caithness, with a letter from that prince, recommending them to the countenance and protection of his loving subjects in the county of Caithness. These brothers bought some land, near Dungisbayhead; and in a short time, by the increase of their families, eight different proprietors of the name of Groat possessed these lands, in equal divisions.

These eight families having lived peaceably and comfortably for a number of years, established an annual meeting, to celebrate the anniversary of the arrival of their ancestors on the coast. In the course of the festivity on one of these occasions, a question arose respecting the right of taking the door, the head of the table, and such points of precedency—each contending for the seniority and chieftainship—which increased to such a degree as would probably have proved fatal in its consequences, had not John de Groat, who appears to have acquired great knowledge of mankind, interfered. He expatiated on the comfort they had heretofore enjoyed, owing to the harmony which had existed between them: he assured them, that as soon as they appeared to quarrel among themselves, their neighbours, who had till then treated them with respect, would fall upon them, and expel them the country.—He, therefore, conjured them by the ties of blood, and their mutual safety, to return quietly to their several homes, and pledged himself that he would satisfy them on all points of precedency, and prevent the possibility of such disputes in future at their anniversary meetings. They all acquiesced, and departed in peace. In due time, John de Groat, to fulfil his engagement, built a room distinct from all other houses, in an octagon figure, with eight doors, and placed a table of oak, of the same shape, in the middle. When the next meeting took place, he desired each of them to enter by his own door, and to sit at the head of the table—he himself occupied the last. By this ingenious contrivance, the harmony and good humour of the company was restored. The building was then named, John de Groat's House; and though nothing remains but the foundation of the building, the place still retains the name, and deserves to be remembered for the good intention and sound judgment which gave it origin.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE PLEASURES OF BRIGHTON.

A NEW SONG BY THE CIVIC VISITANTS.

Here's one Mrs. Hoggins from Aldgate,
Miss Dobson and Deputy Dump,
Mr. Spriggins has left Norton-Falgate,
And so has Sir Christopher Crump.
From Shoreditch, Whitechapel and Wapping,
Miss Fotts, Mr. Grub, Mrs. Keats,
In the waters at Brighton are popping,
Or killing their time in its streets.

And it's O! what will become of us?

Dear! the Vapours and Blue-
Devils will seize upon some of us
If we have nothing to do.

This here, ma'am is Sally, my daughter,
Whose shoulder has taken a start,
And they tell me, a dip in salt water
Will soon make it straight as a dart:—
Mr. Banter assured Mrs. Mumps,
(But he's always a playing his fun,)
That the camel that bathes with two humps,
Very often comes out but with one.
And it's O! &c.

And here is my little boy, Jacky,
Whose godfather gave me a hint,
That by salt-water baths in a crack he
Would cure his unfortunate squint.
Mr. Yellowy's looking but poorly,
It isn't the jaundice, I hope;
Would you recommend bathing? O, surely,
And let him take—plenty of soap.
And it's O! &c.

Your children torment you to jog 'em
On donkeys that stand in a row,
But the more you belabour and flog 'em,
The more the cross creatures won't go:
T'other day, ma'am, I thump'd and I cried,
And my darling roar'd louder than me,
But the beast wouldn't budge till the tide
Had bedraggled me up to the knee!
And it's O! &c.

At Ireland's I just took a twirl in
The swing, and walk'd into the Maze,
And, lauk! in that arm-chair of Merlin
I tumbled all manner of ways
T'other night Mr. Briggs and his nevy
To Tuppen's and Walker's would go,
But I never beheld such a levee,
So monstrously vulgar and low!
And it's O! &c.

On the Downs you are like an old jacket,
Hung up in the sunshine to dry;
In the town you are all in a racket,
With donkey-cart, whiskey, and fly.
We have seen the Chain Pier, Devil's Dyke,
The Chalybeate Spring, Rottingdean,
And the Royal Pagoda, how like
Those bedaub'd on a tea-board or screen!
And it's O! &c.

We have pored on the sea till we're weary,
And lounged up and down on the shore
Till we find all its gaiety dreary,
And taking our pleasure a bore
There's nothing so charming as Brighton,
We cry as we're scampering down,
But we look with still greater delight on
The day that we go back to town.
For it's O! &c.

New Monthly Magazine.

ROYAL TOMBS AT THEBES.

RETURNING to Thebes, we set out early in the morning on a visit to the tombs of the kings, and passing again near the ruins of Kurnu, sought the house of Osmin, an Arab, who keeps the keys. Having waited two hours till he arrived, he soon set before us a couple of fowls, and some cakes of bread, spread on a mat in the open air, as we had a fatiguing walk before us. The path was first across the sand, and then a continual and tedious ascent up the mountains, till it approached the place of the sepulchres. They are situated in a kind of amphitheatre formed by naked and pointed summits of the mountains: in the middle of this is a steep descent or chasm, and at its bottom are the entrances of these abodes of the

dead. Descending a flight of steps, the door of the largest tomb was opened, and the passage, by a slight descent, conducted into the various chambers. The surprise and delight felt at viewing these wonderful cemeteries can hardly be expressed; there is no spectacle in the world, perhaps, like that which they afford. The chambers are fourteen in number, hewn out of the solid rock; and the walls and ceilings are covered with bas-reliefs, in the highest state of perfection, which is owing partly to their having been carefully preserved from injury and from the external air. The painting looks as fresh as if laid on but a few years ago. The figures, finely and deeply cut in the rock, are of various colours, some of a light and deep blue, yellow, or red, with a mixture of white; they are in some parts diminutive; in others, three or four feet in height. These groups of figures represent sometimes the progress of the arts or the production of agriculture; in one part you see a long religious procession, in another a monarch sitting on his throne, dressed in his splendid attire, and giving audience to his subjects; or a spectacle of death, where a corpse is laid out on the bier attended by mourners: various animals also, as large as life, and a number of serpents, the different hues and folds of the body of which are beautifully executed, in particular one of a large size of the Boa Constrictor. The features of the women in these representations bear a close resemblance to those of Modern Egypt; the face oval, the complexion rather dark, the lips full, the expression soft and gentle, and altogether African. In some of the chambers the sculptures on the walls and ceilings are only partially executed, the work being evidently left in an unfinished state. The ambition of a monarch to eternize his memory or preserve his remains untouched, never could have chosen a more suitable or wildly impressive situation.

Ibid.

AMERICAN AND SCOTCH ADVENTURERS.

THERE were several renegades attached to the Pacha's army; among others, a young American of some talents and good family, who came to Egypt, turned Mahometan, and got an appointment in the Pacha's army, but was soon disgusted with a campaign in the desert of Senaar. He quitted the camp in company with a Scotchman, a soldier in the same army, and after a painful journey arrived at Cairo. At the time I knew him there, he had an appointment as a writer in some

way under the Pacha with a small salary. He should have made a pilgrimage to Mecca, the only object almost worth turning Mahometan for, if to indulge in Turkish voluptuousness was his aim; but he was not rich enough, for it requires means in Egypt as well as in Europe to live a life of pleasure. However, at Cairo he was often in company with a missionary for the conversion of the Jews, and an excellent man, whose discourses made him perceive the folly of Mahometanism, though he had written a treatise in defence of it. He accordingly became extremely penitent, was conveyed down the Nile secretly to Alexandria, and on reaching Europe was received once more into the bosom of Christianity.

His companion, the Scotchman, was more unfortunate: he went about the streets of Cairo with little on him except a blanket, and sometimes came to me for relief. "I can make it badly out, Sir," said he to me one day, "among the Turks; I shall turn Christian again." In the way to Girgeh the wind became violent for one or two days, and obliged the vessel to stop. One afternoon in order to pass the time, I took a walk to a village at some distance, and seating myself beneath a palm, took out a volume of the Arabian Nights to read. After some time two Arabs came up, and sat down beside me. The book was beyond their comprehension, save that a figure of a beautiful Eastern princess in the frontispiece interested them wonderfully. One of them, an old fellow with a beard, made the most expressive signs of admiration, while his eyes sparkled with pleasure. They invited me to enter the village; where, being seated on the floor of a cottage, they set dates and milk before me, and a number of women gathered before the door out of curiosity. The custom they have of concealing a good part of their faces is a very laudable one: considering the number of fine-looking men among the Arabs, it is strange there should be such almost universal plainness among the other sex in Egypt.—*Ibid.*

GAMING HOUSES AT PARIS.

THERE are nine public Gaming Houses at Paris, licensed by the French Government, and the holders of them pay annually to the Government six millions of francs (250,000*l.*) for permission to keep them. The capital daily appropriated as a bank for the whole, is about 30,000*l.*

The first in consideration is the "Salon," in the Rue Grange Battelliere; then "Frescati," in the Rue Richelieu; and subsequently No. 9, 154, and others, in

Palais Royal, and different parts of Paris.—The games played are, rouge et noir, roulette, and hazard.

The dealers of the cards, and those who officiate at roulette and hazard, are not allowed to play themselves, but receive a Napoleon per day (10s 8d.) as their pay.

The "Salon" alone requires an introduction from one of the members to the French Marquess, who presides, before a stranger can enter.

When a stranger has been introduced, there is usually an invitation sent him to dine at the Salon on Thursday, on which day a magnificent dinner is given gratis to all the members. Every delicacy is provided, and the choicest wines—Champagne in abundance, which is drunk only in *tumblers*. Too many have found to their sorrow, that this dinner, nominally gratis, has cost them many hundred pounds! Dinner being over, the company adjourn to the tables below, where the play goes on briskly. After dinner a man is leas on his guard, and Champagne is a stimulus to play with freedom and resolution. Of this the "chêf" of the Salon is well aware, and some of the numerous waiters in attendance are ready to lend money to those who may have lost all which they had about them.

This arrangement, which at first appears hazardous, is in reality productive of immense profit, for if lost (which is too often the case), the money is in fact paid back to the *concern*; and if the borrower *should* win, he usually refunds the loan before leaving the room; and if unsuccessful, it remains for him to repay the waiters as "a debt of honour." Lending money to a losing gamester is like attempting to fill a leaky vessel."

This system of lending is productive of ruin to many who play; for a man can retire without being hurt, after losing *only* the money which he had in his pocket; but he may lose thousands if he continue to borrow; for there is a disposition in gamesters to pursue a run of ill luck, and the feelings are actuated by a sort of frenzy and spirit of revenge to regain that which they feel as if unjustly deprived of.—Let a man win, and the gratification he feels renders him almost incapable of leaving the tables; or if he retires, it is only to come again; so that he must lose the more he plays. It is like buying all the tickets in a lottery.

A short time since, a foreign Prince won at the Salon 10,000*l.*; with such a sum many a man would have thought himself content, but to win is productive of nearly as much ill as to lose,—

"Quo plus sunt potus, plus stittantur equus."

This young man was so intoxicated with

success, that he distressed himself by not only losing that sum, but an *additional* 8,000*l.*

At two o'clock in the morning a supper is provided "gratis" at the Salon; this *hour* is probably chosen, because few come to supper, except to play, as the opera and theatres shut much earlier, and except the "gamester," most persons have retired. The Salon continues open until five or six o'clock in the morning. At the Salon only rouge et noir and hazard are played.

An English nobleman well known as a great frequenter both of the Salon and Frescati, lost a short time since 40,000*l.*

At Frescati rouge et noir and roulette are played both day and night.—Here neither dinner nor supper is provided, but a number of "women of the town" of superior appearance are allowed to enter, and they attract numbers of persons.

Twice or thrice in the year a magnificent ball and supper is given "gratis," and to add to the splendour, several of the opera girls are hired to dance.

It might be said, in reference to the *ruin occasioned by play* after dinner at the Salon, and the general *bad consequence of a habit of playing*, that a dinner at the "Salon" operates as "poison," and in the same way, the "beauty met with at Frescati," may be considered as "fatal."

The gaming houses in the Palais Royal are open day and night, and free entrance is allowed to all who choose to go in. They offer no inducement beyond the hope of gain.

How inconsistent and absurd on the part of Louis XVIII. to forbid on *Sunday night* the opera being performed, when every night in the week these *hells* are open to the public! What mockery, when we read that the "sacred cause of religion alone" induced the Duke of Angoulême to invade Spain with a numerous army, when in the Capital of his uncle such depravity of morals, and frequent self-destruction, are occasioned by licensed and encouraged gaming!

The number of suicides in Paris are calculated at one per day, and it is considered that gaming is one of the first and most powerful causes for such destructor of human life.

Before any one embarks his fortune a play, let him consider the impossibility of winning for a continuance, because the *chances are largely in favour* of the tables; were it otherwise, how could 250,000*l.* be paid to Government? How is Champagne and a splendid dinner for forty or more persons to be provided weekly at the Salon?—And the balls,

suppers, and the beauties of Frescati, who offer these to the public? The losers!!—And who wins? No one!!

The gamester is always poor; for whatever he wins he considers as brass, and whatever he loses he values as gold!

It is as reasonable to expect a "cherry clock," veered by "every wind," to maintain the precision of the movement of the wheel of a steam-engine, as for any one to believe he can possibly win at any of the public Gaming Tables.

Last year the principal holder of the Gaming Tables, after paying every expense, is said to have netted 20,000*l.*

Gentleman's Magazine.

DREADFUL SHIPWRECK.

(Concluded from page 222.)

FINDING it impracticable to reach the harbour this season, having no means of crossing the river, we resolved to follow the stream upwards, till we should reach a convenient spot for fishing, where we intended to intrench ourselves for the winter; after which we might act according to circumstances. This march was a very laborious one, for we were frequently compelled to leave the banks of the river on account of the thick underwood and rugged precipices with which they were lined; the rain, moreover, was incessant. After several days' journey, our progress in a straight line did not exceed twenty wersts. We were fortunate enough, however, to meet occasionally with some of the natives fishing in their boats on the river, who consented to sell us a few fish for beads and other trifles. At last, worn out with fatigue and hunger, we reached two huts, and necessity again compelled us to make a forced purchase of fish, as the inhabitants were at first unwilling to sell us any, alleging that the high water allowed the fish to pass over the framework which they had laid across the river, and rendered them scarce.

We encamped at a short distance, and on the following morning were surprised by the arrival of two of the natives, who, after some general conversation, desired to know whether we were not inclined to ransom Anna (Mrs. Bulugin). Mr. B. instantly offered his last cloak, and every one of us adding some part of his clothes, we soon formed a considerable heap, which we cheerfully offered for the ransom of the unfortunate captive. But the savages insisted on having four muskets in addition, declaring that their countrymen would not part with her for a lower price. Not wishing to give them an absolute denial, we demanded that we should be allowed to see the lady before

we took further steps. The savages consented, and she soon appeared, attended by a great number of them, on the opposite shore. At our request, two men accompanied her in a boat, till within fifteen or twenty fathoms of us, where we again began bargaining for her. It would be in vain to attempt a description of the ensuing scene. The unfortunate couple were melted into tears, and their convulsive sobs almost deprived them of utterance. We also wept; and none but the unfeeling natives remained unmoved. The lady told her husband that she had been humanely and kindly treated, that the other prisoners were also alive, and now at the mouth of the river. In the mean time, the natives persisted in their demand of four muskets; and finding us unyielding on this point, they at length carried their prisoner back again to the opposite shore. Mr. Balugin, upon this, assuming the air of a commander, ordered me peremptorily to deliver up the muskets. In vain did I urge the impolicy of such an act, representing that having but one serviceable musket for each man left, the giving up of so many, which would be immediately employed against us, would lead to our certain destruction. He persisted in his demand, till the men all declared that they would not separate themselves from their muskets at any price. In thus determining, we all felt deeply for the distress of the poor man; but when it is considered that our lives or liberty were at stake, our conduct will be judged leniently. After this sad event we pursued our journey for several days, till we were suddenly stopped by a heavy fall of snow; and as there was no appearance of its melting speedily, we began to clear a spot, and collect materials to build a house, residing in the mean time in temporary huts. We constantly saw boats with natives on the river; and one day, a youth, the son of a toën, with two other men, landed with his canoe and paid us a visit. He told us that their hut was not far off, and on our offering to send one of our men with them, for the purpose of purchasing provisions, they seemed highly pleased, expecting, no doubt, to obtain another prisoner; but in this they were disappointed: the man went with them, but the young toën was detained as a hostage till his return. He came back empty-handed, for the savages, whom he had found to the number of six men and two women, would not sell him any thing. Having thus been cheated by these savages, we now detained them all, and dispatched six of our men, armed with muskets, in their boat to the hut, whence they soon

returned with all the fish they could find in it. We then made some presents to our prisoners and dismissed them. Soon after an old man brought us ninety salmons, for which we paid him with copper buttons.

A few days after this we entered upon our new habitation; it was a square hut, with sentry-boxes at the angles. Soon after we were again visited by the young toñ, our neighbour: we asked him to sell us some fish, but receiving a rude answer, we put him under arrest, declaring that he should not be released till he had furnished us with our winter store, viz. — four hundred salmons, and four bladders of Caviar. He immediately dispatched his companions, who returned to him twice in the course of the week, holding secret conferences with him. At last he asked us for a passage for his boats, which being granted, we soon saw thirteen boats, containing about seventy people of both sexes, going down the river; these people soon returned to us with the articles required. We also obtained of them a boat sufficiently large to carry six persons. We then dismissed the young man, after presenting him with a spoiled musket and a few clothes.

We frequently sent our boat up the river, and wherever we found any fish in the huts, seized upon them as lawful prizes. One day, when our boat was absent on one of these excursions, we had occasion to stop several boats full of savages, who were rowing in the same direction. As soon as our boat returned, we allowed them to proceed; they declined, however, saying that as our boat had taken away their fish, they had no farther business. I endeavoured to make them understand, that having been driven to this spot by their cruelty, we had no other resource for the preservation of our lives, than seizing upon their stores. I assured them, however, that we would content ourselves with what we could find up the river, if they would leave us unmolested for the winter, nor would we ever, in such case, send our boat downwards. This diplomatic point having been agreed to, we remained undisturbed during the whole winter, and in possession of abundance of food.

Being informed that the savages were gathering in large numbers at the mouth of the river, and preparing to obstruct our progress along the coast in every possible manner, it was resolved to build another boat, with which we might, in the ensuing spring, ascend the river as high as possible, and then, turning towards the south, endeavour to reach the river Columbia, about which the natives are less barbarous. The task was difficult,

but it was executed; and we only waited for mild weather to enter upon our hazardous expedition, when an event occurred which frustrated the whole of our plan.

Mr. Bulugin resumed his command; and having embarked in our boats, we left our barrack on the 8th of February, 1809, and sailed down the river. We stopped at the same spot where the year before Mrs. Bulugin had been produced to us. We now clearly perceived the object of our captain; but so great was our compassion for his sufferings, that we silently resigned ourselves to the dangers to which he was about to expose us.

Here we were visited by an old man, who presented us with an *ishkat* (a watertight basket made of branches), full of a species of root of which mariners brew a kind of acid liquor. He showed himself very attentive, and offered to pilot us down the river, the navigation of which was rather intricate, on account of the many trees that were floating in it; we accepted his offer, and he acquitted himself honourably. Having reached a small island, he ordered us to come to, and he went on shore. He returned soon after, informing us that there were many people on the island, who would shoot at us if we attempted to pass; he offered, therefore, to take us through a narrow channel, where we should be safe. We had nothing left but to trust to his honour, and we were not disappointed. We reached the mouth of the river in safety, and landed on a spot opposite an Indian village. Here our guide, whose name was *L'ullijujuk*, left us, after we had presented him with a shirt, a neckcloth, and a tin medal, cast for the occasion, and which we requested him to wear suspended about his neck.

Next morning we were visited by a great many natives, and among them we recognized the woman who had deceived us, and drawn Mrs. B. and her companions into captivity. We immediately seized her, together with a young man, and, having fastened logs of wood to their feet, we declared that they should remain our prisoners till our people were restored to us. Soon after the woman's husband made his appearance, and assured us that they were not among them, having been allotted to another tribe; but that he would go in search of them, and bring them to us in four days, if we would only promise not to kill his wife in the interval.

We now entrenched ourselves on a neighbouring hill; and about a week after, a number of savages appeared on the opposite shore of the river, expressing a wish to enter into treaty with us.

I immediately went down to the water's edge, attended by several of our people. An elderly man, dressed in the European style, appeared as the leader of the opposite party, amongst whom was Mrs. B. She immediately told us that our female prisoner was the sister of the chief, that they were both kind people, to whom she owed the greatest obligations, and demanded that we would instantly set her at liberty. On our telling her, however, that her husband would not liberate her, unless she herself were first restored to him, she replied, to our horror and consternation, that she was very well contented to stay where she was; at the same time advising us to deliver ourselves also to her present protectors. Their chief, she said, was a candid and honourable man, well known on this coast, who would, without the least doubt, liberate, and send us on board two vessels, now lying in the bay of St. Juan de Fuca. As to the other prisoners, she said, they were dispersed among the tribes in the vicinity.

I tried for some time to persuade her to a different determination; but finding her immovable in her resolution, I returned, and reported her answer to her husband. The poor man thought at first that I was joking, and would not believe me; but after a little consideration he fell into a complete fury, took up a musket and swore he would shoot her. But he had not gone many steps when he relented; he stopped, and bursting into tears, begged me to go by myself and try again to bring her to reason, and even to threaten that he would shoot her. I went and did as he bade me, but the woman resolutely replied: "as to death, I fear it not: I will rather die than wander with you again through the forests, where we may fall at last into the hands of some cruel tribe, whilst now I live among kind and humane people; tell my husband that I despise his threats."

This cruel answer almost deprived the unfortunate and doting husband of his senses: he leaned against a tree and wept bitterly. In the mean time I reflected upon his wife's words, and ultimately determined to follow her advice. I communicated my resolution to my companions, who at first unanimously declared against it; but on Mr. B.'s declaring that he would follow my example, they begged to be allowed to consider till the next morning.

The morning came, and the savages appeared again, renewing their demand for the restoration of the captives. This was immediately agreed to, and at the same time Mr. Bulugin, myself, and

three others of our party surrendered ourselves to their discretion. The remainder of our comrades, however, obstinately refused to follow; having taken, therefore, a hearty farewell of each other, we departed with the tribe to which we now belonged.

The next day we reached the village of the *Koonishshati* (a tribe in the vicinity of Cape Flattery), where my host, the above-named chief, *Yootramaki*, had his winter residence. Mr. B. went to the master of his wife, whilst the three others fell into various hands.

The remainder of our companions attempted to reach the Island of Destruction, but foundered upon a rock, and after losing all their gunpowder, had some difficulty in escaping with their lives. They tried, therefore, to overtake us; but being intercepted by another tribe, they were all taken prisoners and dispersed along the coast.

At the end of about a month my master returned to his village near Cape Flattery, taking with him myself and Mr. B., whom he had purchased from his master, with a promise of purchasing his wife also. We lived for some time very comfortable; but afterwards our situation frequently changed; the savages sometimes selling, sometimes giving us to one another. The fate of poor Mr. and Mrs. B., who had become reconciled to each other, was truly cruel; sometimes they were united together, sometimes they were separated, and in constant fear of being so for ever. At last death kindly released them, the lady died in August 1804, and in February of the following year, her disconsolate husband followed her, but not to the grave, for his wife had been at her death in the hands of such a barbarian, that he would not allow her a burial, but had her exposed in the forest.

In the mean time, I passed the greater part of my captivity with the good *Yootramaki*, who treated me like a friend. These people are like children, and pleased with every trifle; I found, therefore, no difficulty in ingratiating myself with them, and the construction of a paper kite and a watchman's rattle, spread my reputation, as well as that of the Russian nation in general, far among them. At last their veneration for my abilities was carried so far, that in one of the general assemblies of the toïns, it was resolved that they would henceforward consider me as one of their equals; after which I always enjoyed the same honours as my master, or any other chief. They often wondered how *Bulugin*, who could neither shoot birds flying nor

use the hatchet, could have been our chief.

During the ensuing winter, so great a dearth of provisions ensued, that one beaver was paid for ten salmons. With some chiefs the want was so great, that three of our countrymen took refuge with me, and my master was kind enough to support them till the next spring, when they were demanded back by their owners, and I had influence enough to ensure them immunity for their flight.

In the month of March we again removed to our summer village, where I built for myself a hut with embrasures for defence, and of so novel a construction, that the chiefs came from great distances in order to see and admire it. In the mean time, however, God had heard our prayers, and provided for our deliverance. On the 6th of May, an American brig, the *Lydia*, Capt. Brown, visited this coast. I went on board, and found one of our companions, whom the captain had released near the river Columbia. This honest tar immediately offered to ransom the whole of us. The savages, who thought this a good opportunity for obtaining large quantities of European goods, made such exorbitant demands, that Capt. Brown, to cut the matter short, took one of their chiefs into custody, and declared that he would detain him till all the Russians were delivered up to him for a moderate price, for which several of us had already been ransomed. This proceeding had the desired effect; in less than two days he liberated thirteen of us. Seven had died during our captivity, one had been sold to a distant nation, among whom he remained, and one was ransomed in 1809, by another American vessel, near the river Columbia.

On the 10th of May our vessel weighed anchor, and after touching at several points of the coast, for the purpose of barter, we were safely landed on the 9th of June, at New Archangelak.—*Asiatic Journal*.

Select Biography.

No. XVII.

BENAVIDES THE PIRATE.

THE history of Benavides is curious. He was a native of Conception Island, and served for sometime in the Chilian army, from which he deserted to the Royalists, but was retaken at the battle of Maypo in 1818. He was of a ferocious character, and as, in addition to the crime of desertion, he had committed several murders, he was sentenced to

death, along with his brother, and other delinquents. Accordingly, the whole party were brought forth in the Plaza of Santiago and shot. Benavides, who, though terribly wounded, was not killed, had sufficient fortitude to feign himself dead. The bodies being dragged off, were left without burial to be destroyed by the gallinagos, a species of vulture. The sergeant who superintended this last part of the ceremony was personally inimical to Benavides, for murdering some of his relations; and to gratify his revenge, drew his sword, and while they were dragging the body of his foe to the pile, gave it a severe gash across the neck. The resolute Benavides bore this also without flinching, and lay like a dead man amongst others, until it became dark; he then contrived to extricate himself from the heap, and in a most miserable plight crawled to a neighbouring cottage, the generous inhabitants of which received and attended him with the greatest care.

General San Martin, who was at that time planning the expedition to Peru, and was looking for able and enterprising men, heard of Benavides being still alive; and knowing his talents and courage, considered him a fit person to serve some of his desperate purposes in those trying times, when, to gain the great objects in view, there was little scrupulousness about the means. It is even said that the bold ruffian himself gave information of his being alive, and invited San Martin to hold a secret conference at midnight, in the centre of the great square of Santiago. The appointed signal was to strike fire from their flints three times; a mark sufficiently conspicuous for the purpose of distinction, yet of a nature calculated to excite no suspicion. San Martin accordingly alone and provided with a brace of pistols, went to the spot, where he encountered Benavides similarly armed. After a long conference with the desperado, whom he finally engaged in his service, he settled that Benavides should, for the present, serve in the Chilian army employed against the Arancanian Indians in the south, but should be ready to join the army in Peru, when the expedition sailed. This was ill-judged in San Martin; for Benavides soon quarrelled with the Chilian general, and once more changed sides, offering his services to the Indians, who were delighted to obtain so brave and unrelenting an associate. In a short time, his experience and congenial ferocity gave him so great an ascendancy among this warlike race, that he was elected commander-in-chief.

In this capacity he took various ships and the crews prisoners; for Benavides,

though unquestionably a ferocious savage, was, nevertheless, a man of resource, full of activity, and of considerable energy of character. He converted the whale spears and harpoons into lances for his cavalry, and halberds for his sergeants: the carpenters he set to building baggage-carts, and repairing his boats; the armourers he kept perpetually at work, mending muskets, and making pikes. He treated the officers too (prisoners) not unkindly, allowed them to live in his house, and was very anxious, on all occasions, to have their advice respecting the equipment of his troops. Upon an occasion, when walking with the captain of the *Herselia*, he remarked that his army was now almost complete in every thing, except in one essential particular; and it cut him, (he said,) to the soul, to think of such a deficiency: he had no trumpets for the cavalry; and added, that it was utterly impossible to make the fellows believe themselves dragoons, unless they heard a blast in their ears at every turn; and neither men nor horses would ever do their duty properly, if not roused to it by the sound of a trumpet; in short, he declared, some device must be hit upon to supply this equipment. The captain, willing to ingratiate himself with the pirate, and after a little reflection, suggested to him, that trumpets might easily be made out of the copper sheets nailed on the bottom of the ships he had taken. Very true, cried the delighted chief; how came I not to think of that before? Instantly all hands were employed in ripping off the copper, and the armourers being set to work under his personal superintendance, the whole camp, before night, resounded with the warlike blasts of the cavalry. The captain of the ship, who had given him the brilliant idea of the copper trumpets, had, by these means, so far won his good will and confidence, as to be allowed a considerable range to walk in. He, of course, was always looking out for some plan of escape; and at length an opportunity occurring, he, with the mate of the *Ocean*, and nine of his own crew, seized two whale boats, imprudently left on the banks of the river, and rowed off. Before quitting the shore, they took the precaution of staving all the other boats, to prevent pursuit, and, accordingly, though their escape was immediately discovered, they succeeded in getting so much the start of the people whom Benavides sent after them, that they reached St. Mary's Island in safety."

This astonishing man is at last taken, and meets with the reward, which, sooner or later must follow the deeds of blood

which men of his nature commit. From the notorious nature alone of his deeds, even the most impartial stranger would have condemned him to the last punishment; but the supreme government wished to hear what he had to say for himself, and ordered him to be tried according to the laws. It appearing on the trial that he had placed himself beyond the laws of society, such punishment was awarded to him as any one of his crimes deserved. As a deserter to the enemy he merited death: as a frequent violator of all military laws, he had forfeited every claim to be considered as a prisoner of war: as a pirate, and a barbarous destroyer of whole towns, it became necessary to put him to death in such manner as might satisfy outraged humanity, and terrify others who should dare to imitate him. In pursuance of the sentence passed on the 21st of this month, (February, 1822,) he was this day dragged from the prison, in a pannier tied to the tail of a mule, and was hanged in the great square. His head and hands were afterwards cut off, in order to their being placed on high poles, to point out the places of his horrid crimes, Santa Juana, Tarpellana, and Aranco."

Hall's South America.

Miscellanies.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE EARLY LOTTERIES IN ENGLAND.

THE first I have ever met with was drawn A. D. 1569. It consisted of 400,000 lots, at ten-shillings each lot; the prizes were plate; and the profits were to go towards repairing the havens of this kingdom. It was drawn at the west-door of St. Paul's Cathedral. The drawing began on the 11th of January, 1569, and continued incessantly drawing, day and night, until the 6th of May following; as Maitland from Stowe, informs us in his history, vol. 1. p. 267. There were then only three lottery-offices in London. The proposals for this lottery were published in the years 1567 and 1568. It was at first intended to have been drawn at the house of Mr. Dericke, her majesty's servant, (i. e. her jeweller) but was afterwards drawn as above mentioned.

Dr. Rawlinson shewed the Antiquarian Society, 1748, "A proposal for a very rich lottery, general without any blanks, containing a great No. of good prizes, as well of ready money as of plate, and certain sorts of merchandizes, having been valued and prized by the Commandment of the Queenes most excellent Majesty's order, to the extent that such commodities as may chance to arise

thereof after the charges borne may be converted towards the reparation of the havens and strength of the Realm, and towards such other public good workes.— The No. of lotts shall be foure hundred thousand and no more; and every lott shall be the summe of tenne shillings only, and no more. To be filled by the feast of St. Bartholomew. The shew of prizes are to be seen in Cheapside, at the sign of the Queene's Armes, the house of Mr. Dericke, goldsmith, servant to the Queene. Some other orders about it in 1667-8. Printed by Henry Bymeman.”

“ In the year 1612, King James, in special favour for the present plantation of English Colonies in Virginia, granted a lottery to be held at the west-end of St. Paul's; whereof one Thomas Sharp-leys, a tailor, of London, had the chief prize, which was four thousand crowns, in fair plate.”

In the reign of Queen Anne it was thought necessary to suppress lotteries, as nuisances to the public.

M. G.

SONNET,

BY HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

GENTLY, most gently, on thy victim's head,
Consumption, lay thine hand! Let me decay,
Like the expiring lamp, unseen, away,
And softly go to slumber with the dead.
And if 'tis true what holy men have said,
That strains angelic oft foretel the day
Of death, to those good men who fall thy prey
O! let the aerial music round my bed,
Dissolving sad in dying symphony,
Whisper the solemn warning in mine ear;
That I may bid my weeping friends good bye
Ere I depart upon my journey drear:
And smiling faintly on the painful past,
Compose my decent head, and breathe my last,

GENERAL CENSUS OF THE WORLD.

THE present Census of the whole World is said to stand thus:—

Jews	4,000,000
Pagans	456,000,000
Mahomedans	140,000,000
Christians	300,000,000
Total	900,000,000

Deists and Atheists are comprehended, but not distinguished in either of these enumerations, as they do not avow themselves by any formation into bodies, but are anomalies in each class.

It is worthy of notice, that the most ancient congregation, viz. Pagans, still subsist through the globe, and comprise more than one-half of its general population; that the second in order of time, viz. Jews, have, since the destruction of their temple and city, in A.D. 70, fallen so near to decay, as to comprise only a

200th part of the whole; that the third denomination, viz. Christians, now include one-fourth part of the whole; and that the Mahomedans, who sprang six centuries after the Christians, and threatened to annihilate them, occupy the space of one-sixth part of the whole. It is also observable, that when an estimate of this kind was made about fifty years since, it was supposed that the Christians amounted to one-sixth part, and now they have increased to one-fourth.

A step further in this inquiry disposes of the Christians thus in their subdivisions:—

The Greek and Eastern Churches	30,000,000
Roman Catholics	100,000,000
Protestants, including all sects	70,000,000
Total	200,000,000

Those have all arisen since the promoting of the Universal Christian Church, 4,000 A.M. of which—

The Western and Eastern Churches began and united in the	6th century.
Their separation	9th do.
Mahomed	7th do.
Christianity in Great Britain	7th do.
Darkness of Popery and Mahomedanism	6th to 16th do.
Waldenses	12th do.
Wickliffe, Huss, and Jerome	13th to 15th do.
Luther and Calvin	16th do.
Reformation	16th do.
Remonstrants	17th do.
Protestant sects	17th & 18th do.

It is unnecessary to enlarge this scale; the object is thus answered by shewing the divisions of people, and their denominations and dates, by which any person conversant in such researches will find occupation enough for his reflection upon the probable state of mankind during the ensuing half century, under the advantages of an unexampled improvement in every country and condition, both in arts, navigation and commerce, domestic and universal; an enriched acquisition of every embellishment of intellect, literature, and the fine arts; chemistry, and religious learning; an enlarged and liberal toleration in Church and state; a diffusion most unparalleled of the Holy Scriptures, of education, and a general intercourse among all nations.

AVALANCHES.

AVALANCHES are frequently observed by travellers in Switzerland, and are immense masses of snow which are blown down from the top of the mountains by the winds, or which fall by some other accident; and these gathering all the way in their descent, become of such prodigious size, that they are almost sure to

destroy, and overwhelm every thing that stands in their way. Whole forests have been rooted up, and even entire villages completely overturned, and swept away before the immediate shock of the Avalanche by the explosion of the compressed air.

FIRE PREVENTION.

IN the year 1777, Lord Mahon, afterwards Earl Stanhope, so distinguished by his scientific discoveries, exhibited some experiments at the family seat, Chevening, Kent, to prove the certain, cheap, and simple method of securing houses against fire, without making use of either brick, stone, tiles, iron, or any such incombustible materials. A building entirely constructed of wood, and of lath and plaster, with a very small quantity of sand laid under the floors, which were of deal, was attempted to be set on fire by means of an enormous quantity of dry burning fuel, several scores of very large kiln faggots, straw, pitch, and other combustibles, with which the lower room of this building was filled, from the floor to the ceiling, almost in every part; but to the great astonishment of all the persons who witnessed this interesting experiment, and who saw the flames come out at all the doors and windows, on every side of the lower room; this whole mass of fire burnt out without doing the least damage. Those who were in the small passage close to the room filled with fire, or who were on the next story, directly over this enormous conflagration, did not perceive the least degree of heat, or any effect whatever from the intense fire below. A wooden staircase secured according to this new method, was also attempted to be burnt, by laying several large faggots underneath the stairs, and upon the steps; but the staircase, as well as the other parts of the house, appeared in effect to be incombustible.

T. A. C.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

EPIGRAM.

A CORNISH vicar, while he preach'd,
Of patient Job did speak;
When he came home, found to his grief,
His cask had sprung a leak.
Enraged—his wife did thus advise,
"Job for a pattern choose,"
But he reply'd, "Job ne'er had such
A tub of ale to lose."

EPIGRAM.

DICK told his spouse, "he durst be bold
to swear,
Whate'er she pray'd for, heav'n wou'd
thwart her pray'r."
"Indeed," says Nell, "'tis what I'r
pleas'd to hear,
For now, I'll pray for your long life, &c
dear."

EPITAPH MAKING.

SIR JOHN, and Sir John's Spouse, &c
tombs survey'd:
"Let now," says she, "my epitaph be
made.
Here low interr'd lies constant Bidd."—
"Hold, hold," cry'd he, "I wish she
did."

IN THETFORD CHURCH-YARD.

MY grandfather was buried here,
My cousin Jane, and two uncles dear;
My father perished with an inflammation
in the thighs,
And my sister drop'd down dead in the
Minories:
But the reason why I'm here interred,
according to my thinking,
Is owing to my good living and hard
drinking.
If therefore, good Christian, you wish to
live long,
Don't drink too much wine, brandy, gin,
or any thing strong.

T. A. C.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The *Diorama*; T. N.—r; Francis; J. J. K.;
J. K.—r; A. B. C.; Ipsara; Reminiscences,
No. I., in our next.

"A friend to Missionaries" is angry: our correspondent's observation, or rather of his friend, we are sure was not intended to be offensive.

It is quite impossible we can devote the space to ancient history *Legulus* wishes.

Intended for insertion, H. T. F. *Fortunatus*;
S. B.; S. T.; F. W. D.; G. M.; Arnold; Will;
Fasche; Ignotus; H.; P. T. W.

Has not *Cantab* already appeared in Mr. Dyer's excellent work, "The History, or the Privileges of the University of Cambridge."

Judges do not, or should not swear. On another subject the exercise of S. X.'s, epigrammatic talents would be more acceptable.

The Valley of Despair we fear is too long for us.

Lovely Ann, among other straylings shall be forthcoming.

A correspondent (A. B.) wishes to be informed, through the medium of the MIRROR, the origin of Lady Holland's Mob proclaiming Bartholomew Fair at midnight, on the 2nd of September.

We will look out for the article requested by H. H., and either print or send it to him.

J. T. rather profane; J. T. W. still more so—both are, consequently, inadmissible.

Answers to the correspondents unnoticed in this list, in our next.

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No. CVI.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1824.

[PRICE 2d.

Church of St. Genevieve in Paris.



THE Church of St. Genevieve in Paris is allowed to be the most magnificent religious structure in all France. It was commenced in 1757, on a design by Jacques German Soufflot, to replace the old church erected in the ninth century, on the ruins of an ancient temple built by King Clovis, on a hill anciently called Locutitius. The original building, which was dedicated to St. Paul, was destroyed by the Normans.

The new Church of St. Genevieve was erected in consequence of a vow made by Louis XV. during his sickness at Metz, and he laid the first stone on the 3rd of September, 1764. Several architects gave in plans for the building; but that of M. Soufflot was adopted on account of its fine proportions, which had nothing in common with that style of building which had prevailed during many ages.

The ground plan of the Church is that of a Greek cross. Its length is 339 feet (French); its breadth, taken in the middle of the cross, 253 feet 6 inches. The portico is copied from the Pantheon at Rome, and is formed of a peristyle of twenty-two Corinthian columns, of which eighteen are isolated; each of these columns is five

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feet and a half in diameter, and fifty-eight feet three inches high, including the base and the capital. The capitals are ornamented with acanthus leaves of the most beautiful workmanship.

The twenty-two columns form a portico with convenient spaces between the columns, surmounted by a pediment, the front of which is adorned with a fine bas-relief by Coustou: the length of the portico is 112 feet, and its depth thirty-six feet. The interior of the portico unites the boldness of the Gothic and the beauty of the Greek architecture: it is approached by three gates, ornamented with bas-reliefs.

The interior of the Church consists of four naves, in the centre of which is the dome; the naves are divided by thirty fluted columns of the Corinthian order, three feet six inches in diameter, and twenty-seven feet eight inches high; they support an entablature, of which the frieze is ornamented with foliage; above are the galleries with elegant balustrades.

The exterior of the dome represents a circular temple, formed of thirty-two columns of the Corinthian order, each of which is three feet four inches in diameter, and thirty-four feet high. This co-

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lonnade is supported by a circular pedestal, bearing at the same time on an octagonal base, 107 feet above the pavement. The total height of the temple is 282 feet.

During the French revolution, a decree of the National Assembly converted the Church of St. Genevieve into the French Pantheon, and appointed it as the tomb of such citizens as distinguished themselves by their talents or their virtues. The emblems of religion were at once displaced for those of liberty, and on the frize of the monument was placed the following inscription:—

AUX GRAND HOMMES LA PATRIE:
RECONNAISSANTE.

This tribute of national gratitude to great men was not without its influence during the revolution; but on Bonaparte assuming the purple, he limited the French Pantheon to receiving the remains of the Marshals, Cardinals, Ministers, Great Officers of the Legion of Honour, and Senators. On the restoration of Louis XVIII., it was restored to its old name, and the Church appropriated to Catholic Missionaries.

This Church, of which we give a spirited and correct view, cost upwards of a million sterling. In a future number we shall give an interesting history of it during the time it was used as the French Pantheon, and in the mean time invite authentic information on the subject.

THE DIORAMA.

VIEW OF BREST HARBOUR.

[Although we do not devote much space to criticism either on Literature or the Fine Arts, yet there are occasions on which we go out of our way, and the Diorama is one of these, particularly as we were the first to give an account of this extraordinary and interesting exhibition. The new views consist of Brest Harbour and the Cathedral of Chartres. The notice, it will be seen, is historical as well as critical.—Ed.]

BREST, one of the principal towns of the ancient province of Brittany, and now the seat of the underprefecture of the department of Finisterre, lies to the westward of Paris, in 6°-49 east longitude, and in 48°-23-14 latitude north. Its distance from the capital is 138 leagues.

The manners of the natives of Brittany, of those at least who have religiously preserved the traditions of their ancestors, are well worthy the attention of travellers. In the midst of an immense population, whose national physiognomy is so much altered as not to present the remains of its peculiar type, how great must be the surprise of an observer at meeting with a peasantry ten times renewed in the course

of five centuries, without having adopted any new habits, any amelioration in their costume, any change in their language, any modification from the original character, which they derive from the Gothic ages.

The peasant of Brittany, and especially the Bas-briton, keeps up the habits which he has inherited from his forefathers—rather out of respect for an old-established practice, than from any national motives.

The spirit of superstition governs almost every action of his life. Traces of his coarse ignorance are to be discovered on almost every occasion. A child is no sooner born, than he must be instantly protected from the enchantments of the devil. Will baptism at least be resorted to against the power of the evil spirit? No; this comes afterwards. They first apply to the head and heart of the child a piece of scarlet cloth, cut in the form of a lozenge, which possesses the miraculous property of repelling the devil's attempts. The parents of the new-born child are assembled, to celebrate its birth, round a long oak table, upon which are placed the sweet milk and curds (*caillebotte*), the crisp buck-wheat, the brown (*bara-gassin*), the hetch-potch—a porridge, which is a hundred times more insipid than the most detestable ragout. One of the parents no sooner gives an affectionate kiss to the hero of the feast, than he is immediately handed about from one to another, beginning with the guest whose age, or whose quality of stranger, have entitled him to sit at the mother's right hand. The child comes at last into the arms of the guest who had asked for it; and returning by the left hand to the starting point, is given back to the nurse, whose anxious eye has followed it on the journey, which might have proved fatal to it, if one of the guests had chanced to forget for a moment the consequences of sending it back to the mother by the shortest road, in a direct line across the table, for the devil stood there waiting for it; and nothing, not even the *scarlet lozenge*, could have saved it from such a danger.

It may be easily conceived, that a country almost unknown to the rest of France—a country, the soil of which is naturally poor, and still more impoverished through the ignorance and incapacity of its cultivators, would shew for a considerable time the traces of hereditary barbarism. The revolution, which has changed the state of the empire, and in so doing has extended to almost every province the benefit of the new ideas, whether as connected with agriculture or with industry, has effected little more with

respects to Brittany than its mere diversity. It has created, with great difficulty, a communication between the centre of knowledge and those dwellings wherein customs had been preserved unchanged for centuries, which were totally at variance with others, rendered by the force of instructions, so generally popular in the rest of Europe.

Villages and hamlets, though without any anxiety on the subject, are prepared to receive an administration that may at last bring the manners of their inhabitants into a character of harmony with those of other Frenchmen; so that a stranger, who may visit our country in all its extent, will no longer be struck with those strange inconsistencies; the prevalence of which, amongst a people governed by uniform laws, is so difficult to be accounted for.

The people of Brittany appear to take a delight in slovenliness: their dress, always covered with dust and filth, is composed of a coarse stuff, and in shape resembles that of the old Dutch peasantry. In some districts of Brittany, the men add to a large waistcoat with sleeves, thrown over a shorter one, a goat's skin, which exhales a smell not more offensive than the hair and bodies of these savages.

Long and bashy hair is not an object of mere ornament for the natives of Brittany; it is suffered to grow without any care, in order that it may be offered, under certain circumstances of life, to some saint or virgin, who may be held in repute amongst them. We have seen, in a church of the small town of Dinan, a chapel, where the image of a saint (an ill-shapen piece of wood, bedaubed over with glaring colours) had several consecrated heads of hair about it, forming together, as may be imagined; a very whimsical figure. These grotesque saints ranged round the chapel, presented the appearance of casks placed in a row in a vinegar manufactory; and when adorned with these repugnant offerings, conveyed the idea of a temple of cannibals, decorated by the devotion of a warlike tribe, with the only remains of the vanquished which they could not devour.

The women are generally of short stature: their costume is not becoming their small figures; they are not cleaner than the men. Those who carry on the fishing trade, and have frequent intercourse with the towns, are habitually in a state of drunkenness, of which, out of respect for our readers, we spare them a description.

The greater number of these women, since we must call them by that name, though they bear little resemblance to a sex in which they appear to be ranked as it were by mistake, retain all the habits of

the men of a corresponding class. It is common to see them chewing tobacco, and getting intoxicated at the same time with the fumes of the tobacco-leaf, which they are in the practice of smoking.

The women of the interior of the country do not exhibit such extraordinary customs and inclinations as those who live amongst the rocks and on the seashore: they are, however, as little careful of their persons. We have found cottages which we could not have entered without running the risk of sinking into a pool of stagnant water, that infected the atmosphere of an unpaved habitation, and proceeded from the abundant rains of Brittany, and from the drainings of the ox-stalls and pig-sties. We have seen many a young girl, whose freshness and beauty could scarcely be distinguished through the filth that disguised the features of her charming face, and who wanted nothing more than an elegant dress, and the habit of daily ablutions, in order to bear the palm in a circle of handsome women.

In the greater part of the dwellings of the peasantry of Lower Brittany, the beds are found to be of a totally different construction from those in use in other parts of France. A single piece of furniture, not unlike the large elevated wardrobe, which contain the dresses and household linen of the most affluent of our country people, serves the purposes of beds;—for the parents in the first shelf, for the grown girls in the next, higher up for the young men, and in the last for children under ten years of age.

As we were travelling through this country, in which every thing bears so extraordinary an aspect, we were benighted at the entrance of a small village, and forced to apply for hospitality to a worthy peasant, who, in the most obliging manner, gave us shelter in his house. This man was marrying his daughter, a full-grown handsome lass, for two years betrothed to a young husbandman, who had served in the ranks of the brave legions of the west, and made with them that campaign so glorious to the Britons, by their having decided the success of the battles of Lutzen and Bautzen, to which the division of marine artillery had so powerfully contributed.

We were presently invited by the head of the family to partake of the repast, which our arrival had interrupted; and when it was the hour for rest—when the national songs had ceased—when the bridegroom had sung the air *ha la nigousse, ah ma douce* (come to bed old woman)—when the nasal instrument, which resembles a bagpipe, and produces a harsh and shrill

sound, had given the signal to the company, who joined in chorus with a frightful noise; the worthy peasant kindly accosted us, and said, in a language of which we could only collect a few words, that the only shelf of his bed-press that could afford us any accommodation, was that of his son, a lad of 16 years old. We thanked our landlord, and accepted his offer. A man of tall stature and open countenance next accosted us, in these words—"Should you feel incommoded by what is going forward, and wish for a quiet sleep, you will oblige me by coming with me, and taking share of my bed." "We would eagerly accept your kind offer," was our reply to this open-hearted, obliging Briton, on whose breast shone a large gold cross, hanging by a red riband, and who, we soon discovered, had served as a captain in the old guard—"we would eagerly accept it, were we not afraid of offending the person who has given us such a hearty welcome." "You are quite right, good night, then," said the ex-officer, smiling at our military dress.

We accordingly ascended to the third story; the second was occupied by the new couple. We avoided every act of indiscretion; we did not even pay attention to their amorous talk. We have already observed that the language of the Britons was unknown to us. When the night was far advanced, we heard a noise like the grunting of a pig. We inquired the next morning from whence had proceeded the noise; it was, in fact, from a hog, who was an old inmate of the press, and lodged in the lower part of it.

We have, however, said enough respecting the habits of the Bas-Briton peasantry. Let us return to Brest, from whence we have not much wandered by the foregoing digression, since that city is crowded with the recollections we have related of the villages and huts that surround it. Its elegant and polished manners form a most striking contrast with those we have just described to our readers. Let us give our attention to the details that combine to enhance the *ensemble* of the picture of it in the Diorama. Why do we say picture? It is not a vain representation—it is reality itself. Brest appears in full before us, with its harbour, its quays, its perpetual movement, its sky covered with a light cloud, which conceals, as with a floating and transparent gauze, the towering edifices that seem to acquire from it a more colossal appearance.

Brest is a city of great antiquity; its origin is concealed in the darkness of distant times. Some writers call it *Brievates Portus*, mentioned by Ptolemy.

This assertion rests upon no foundation whatever. But of what value are its ancient appellation, the date of its foundation, or the name of him who first dreamed of establishing a colony of fishermen in this remote part of ancient Gaul? What is of much more importance, is that Brest is one of the keys of the kingdom; though inconsiderable with regard to population, it is of greater consequence than any other city of ten times its extent. Brest reckons no more than 25,000 inhabitants; but its harbour connects it with upwards of one hundred millions of persons of all nations. It is the first military harbour, and at the same time the most advantageous one for commerce.

IPSARA.

(For the Mirror.)

Why hush'd are thy boastings? Say, Stamboul,
say why
No longer thy scoffings are lifted on high?
No longer the moslems exalt Allah's name;
Why damp'd is their courage, extinguish'd its
flame?

Say, Hella, say why, on thy sea-circled shore
Is rais'd exultation, thence banish'd before?
No longer thy Palikars brood on their woes,
For joy is thy portion, and sorrow thy foe's.

The Mussulman call'd on thy children to yield,
He bade them no longer the rebel-sword wield;
"Cast your weapons," he said to the patriot
bands,
"Hark, hark to your Sultan, obey his com-
mands."

They laugh at his summons, and, scoffing, they
cry,
"Can Grecians submit? No! we conquer or
die;
"No longer the Sultan we own as our lord;
The gun's our Pacha, and our Vizier the
sword!"

Rose high at these words the false Infidel's pride;
"Arm, arm ye to battle, ye brave men," he cried,
"The Prophet has Hours and pleasures in store
For the Moslems that perish on Ipsara's shore."

The Greeks for their country, the Moslems for
gain,
Rush'd on to the combat, an unsparing train;
And the glaive, and ferreed, and sabre, and
brand,
With terror the hearts, and with woe fill'd the
land.

Hark, hark to the shouts of the mussulman
horde,
For treason has open'd a way for their sword.
As passeth a cloud, so hath pass'd their success,
The Greeks have the joy, and their foes have
distress.

Oh! never shall Athens' fair fame be forgot!
Though pillag'd by Time, by Turk, Vandal, and
Scot;

And Sparta shall graft on her ne'er-fading bays
A scion of verdure in these later days

Again hath fair Greece, on Thermopylae's shore,
Renew'd all the glories she earn'd there of yore!
Again hath Mahomet forsaken his band,
And left them to bleed in fair Grecia's land.

Future ages shall wonder at Ipsara's fame,
And, charm'd with her glory, re-echo her name;
And Sali has witness'd the Ottoman's death,
The Greek Ataghan has depriv'd him of breath.

Shall Stamboul give laws to the brave Palkars?
 The despot to heroes send forth his Pachas?
 A slave in his harem command with a nod
 The Greeks to obey, whilst he scoffs at their God?
 No! perish the thought! for the Greeks, like the
 oak,
 Shall tower erect, or shall sink with the stroke;
 And marveling nations, their deeds which he
 hold,
 Shall own the descendants of heroes of old.
St. John's Wood, Sept. 1, 1824. G. L.

THE NEW CHAPEL IN STAMFORD STREET.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—The observations which accompany the engraving of the façade of the New Chapel in Stamford-street, in the 103rd Number of the MIRROR, are well calculated to direct public attention to that edifice, but they cannot be said to be written with that impartiality which, in my opinion, should be the characteristic and leading principle of a popular periodical work.*

It is much to be regretted that the members of any profession should be stigmatized for the feeble and impotent talents of those who shield themselves under its acknowledged respectability. Architecture cannot expect to escape such invasion, since the boundaries which of old were wont to be recognized as the separation between it and the mechanical or operative arts, now so faintly appear.

As I neither design to encroach much upon your time nor to dwell upon the subject, I will briefly observe, that it is to the abortive efforts of a class of men who folst their productions upon the world as the offspring of legitimate art, that architecture is mainly indebted for that onerous name, which you, in your editorial capacity, have sought to perpetuate. But for the glory of an art coëval with the most remote antiquity, let us hope that the enthusiasm which inspired an Ictinus, a Ctesiphon, and a Vitruvius, has slumbered but to break forth with accumulated energies. Let but those who alone can encourage the abundant, but as yet neglected, talent of the day, step forward and induce by a judicious liberality, the really meritorious professor of his art, and the result would speedily cast the self-elected and unskilful pretender to that obscurity from which his ignorance, assisted even by his impudence, would never suffer him to emerge.

* The critical remarks to which our correspondent alludes were copied from the *Literary Chronicle*, which has lately devoted considerable attention to the architecture of London, and we unintentionally omitted to quote our authority. We confess, however, that we agree with the writer (who is evidently well acquainted with his subject) as to the general character of our public buildings.—ED. MIRROR

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The foregoing reflections have been suggested by your unqualified censure of the architects of the present day, and by your taking occasion to institute a comparison between the façade in Stamford-street, and the ecclesiastical structures of the metropolis and its suburbs.

Whatever defects may appear in those edifices which have been reared under the immediate sanction of his Majesty's Commissioners, (and with one or two exceptions, I readily assent to the censure) it does not appear to me that there is any feature by which the façade in question can have any architectural pretension, save that it is certainly a hexastyle portico.

Indeed it must appear evident on a more minute inspection, than you, Mr. Editor, have hitherto given it, that the situation is one of the worst that could have been selected for the copy of an Athenian Temple, its elevation above the level of the ground is insignificant, its comparative magnitude with surrounding and abutting buildings any thing but according with that colossal and time-defying character, so inseparably connected with the idea of the Grecian Doric; its columns unnaturally and inaccurately swollen, and the *execution* of the channelings discreditable to the reputable builders who performed the work.

My object in thus addressing you is, that whenever any modern erection may be selected as the subject of praise or animadversion in your pages, it may neither be unduly criticised nor too warmly eulogized, but that a fair and candid analysis may be made of its merits and defects. By these means, and by these only, may the public become habitually taught to appreciate what is pure in art, and to decry that which is below mediocrity.

Your obedient and humble Servant,
 ARCHITECTUS.

THE NEW CHAPEL IN STAMFORD STREET.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—If I may be allowed, I would address a few words in allusion to the subject of your view and description of the Chapel in Stamford Street, in No. 103 of the MIRROR, in order to point out one or two prominent errors.

The Unitarian Chapel, in Stamford Street, has long since attracted my attention; indeed, its very order, possessing novelty, has been sufficient to create this, and I am somewhat inclined to imagine that it is this that has, in a great measure, caused so much praise to be lavished on

this Chapel, notwithstanding which I am decidedly of opinion that there is a very heavy appearance thrown over the whole construction. In the first place the pillars are too near, so near, indeed, that the door, which is far from being worthy of notice, appears to be hid, together with the great inconvenience of there not being a sufficient space for the free egress of persons at the close of the service. Had this façade been some feet broader, the Doric order would have been more fully maintained, and the elegance of the whole greatly heightened; the present confined space is more suitable to the Ionic than the Doric order; but to this ought to be added a still greater improvement: the pillars, instead as they now are, on a level with the pavement, should be raised upon a foundation, advancing at least some feet from the level of the foot-path, so that the entrance to the Chapel would be gained by a handsome and truly Grecian flight of steps, somewhat after the order of St. Martin's Church, or the front entrance to St. Paul's Cathedral, though in a more limited degree. Had the construction of this heavy piece of architecture been thus arranged, it might be disencumbered of the iron-railing that at present detracts from its either Grecian-like, or Temple-like appearance; this would add much to the appearance of this edifice, and render it of that classical and temple-like order which you wish to establish it.

There is another error, Sir, that you have by some unaccountable means fallen into. Did I not know the value generally attached to the subjects of the plates, I should have imagined the view of this Chapel had been taken from off Waterloo Bridge, or certainly such faint traces of some prominent marks would not appear both in the article itself, and also in the plate. The character of stone is lost, you observe, by the absence of the tracings of the jointing of the stones. Now it is no more strange than true, that these imitative joints are not absent; they were drawn before the scaffolding was removed, so that it is as much a stone-like front as it is possible to be formed.

I trust these few hints will not be deemed too intruding, though directed against so formidable a structure.

Your's, &c. A. B. C.

ON MODERN HABITS AND CUSTOMS.

(For the Mirror.)

THERE is such a noble and generous sentiment in the very name of education, that contemplating its various opera-

tions upon the human mind, inspires and awakens an enthusiasm of admiration which every one may glory and feel a pride in avowing without the fear of adulation.

A correspondent in your valuable MIRROR, (No. 77,) has favoured us with an interesting "Extract from the Journal of a Lady of rank and fashion in the fifteenth century," and so strikingly opposite are those systems of domestic usages to those of our own times, that I am induced to try a sketch, *une bonne fois*, on "Modern Habits and Customs."

An overweening veneration for antiquated habits and customs, is not an invariable rule for right decisions upon character. The force of habit—the prejudices of birth and of education, are frequently associates of mistaken ideas. Our hoyden misses, in my opinion, are far superior to the blunt and uncouth passions nurtured and cultivated by a damsel of the fifteenth century. And for this reason:—In the instance of Elizabeth Woodville.—Her occupations were as regular, common-place, and natural as the rambles of Theodore Hook's prophetic Martha; and that pleasure which she derived from John Grey, when "helping her over the stile, and squeezing her hand with vehemence," arose not from that youthful, fiery enthusiasm of love, so much as from a kindly, good-natured, social, lack-a-daisy sort of sympathy, such as one might feel for cousin John or uncle Thomas. There was, certainly, no affectation in Elizabeth's simple and honest confession relative to John Grey, and I must acknowledge, that, at the present day, this is the evil which is too mighty and general in its effects, and too nearly associated with modern refinements. But, surely no one can deny—that cultivated as the intellect now is, character is nobly and justly defined, every principle of action suggesting comforts and hopes, varieties and rules so appropriate and confirmed must present and form a painting so bold—rich and powerful as to utterly subdue and silence the clamorous about antiquities—dining off buttock of beef and herbs at eleven—eating water-cresses and bread and butter for supper at six—tumbling drowsily into the brawny arms of Morpheus at nine! and such like monstrosities and incongruous vulgarisms.

But a truce to smiles:—a graver subject must form the leading feature of this little article. It has long been sufficiently manifest, that we have been guilty of undervaluing what we do possess, and overvaluing what we do not possess. This is said of our predecessors—our

champions and writers of literature. We have no Miltons—no Shakspeares—Ben Jonsons—Chaucers—Spensers—Lockes Addisons—Newtons—Cowpers—Popes, or Goldsmiths. They are gone; and nought but their glories remain. But, let us not challenge merit upon standards so high and lofty. Although we love them—venerate them—prize them—*ut sumera justa calorum*, and with “superb devotion” hail them as an open Paradise, forget they were *once living authors*, and had to gain the palms which now twine and encircle their brows. As the days of these worthies have passed, so, like the ivy which has wildly and luxuriantly spread over their tombs, fresh glories and immortalities have descended upon their heads. And our generations will thus justly celebrate in future ages, the memories of *our* Scott—*our* Byron, *our* Wordsworth, Southey, Moore, Campbell, and others.

The modern systems of education, the general, widely extensive diffusion of knowledge, the eagerness and insatiable avidity consequently excited in the minds of all classes, are subjects and reflections of the most cheering and exhilarating nature. Conceive, and at the same time compare the general state of society as it now is, with the times of Cromwell and of the unfortunate Charles? Would not an interesting and instructive MIRROR—or a neat topographical octavo—a morning paper—or a review in any shape, size, or character have been grateful as “rain-drops on an arid soil?”

We affect no proud or scornful superiority over ancient days, when we touch upon topics so pregnant with interest, or speak of the high intellectual powers which this gifted nation has now within its bounds. And it is with a just pride we allude to our mechanics who are now armed at every point like Britain’s sons of genius, and exerting their varied faculties to prove their usefulness.

A learned education with men moving in the general walk of life is now almost necessary, there being scarcely a book but requires some little critical observation. The ignorant and prejudiced will always point the finger of scorn, and to what can we attribute that desire to bring habits of the present day into disrepute, but some selfish spirit or mean pedant who undervalues true merit because he finds people will not value or pay deference to his peculiar methods of practice or theory.

But, I conceive, enough and more than enough has been said to prove how wrong and fallacious are the views of those narrow-minded individuals, who deny that

this is an age of enterprise—of improvement—of unparalleled nerve—exertion and strength. It is hardly credible that the prejudices in question could have been so warmly supported at this enlightened period; but it is right and meet that some degree of candour and just merit should be generalised and equally bestowed on the names of those, who are the stars and luminaries of this brilliant era. It is a happy one—we live in a time which will be recorded hereafter for the strict veneration which it gives to pure and native talent. Now are beautifully interwoven and united, classic taste with refinement and elegance of manners, and while the aspiring youth is scanning his hexameters, and pentameters, he will justly appreciate the true value and extent of his researches, and know that a mere superficial knowledge will not admit him into the circle even of those who respectfully pride themselves upon upholding the consistency and propriety of MODERN HABITS AND CUSTOMS.

SEMPER IDEM.

LOVE’S FALSE MEMORY.

Ah! once how every book and flower,
That had been touch’d or seen by thee,
However valueless before,
Became, for thy sake, dear to me.
And they would often cheer and bless
My hours of grief and loneliness;
The book recall’d a voice that shed
A pow’rful charm on all it said;
And then the flow’r remain’d a token
Of fond words, at our parting spoken.
’Tis over—I’m the sacrifice
To one wild, bright, and fatal dream.
To weep o’er love’s false memories,
To think on what I might have been;
Thy love was life itself to me,
Shrin’d in my heart so tenderly;
But it has been of rainbow hue,
As beautiful and tearful too!

FRANCES.

THE LEYDEN PHIAL.—DR. FRANKLIN.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—In the interesting account of the City of Leyden, in your last number but one, you have omitted noticing a memorable event in the annals of science which occurred there, viz. the accidental discovery of the electric jar, called after the city, the Leyden Phial; perhaps some account of the manner of the discovery may not be unacceptable to your readers, especially as it contributed so much to forward the knowledge of electricity, and confirmed the theories of the renowned Franklin, and here I cannot pass the mention of his name, without adding a trifling meed of praise to him, who by the mere force of genius, the exertion of

intellect and persevering study, acquired by his own industry, high renown, and exalted knowledge, and became the wonder of astonished multitudes. He contributed much to bring electricity into notice, and by the brilliancy of his discoveries, and his own acute powers, taught how lightnings gleamed and thunders rolled, by the all potent power of an electric fluid, and proved it too beyond a doubt, for with his Electric Kite, he drew the lightning from the skies, submitted it to experiment, and found it similar to that produced by the electrical machine; hence he formed his theories, and established a science before but little known. But to return to the Leyden Phial: here follows an account of its discovery, transcribed from a History of Electricity, wherein it plainly appears, that the city, of which your former number gave so good an account, may boast the honour, of giving to the world a valuable boon, inasmuch as it has proved of service in a medicinal way, as well as been advantageous to the science, from the history of which the following interesting particulars are extracted. T. N.—r.

Of the discovery of the Leyden Jar, or Phial.

THE manner in which this discovery (viz. the Leyden Phial) was made at Leyden in Holland, was as follows:—Professor Muschenbroeck and his friends, observing that electrified bodies, exposed to the common atmosphere, which is always replete with conducting particles of various kinds, soon lost their electricity, and were capable of retaining but a small quantity of it, imagined that were the electrified bodies terminated on all sides by original electrics, they might be capable of receiving a stronger power, and retaining it a longer time. Glass being the most convenient electric for this purpose, and water the most convenient non-electric, they first made these experiments with water, in glass bottles; but no considerable discovery was made, until Mr. Cunens happening to hold his glass vessel in one hand, containing water, which had a communication with the prime conductor, by means of a wire; whilst with the other hand he was disengaging it from the conductor, (when he imagined the water had received as much electricity as the machine could give it) was surprised by a sudden shock in the arms and breast, which he had not in the least expected from the experiment.

Thus was accidentally discovered the electric jar, which in its present improved form is now coated inside and outside with tin foil, to retain the electricity

which may be reverberated to the surface of the glass, and which by the communication of the positive side with the negative, gives the shock, well known by the name of the electric shock. It is extremely curious to observe the description which philosophers who first felt the electric shock, gave of it, especially as we are sure we can give ourselves the same sensation, and thereby compare their description with the reality. Terror and surprise certainly contributed not a little to the exaggerated accounts they gave of it; and could we not have repeated the experiment we should have formed a very different idea of it from what it really is, even when given in greater strength than those who first felt the electrical shock were able to give it. It will amuse our readers to give them an example or two. Mr. Muschenbroeck, who tried the experiment, says, in a letter to Mr. Reaumur, that he felt himself struck in his arms, shoulders, and breast; so that he lost his breath, and was two days before he recovered from the blow and the terror. He adds, he would not take a second shock, no, not for the kingdom of France. A Mr. Allamand said, that he lost the use of his breath for some moments, and then felt so intense a pain all along his right arm, that he at first apprehended ill consequences from it, though it soon after went off without any inconvenience. But the most remarkable account is that of Mr. Ninkler, of Leipsic. He says, that the first time he tried the Leyden experiment, he found great convulsions by it in his body, and that it put his blood into great agitation, so that he was afraid of an ardent fever, and was obliged to use cooling medicines: he also felt an heaviness in his head, as if a stone lay upon it. Twice, he says, it gave him a bleeding at the nose, to which he was not inclined; and that his wife (whose curiosity, it seems, was stronger than her fears) received the shock only twice, and found herself so weak that she could hardly walk; and that a week after, upon recovering courage to receive another shock, she bled at the nose, after taking it only once. Such was the surprise and terror with which these electricians were struck, by a sensation which thousands have since experienced without any disagreeable effects; and it affords us a lesson how far we ought to credit the first accounts of extraordinary discoveries, where the imagination is liable to be affected. On account of this experiment being first satisfactorily made at Leyden, a bottle coated inside and out, for the purpose of charging and discharging, is called a Leyden Phial, or Electric Jar.

LEAVES OF ANTIQUITY.

From the German of G. Von Herder.)

(Concluded from page 228.)

THE SWANS OF PARADISE.

FROM his youth, say the holy traditions, did Enoch walk with God. Even when child his angel had led him to Paradise. He read books not written on earthly leaves; they were sent to him from Heaven. He read the book of the stars, for which he was called Idris, the reflector. Once he sat contemplating under the shade of the cedar, a prophetic vision came on him, he saw the near fate of the world, which was soon to be overwhelmed in the general deluge, he saw the day of that avenging judgment. O! that I—sighed he—O! that I could make known this unto the world! A swan of dazzling brightness flew down from the heavens, thrice he flew round the head of the reflector, and slowly he returned to the clouds. Enoch knew him, it was a swan of Paradise, which in his infancy he had seen, and loved. A quill had fallen from his wing, he took it, and with it wrote his books of futurity. He had long, yet fruitlessly warned his brethren, when he called his son into him and said: "The days of my mortal life are finished, a few short days, perhaps the All-merciful will add mine to the rest of thy days." He blessed him, and the swans of Paradise surrounding him, bore him towards heaven—they carried him on their wings, and Enoch—was not. Methusaleh having in vain sought him amongst the clouds which encompassed the holy mount, suddenly a cherub stood before him arrayed in the most dazzling brightness: "I was the angel of thy father," said he, "I was his guide, and even in his infancy I led him into Paradise, there he is now; he has lived many years, for he was soon made perfect. Therefore he found favour in the eyes of God, who loved him; and therefore was he taken from this life." He spake, and touching the earth with his staff, there arose an almond tree, the early messenger of spring, even before its leaves appeared his naked branches produced—blossoms proclaiming the joyful season. The angel had vanished, and Methusaleh, who enjoyed the years of his father, and attained the highest age of mortal, saw yearly in this early blooming almond tree an emblem of the youth of his father.

THE RAVEN OF NOAH.

SORROWFULLY did Noah contemplate, from his floating ark, the waters of the deluge. The summits of the mountains

were scarcely perceptible, when he called the feathery tribe around him: "Who," said he, "will be the messenger of our deliverance?" The raven with loud clamour pressed forward—he desired his favourite food. The windows were hardly opened when he flew away and returned no more. The ungrateful animal forgot his deliverer and his mission, he hung on the masses of putridity. But he escaped not justice. The air was yet full of poisonous vapours, heavy fogs surrounded the corpses—they dimmed his eyes and blackened his feathers. As a punishment for his forgetfulness his memory was darkened as his eyes; even his newly born young ones he knows not, and enjoys no pleasure through them.

Terrified at their ugliness, he flies away and forsakes them. The ingrate begets an ungrateful race, he must dispense with the greatest pleasure, the gratitude of his children.

THE DOVE OF NOAH.

THE father of the new world had waited eight days for the arrival of the raven, when he, the second time, collected his flock around him to choose a messenger from amongst them. The dove flew timidly on his arm, and offered herself to be his messenger; "Daughter of truth," said Noah, "thou wouldst well be a bearer of glad tidings, but how wilt thou perform thy journey, and how fulfil thy purpose; how, when thy wings are tired and the storm seizing thee, casts thee in the troubled wave of death? Thy feet also avoideth uncleanness, and thy tongue abhorreth unclean food." "Who," said the dove, "giveth strength to the weak, and power to the feeble. Let me go, I shall assuredly be the bearer of glad tidings." She flew forth, but found no place whereon to rest her foot, when the green summit of the Mount of Paradise suddenly appeared before her. The waters of the deluge had not approached it, and its shelter was not forbidden to the dove. Joyfully she alighted at the base. A beautiful olive tree bloomed there, she broke a leaf from its branches, returned, and laid on the breast of the slumbering Noah. He awoke and smelt the perfume of Paradise. The green leaf of peace refreshed him till his Almighty Deliverer himself appeared to confirm the good tidings of the dove. Since that time the dove has been the messenger of peace and love:

"Her wings shine like silver."

says an old hymn, it is a ray of the glory of that paradise, which refreshed her on her pilgrimage.

JOSEPH AND ZULICA.

WHEN the wife of Podphar, the beautiful Zulica, seized Joseph and allured his senses, behold! the venerable form of his father presented itself to the mind of the youth. "The names of thy brethren, said Jacob, shall shine on the twelve stones of the ephod of the high-priest, and appear in token of remembrance before Jehovah in the dwelling of the Most Holy, wouldst that thy name should be erased, and that thou shouldst be called the shepherd of the adulteress?" Joseph recovered himself and fled, the golden dreams of his infancy presented themselves before him. And, instead of one, two names of his race appeared on those shining jewels before Jehovah. His dying father praised him, and said: "Joseph is a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough by a well; whose branches run over the wall—the reward of his youthful piety and virtue."

ANTIQUITY OF BATHS.

As proposals are circulating for the formation of Marine Baths in London, the following brief account of ancient baths will, perhaps, be read with interest.

History informs us that baths derived their origin from the remotest period. At Pompeii, which existed as a large city and sea-port long before the birth of Christ, we still see remains of baths in great numbers. These baths were formed of white and beautiful marble, and the dressing-rooms were paved with Mosaic, so artfully arranged, as to display many living animals, devices, and figures, which afforded appropriate associations to the subject of bathing. Before Pompeii was overwhelmed with lava from Vesuvius, palaces and private dwellings had baths attached to them as necessary appurtenances. Remains of them are still to be seen, and shew that they must have been equal, perhaps, to any of the present day. The ancients of both Greece and Rome entertained ideas not less favourable of the benefits of bathing than the moderns, and it seems highly probable, that they found cleanliness and bathing the chief preventives of the plague in those days.

The Romans, who conquered the Greeks, borrowed the idea of baths from them, according to Homer. In Rome we now find the spots, with the remains of many baths of the ancient chieftains, as of Julius, Augustus, Tiberius, Cæsar, Agrippa, Appius Claudius, Titus, Nero, &c. The warriors of old used baths after battle, and the Roman senators annually repaired to the sea-coast to derive the

benefits of bathing. Dioclesian employed 40,000 of his men in building baths, which he intended to be so superb as to eclipse all others; and Mahomet, the great law-giver, blended the necessity of baths with the institutes of his religion. The wisest men of ancient times enforced, by their habits and examples, their belief in the advantages of bathing; for Cicero's villas were generally near to the sea, to which he repaired during his vacations from scholastic labour, to refresh and renovate his constitution. And Horace, too, who in general followed in his living what was agreeable and beneficial, annually quitted his residence at Rome, to gain recreation from bathing; for in his route to the Brindes we first read of his inquiries about the bathing, and secondly about the wines and hares of the country.

It does not appear from the same author that baths were then considered less a source of remedy than of luxury.

Horace, in his *Ode ad Valentinum Nemonum*, speaks of the great fame which Antonius Musa, brother to Euphorbus, acquired by curing Augustus of a complaint which had baffled all other physicians, by the cold bath alone.

Pliny the younger, who speaks of the mode of exciting sweat, previous to the time of Asclepiades, remarks, that the baths which he established were infinitely luxurious, and received with the greatest avidity when they had become known: "*Balneas avidissima hominum cupiditate instituit.*"

Reminiscences.*

No. I.

SUETT.

THE dissipated habits of this eccentric and original performer are well known. He lodged at the Black Jack in Clare Market for many years, where he nightly entertained a set of respectable tradesmen, who "spent their evenings" as the phrase is, there. Mr. John Bannister in vain endeavoured to reclaim him, and whenever he was too late for rehearsal, John quietly left the theatre in search of him. One morning Suett not being in time, Bannister went out with a determination to go to his quarters, but accidentally looking up a court in Drury-Lane, he saw Suett with three women of the town about him drinking gin, which he was distributing. Bannister went up

* The title of this article is suggested by the intelligent correspondent who supplies and has promised a continuation; and we doubt not many of our readers will supply us with some original, authentic, and interesting reminiscences of their friends.—Ed.

to him and drawing him aside, said very gravely, "Suett, are you not ashamed of yourself, did not you promise me you would reform?" "why so I have," said the droll, holding up the pewter quartern, "in a small measure."

Being one evening at his usual quarters, a very conceited young man volunteered a song, which he sung very ill. Upon his asking Suett how he liked it, "why, Sir," said Suett, "your song is like the small-pox," "how's that," "a d—lish good thing when it's over." The person immediately got up in a rage and made an appeal to the company, but an appeal against such an antagonist was a dangerous proceeding: every part of his remonstrance was turned into ridicule by the witty address and eccentric manner of Suett, who concluded a triumphant reply amidst roars of laughter with these words:—

Swans sing before they die; 'twere no bad thing
Should certain persons die before they sing.

At the theatre, one evening behind the scenes, Suett observed a performer put something under his cloak, he asked him "what he had got there," at the same time putting his hand under the garment, "O, only my dagger," said the player. Suett drew out a small bottle, and having ascertained that it contained his favourite beverage, drank the contents and returned him the bottle with these words, "there's the sheath."

"The candles you sold me last were very bad," said Suett to a tallow-chandler, "indeed, Sir, I am sorry for that," "yes, Sir, do you know they burnt to the middle and would then burn no longer," "good heavens you surprise me, what, Sir, did they go out?" "no, Sir, no, they burnt shorter."

A gentleman having said in Suett's presence that he had, in his garden, some peas that had come up in an unusually quick time, "O, Sir," said the wag, "that's nothing—why a friend of mine sowed some, and they were all up the next morning," "excuse me, Sir," replied the gentleman, "the thing's impossible," "why, Sir," said Suett, "I saw them set in the evening, and when I walked in the morning, I found that the d—lish tom-cats had clawed them all up." ††

The Selector;

OR,
CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM
NEW WORKS.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

WE extract the following letter from Cromwell to Colonel Valentine Walton,

his brother-in-law, announcing the death of Colonel Walton's eldest son at the battle of Marston Moor, from Mr. Ellis's Historical Collection. Colonel Walton was a Republican of the most rigid stamp; he signed the Death Warrant of King Charles the First. The consequences as may be supposed, were ruinous to him at the Restoration; the estates which his alliance with the Protector had enabled him, during the troubles, to add to his patrimony, were in course, confiscated. He fled at first to Hanau, in Germany, where he became a Burgess; but fearing he should be given up, he went to Flanders, and there lived in privacy, under a borrowed name till 1661, when he died of fear, anxiety, and disappointment.

"DEERE SIR,—It's our duty to sympathize in all mercyes; that wee praise the Lord together in Chastisements or tryalls, that soe wee may sorrowe together. Truly England, and the Church of God, hath had a great favor from the Lord in this great victorie given unto us, such as the like never was since this war begunn. It had all the evidences of an absolute victorie obtained by the Lord's blessinge upon the godly partye principally. Wee never charged but wee routed the enemy. The left winge, which I commanded, being our own horse, saving a few Scottes in our reere, beat all the Prince's horse. God made them as stubble to our swords. Wee charged their regiments of foote with our horse (and) routed all we charged. The particulars I cannot relate now; but I believe of twenty thousand, the Prince hath not four thousand left. Give glory, all the glory, to God.

"Sir, God hath taken away your eldest son by a cannon-shot. It broke his legge. Wee were necessitated to have itt cutt off, whereof hee died.

"Sir, you know my tryalls this way, but the Lord supported me with this, that the Lord tooke him into the happiness wee all pant after and live for. There is your precious child full of glory to know sinn nor sorrowe any more. He was a gallante younge man, exceeding gracious. God give you his comfort. Before his death, hee was soe full of comfort, that to Franke Russel and myselfe he could not express it, itt was so great above his paine. This hee sayed to us. Indeed it was admirable. A little after hee sayed, one thinge lay upon his spirit; I asked him what that was; hee told me that it was that God had not suffered him to be noe more the executioner of his enemies. Att his fall, his horse being killed with the bullet, and as I am informed three horses more, I ad"

told hee bid them open to the right and left, that hee mighte see the rogues runn. Truly hee was exceedingly beloved in the armie of all that knew him; but few knew him; for he was a precious younge man fitt for God. You have cause to oless the Lord. Hee is a gloriose sainte in Heaven, wherein you ought exceedingly to rejoyce; lett this drinke up your sorrow. Seeinge these are not fayned words to comfort you, but the thing is soe real and undoubted a truth, you may doe all thinges by the strength of Christ. Seeke that and you shall easily beare your tryall. Let this publike mercy to the Church of God make you to forgett your private sorrowes. The Lord be your strength, soe prays your truly faythfull and loving brother,

“OLIVER CROMWELL.”

“July 5, 1644.”

“My love to your daughter, and my cousen Perceval, sister Desbrowe, and all friends with you.”

(The above is from the original, formerly in the possession of Mr. Langton, of Welbeck-street.)

VISIT TO A BEAUTY.

IN the early part of the evening, an English gentleman, resident at Copiapo, took me to visit a family of his acquaintance living in the undisturbed suburb, called the Chimba. Though almost worn out with the day's work, I was tempted to go, by the promise of being presented to the handsomest young woman in Chili. We had come, it is true, to Copiapo, with our thoughts full of mines and earthquakes; or, if we had originally any thoughts of mixing with society, the desolate appearance of the town had chased them away: nevertheless, we could not refuse to visit a lady with her pretensions. We found her very pretty and agreeable; but what entertained us particularly was her vehement desire to have a wider field for the display of her charms, which, to do the secluded beauty no more than justice, were of a very high order, even in this land of fascination. The accounts she had heard from others of the fashionable world of Santiago, and Coquimbo, had so completely turned the young lady's head, that earthquakes had ceased to make their usual impression. “I see,” cried she, “other people running out of their houses, full of terror, beating their breasts and imploring mercy; and decency, of course, obliges me to do the same; but I feel no alarm—my thoughts are all at Coquimbo. How can my uncle be so unkind as not to repeat his invitation?” We consoled the

damsel as well as we could, and as she had spoken of earthquakes, asked her if there had been one lately? “No,” she answered, “not for some time—I really do not think I have felt one myself for three days—somebody said there was one last night, but I knew nothing of it—I am tired of these earthquakes, and would never think of them again if I were once at dear Coquimbo!”—*Hall's South America.*

MEXICAN MOUNTAINEER.

WHILE we were admiring the scenery, our people had established themselves in a hut, and were preparing supper, under the direction of a peasant, a tall copper-coloured semi-barbarous native of the forest; but who, notwithstanding his uncivilized appearance, turned out to be a very shrewd fellow, and gave us sufficiently pertinent answers to most of our queries.

The young Spaniard of our party, a royalist by birth, yet half a patriot in sentiment, asked him what harm the King had done, that the Mexicans should have thrown him off? “Why,” answered he, “as for the King, his only fault, at least that I know about, was his living too far off: if a King really be good for a country, it appears to me, that he ought to live in that country, not two thousand leagues away from it.” On asking him what his opinion was of the free trade people were talking so much about? “My opinion of the free trade,” said the mountaineer, “rests on this,—formerly I paid *nine dollars* for the piece of cloth of which this shirt is made, I now pay *two*; that forms my opinion of the free trade.” The Spaniard was fairly baffled.—*Ibid.* F. C. N.

AMPHITHEATRE AT PARIS.

THE Circo, or amphitheatre, which stands on one side of the Piazz d'Arma, or reviewing ground, is a modern building erected during the French dominion, in imitation of the Roman amphitheatres, and intended for the display of public games, such as chariot-races, and bull-fights. It is of an oval form; the arena is about one hundred and twenty French toises in length; on one side is the *publi-nare*, or covered gallery, magnificently ornamented with painted stuccoes, and where the sovereign and his court take their station to see the games. The arena is so constructed, as to be filled occasionally with water, and to be transformed into a *naumachia* for rowing-matches. Under the French government, the am-

The Topographer.

No. IV.

YORK CATHEDRAL.

phitheatre, on remarkable occasions, was opened to the public gratis; in this way they contrived to lull the people asleep, by affording them amusements and disipation, much in the same manner that the Roman emperors gave fights of gladiators, to captivate the affection of the populace, and make them lose sight of their oppressive sway. At the farthest end of the Piazza d'Arme, is the triumphal arch intended for Bonaparte, but which has not been finished; the *bassi rilievi*, representing his victories, are huddled together under temporary barracks, and the whole arch is surrounded by a wooden shed.

THE Cathedral of York is one of the largest sacred structures in England, as the following comparative table, copied from Hargrove's History of York, will serve to demonstrate—and its magnificence corresponds with its magnitude.—Your insertion of the same in the MIRROR will oblige,

Sir, your's, &c.

T A C

COMPARATIVE TABLE.	York.	St. Paul's.	Winchester.	Canterbury.	Ely.	Lincoln.	Westminster.	Salisbury.
	FEET.	FEET.	FEET.	FEET.	FEET.	FEET.	FEET.	FEET.
Length from East to West.....	524	500	554	514	517	498	489	462
Westdoor to the								
Choir	264	306	247	214	130	246
Length of the Choir	162	165	138	152	140
of the space behind								
the Altar	69	...	93
of the Cross Aisles								
from N. to S.	222	246	208	LOW.124 UP. 154	178	227	180	210
Breadth of the body and side								
Aisles.....	109	107	86	74	73	83	96	76
Height of the vaulting of the								
Nave.....	96	88	78	88	...	83	101	84
of the two Western								
Towers or Steeples	196	221	N. 133	N.W.100	270	270
of the Lantern Tower	235	235	113	288	...	400

SINGULAR CUSTOM OF HOLDING THE COURT AT HUTTON CONYERS.

The following singular custom of holding the Courts at Hutton Conyers, is extracted from "Blount's Ancient Tenures."

"The lord holds his court the first day in the year; and to entitle the several townships of Hutton Conyers, Melmerby, Rainton, &c. &c. to right of estray for their sheep, to certain limited boundaries on the common or moor of Hutton Conyers, the shepherd of each township attends the court, and does fealty by bringing to the court a large apple-pie, and a two-penny sweet cake, and a wooden spoon. Each pie is cut in two, and divided by the bailiff—one half between the steward, bailiff, and the tenant of the covey-warren (upon the moor); and the other half into six parts, and divided amongst the six shepherds of the six townships. In the pie brought by the shepherd of Rainton, an inner one is made, filled with prunes. The cakes are divided in the same manner. The bailiff

of the manor provides furnety and mustard, and delivers to each shepherd, a slice of cheese and a penny roll. The furnety, well mixed with mustard, is put into an earthen pot, and placed in a hole in the ground, in a garth belonging to the bailiff's house, to which place the stewards of the court, with the bailiffs, tenant of the warren, and six shepherds adjourn, with their respective wooden spoons. The bailiff provides spoons for the steward, the tenant of the warren, and himself. The steward first pays respect to the furnety, by taking a large spoonful; the bailiff has the next honour, the tenant of the warren the next, then the shepherd of Hutton Conyers, and afterwards the other shepherds, by regular turns.—Then each person is served with a glass of ale, and the health of the lord of the manor is drank;—then they adjourn back to the bailiff's house, and the further business of the court is proceeded in." He further adds, "Each pie contains about a peck of flour; is about 16 or 18 inches diameter, and as large as will go into the mouth of an ordinary

over—“that the bailiff of the manor measures them with a rule, and takes the diameter; and if they are not of a sufficient capacity, he threatens to return them, and fine the town. If they are large enough, he divides them with a rule and compasses into four equal parts, of which the steward claims one, the warrener another; the remainder is divided amongst the shepherds.” The moor having now been enclosed some years, the custom is abolished.

Hull, 1824.

T. A. C.

The Robelst.

No. LXL

FRANCIS—AN AWFUL TALE.

(For the Mirror.)

Monk Lewis rais'd a spirit: so did Astley,
That in the Black Castle answered vastly;
But Angela's and Ravia's not now appear,
And in their stead another sprite you've here.

The family being absent on a country excursion, Francis put the key of the street door in his pocket, though not without some qualms of conscience. He had been left with Betty, in charge of the house, with strict injunctions, that at no hour after sun-set, either of the two should be absent: but curiosity, that tempting gorgon, in the shape of a hand-bill of the theatre, in Tottenham-street, rendered Francis forgetful of his duty: 'twas Der Freischutz, and its monstrosities. Now though Francis was a youth of but weak nerves, and extreme sensibility—a mere pupil of nature—he was withal a prodigious admirer of romance; and over the adventures of the Henrys, Charleses, Fredericks, and Augusteses, of modern book-makers, would pore for hours; and to the woes of Bellindas, Marias, Louisas, Matildas, &c. &c. their dire mishaps would offer many a tributary tear.—Sympathetic youth!

Francis had perused, with sedulous attention, but not without alarm, the late translation of the celebrated German stories; and, in despite of his mistress' admonition, hastened to witness the attempted representation of one of its most popular tales. He mounted to the gallery, reflecting, that being amongst the gods, safety might be found from the demons of the bottomless-pit; proofs, both of his wisdom and economy. Wedged in amongst some hundreds, he waited with earnest anxiety till the rising of the curtain should introduce him to these beings of another world. The eventful hour at length arrived: his eyes were fixed in-

tensely on the various actions of the living representatives of departed souls, and his ears eagerly drank their mysterious promulgations. But the balls were yet to be cast: it certainly must be awful;—it certainly was so to poor Frank: His whole faculties were absorbed;—his hair, like that of a certain member for Somersetshire, stood on end;—his teeth were in unison with the clack of a water-mill; and his whole frame was suffused with a perspiration difficult to describe—yet may be compared to one first soured into the Thames and then sent down to dry by the new Washing Steam Company!

The mimic attempt to realise the war of elements; the shrieks of the owlets; hissing of frightful snakes; croaking of baneful toads; flitting of fearful bats, and supernatural appearance of half-consumed corpses, crawling from their supposed last places of rest, were, in his mind, realities. 'Twas frightfully awful—so it was! and all this, too—

—“Within a dreary glen,
Where, scatter'd, lay the bones of men
In some forgotten battle slain.”

'Twas awful!—so it was!—“it might have tamed a warrior's heart.” No wonder therefore it tamed poor Francis; for, overpowered with what he considered the frightful reality, a summerzet into the pit would have been the consequence, had not a butcher's wife, who fortunately occupied the adjoining bench, caught him in her arms, and recruited his alarmed spirits with—not a smell, but a taste of her restorative cordial. The important taste was yet to be witnessed. Francis thought he had already witnessed sufficient, and was desirous of escaping from the infernal regions; but the gods formed a barrier impassable as a passage over Waterloo Bridge without paying toll, and constrained him to remain. He again became an attentive spectator. Pandemonium at length opened on his affrighted vision; Zamiel, the spirit of darkness, was discovered on his charger, surrounded by fire! Francis thought that Charon had already ferried him over Styx: and, without reflecting that this ancient boatman expected a fee, made the best of his way through the deities, and descended to *terra-firma* like the bolt of Jove; though he regarded himself as one of the fallen angels! The clouds, overcharged with rain, poured forth a second deluge; thunder rolled in awful majesty; vivid lightnings illumed the surrounding mansions; whilst Francis, *sans umbrella*, hastened, “amidst the peltings of the pitiless storm,” to his own abode. Scarcely had he reached Euston-square, when the clock of St. Pancras' new church tolled on

his affrighted ear the hour of eleven—an hour that he had heard strike *an hour previous* in the West London Theatre. Again a chilly fear overspread him;—the hour—the admonition of the fiend!—all rushed on his memory.

“Let those who disobey expect my hate:
Eternal punishment must be their fate.”

These were the demon's words,—so they were; and poor Frank naturally considered that he was a trespasser, for on reaching his master's door, and applying the key, he found that Betty had taken the precaution of securing by the guard-chain. He knocked, but knocked in vain; no friendly voice answered his appeal, and he was already a second Neptune. What was to be done? The thought of his fellow-servant Tom, who, previous to the family's departure, had effected an entrance at the kitchen window. Following Tom's example, he scaled the rails, and descended in safety into the area. The window, from his own negligence, had been left unsecured, and admittance was soon obtained: but all was dark within—dark as Cerberus. Groping his way, he stumbled over a chair, and trode on, in his imagination, a grisly snake. A sudden squal burst on his ears, and two fiery eyes glared on him with malignant fury. He staggered to a bench, and sank exhausted. The demon's denunciation again pressed on his memory, and he covered his visage with his hand. At length, attempting fortitude, he called on Betty! Betty! Bet!—but Betty was better employed. A sonorous noise next struck upon his distracted ear: it was similar—to what?—to the filling of the bellows of a church organ, the discharge of Vesuvius, or the bruit of the copper-smiths at Hounsditch; and presently the kitchen was illumed with a supernatural light, brilliant as meridian day. He was now completely gone.—Poor sympathetic youth! Recovering from his swoon, he crawled on all-fours to the door of the pantry, where Betty had just accomplished the task of lighting a candle. This was the meridian sun; the steel and flint were the thunder and lightning; and the fearful snake on which he trod, was but the tail of the favourite cat—her eyes, the fearful object that had so much scared and awakened so many qualms of conscience.

J. K.—R.

Miscellanies.

THE MUSK-CAT, AND THE PREPARATION OF MUSK.

SOME account of this singular animal, and the preparation of that important

article Musk, may not be uninteresting to a portion of the numerous readers of the MIRROR.

The Musk-Cat is found in Burats Koy, in the eastern portion of the Russian empire. It is almost like a young buck without horns, with this difference, that its hair is a little black, and the head somewhat resembles that of a wolf. The Chinese call this animal *Yehiam*, that is, *Muskhart*, on account of its likeness to a stag; but besides the dissimilitude of the head, it hath also two tusks, like those of a wild boar, which stick out at its mouth.

The Musk is contained in a certain swelling at the navel, like a little purse, which is composed of a thin skin, covered with a little fine hair. The Musk-Cat is the most inactive of animals, and it is with the greatest difficulty the hunter puts him up; but that once done, he is immediately shot, for he suffers himself tamely to be killed, without even defending himself, or stirring.

The Musk, of which there are various sorts, of different value, is prepared from this beast in the following manner:—After he is taken, all his blood is drawn off, and reserved; and from under his navel is taken out a bladder, which is filled with blood, or some odoriferous liquor. The animal is then cut to pieces. When the best sort is intended to be made, they take the hinder part of the animal, beginning from the kidneys, which is bruised to a jelly, which they dry, and therewith fill the small vessels, which they make of the skin of the beast. If they desire a slighter sort of Musk, yet very good, they beat all the parts of the animal together, without distinction, together with a little of his blood, and finish it as before. A commoner Musk is still made with the forepart of the animal alone.

MARTINUS...

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—The following extract from the *British Mineralogy* you will please insert if you think proper in the MIRROR.

C.

ON Sunday about three o'clock, the 13th of December, 1795, a stone weighing fifty-six pounds fell within two fields of the house, Wold-Cottage, near Bridlington. The people were within one hundred and fifty yards from the place where it fell: so great was the force in its fall, that it excavated a place nineteen inches deep where it fell, and something more than a yard in diameter. It is now lodged in Mr. Sowerby's museum, Lambeth-road, London. To perpetuate the spot

where the stone fell, the late Major Topham erected a pillar, with a plantation around it. The pillar is built over the exact place which the stone excavated, and has this inscription on a tablet:—

Here,
on this spot,
Dec. 18, 1795, fell from the atmosphere,
an extraordinary stone!
in breadth twenty-eight inches,
in length thirty inches,
and
the weight of which was fifty-six pounds!
This column
in memory of it, was erected by
Edward Topham,
1799.

LIBELS UPON HUMAN NATURE.

HASLITT, in his "Characteristics" in the manner of Rochefoucault's Maxims, says, "Vice is man's nature, while virtue is a habit or a mask." "We as often repent the good we have done as the ill." "If we are long absent from our friends, we forget them; if we are constantly with them, we despise them." "If a man is disliked by one woman, he will succeed with none. The sex (one and all) have the same secret, or *free-masonry*, in judging of men." "*The public have neither shame nor gratitude.*"

P. T. W.

THISTLES.

A GENTLEMAN noticing the great number of thistles on the poor lands of this country, states that in Germany they are used as food for horses, first undergoing the process of being beaten in a sack until the prickles are destroyed; horses will then devour them greedily. The writer states that he witnessed, a few years since, the very great and good effects of this food, on a German cavalry regiment in the British service, the horses of which were brought from a very poor state into good condition in a very short space of time. Thistles, it is to be observed, have considerable diuretic effects on horses.

PROFESSOR PORSON.

PROFESSOR PORSON was excessively addicted to the bottle, and when once set down to it he became a fixture for hours. He was once invited to meet a select party of literati at the house of an eminent author, who had no *personal* knowledge of Porson, but was acquainted with his habits, and in consequence, desired no gentleman would press the *learned Theban*

to fill and send round too fast. The Professor arrived, and amid a party of such congenial talents, no wonder midnight caught them at the feast of reason, and the flow of soul. Now guest after guest departed, till none but mine host and the Greek remained. Anticipating Porson's negative, a fresh bottle was proposed; it came; it was drained to the dregs. True as the needle to the pole, stuck Porson to his glass. Another and yet another came, and ere it was quite finished daylight appeared, (it was in November,) the Professor now declared "it was time to go home," but his host, who had been in purgatory some hours, begged he would finish the bottle and not hurry himself, which he did.

J. J. K.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

A TATTLING fellow came and told a person, of whom he had some knowledge, a secret of the utmost importance to himself, begging that he would not tell it again. "Never fear," said the person, "I shall, at least, be as discreet as yourself."

AN Irish fishwoman having been one day blooded, the apothecary told her that her blood was very bad. "By my faith," said she, "but it is a great big lie, for I was always reckoned to have the best blood of any woman in the kingdom."

THE celebrated Malherbe dined one day with the Archbishop of Rouen, who was famous for being a tedious, dull preacher. Dinner was scarcely over before Malherbe fell asleep, but was awake by the prelate, and invited to go and hear him preach. "I beseech your Grace," said Malherbe, "to excuse me, I can sleep exceeding well where I am."

A SAILOR passing by a cooper's shop, and seeing a number of tubs piled above each other at the door, began to kick and tumble them about the street. The master coming out, and desiring to know the reason of this strange proceeding, "Why," replied Jack, "should not every tub stand upon its own bottom."

Answers to Correspondents are unavoidably deferred for a week.

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OF

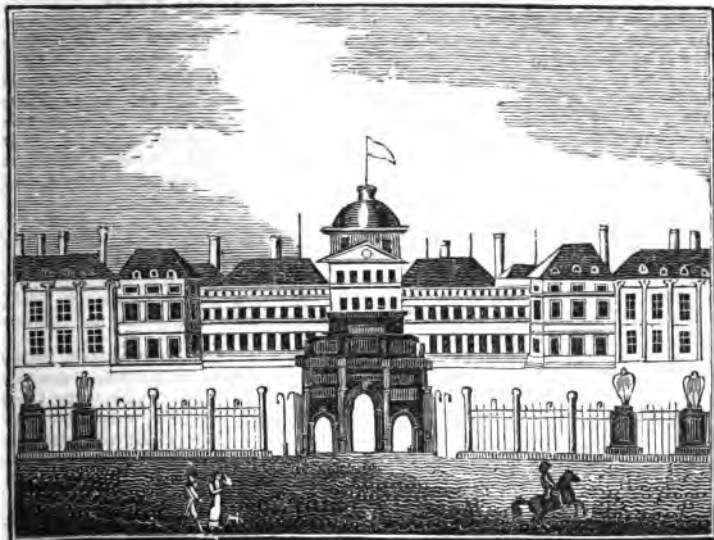
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CVII.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1824.

[PRICE 2d.]

The Tuileries.



THE Palace of the Tuileries, so long the residence of the kings of France, is situated on the banks of the Seine, in Paris. The name of the Tuileries is derived from the original destination of this place. The manufacture of tiles (*tuiles*) concentrated, till the conclusion of the thirteenth century, in part of the *Faubourg St. Germain*, spread to the other bank of the river; and this spot, till then denominated *la Sablonniere*, assumed the appellation of *Tuileries*.

On quitting the Louvre by the grand *Porte de l'Horloge*, you discover part of the *Place*, at the extremity of which the palace of the Tuileries is situated.— This spot was formerly a garden, which Louis XIV. destroyed; and the splendid *fete* which that prince gave here, in 1662, left to its site the name of *Carrousel*. The *Pont Royal* stands opposite to the point of junction between the great gallery of the museum and the palace.

These works were erected by command of Henry IV., in whose reign the palace of the Tuileries lay out of Paris. In an insurrection in the time of Henry III., that king narrowly escaped by retiring to the palace, when he was threatened by

the people. By completing this communication, Henry IV. provided for himself the means of a safe retreat; but his character and popularity rendered this precaution unnecessary.

This bridge, originally constructed of wood in 1632, was carried away in 1684. Louis XIV. rebuilt it of stone, at an expense of eight hundred thousand francs (about 33,000*l.*); it is seventy-two *toises* (432 feet) in length, and eight and a half *toises* (51 feet) in breadth; and by means of it a very active intercourse is kept up with the *Faubourg St. Germain*. As it is situated in a line with the palace of the Tuileries, the spectator must pass the bridge, and go a little lower down the river, to obtain a complete view of the palace.

Its buildings, which form a right angle with the river, and display a *facade* one hundred and sixty-eight *toises* (1,008 feet) in length, are composed of five pavilions, connected together by four *corps de logis*. The site of that which retains the name of its first destination was, so early as the fourteenth century, converted into gardens, and two private *hôtels* were erected, nearly on the same spot that is now cover-

ed by the palace, when, in 1664, the demolition of the palace of Tournelles was projected.

Catharine de Medicis, wife of Henry II. and regent during the short reign of her son, Francis II. and of her second son, Charles IX. relinquished the palace of the Tuileries, almost as soon as it was begun, on account of the predictions of an astrologer, who had recommended to her to be aware of places and persons of the name of *Saint Germain*. The palace which she was erecting happened to be in the parish of that name. Such was the credulity of those times, that more than one important undertaking was abandoned on the faith of some wretched fortune-teller.

During the reign of Henry IV. this palace was completely shut up in Paris; the buildings, already consisting of three pavilions, were continued, and the garden, which, however, was separated from the palace by a street, was laid out. Louis XIII. proceeded with the edifice, which as a whole, was deficient in harmony, because it had been built under the direction of different architects. Louis XIV. determined to correct these irregularities. Leveau changed the form of the centre pavilion, which was that of a circular dome, and the eye was no longer shocked by numerous incongruities. The laying out of the garden was consigned to the genius of Le Notre; it was united to the palace, and soon displayed a combination of magnificent arrangements. Since that period, the interior of the palace has received numerous embellishments; the garden has been adorned with statues, and the buildings which intercepted the view of it have been demolished. It is now bordered, throughout its whole length, by two broad terraces planted with trees, one parallel to the Seine, the other to the magnificent *rue de Rivoli*, the buildings in which have been actively resumed. This is a habitation worthy of the kings of France:

Jardin pompeux qui nous étale
Le faste du trône et des arts,
Je laisse tes ombres royales,
Là m'appelle le Champ de Mars.

Near the end of the terrace, which runs along the bank of the Seine, formerly stood a gate called *Porte de la Conférence*, which was demolished in 1730. It was erected in commemoration of an important event in the annals of Paris, for here the deputies of the League and those of the king held their first meeting in 1593. At a later period, the public gratitude consecrated this place as the witness of conferences which had ensured the general happiness, by putting

an end to civil war, and placing the capital under the paternal sceptre of the good Henry.

In a future number we shall give an interesting account of events connected with the Tuileries.

LOUIS XVIII.,

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

Islington, Sept. 22, 1824.

SIR,—When at Bath, in 1816, the late eminent physician, Dr. Caleb Parry, father of Captain Parry, of nautical celebrity, told me that he had had for his patient Louis XVIII., then just restored to the throne of his ancestors, and now recently deceased. He spoke well of his intellect, particularly his being a good classical scholar, whilst his disposition was tinged with mildness and humanity. As his patient, he mentioned certain traits which ought not to be lost, for though trivial, they may help to illustrate his character with posterity.

The exiled Louis came to Bath labouring under a violent paroxysm of the gout, and agonizing at every pore. Dr. Parry, on his first interview, examined every symptom of his royal sufferer, and asked him what kind of appetite he possessed. His Majesty replied, "Very good, very good; I eat as much as *four*!" With this answer the physician was satisfied. Dr. Parry then prescribed a very severe regimen, as well as a long course of physic. He became greatly reduced in bulk, and at the end of six weeks was completely recovered. The physician, calling to take leave of the re-invigorated monarch, was told by him that he wanted to put an advertisement into the *Bath papers*, which Dr. Parry very politely said he would see properly inserted. The advertisement, added the King, shall be short, and may run thus:—

"Lost—great part of my belly. Whoever finds it and brings it back, shall be duly rewarded."

The doctor laughed, enjoyed this ebullition of pleasantry, and they soon parted with mutual satisfaction.

The French monarch doubtless recovered what he had lost without the aid of an advertisement, and re-indulging his ravenous appetite, preserved his august roundness to the end of his days. The public prints say, that his lower extremities had not even in early life a proportionate strength to sustain the upper part of his frame. Surely the greatness of the superincumbent weight in his latter years must have been extremely unpleasant, and probably by engendering disease arising from inactivity accelerated his dissolution.

With his political merits or demerits I have no concern. Louis XVIII. has quitted the stage on which Providence destined him to act his part, and he is gone to that tribunal at which *kings* and *subjects* are alike amenable, whilst the adamantine pen of history will be employed in registering the deeds of his brief and chequered career with an instructive fidelity.

JOHN EVANS.

HISTORY OF BELLS.

BELLS were used by the Jews, Greeks, and Romans, but not for religious purposes. They were made of brass or iron, and were called *sinabala* by the Romans, whom they summoned to their baths. They were first introduced into churches in 458, under Pope Leo I.; or, according to some authors, in 400 by Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, in Campania, whence they derive the name of Campana.

Croyland Abbey, in Lincolnshire, had the first ring of bells in England; they were put up in Edgar's reign, and were six in number. There are eleven peals of twelve bells, viz. five in London, at Christ Church, Spitalfields; St. Michael's, Cornhill; St. Martin's in the Fields; (the first to announce our naval victories;) St. Leonard, Shoreditch; and St. Bride's, Fleet-street; and one at Birmingham, Cambridge, Cirencester, Norwich, Shrewsbury, and St. Saviour's, Southwark. There are, also, in the united-kingdom, about 500 peals of six, and 250 peals of five bells. According to Coxe, and to Porter, the great bell in St. Iwan's Church, Moscow, weighs 288,000 pounds, and that which is broken weighed 432,000 pounds. The great bell in St. Peter's, at Rome, re-cast in 1785, is in weight, 18,007 pounds. The largest bell in this kingdom, is, "The Mighty Tom" of Oxford, which weighs 17,000 pounds. There is, also, a bell of the same weight, hung 275 feet from the ground, at Florence, in the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio. The great bell, at Exeter Cathedral, given by Bishop Courtenay, weighs 12,500 pounds. "Great Tom" of Lincoln, weighs 9,894 pounds. The principal bell of St. Paul's, London, is estimated at 4½ tons, or 9,520 pounds.

Bells were formerly baptized, anointed, exorcised, and blessed by the Bishop of the diocese; and the favourite appellation of "Tom," applied to several large bells, probably arose from their having been baptized "Thomas," in honour of that "Saint Traitor" (as Fuller styles him) Thomas à Becket, the murdered Archbishop of Canterbury. The practice of

baptizing and consecrating bells, was introduced in 908, by Pope John XIII.

Their supposed uses are described in the Monkish lines:—

"Funera plango, fulgura frango, sabbata pango,
Excito lentos, dissipo ventos, paco cruentos."

Thus translated by Fuller:—

Funera plango.	{ Men's deaths I tell By doleful knell.
Fulgura frango.	{ Lightning and thunder I break asunder.
Sabbata pango.	{ On Sabbath all To church I call.
Excito lentos.	{ The sleepy head I raise from bed.
Dissipo ventos.	{ The winds so fierce I do disperse.
Paco cruentos.	{ Men's cruel rage I do assuage.

"Laudo Deum verum, plebem voco, congrego clerum, defunctos pluro, pestem fugo, festa decoro."

"I praise the true God, call the people, convene the clergy, lament the dead, dispel pestilence, and grace festivals."

Bells were also considered as demifuges and were rung, as Durand informs us, "Ut daemones timentes fugiant—Timet enim auditis ubis ecclesiae, scilicet campanis; sicut aliquis tyrannus timet, audiens in terra sua tubers allicujus potentis regis inimisi sui."

Stevens says, "The bell antiently rung before expiration, (or, 'When from the body parts the soul,') was called *the passing bell*, i. e. the bell that solicited prayers for the soul passing into another world." And Mr. Dance conjectures that it was originally used to drive away demons who were watching to take possession of the soul of the deceased.

The *Curfew*, (from the French *courfeveu*) was instituted by William I. of Normandy, (improperly styled "the Conqueror," for he had as good a right to the throne of England as Harold) who commanded, that a bell should be rung every night at eight o'clock, on hearing which, all people were to put out their fire and candles; the motive that incited William to this tyrannical conduct is attributed by some writers, to stop the progress of the numerous insurrections which prevailed in those feudal times. It is to the curfew that Gray so beautifully alludes in the beginning of his "Elegy written in a Country Church-yard."

"The Bell inn, at Edmonton," has acquired great celebrity from Cowper's tale of "John Gilpin."

At the distance of five miles from London, near, or in Islington, was a stone marking the place where Dick Whittington heard the cheering of "Bow bell."

It is to the *visible* bells of St. Dunstan's in Fleet-street, which strike the hours and intermediate quarters and half hours, to which your correspondent in his "Life in London," in No. 47, of the MIRROR, humourously refers.

To this useful appendage to clocks, Dr. Young, in his "Night Thoughts," finely alludes.

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time.

But from its loss. To give it then a tongue,
Is wise in man.

The proverbial expression, of *bearing the bell*; probably originated in the ornament of a bell bestowed on winning race-horses, whence races in the reign of James I., were called bell-courses; and hence, perhaps, one cause of the popularity of the sign.

FREDERICK.

EXTRAORDINARY SUPERSTITIONS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—In the course of my indiscriminate reading, I have just met with the Rev. Gilbert White's "Natural History of Selborne," from which I extract the 28th letter for your acceptance; shewing, I think, instances of superstitious absurdity as glaring as have ever appeared. If you (in accordance with my opinion) deem it right such ignorance and imbecility should be exposed and put to flight, and judge it worthy a place in your highly useful and entertaining publication, pray do me the favour to insert it.

Yours, &c. G. F. H.

TO THE HON. DAINES BARRINGTON.
Selborne, Jan. 8, 1776.

DEAR SIR,—It is the hardest thing in the world to shake off superstitious prejudices; they are sucked in as it were with our mother's milk, and, growing up with us at a time when they take the fastest hold, and making the most lasting impressions, become so interwoven into our very constitutions, that the strongest good sense is required to disengage ourselves from them. No wonder, therefore, that the lower people retain them their whole lives through, since their minds are not invigorated by a liberal education, and therefore not enabled to make any efforts adequate to the occasion.

Such a preamble seems to be necessary before we enter on the superstitions of this district, lest we should be suspected of

exaggeration in a recital of practices too gross for this enlightened age.

The people of Tring, in Hertfordshire, would do well to remember, that no longer ago than the year 1751, and within 20 miles of the capital, they seized on two superannated wretches, crazed with age, and overwhelmed with infirmities, on a suspicion of witchcraft; and, by trying experiments, drowned them in a horse-pond.

In a farm-yard near the middle of this village stands, at this day, a row of pollard-ashes, which, by the seams, and long cicatrices down their sides, manifestly shew that in former times they have been cleft asunder. These trees, when young and flexible, were severed and held open by wedges, while ruptured children, stripped naked, were pushed through the apertures, under a persuasion that, by such a process, the poor babes would be cured of their infirmity. As soon as the operation was over, the tree, in the suffering part, was plastered with loam, and carefully swathed up. If the parts coalesced and soldered together, as usually fell out, where the feat was performed with any adroitness at all, the party was cured; but, where the cleft continued to gape, the operation, it was supposed, would prove ineffectual. Having occasion to enlarge my garden not long since, I cut down two or three such trees, one of which did not grow together.

We have several persons now living in the village, who, in their childhood, were supposed to be healed by this superstitious ceremony, derived, perhaps, from our Saxon ancestors, who practised it before their conversion to Christianity.

At the south corner of the *Plestor* or area, near the church, there stood, about twenty years ago, a very old, grotesque, hollow pollard-ash, which for ages had been looked on with no small veneration as a *shrew-ash*. Now a shrew-ash is an ash whose twigs or branches, when gently applied to the limbs of cattle, will immediately relieve the pains which a beast suffers from the running of a *shrew-mouse* over the part affected; for it is supposed that a shrew-mouse is of so baneful and deleterious a nature, that wherever it creeps over a beast, be it a horse, cow, or sheep, the suffering animal is afflicted with cruel anguish, and threatened with the loss of the use of the limb. Against this accident, to which they were continually liable, our provident forefathers always kept a shrew-ash at hand, which, when once medicated, would maintain its virtue for ever. A shrew-ash was made thus:*

* For a similar practice, see "Plot's Staffordshire."

—Into the body of the tree a deep hole was bored with an auger, and a poor devoted shrew-mouse was thrust in alive, and plunged in, no doubt, with several quaint incantations long since forgotten. As the ceremonies necessary for such a consecration are no longer understood, all succession is at an end, and no such tree is known to subsist in the manor or hundred.

As to that on the *Plestor*,

“*The late vicar stubb'd and burnt it,*”

when he was way-warden, regardless of the remonstrances of the by-standers, who interceded in vain for its preservation, urging its power and efficacy, and alleging that it had been “*Religione patrum multo servata per annos.*”

I am, &c. G. WHITE.

Scientific Amusements.

No. VI

MAGIC SQUARES.

A SERIES of numbers, taken in arithmetical proportion, and arranged in the form of a square, so that the sum of the figures, composing any row (whether added perpendicularly, horizontally, or diagonally) may be equal, is termed a *Magic Square*; and although exercises of this kind are not productive of any solid advantage, they have long been considered a source of some amusement with mathematicians;—a kind of game, where the difficulty enhances the merit of winning;—and moreover, may chance to exhibit some new views and properties of numbers, which they would consider an ample reward for their pains.

In the darker ages of superstition, when mathematical knowledge was confined to the learned few, examples of this kind passed for magic; and we are gravely told conjurers made use of these squares, in the construction of talismans!

But, setting aside such ridiculous doctrines, magic squares may innocently beguile a weary hour in such as complain of *tedium vite*; and as it may perhaps amuse some readers, I shall give an easy method of constructing them, and a few examples done to hand.

It may, perhaps, be necessary to remark, that all numbers are not capable of being solved; as for example, where there is no exact square root of the number of terms.

First, then, we will take a very simple example.

To arrange the digits (1, 2, 3, &c. to 9) as a Magic Square—viz., counting each rank perpendicularly, horizontally, or diagonally, that their sum may be equal,

8 3

First, the square root of the number of figures (9) gives three rows in length and depth.

The sum of the progression numbers, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, is 45; and 45 (their sum) divided by 3 (the rows) gives 15—sum of each side or rank; lastly, 15 again divided by 3, gives 5 for the middle number. Now for your corner figures—suppose your square represented thus:

a,	b,	c,
d,	e,	f,
g,	h,	i.

Beginning with 1, I find the corner a, or any other corner cannot be 1; for if a=1, then i must be 9; and b+c=15—i=14, as also d+g=14. But there remains no two figures, after rejecting 5, 1, 9, whose sum is 14, except 6 and 8; therefore, if any of those figures were b, the other would be c, and then no figures would remain for the value of either d or g; and so a is not 1, nor any other corner 1 or 9.

Again—a cannot be 3, for if it were, i would be 7, and b+c=15—3=12, as also d+g=12; but there remains no two numbers, after rejecting 5, 3, and 7, whose sum is 12, except 8 and 4, which cannot answer to b and c, and d and g; wherefore, a, or any other corner, is not 3; neither is i, or any other corner, 7.

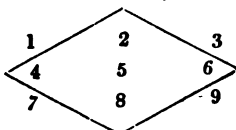
From what has been said, it is plain the corners must be even; wherefore, if a=2, i will be 8, and c either 4 or 6; so taking c=4, the square runs thus:

2	9	4
7	5	3
6	1	8

But taking c=6, it will be thus:

2	7	6
9	5	1
4	3	8

By exercising a little ingenuity, this and all the following instances may be arranged many other different ways, as may be proved by those who have time and inclination for such operations.—They may also be found, mechanically, thus:—Set the numbers down progressively, about which draw a square corners-ways;



then place the angular figures at the corners, and put the outermost alternately.

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} 2 \\ 4 \end{array} \right\} \left\{ \begin{array}{l} 5 \\ 8 \end{array} \right\} \left\{ \begin{array}{l} 6 \\ 8 \end{array} \right\}$ You will then, by inspection, supply the blanks—

2	7	6
9	5	1
4	3	8

EXAMPLE 2.—Arrange 1, 2, 3, &c. to 16 into a magic square. The square root of 16 is 4—the number of rows. The sum of the progression=136, which divided by 4=34 sum of each side, diagonally, horizontally, or perpendicularly; and the square runs thus, upon a little consideration of the foregoing:

1	10	7	16
15	8	9	2
14	5	12	3
4	11	6	13

Or thus:

1	11	6	16
15	8	9	2
14	5	12	3
4	10	7	13

And again thus:

1	15	14	4
12	6	7	9
8	10	11	5
13	3	2	16

EXAMPLE 3.—Let us take 8, 9, 10, 11, &c. to 23 (16 terms).

Square root of 16=4 rows ... 8 22 21 11
 Sum of progression=248 19 13 14 16
 248 divided by 4=62 each side, i. e. horizontally, diagonally, and perpendicularly, as before 15 17 18 12 20 10 9 23

EXAMPLE 4.—Take the following numbers for a magic square, viz. 8, 9, 10, 11, 14, 15, 16, 17, 20, 21, 22, 23, 26, 27, 28, and 29 (viz. 16 terms). Pursuing the foregoing directions, you will find the following (making 74 every way):

8	28	27	11
23	15	16	20
17	21	22	14
26	10	9	29

EXAMPLE 5.—Suppose 1, 2, 3, &c. to 25 were given.

Square root of 25=5 rows 16 14 8 2 25
 Sum of numbers=325... 3 22 20 11 9
 And 325 ÷ 5=65 every way 15 6 4 23 17 24 18 12 10 1 7 5 21 19 13

EXAMPLE 6.—Admit from 1 to 49, progressively, were given.

Square root of 49=7 rows 1 9 17 25 33 41 49
 Sum of numbers =1225 24 32 40 48 7 8 16
 And 1,225 ÷ 7=175 every way 47 6 14 15 23 31 39 21 22 30 38 46 5 13 37 45 4 12 20 28 29 11 19 27 35 36 44 3 14 42 43 2 10 18 26

EXAMPLE 7.—Now for a *fracture*.—Let us take from 1 to 100, progressively. Square root of 100=10. Sum of Numbers=...5,050. And 5,050 divided by 10=505 every way.

11	92	12	88	14	15	16	84	83	90
100	82	26	27	67	35	59	53	50	1
99	19	75	74	33	66	42	43	51	3
2	20	76	73	34	36	60	57	49	98
4	81	25	28	68	65	41	44	52	97
94	21	77	72	32	37	61	56	48	7
5	80	24	29	69	64	40	45	53	96
93	22	78	71	31	63	39	46	54	8
91	9	89	13	87	86	85	17	18	10

The above Magic Square will count 22 different ways 505, and no two squares alike JACOBUS.

Select Biography.

No. XVIII.

JOHN GALT, ESQ.

THE subject of this brief memoir was born at Irvine, in Ayrshire, where he was classically educated. Having subsequently spent some years at his home at Greenock, he visited London in the year 1804. We next find him engaged in his travels in Greece, where he formed a close intimacy with the late lamented lord Byron, and continued on terms of friendship and correspondence with him up to the period of his Lordship's departure from Italy to Greece.

His "Life of Cardinal Wolsey," although not first published, was his earliest literary attempt. This juvenile production, for so it may be considered, held out every promise of future excellence. Although not compiled from original materials, and treating a subject familiar to the readers of English history, still the reflections with which it is interspersed, and which bear the peculiar stamp and impress of the genius of the writer, bestow on it a strong air of originality. In its composition he adopted the nervous style of Sallust, keeping Tacitus in view. Throughout it displays much learning, ingenuity, and depth of research.

His "Voyages and Travels in the Mediterranean" are replete with general and commercial information. This quarto volume was followed by a lighter production, entitled "Letters from the Levant," in which the scenes he describes, more especially that of the Turkish barber's shop at Scio, are depicted with such a truth of colouring, that the reader fancies himself to be an eye-witness of what is passing.

His "Life of Benjamin West is to be considered as the eulogy of an old and

particular friend, to whom the writer was much attached: it needs not be added that the friendship was reciprocal. The first part of this work is one of the most curious pieces of biography extant; and the whole is written in the author's best manner.

To proceed to the novels which have bestowed on him so high a celebrity, and in which the versatility of his fertile genius is so amply displayed:—His "Ayrshire Legatees" is a felicitous attempt to exhibit the feelings and peculiarities of a Scottish family on their first visit to London. The sale of "Blackwood's Magazine" was increased very considerably by this work.

In the "Annals of the Parish," which may be appropriately styled the "Piteous Chronicle," we have a view of the progress of Society in Scotland during the late reign. Whether with reference to the supposed character of the writer, an aged clergyman, or to the incidents it describes, this work is certainly unique.

To the above, the "Provost" is a companion. A worthy chief magistrate enters into all the details of his administration of borough politics. Like the "Annals of the Parish," it is curious on account of the dramatic sustentation of character. It is difficult to conceive that these two works are fictitious.

It has been rumoured among the author's friends, that he intends to follow them up by another of the same kind—a description of the conduct of a Member of Parliament during the late reign. If executed as happily as the others, it will be a lasting addition to the history of the country.

His "Ringan Gilhaize" is a tribute to the popular spirit of Scotland, and to the worthies who formed the present national character of the Scots. It was prompted by the impression produced by "Old Mortality," which, however excellent as a literary production, is, as an historical representation, at variance alike with fact and the truth of character. The novel of Sir Walter Scott excited a general spirit of hostility to its principles in Scotland; and what is a truly remarkable circumstance, led to a general restoration, throughout the country, of the tombs of the Martyrs—such being the designation given to the tombs of those who suffered by public execution during the reigns of Charles II. and James II., when the spirit of persecution for religion's sake was at its height. It has been said, that several of the author's family were among the persecuted; and Wodrow, the Scottish ecclesiastical historian, mentions no less than three or four Ayrshire individuals of the

name of Galt, who were persecuted, and punished by fine and banishment, on account of their adherence to Presbyterianism.

Of our author's other productions, the "Entail," "Sir Andrew Wylie," "The Spae Wife," &c., as they are in every one's hand, it would be superfluous to say any thing further than that they exhibit throughout his peculiar felicity in portraying the various shades of Scottish character.

Several of his poetic *morceaux*, which have been much admired, are interspersed in his different publications; and at one time his taste for music led him to the composition of a variety of airs, which became popular, to the extent of being played on the street-organs.

In adverting to his industry in his literary pursuits, and the energy with which he follows them up, it will suffice to say, that he has been known to be engaged at the same time in three productions of an entirely dissimilar nature; thus evincing a rare versatility of talent. However much he may be, at present, occupied in promoting the views of an establishment of great national and commercial importance, we have reason to expect that his leisure hours will still be devoted, with unabated energy, to the pursuits of general literature.

Having paid this deserved tribute to the genius of Mr. Galt, it only remains to be added, that he is exemplary in his domestic relations, warm and steady in his friendships, and, in his disposition, mild and courteous.

Lady's Monthly Museum.

The Novelist.

No. LXII.

ALMURATH, AN EASTERN TALE.

My father was an eminent merchant in Bagdad, and by a long course of indefatigable industry and perseverance he amassed a very considerable fortune; I being his only child he bestowed upon me the most liberal education which could be obtained, and I was instructed by the Magi in all the scientific and abstruse learning of the east, but was never called upon to apply myself to business of any kind; in short, with the exception of my studies, from which I could not by any possibility escape, I led a life of indolence, ease, and luxury. On my father's death, which happened when I was scarcely twenty three years of age, I inherited all his immense wealth, which

knew very little more what to do with than I should have known how to obtain it by my own industry. Led by the ardour and precipitancy of youth into all the vices, follies, and extravagancies of the age, which the liberal supplies of my father in my younger days had enabled me to pursue and indulge in, I now thought of nothing but ease and luxury, and a gratification of the passions. I purchased a splendid mansion in the suburbs of Ispahan, where, surrounded by servants, and with a princely establishment, scarcely equalled in magnificence by that of the Shah himself, I revelled night and day in every thing which could intoxicate the intellectual or moral faculties of the soul.

An old Dervise, far famed for his wisdom and knowledge of the world, frequently visited me, and took every opportunity (which I as sedulously avoided,) of endeavouring to awaken my reason; I was deaf to his admonitions and entreaties, and fain would have dispensed with his visits; but gratitude, and parental esteem, prevented me from offending him, for he had been an old and valued friend of my father, who charged me on his death bed always to shew him every respect and attention in my power for his sake, which I solemnly promised to do.

One day the old Dervise caught me alone, as I was reclining on a sofa in the heat of the day. I could not escape, and, placing himself beside me, after a few compliments and ceremonies had been exchanged, he began, in his usual manner, to bestow some of his sage advice respecting my conduct, which was not very acceptable to me; after listening awhile I affected to be asleep, and soon was so in reality. The visions of the night visited me; I fancied I was by some means or other, in a large populous place, where the governor had just issued an order for every man to be supplied with a vessel of water, as a trial of their fidelity and obedience to his laws, and every one was to be judged by the use he made of this water. I saw the officers of government deliver the vessels, which were all of one size, and amongst the rest I was supplied with one. Some of them were quite full, others were three fourths, and others half full of water, while some contained but a little. At a certain hour an aperture at the bottom of each vessel was to be opened, so as to suffer the water to escape at pleasure.

I wondered at this strange law, and though I asked several the meaning of it, they all seemed too much engaged to attend to me; I saw some who had the art of catching the water as it ran off, and

turning it into gold, which they laid up with great care; others made a sort of menstruum of it to dissolve gold and the other precious metals, which it did with a wonderful facility, so that some were quickly left without a sufficient quantity to purchase the necessaries of life, and would fain then have followed the method of the others, who were enriching themselves by the water, but which they were for the greater part incompetent to effect. Many not only turned the liquid into food and raiment for themselves, but had an ample supply for the poor, and such as had thoughtlessly, or for want of skill, let their vessels nearly empty themselves, without appropriating the water to any profitable use: some sacrificed or sanctified a part, and others all of their stock to the service of the great Alla, which I observed was well received, and produced infinite comfort to its possessors; whilst many took no notice of the running stream, but let the whole contents of the vessel fall upon the ground and disappear in the earth. I observed that those who had artfully turned the water into gold, which they preserved with so much care, had laboured in vain, for the moment the last drop was run out all their glittering heaps vanished, and they were left with nothing more than those who had suffered it to escape without care or trouble.

I had been so attentive to the actions of others that I forgot my own vessel was all this time discharging its contents, and when I looked round, behold it was nearly exhausted; I sought for it but it had either evaporated or sunk into the earth, and I bewailed my negligence in vain, for I found all hopes of redeeming my time was fruitless. The period now arrived when all were called before the governor in council, to give an account of the manner in which they had acted, and I, among the rest, stood trembling at the bar of the tribunal; evasion or excuse was of no avail, for the officers of justice had watched us so narrowly, and noted down every circumstance, that it required only their evidence to decide our fate. First those who had converted the water into necessaries for the supply of themselves and less fortunate neighbours, and those who had sacrificed to the supreme Alla, were rewarded with situations and posts under the government, according to their original quantity of water, and the extent of their liberality, and piety, of which there were many degrees or gradations among them, and they had robes given them agreeably to the different situations they were appointed to fill; after which, those who converted the water into gold; those who dissolved the precious

metals with it, and those who suffered it to drain uselessly away, (of the last of whom I was unfortunately one) were, under the severest censures and anathemas of the judge, condemned to various penalties and punishments, according to the different circumstances of aggravation attending their crimes; for my part I was condemned to the galleys for life; I wept most bitterly as the inexorable sentence was passed, and cried out in the anguish of my heart, "Oh, what would I give to have the same opportunity again." As I uttered these words I sunk down in a swoon, and neither heard or saw any more, till I awoke and found myself in the arms of Alhaddin, the faithful Dervise, who had been sitting by me the whole time, and witnessed the anguish of my soul, in the last moments of my unquiet sleep. I looked wildly around me, and it was some time before I was convinced my dream was not real, till, at last, I was sufficiently composed to relate the story; but the vision had made such an impression on my mind, that it had quite unmanned me.

Alhaddin heard me relate my dream with the greatest silence and composure, and almost without moving a muscle of his face, whilst his eyes were rivetted on the floor, as if in a deep reverie; when I had finished he lifted his hands and eyes to heaven, and exclaimed with the greatest emotion, "gracious Alla! I thank thee!" then addressing himself to me, with an emphasis and irresistible earnestness of expression, which I shall never forget, he said, "Oh, Almurath, my son, thou hast cause with me to be thankful; the finger of Heaven has warned thee of thy fate, and may it not be lost upon thee. The people thou sawest in thy dream were the inhabitants of the earth, of whom thou art one. The water was the water of life, or rather life itself; the hours, the days, and the years of which thou hast been so long letting run to waste: oh, see thy folly ere it be too late, and let not the shade of thy venerated father, and my departed friend accuse thee of evil, or me of supineness. Thy vessel is not yet empty: let me beseech thee to employ the remainder of thy time in good works; let thy days be devoted to *him* who has filled thy vessel with the precious water of life, and let the poor share thy vast substance, so shall thou be happy and blessed, far beyond thy most sanguine expectations, and thy reward shall be a thousand fold: my grey hairs shall be thy faithful monitors, till I lay my head in peace in the grave of my fathers, and future generations shall praise and bless thy name, long after thou art passed to the tomb,

and time shall have crumbled the marble thereof into dust." My dream, and this address of my venerable friend, had such an effect upon me, that I instantly determined on a reform of my life, making a vow that no day should in future pass away without my being able to look back and see that I had employed it to a good purpose. I now bestow my bounty cheerfully on the poor and needy, and sincerely do I thank the mighty Alla, that he has given me wherewith to do so; my time hangs no longer heavy on my hands, nor is it wasted in vain pleasures. I have found true earthly happiness, which before, I never knew, and, with the assistance of the worthy Alhaddin, I hope to make my peace with *him*, before whom all flesh is as chaff, and every man's life as a drop of water: then shall I lay up a crown in Heaven, and complete that inexpressible and eternal beatitude of which I have already a fore-taste here.

M.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE TURKS OF GRAND CAIRO.

A TURK with his long pipe in his hand, will listen for hours to a tale of wonder and enchantment, with deep interest, with exclamations of Allah, and without once interrupting the speaker. This custom, so universally prevalent throughout the East, is useful as well as amusing, for the stories have often an excellent moral; but a tale told in Europe would be a very different thing from hearing it in these countries. The wild and rich imagery of the East would hardly suit our colder climes, any more than the often impassioned and graceful action of the narrator, or his genii, afrit and goule. Many of these men travel over the country, and get an uncertain living by reciting in the villages and towns; but the most esteemed are to be found in the cities. Their tales are either invented by themselves, or taken from the Arabian Nights and other Oriental writings. A new and good story here, like a new book in Europe, confers fame on the inventor, and becoming popular, passes from one city to another, is quickly learned by the Arabs, and retailed in all the coffee-houses of the land. On the halt of a caravan at evening, when the groups are seated at their tent-doors round the fire, a tale from one of the company is a favourite and never-failing source of amusement. You will observe on these occasions men of various nations suspend their converse, and listen intensely

to every word that falls from the speaker's lips. The women are debarred this amusement, but there are at Cairo a superior sort of Almah girls, who are sent for by the ladies, and amuse them with dancing, singing, and music: it was probably a dance of this voluptuous kind that Herodias performed to please Herod and his officers, and which is a favourite throughout the East. I passed an evening most agreeably with M. Bokty and his family; he is the Swedish *chargé d'affaires*, and is a very clever and well-informed man. It was his beautiful daughter who was shot in the street some years ago, by a drunken Turkish soldier, as she was riding out between her mother and sister; a green veil which she wore, was supposed to have been the cause of this outrage. The sacred colour of the Prophet is prohibited to the Christians in every way; even a green umbrella would be dangerous to sport here. The passage of the caravans through Cairo, from the interior of Africa to Mecca, is a very interesting sight, being composed of so many different nations with their various flags and banners. In this city, where it is vain to long for books to beguile the sultry hours, I had the exquisite pleasure of meeting with a copy of "The Pleasures of Hope." How it came there it is not easy to tell, but it was a most welcome and delightful stranger on the banks of the Nile: it accompanied me afterwards through Palestine and Syria, and in the wilderness, and in weary and solitary hours, what better and more inspiring consolation could a wanderer wish for? That little volume has been no small traveller; on leaving Syria I gave it to the daughter of the English consul-general at Beirut, at the foot of Mount Lebanon, where, from the value placed on its contents, it is likely to be inviolably preserved.

A singular amusement is to be seen sometimes in the streets; two men, thinly clothed, and fat as butter, with broad, laughing countenances, circle continually round each other, and every time they meet, hit one another severe and dexterous blows on the face, singing all the time some humorous song, accompanied by droll gestures and grimaces: this is much enjoyed by the populace. One day we rode to the palace of the Pacha, at Shoubra, it is pleasantly situated on the banks of the Nile, and one or two of its apartments exhibit all the splendid appendages of Orientalism. The saloon had a very tempting appearance; its rich ottomans and cushions, its fountain and cool recesses, all invited to luxurious repose and enjoyment. The garden was

pretty, and laid out in the European manner: in the middle was a charming kiosque shaded by the trees. This prince is a great voluptuary, temperate in eating and drinking: like most Turks of rank, he avails himself, unlimitedly, of the Prophet's permission of a plurality of wives. We saw the ladies of his harem one day riding out; they were eight in number, but so closely veiled and mantled, it was impossible to form any opinion of their countenance or figure. A traveller in the East, who chances to be a physician, is privileged above all men; he obtains admission into the serais, beholds the features of the favourite beauties, and holds long conversations with them; and it is singular how very anxious and curious the Eastern ladies are, to see the Hakim or Frank physician. He comes with a solemn countenance, the very eunuchs look complacent on him, and each lady holds out her beautiful hand, assumes a languishing air, and allows him to examine the colour of her eyes, and talks without reserve. Even a trifling knowledge of medicine is of the greatest service: to this we afterwards owed our deliverance from captivity by the Arabs. Even when walking through some parts of Cairo, with Osmin, the renegade Scotchman, who professed to be a bit of a doctor, he was assailed by several women on the subject of their own, or their families' complaints. The environs of Cairo, since the subsidence of the inundation, are wonderfully improved in beauty, but the only pleasant situation for a residence is at Old Cairo, on the banks of the Nile. It is rather a ruinous place; but there are some merchants' houses at the water's edge, amidst a mass of foliage, which look on the isle of Rhoda, and the village of Gizéh on the opposite shore. In riding to this place, you often see in the shade of the large trees near the path, groups of women of a certain description, loosely apparelled, who, having lighted a fire and prepared coffee, allure with their voice and enticing gestures the passengers to join them; but their appearance has few attractions.

New Monthly Magazine.

SPECIMENS OF A NEW DICTIONARY.

Absentees.—Certain Irish land-owners, who stand a chance of being knocked on the head if they stay at home, and are sure of getting no rents if they go abroad; thus illustrating the fate of the hippopotamus, which, according to the authority of the showman at Exeter 'Change, "is a amphibious animal that cannot live upon land and dies in the water."

Absurdity.—Any thing advanced by our opponents, contrary to our own practice, or above our comprehension.

Accomplishments.—In women, all that can be supplied by the dancing master, music-master, mantua-maker, and milliner. In men, tying a cravat, talking nonsense, playing at billiards, dressing like a groom, and driving like a coachman.

Alderman.—A ventri-potential citizen, into whose Mediterranean mouth good things are perpetually flowing, although none come out.

Ancestry.—The boast of those who have nothing else to boast of.

Antiquity.—The youth, nonage, and inexperience of the world, invested, by a strange blunder, with the reverence due to the present times, which are its true old age. Antiquity is the young miscreant who massacred prisoners taken in war, sacrificed human beings to idols, burnt them in Smithfield, as heretics or witches, believed in astrology, demonology, witchcraft, and every exploded folly and enormity, although his example be still gravely urged as a rule of conduct, and a standing argument against any improvement upon the "wisdom of our ancestors!"

Astrology is to *Astronomy* what alchemy is to chemistry, the ignorant parent of a learned offspring.

Bachelor.—Plausibly derived by Junius from the Greek word for foolish, and by Spelman from *Baculus*, a cudgel, because he deserves it. An useless appendage of society: a poltroon who is afraid to marry lest his wife should become his mistress, and generally finishes by converting his mistress into a wife.

Bait.—One animal impaled upon a hook in order to torture a second for the amusement of a third.

Bed.—An article in which we are born and pass the happiest portion of our lives, and yet one which we never wish to keep.

Bumper-toasts.—See Drunkenness, Ill-health, and Vice.

Butcher.—See Suwarrow, Turkish commander, and the history of miscalled heroes, &c. &c.

Challenge.—Giving your adversary an opportunity of shooting you through the body, to indemnify you for his having hurt your feelings.

Coffin.—The cradle in which our second childhood is laid to sleep.

College.—An institution where young men learn every thing but that which is professed to be taught.

Courage.—The fear of being thought a coward.

Cousin.—A periodical pore from the

country, who, because you happen to have some of his blood, thinks he may inflict the whole of his body upon you during his stay in town.

Cunning.—The simplicity by which knaves generally outwit themselves.

Ibid.

MAXIMS OF O'DOHERTY.

(From the last Number of *Blackwood*.)

MAXIM EIGHTY-THIRD.

WE moderns are, perhaps, inferior to our ancestors in nothing more than in our epitaphs. The rules, nevertheless, for making a good epitaph, are exceedingly simple. You should study a concise, brief, and piquant diction; you should state distinctly the most remarkable points in the character and history of the defunct, avoiding, of course, the error into which Pope so often fell, of omitting the name of the individual in your verses, and leaving it to be tagged to the tail or beginning of the piece, with a separate and prosaic "*hic jacet*." Thirdly, there should be, if possible, some improvement of the subject—some moral or religious, or patriotic maxim—which the passenger carries with him, and forgets not. I venture to present, as a happy specimen, the following, which is taken from a tomb-stone in Winchester Church-yard, and which tradition ascribes to a late venerable prelate of that see, Dr. Hoadley:—

"Private John Thoms lies buried here
Who died of drinking cold small beer
Good Christian! drink no beer at all,
Or, if you will drink beer, don't drink it small."

Nothing can exceed the nervous pith and fine tone of this, both in the narrative and the didactic parts. It is really a gem, and confers honour on the Bishop—on whom, by the way, a clever enough little epitaph was written shortly after his death by a brother Whig and D.D. Bishop Hoadley was, in this Doctor's opinion, a heretical scribe, and his monument encroached too much on one of the great pillars of the Cathedral.

"Here lying Hoadley lies, whose book
Was feebler than his Bier,—
Alive, the Church he vain had shook,
But undermines it here."

MAXIM EIGHTY-SEVENTH.

OF late they have got into a trick of serving up the roasted pig without his usual concomitants. I hate the innovating spirit of this age; it is my aversion, and will undo the country. Always let him appear erect on his four legs, with a lemon in his mouth, a sprig of parsley in his ear, his trotters bedded on a pair of sage. One

likes to see a pig appear just as he used to do upon the board of a Swift, a Pope, an Arbuthnot. Take away the customs of a people, and their identity is destroyed.

NOW I AM HAPPIER THAN A KING!

Now I am happier than a king!
 My goblet flows with wine,
 And round my couch the gay girls sing,
 And all their love is mine!
 My brow is bound with ivy pale,
 And tendrils of that tree
 The best that grows on hill or dale,—
 At least the best to me!
 My bower is wreathed of myrtle green,
 The lily, and the rose,
 Whose red bud blushes to be seen
 'Mid lilies fair as those!
 Thus am I happier than a king!
 My goblet flows with wine,
 And round my couch the gay girls sing,
 And all their love is mine!
 And Myra laughs, and Daphne smiles,
 And Galatea tries
 To win me with her witching wiles,—
 And gentle Thyra sighs!
 Thus am I happier than a king!
 My goblet flows with wine,
 And round my couch the gay girls sing,
 And all their love is mine!
 Then fill my bowl, and bind my hair
 With fresher wine and flowers:
 To-morrow may belong to care,—
 To-day! to-day is ours!
 Now am I happier than a king!
 My goblet flows with wine,
 And round my couch the gay girls sing,
 And all their love is mine!
London Magazine.

MEMENTO MORI.

INSCRIBED ON A TOMB STONE.

WHEN you look on my grave,
 And behold how they wave—
 The cypress, the yew, and the willow—
 You think 'tis the breeze
 That gives motion to these,—
 'Tis the laughter that's shaking my pillow!
 I must laugh when I see
 A poor insect like thee
 Dare to pity the fate thou must own;
 Let a few moments slide,
 We shall lie side by side,
 And crumble to dust, bone for bone!
 Go weep thine own doom!
 Thou wert born for the tomb,
 Thou hast lived, like myself, but to die;
 Whilst thou pity'st my lot,
 Secure fool! thou'st forgot
 Thou art no more immortal than I!
Ibid.

THE BOA CONSTRICTOR.

WHAT we have come to see is shut up in that great deal press, the front of which lets down with hinges, and leaves the whole interior, with its contents, exposed to the view and even the touch of the spectators—for it is not found necessary to interpose any safeguard before this most terrific-looking of all the animal tribe. And it is lucky that this is the case; for Bob, who has the care of this

animal, has made such good use of the *buonamano's* he has received in the course of the day, that he is not in the best condition to protect us in case of danger. But Bob has too strong a sense of natural justice to forego what has, time out of mind, been "his custom always of an afternoon,"—merely to accommodate the idle habits of the people. If you visit him and his charge at a proper hour, you'll find him in a proper condition to do the honours of the visit; and this is all that can in reason be required of him. But I believe I need not have made this apology for him. I've heard it whispered in your village, Reuben, that the Vicar's steed knows as well, if not better, when his reverend burthen is tipsy, than the said burthen does itself; and I rather think it is the same with Bob and the Boa. You see he has by this time let down the side of the serpent's house, and taken off the blankets which covered him; and there the monster lies, black, twisted, and self-involved, like one of your late writing-master's flourishes. I question whether any one ever looked at this extraordinary creature for the first time, without feeling a cold shudder creep through every part. It is a sort of object that (for what reason I know not) we never form an adequate conception of before-hand. The one before us is fourteen feet long, and is entirely covered with a brilliant coating of black, picked out with a sort of whitish yellow; the whole varnished like the face of a picture. The head and neck are much smaller, and of lighter colour, than the rest of the body—the largest part of which is perhaps a foot and a half in circumference;—and the tail diminishes in size almost to a point. But perhaps the most striking part of this singular creature, and the sight of which affects the spectator in the most extraordinary manner, is the tongue; which, at the approach or touch of any person, it puts out of its mouth (without appearing to open the latter) and moves about with a quick flickering motion, accompanied by a low hissing noise. The part that it puts out of the mouth is about an inch and a half long, and divided into two about half way down from the extremity—each portion being about the thickness of a small quill. Bob (whose word by the by, I would not take for so much as Hamlet offered to take the Ghost's) told me, the last time I saw this creature, that it had the day before eaten three live fowls, "feathers and all," and ten pounds of beef. Though I don't know why I should suspect him of exaggeration in this, when he adds that it never eats more than once in a fortnight, and sometimes

not for months together. It is perfectly harmless and quiet—never attempting to move out of the case or cupboard in which it lies; and the only indication it ever gives of the kind and degree of power that it possesses is when you place your hand between the side of its box and any part of it that happens to be lying there—in which case it presses against your hand, and if you were not prepared to slip it away immediately, would crush it.

New Monthly Magazine.

Useful Domestic Hints.

MEDICAL PRECAUTIONS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—The following advice to the sick, and those attending upon them, cannot be too extensively circulated. Yours, &c.
T. A. C.

1. It is of the utmost importance to the sick, and their attendants, that there be a constant admission of free air into the room, and especially about the patient's bed. The door or a window should therefore be kept open both day and night, care being taken to prevent the wind from blowing directly on the patient.

2. An attention to cleanliness is indispensable. The linen of the patient should be often changed, and the dirty clothes, &c. should be immediately put in fresh cold water, and afterwards well washed. The floor of the room should be cleansed every day with a mop, and all discharges from the patient should be immediately removed, and the utensils washed.

3. Nurses and attendants should endeavour to avoid the patient's breath, and the vapour from the discharges, or, when that cannot be done, they should hold their breath for a short time. They should place themselves, if possible, on that side of the bed, from which the current of air carries off the infectious vapours.

4. Visitors should not come near to the sick, nor remain with them longer than is absolutely necessary; they should not swallow the spittle, but should clear the mouth and nostrils when they leave the room.

5. No dependence should be placed on vinegar, camphor, or other supposed preventives, which, without attention to cleanliness, and admission of fresh air, are not only useless, but by their strong smell render it impossible to perceive when the room is filled with bad air, or noxious vapour.

N.B. If these rules be strictly observed, an infectious fever will seldom, if ever be communicated, but if they be

neglected, especially where the patient is confined to a small room, scarcely one person in fifty who may be exposed to it can resist the contagion; even infants at the breast do not escape it, though providentially less liable to be affected by it than adults.

•• Since infection originates in close, crowded and dirty rooms, those who make a practice of admitting the fresh air, at some convenient time, every day, and of frequently cleansing and fumigating their apartments, bedding, furniture, &c., and washing the walls with quick lime, mixed with water, in the room, may be assured, they will best preserve their families from malignant fevers, as well as from other diseases.

Miscellanies.

PROVERBS ON THE WEATHER.

If the grass grow in Janivver
It grows the worse for't all the year.
Who in Janivver sows oats, gets gold and groats.
Who sows in May, get a little that way—
If Janivver calends he summerly gay
'Twill be wintery weather till the calends of
May.
The hind had as lief see his wife on the bier
As that Candlemas-day should be pleasant and
clear.
February makes a bridge, and March breaks it.
A bushel of March dust is worth a king's ransom.
A windy March and a showery April make a
beautiful May.
March wind and May sun make clothes white
and maids dun.
In April—the cuckoo shows his bill
In May—he sings night and day.
In June—he changes his tune.
In July—away he fly.
In August—away he must.
If the second of July it be rainy weather
It will rain more or less for four weeks together
A green winter makes a fat church-yard.
Winter's thunders—summer's wonders.
When the sand doth feed the clay,
England cool and well a day,
But when the clay doth feed the sand
Then it is well with angle land.
A rainbow in the morning
Is the shepherd's warning.
But a rainbow at night
Is the shepherd's delight.

DISINTERMENT OF JAMES THE SECOND.

Paris, Sept. 10, 1824.

YESTERDAY the Café's of Paris emptied themselves into St. Germain's, which was thronged at an early hour, for the purpose of witnessing the august ceremony of removing the royal remains of James II. King of England, which were unexpectedly discovered a short time since, by the workmen employed in digging the foundation of the new church, which is building upon the site of the old edifice, which was found to be in so ruinous a

state as to be utterly incapable of repair. The road was thronged with carriages of all descriptions, and pedestrians of all classes. The ceremony, which was conducted with great solemnity, began with a procession of priests, in their sacerdotal vestments, who, on entering the chapel, built for the temporary purposes of religious worship, on a spot closely adjoining the church, performed the service of the Mass in a most impressive manner. The spectators, who were very numerous, seemed greatly affected by the whole scene, which was strikingly grand, and replete with moral associations. The entrance of the chapel was hung with a canopy of black cloth, as was the interior. The coffin, containing the royal remains, was placed upon a stage in the shape of a magnificent mausoleum, hung round with tessellated drapery of the deepest mourning. The whole was surmounted with the royal diadem of gold, placed on a rich cushion of crimson velvet; over the whole of which was thrown a veil of black crape, which softened, without concealing, their splendour. Towards the close of the service, the remains of the royal sovereign were removed in great state to the altar, beneath which the attendants proceeded to deposit it with all those solemnities, so powerful in their effects, which distinguish the Catholic church service. The whole ceremony closed about two o'clock. On a plain black tablet in the front of the altar, is the following inscription:—

D. O. M.
 Jussu Georgii 4
 Magnæ Britanniæ, et Regis
 Et Curante Equite
 Exc. Carolo Stuart
 Regis Britanniæ Legato
 Cæteris antea rite peractis
 Et quo decet honore
 In stirpem regiam
 Hic nuper effossæ
 Reconditæ sunt reliquiæ
 JACOBI II.
 Que in secundo civitatis
 Gradu claris triumphis
 In primo infelicioꝝ
 Post varios fortunæ casus
 In spem melioris vitæ
 Et beatæ resurrectionis
 Hic quievit in Domino
 Anno MDCCI.
 V. Idus Septembris
 MDCCCXXIV.

Immediately under the above tablet, and within the rails of the communion table, is a plain neat altar, with the following inscription:—

Ces Depouilles Royales

Sont ici déposées
 En attendant
 Qu'elles soient placées
 Dans un
 Monument plus
 Convenable, quand la
 Nouvelle Eglise
 Sera constructee.

ANECDOTE OF A DOG.

A FRENCH merchant, having some money due from a correspondent, set out on horseback, accompanied by his dog, on purpose to receive it. Having settled the business to his satisfaction, he tied the bag of money before him, and began to return home. His faithful dog, as if he entered into his master's feelings, frisked round the horse, barked and jumped, and seemed to participate his joy.

The merchant, after riding some miles, alighted to repose himself under an agreeable shade, and, taking the bag of money in his hand, laid it down by his side under a hedge, and, on remounting, forgot it. The dog perceived his lapse of recollection, and wishing to rectify it, ran to fetch the bag; but it was too heavy for him to drag along. He then ran to his master, and, by crying, barking, and howling, seemed to remind him of his mistake. The merchant understood not his language; but the assiduous creature persevered in its efforts, and, after trying to stop the horse in vain, at last began to bite his heels.

The merchant, absorbed in some reverie, wholly overlooked the real object of his affectionate attendant's importunity, but entertained the alarming apprehension that he was gone mad. Full of this suspicion, in crossing a brook he turned back to look if the dog would drink. The animal was too intent on its master's business to think of itself; it continued to bark and bite with greater violence than before.

"Mercy!" cried the afflicted merchant, "it must be so; my poor dog is certainly mad; what must I do? I must kill him, lest some greater misfortune befall me; but with what regret! Oh, could I find any one to perform this cruel office for me! but there is no time to lose; I myself may soon become the victim if I spare him." With these words, he drew a pistol from his pocket, and, with a trembling hand, took aim at his faithful servant. He turned away in agony as he fired; but his aim was too sure. The poor animal fell wounded, and, weltering in his blood, still endeavoured to crawl towards his master, as if to tax him with ingratitude. The merchant could not

bear the sight; he spurred on his horse with a heart full of sorrow, and lamented he had taken a journey which had cost him so dear. Still, however, the money never entered his mind; he only thought of his poor dog, and tried to console himself with the reflection that he had prevented a greater evil, by dispatching a mad animal, than he had suffered a calamity by his loss. This opiate to his wounded spirit, however, was ineffectual. "I am most unfortunate," said he to himself; "I had almost rather have lost my money than my dog." Saying this, he stretched out his hand to grasp his treasure. It was missing; no bag was to be found. In an instant he opened his eyes to his rashness and folly. "Wretch that I am! I alone am to blame! I could not comprehend the admonition which my innocent and most faithful friend gave me, and I have sacrificed him for his zeal. He only wished to inform me of my mistake, and he has paid for his fidelity with his life.

Instantly he turned his horse, and went off at full gallop to the place where he had stopped. He saw, with half averted eyes, the scene where the tragedy was acted; he perceived the traces of blood as he proceeded; he was oppressed and distracted; but in vain did he look for his dog, he was not to be seen on the road. At last he arrived at the spot where he had alighted. But what were his sensations! His heart was ready to bleed; he execrated himself in the madness of despair. The poor dog, unable to follow his dear, but cruel master, had determined to consecrate his last moments to his service. He had crawled, all bloody as he was, to the forgotten bag, and, in the agonies of death, he lay watching beside it. When he saw his master, he still testified his joy by the wagging of his tail—he could do no more—he tried to rise, but his strength was gone. The vital tide was ebbing fast; even the caresses of his master could not prolong his fate for a few moments. He stretched out his tongue to lick the hand that was now fondling him in the agonies of regret, as if to seal forgiveness of the deed that had deprived him of life. He then cast a look of kindness on his master, and closed his eyes for ever.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

HUDBRAS.

In this very lively and learned poem, the law supplies the poet with many allu-

sions, similes, and comparisons. The author having been an attorney's clerk in his youthful days, was, no doubt, disgusted with a view of the practice of his employer, and has given us a most faithful description of the danger of going to law:—

"Others believe no voice to an organ
So sweet as lawyer's in a bar-gown;
Until with subtle cobweb cheats
They're catch'd in knotted law, like
nets;
In which, when once they're embran-
gled,
The more they stir, the more they're
tangled;
And while their *purses* can dispute,
There's no end of the immortal suit."

THE PARALLEL BETWEEN THE ANCIENTS AND MODERNS, LONG DISPUTED.

SOME for the ancients zealously declare;
Others, again, our modern wits prefer;
A third affirm, that they are much the
same,
And differ only as to time and name:
Yet sure one more distinction may be told,
Those once were *new*, but *these* will ne'er
be *old*.

THE WELCOME POACHERS.

Two gentlemen, who had liberty to shoot on the grounds surrounding Lord Eldon's estate, happened, unintentionally, to encroach a little way on the latter; the game-keeper insisted that the gentlemen should appear before his lordship to answer for the misdemeanour. They were ushered into the presence of the proprietor, who accosted them with the greatest civility, and begged they would be seated; on hearing the tale of the domestic, and the assurances of the gentlemen having unintentionally encroached, his lordship rang the bell,—ordered the wine and other refreshments to be brought,—requested the gentlemen to partake,—entered into conversation,—and, on their retiring, assured them "that if they came that way again, they were perfectly welcome to a shot, even should they trespass."

CONSCIENTIOUS FOOTMAN.

A GENTLEMAN who had travelled as far as Persia, spoke to his man John, as he was returning home, telling him how necessary it was that a traveller should draw things beyond the life, otherwise he could not hope for that respect from his countryman which otherwise he might have;

"But at the same time, John," says he, "whosoever I shall dine, or sup, keep you close to my chair, and when I do very much exceed the bounds of truth, punch me behind, that I may correct myself." It happened one day that he dined with a certain gentleman, who shall be nameless, where he affirmed that he saw a monkey in the island of Borneo, which had a tail three score yards long;—John punched him;—I am certain it was fifty, at least;—John punched again;—I believe, to speak within compass, for I did not measure it, it must have been forty;—John gave him another touch;—I remember it lay over a quickset hedge, and therefore could not be less than thirty;—John at him again;—I could take my oath it was twenty; this did not satisfy John; upon which the master turned about in a rage and said, "D—n you for a puppy; would you have the monkey without any tail at all"

OUR eyes are as bright as the sun in discovering the faults of others, but as dull as tarnished copper in discovering our own.

FOR AN ALBUM.

WHILE modern bards attempt in vain,
Immortal life by verse to gain;
I write my name on C———'s page,
And thus I live from age to age!

SOCRATES AND EURIPIDES.

SOCRATES said to Euripides, upon being asked by that poet how he liked the writings of Heraclitus, "What I understand is excellent, which inclines me to believe that what I do not understand is excellent also."

DEATH AND THE GOURMAND.

"YOUR time is up," Death grinning cried,
Unto a well fed sinner.
"One moment stay," the Gourmand replied,
"I have not yet done my dinner."
"I, Death, for no man wait,
Your life is past the prime;"
"True; but let me fill anon the plate,
Then sweet man I'm thine."

AN Irishman, some years ago, attending the university of Edinburgh, waited upon one of the most celebrated teachers of the German flute, desiring to know on what terms he would give him a few lessons. The flute-player informed him that he

generally charged two guineas for the first month, and one guinea for the second. "Then, by my fait," replied the Hibernian, "I'll come the second month."

ON A LAWYER.

A PLAINTIFF thus explain'd his cause
To counsel learned in the laws:
"My hand-maid lately ran away,
And in her flight was met by A,
Who, knowing she belong'd to me,
Espous'd her to his servant B;
The issue of this marriage, pray,
Do they belong to me, or A?"

The lawyer true to his vocation,
Gave signs of deepest cogitation;
Look'd at a score of books, or near,
Then hem'd and said, "Your case is clear.

Those children, so begot by B,
Upon your handmaid must, you see,
Be your's or A's; now, this I say,
They can't be your's, if they to A

Belong; it follows then, of course,
That if they are not his, they're yours;
Therefore, by my advice, in short,
You'll take the opinion of the Court."

POETICAL SUPERScription.

The following is literally the direction to a letter that passed through our Post-office in the beginning of September.

"AT Ashwelthorpe, near Wymondham town,

In Norfolk's famous county,
There dwells a man, of high renown,
Many have shared his bounty.

Good Postman, if you're fond of ale,
Convey this without failure,
And if you should mistake the name,
Inquire for *Mr. Taylor*."

Cambridge Chronicle.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Carthus and Rosa, a Simple Story, in an early number, though short articles, particularly in poetry, are most acceptable.

The following communications are intended for insertion: *R. W.*; *Alfred*; *F. C. N.*; *F. P. P.*; *Mr. M. Keon*; *Alpheus*; *Fredrick*; *A. W. M.*; *G. S.*; *Ellen*; *Utopia*; *Clavis*; *H. S. Dales*; *W. C.*; *Tyro*; *F. T. W.*; *F. R.—y.*

We do not recollect receiving the article alluded to by *Mr. Stinner*, but shall make strict search for it.

Our Shrewsbury friends shall have a place as soon as the engraving, now in hand, is finished.

Conallan, and numerous other communications are under consideration.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CVIII.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1824.

[PRICE 2d.]

Cumner-Place, Berkshire.



CUMNER-PLACE has been rendered celebrated in the novel of *Kenilworth*, as the scene of a foul murder committed there in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. As an illustration to one of the novels of Sir Walter Scott, we are sure that our engraving, for a sketch of which we are indebted to a correspondent, will be acceptable to our readers. It is copied from an original drawing made by Mr. A. Whittock, of Oxford, previous to its being taken down in the year 1810.

Cumner is a small village in Berkshire, about three miles from the University of Oxford, pleasantly situated on the brow of a hill commanding extensive views over the counties of Oxford and Gloucester. In this village stood an old monastic building called Cumner-Place, formerly belonging to the monks of the Abbey of Abingdon; at the suppression of the monasteries in the reign of Henry VIII. it was granted to a layman, and in the reign of Elizabeth, was the residence of Anthony Forster, who figures so conspicuously in the celebrated novel of *Kenilworth*. In this house the unfortunate Amy, Countess of Leicester, met her tragical death.

VOL. IV.

T

This ancient structure surrounded a court or quadrangle of about 72 feet in length, and 50 in breadth. The principal entrance was on the north side under an archway, with rooms on either side of it; above these the "long gallery" extended the whole length of that side of the building. Not a vestige of Cumner-Place remains, from the effects of time and neglect; it had fallen into so delapidated a state that it was considered dangerous to approach the ruins. About fourteen years ago they were taken down by command of the Earl of Abingdon, the present owner of the manor of Cumner.

The following melancholy story, upon which the novel of *Kenilworth* is founded, is an extract from the MSS. of Anthony A. Wood, in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford; and to use the words of an elegant writer on this subject, "it is curious to observe the difference of the quaint and meagre style of the learned and indefatigable antiquary, when compared with the highly embellished language, and richly wrought imageries or the narrator of the same events at the present time."

"Robert Dudley Earl of Leicester,
273

a very goodly personage, and singularly well featured, being a great favourite to Queen Elizabeth, it was thought, and commonly reported, that had he been a bachelor, or widower, the queen would have made him her husband : to this end, to free himself of all obstacles, he commands his wife, or perhaps with fair flattering intreaties, desires her to repose herself here at his servant Anthony Forster's house, who then lived at the aforesaid manor house, (Cumner-Place) and also prescribed to Sir Richard Varney, (a prompter to this design,) at his coming hither, that he should first attempt to poison her, and if that did not take effect, then by any other way whatsoever, to dispatch her. This, it seems was proved by the report of Dr. Walter Bayly, sometime Fellow of New College, then living in Oxford, and Professor of Physic in that University, who, because he would not consent to take away her life by poison, the earl endeavoured to displace him from the court. This man, it seems, reported for most certain, that there was a practice in Cumner among the conspirators, to have poisoned this poor innocent lady, a little before she was killed, which was attempted after this manner :—They seeing the good lady sad and heavy, (as one that well knew by her other handling that her death was not far off,) began to persuade her that her present disease was abundance of melancholy, and other humours, &c. And therefore would needs counsel her to take some potion, which she absolutely refusing to do, as still suspecting the worst : whereupon they sent a messenger on a day (unawares to her) for Dr. Bayly, and intreated him to persuade her to take some little potion by his direction, and they would get the same at Oxford, meaning to have added something of their own for her comfort, as the doctor upon just cause, and consideration did suspect, seeing their great importunity, and the small need the lady had of physic ; and therefore he peremptorily denied their request, misdoubting (as he afterwards reported,) least if they had poisoned her under the name of his potion, he might have been hanged for a colour of their sin ; and the doctor remained still well assured, that this way taking no effect, she would not long escape their violence, which afterwards happened thus :—For Sir Richard Varney aforesaid, (the chief projector in this design,) who by the earl's order remained that day of death alone with her, with one man only, and Forster, who had that day forcibly sent away all her servants from her to Abingdon market, about three miles distant from

this place, they (I say whether first stifling her, or else strangling her, afterwards flung her down a pair of stairs, and broke her neck, using much violence upon her ; but yet however, though it was vulgarly reported, that she by chance fell down stairs, (but yet without hurting her hood, that was upon her head.) Yet the inhabitants will tell you there, that she was conveyed from her usual chamber, where she lay, to another, where the bed's head of the chamber stood close to a privy postern door, where they, in the night came and stifled her in her bed, bruised her head very much, broke her neck, and at length flung her down stairs, thereby believing the world would have thought it a mischance, and so have blinded their villany. But, behold the mercy and justice of God in revenging and discovering this lady's murder ; for one of the persons that was a coadjutor in this murder, was afterwards taken for a felony in the Marches of Wales, and offering to publish the manner of the aforesaid murder, was privately made away with in prison by the earl's appointment. And Sir Richard Varney, the other, dying about the same time in London, cried miserably, and blasphemed God, and said to a person of note (who has related the same to others since,) not long before his death, that all the devils in hell did tear him in pieces. Forster, likewise, after this fact, being a man formerly addicted to hospitality, company, mirth, and music, was afterwards observed to forsake all this, and being affected with much melancholy (some say with madness,) pined and drooped away. The wife too of Bald Butler, kinsman to the earl, gave out the whole fact a little before her death. Neither are the following passages to be forgotten : That as soon as ever she was murdered, they made great haste to bury her before the Coroner had given in his inquest, (which the earl himself condemned as not done advisedly,) which her father Sir John Robertsett (as I suppose,) hearing of, came with all speed hither, caused her corpse to be taken up, the Coroner to sit upon her, and further inquiry to be made concerning this business to the full ; but it was generally thought, that the earl stopped his mouth, and made up the business betwixt them, and the good earl to make plain to the world, the great love he bore to her while alive, what a grief the loss of so virtuous a lady was to his tender heart, caused (though the thing by these and other means was beaten into the heads of the principal men of the University of Oxford,) her body to be re-buried in St. Marie's

Church, in Oxford, with great pomp and solemnity. It is remarkable, that when Dr. Babington (the earl's chaplain) did preach the funeral sermon, he tript once or twice in his speech, by recommending to their memories, that virtuous lady so *pitifully murdered*, instead of saying so *pitifully slain*.

"This earl, after all his murders and poisonings, was himself poisoned by that which was prepared for others, (some say by his wife,) at Cornbury Lodge, (though Baker in his Chronicle would have it at Killingworth) Anno 1588."

LINES,

Written in an album, at the Inn on the Banks of Loch Achray, near the Trossachs.

A LIGHT cloud coronals Benedi's brow;—
Still up the deep ascent be mine to strain,
Nor deem the toil as idle. Oh! how slow
The sluggish hour rolls on;—but see! again
Peering all-beauteous 'bove the vapoury train,
Thy giant form is seen the hills among,
Child of the mountain mist! And now I gain
Thy towery height, and muse upon the throng
Of countless charms around, and wake the soul
to song.

SONG.

Oh! where is the harp of the minstrel? why
slumbers

His silver-toned string 'mid so fairy a scene?
Rouse, lyre of Loch Katrine!—still sweet are
thy numbers,

Still clear are her waters, her mountains still
green.

Yet, if in thine absence a stranger endeavour—
A stranger and southron—one faint lay to
frame,

Oh! smile not in haughty derision, how ever
Unvalued his verse, unacknowledged his name.

But list!—'Tis the deep warning voice of the
mountain.

"Cease, child of presumption! While living
her bard—

"While linked his loved name with each islet
and fountain,

"Will the song of a sassenuch minstrel be
heard?"

'Tis well;—I obey thee.—Yet grant, gentle
spirit—

Whatever, whoever, wherever thou art—

Oh! grant that e'en I one sweet smile may
inherit,

And meeting in friendship, in friendship
depart.

Loch Katrine, Aug. 31.

ALPHEUS.

LAW AND LAWYERS:

IN the reign of Edward III., the lord chief justice of the King's Bench had a salary of no more than £66 13s. 4d. per annum; and the ordinary judges of that bench, and of the common pleas, had only £40 each per annum. The annual allowance of Henry IV.'s confessor was higher; it was £69 10s. 6d. It was in the year 1573, that Queen Elizabeth created the Earl of Shrewsbury, Earl Marshal of England during life, with a salary of only

£20 per annum. Her secretary for the French tongue, Thomas Edmonds, Esq., had £66 13s. 4d., the same with that of the chief justice. Roper, in his Life of Sir Thomas More,* three centuries ago, informs us, that though he was an advocate of the greatest eminence, and in full business, yet he did not by his profession make above £400 per annum. There is, however, a common tradition on the other hand, that Sir Edward Coke's gains, at the latter of this century, equalled those of a modern attorney general; and, by Lord Bacon's works, it appears that he made £6,000 per annum whilst in this office. Brownlow's profits, likewise, as one of the prothonotaries during the reign of Elizabeth, were £6,000 per annum; and he used to close the profits of the year with a *laus deo*; and when they happened to be extraordinary, with a *maxima laus deo*.—"It does not seem too much to assert," says Gilbert, "that about the reign of Elizabeth, £10 would approach nearer to the purchase of a complete English law library, than £1,500 at present."

The following additional particulars are from a respectable journal:—

Fortesque, in the dedication of his work, *De Laudibus Legum Angliæ*, to Prince Edward, says, "that the judges were not accustomed to sit more than three hours a day;" that is, from eight o'clock in the morning until eleven: they passed the remainder of the day in studying the laws, and reading the Holy Scriptures.

Carte supposes, that the great reason for the lawyers pushing in shoals to become members of parliament, arose from the desire to receive the wages then paid them by their constituents. By an act of the fifth of Henry IV., lawyers were excluded from parliament, not from a contempt of the common law itself, but the professors of it, who, at this time being auditors of men of property, received an annual stipend, *pro consilio impenso et impendendo*, and were treated as retainers. In Madox's Form. Anglican, there is the form of a retainer during his life, of John de Thorp, as counsel to the Earl of Westmorland; and it appears by the household book of Algernon, fifth Earl of Northumberland, that, in the beginning of the reign of Henry VIII. there was, in that family, a regular establishment for two counselors and their servants.

A proclamation was issued on the 6th

* This great, learned, and virtuous man, who succeeded Cardinal Wolsey, as Lord High Chancellor of England, was beheaded, in 1535, during the reign of Henry VIII., for refusing to take the oath of supremacy and succession.

of November, in the twentieth year of the reign of James I., in which the voters for members of parliament were directed "not to choose curious and wrangling lawyers, who may seek reputation by stirring needless questions."

A strong prejudice was at this time excited against lawyers. In Aley's Henry VIII. (London, 1638,) we have the following phillippic against them:—

"A prating lawyer (one of those which cloud That honour'd science) did their conduct take; He talk'd all law, and the tumultuous crowd Thought it had been all gospel that he spake. At length, these fools their common error saw, A lawyer on their side, but not the law."

Pride, the drayman, used to say, "that it would never be well till the lawyer's gowns, like the Scottish colours, were hung up in Westminster Hall.

From Chaucer's character of the Temple Manciple, it would appear, that the great preferment which advocates in this time chiefly aspired to, was to become steward to some great man; he says,

"Of masters he had mo than thrys ten,
That were of law expert and curious;
Of which there were a dozen in that house,
Worthy to bend 'stwards of house and londe,
Of any lord that is in Engleterre."

The first mention of a Barrister being a Knight, occurs in the third year of Henry VI., when Sir Walter Beauchamp, as counsel, supported the claim of precedence of the Earl of Warwick, against the then Earl Marshal, at the bar of the House of Lords. Mr. Roger Hunt appeared in the same capacity for the Earl Marshal and both advocates, in their exordium, made most humble protestations, entreating the lord against whom they were retained, not to take amiss what they should advance on the part of their own client.

Another point on which the lawyers of the present age differ from their ancestors is, in their prolixity. It was reserved for modern invention to make a trial for high treason last eight days, or to extend a speech to nine hours. And it is not a little remarkable, that when law and lawyers have increased so prodigiously, the number of the judges is still the same.

F. R. — Y.

My Common-Place Book.
No. VI.

EPITAPH

On Two Children, dying of one disease, and buried in one grave.

Brought forth in sorrow, and bred up in care,
Two tender children here entomb'd are;
One place, one sire, one womb, their being gave,
They had one mortal sickness, and one grave.
And though they cannot number many years
In their account, yet with their parents' tears

This comfort miages: the' their days were few,
They scarcely sin, but never sorrow knew;
So that they well might boast, they carried
hence
What ripper ages lose—their innocence.

You pretty losses, that revive the fate
Which in your mother Death did antedate,
O let my high-swollen grief distil on you
The saddest drops of a parental dew.
You ask no other dower than what my eyes
Lay out on your untimely exequies.
When once I have discharged that mournful
score,
Heaven hath decreed you ne'er shall cost me
more,
Since you release and quit my borrowed trust,
By taking this inheritance of dust.

Dr. King's Poems.

EPITAPH

On Lady Katherine Paston, who died March 10, 1628.

CAN man be silent, and not praise him find
For her who lived the praise of womankind;
Whose outward frame was lent the world, to
guess
What shapes our souls shall wear in happiness;
Whose virtue did all ill so oversway,
That her whole life was a communion-day?
Paston Church, Norfolk.

ON ELEANOR FREEMAN,

Who died 1660, aged 21.

A VIRGIN blossom, in her May
Of youth and virtues, turn'd to clay
Rich earth, accomplish'd with those graces
That adorn saints in heavenly places.
Let not Death boast his conquering power—
She'll rise a star that fell a flower!
Tewkesbury Church, Gloucestershire.

DESCRIPTION OF SPRING.

THE spots season, that bud and bloom forth
brings
With green hath clad the hill, and eke the vale;
The nightingale, with feathers new she sings;
The turtle to her mate hath told her tale.
Summer is come, for every spray now springs;
The hart hath hung his old head on the pale,
The buck in brake his winter coat he flings;
The fishes fleet with new repaired scale;
The adder all her slough away she flings;
The swift swallow pursueth the flies *ome*;
The busy bee her honey now she *myges*;
Winter is worn that was the flowers' *ack*.
And thus I see, among these pleasant things,
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs.
Earl of Surrey.

TO MISS

Upon a sudden surpris.

APPELES, prince of painters, did
All others in that art succeed;
But you surpass him, for he took
Some pains and time to draw a look
You, in a trice and moment's space,
Have portray'd in my heart your face.
J. Howell's Poems.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

Not stay'd state, but feeble stay,
Not costly robes, but bare array;
Not passed wealth, but present want,
Not heaped store, but slender scant,
Not plenty's purse, but poor estate,
Not happy hap, but froward fate;
Not wish at will, but want of joy,
Not heart's good health, but heart's annoy;

Not freedom's use, but prisoners' thrall,
 Not costly seat, but lowest fall;
 Not weal I mean, but wretched woe,
 Doth truly try the friend from foe,
 And nought but froward fortune proves,
 Who fawning feins, or simply loves.

Paradise of Dainty Devyees.

Reminiscences.

No. II.

STEPHEN KEMBLE.

When Stephen walks the streets, the paviers
 cry—
 "God bless you, Sir," and lay their rammers by.

It was said of Mr. Stephen Kemble, that he was *constitutionally great*. It will be within the recollection of our readers, that his size was so immense, that he always played Falstaff without stuffing; and quantity and quality considered, was respectable as a man and an actor. On one of his visits to London he was engaged to play three nights at Drury Lane. Stephen was always afraid of the sarcasm of Fawcett, the unrivalled Falstaff of the other house, and he was told that Fawcett meant to witness his performance on the first night, in company with John Bannister. Stephen whispered thus to the latter—"John, I understand Fawcett comes to the house to-night, to quiz my Falstaff; now I know, John, you are my friend—don't let him run his riggs upon me; I know you'll defend me." "My dear fellow," replied Bannister, "that I will, you may rely on me." The next morning Kemble eagerly sought him; "Well, John, what said Fawcett?"—"Why he was very quiet till the play was over." "Well, what then?"—"Why then he said—'drabbit it, I must not tell you.'" "Nonsense, nonsense, man—what was it?—I know you defended me."—"He said," replied John, "that you were *not fit to carry g-ts to a bear!*" "Well, but you contradicted it, didn't you?"—"O yes, directly—I said you were!"

Mr. Stephen Kemble having engaged Miss S. Booth for a few nights, at one of his theatres in the north, advertised her in very prominent characters the first night, for a dance of Parisot's. The house was unusually full; and the last coach came in, but no Miss Booth. The audience becoming boisterous, Stephen came forward, and addressed them thus—"Ladies and Gentlemen, I regret to inform you, that some unforeseen accident has prevented the lady from making her appearance; but, in order that you should not be disappointed, you shall have a dance. I do not know the shawl dance myself but I will do my endeavours at

T 3

a hornpipe." And, to the no small astonishment of the audience, he danced a hornpipe.

Stephen used to say of himself, that he was sufficient ballast for a collier. One day, a gentleman at Newcastle, wishing to get to London, advertised for a post-chaise companion. He received a note, informing him that a gentleman, who also wished to go, would call upon him in the evening. At the appointed time Stephen made his appearance, and declared himself to be the person who wished to accompany him. "You accompany me!" exclaimed the advertiser, "what to the devil do you mean!—Do you think I am going by the *waggon!*"

Mr. Kemble was one morning in the travellers' room of an inn, in Newcastle, sitting upon three chairs, as usual, occupying an entire corner of the room, and reading the newspaper, when a commercial traveller, from Leeds (called in ridicule by his familiars, the polite Yorkshireman), came in, and looking at Stephen said—"Be you ganging to tak brickfast, sur?"—"Yes, sir." "A' should be happy to join you."—"With great pleasure, sir."—"Dang it!" returned the Yorkshireman, "I think a's seed you before."—"Perhaps you have."—"Ah! a pay'd a shillin to see you."—"Ha! ha! ha! perhaps you might sir," (fancying he had been in the gallery in the theatre). "Ah! a' know'd it war you; it war at Lester."—"No, sir, you mistake—I never was at Leicester."—"Nay, dang it, but you war!—I seed you i' a wild-beast cart like."—"Wild-beast cart!" retorted Stephen. "Aye, man—" "Why your't great big Lamberi, bean't you?"—"D-n me, sir," said Stephen in a passion, "do you mean to insult me?—breakfast by yourself." † †

SONG—(MISS POVEY.)

Love stroll'd one day to Beauty's bowers,
 And begg'd her nursery-man to be
 Engaging, she the sweetest flowers
 Should ever in her garden see.
 Beguil'd, she hired, ah! woe for her,
 The rogue to be her gardener.
 Soon, with the gales of gentle sighs,
 Each drooping flower he cherished there—
 While dewy tears from dotting eyes,
 Kept all her roses fresh and fair.

But mark, alas!
 What came to pass.

While summer reign'd the rogue remain'd,
 And joy and peace, and sunshine shed;
 But winter came—ah! can I name
 Love's treachery? The urchin fled;
 And sadly Beauty, woe for her,
 Mias'd in the storms her gardener.
 Her flowers all died—her shrubs declin'd—
 Her blooming beds were all left bare;
 No solace could poor Beauty find—
 Love left but thorns and wild weeds there.
 Maids, mark the tale,
 Lest Love prevail!

LETTERS TO KING JAMES I.

(From Lady Lenox.)

"My Sovereign Lord,—According to your Majesty's gracious pleasure signified unto me, I have sent a young man to attend you, accompanied with a widow's prayers and tears, that he may wax old in your service; and in his fidelity and affection may equal his ancestors departed, and so shall he find grace and favour in the eyes of my lord the king; which will revive the dying hopes, and raise the dejected spirits, of a comfortless mother.

"Your Majesty's most humble servant
"K. LENOX."

(From the Duchess of Buckingham.)

"May it please your Majestie,—I have receivd the two boxes of drid ploms and graps, and the box of violatt caks and chickens, for all which I most humbly thank your Majestie."

"I hope my Lord Annan has tould your Majestie, that I did mean to wene Mall very shortly. I wood not by any mens a-don it till I had furst made your Majestie acquainted with it; and by reason my cousin Bret's boy has buine ill of latt, for fere shee should greeve and spyle her milk, makes me very desirous to wene her. And I think shee is ould enufe, and I hope she will endure her wening very well; for I think there was never child card less for the breast than shee dos, so I do intend to make trial this night how she will endure it.

"This day praying for your Majestie's health and longe life, I humbly take my leave.

"Your Majesty's most humble servant,
"K. BUCKINGHAM."

(From the Duke of Buckingham.)

"Dear Dad and Gossip,—Yesterday we got hither so early, that I had time to see over a good part of my works here. This afternoon I will see the rest. I protest to God the chiefest pleasure I have in them is, that I hope they will please you, and that they have all come by and from you. I am now going to give my Redeemer thanks for my Maker. The afternoon I will spend in viewing the rest. To-morrow the ——— threaten to be early up, being of my mind, impatient to be with you. We shall have no need of a coach of your's, or Babie Charles, to make the way short. I could write to the equerries to send them to Thurlo, seven miles on this side of Newmarket; but I will be beholden to none

* This is rather extraordinary orthography for a Duchess.

but my kind master and purveyor, who never failed me when I had need; therefore bestir thee, and [here are two words illegible] duty.

"I will give no thanks for nothing, till I may do it on my knees; so I crave your blessing, as your Majesty's most humble slave and dog.

"STENIE."

 SPIRIT OF THE
Public Journals.

FOOTMEN.

AT a season when every person is subject to making (at least) short excursions into the country, and when every description of men, from infancy to age, from a peer to a shoe-black, may be frequently met with on the roof of a stage-coach, we trust it will be deemed by no means derogatory to our editorial dignity, to confess that it is a place which we frequently occupy, and where we endeavour, though often with little effect, "to look into the ways of men."

Strong and sharp as the characteristics of Englishmen are said to be, yet the general taciturnity to which they are given, the frittering polish to which the inhabitants of London are inevitably subject, added to the little necessity there is for unfolding pretensions or securing good will during a single stage, prevent even the most sharp-sighted traveller from picking up knowledge or amusement, on these occasions, to any extent. A man may pass from Peteraham to Piccadilly, with a shopkeeper on his right, a sharper on his left, a member of Parliament on the box, and wealthy bankers or pennyless officers in the rear, without exchanging so many words as will help him to a single idea on the subject of human pursuit, sentiment, or occupation. If the same persons were met within a hundred miles from town, or even destined to travel a hundred miles together, there would unquestionably be a considerable difference in their manner—something to reveal or to conceal, to display or to hide, must occur, and we should be pleased by information, disgusted by ignorance, or amused by humour; but these developments require more than ten miles of good road to unfold them.

But, however jumbled men of all descriptions may be, by these convenient mediums of transferring themselves, and although a poor devil in a good coat may carry "outward and visible signs" of respectability, so as to place him on a par with his fellow-traveller who hath that "which passeth all show," yet we all

occasionally meet with one who is distinct, and to a certain point divided, from his brother man. Whatever may be the general benevolence of countenance, or freedom of speech passing, when substantial citizens are taking their places, never have I observed a footman approach them, clean and smart as he might be, and probably possessing from nature precisely that countenance which is received in all countries as a letter of recommendation, but there was a gathering up of the coat-skirts, a drawing together of the person, a shrinking of the very muscles, as if contamination were in his touch, and degradation in breathing the same air with him. His coloured cape, though less weighty than the collar of the Saxon serf in Ivanhoe, sets a mark upon him not less effectually, and the hen-pecked tailor who is trembling lest his "wife should pull his vig," grows proud as he contrasts himself with one whom he deems a bondman—one whom no assumption of importance, no natural advantage of person, or acquired finesse of manners, can be able to pass for that which he is not.

So frequently have I been hurt by witnessing this want of kindly feeling towards those who have a right with myself to the courtesies of an hour under such circumstances, that never do I see one of these party-coloured men clambering the hind part of the coach, or pressing with instinctive and habitual obsequiousness against the iron, without affording him all the accommodation in my power, and contriving now and then to ask him a civil question. I know that, generally speaking, he belongs to a race not very deserving of pity—a proud, conceited, ignorant, presuming race; but yet, for the time being, his situation is pitiable, for it is isolated: with lower people he would be great himself, with higher people he might happen to meet a little notice for the sake of those to whom he belonged; but *here* (at least nineteen times out of twenty) he carries a mark, which, without the blame of infamy, yet produces its effects. He is held in the light of one who has sold himself to do the will of another—who, in the badge of servitude, doubles its yoke, and although all around him, perhaps, are not one whit less servants than himself, and many do not enjoy half his privileges, yet all hold him as their inferior.

Perhaps this disposition, lamentable as we have often felt it to be in the moment when it was evinced, is on the whole necessary, since it is certain that these personages, as being ignorant and pampered, well dressed, well fed, without care, and with little labour, might other-

wise become more intolerable nuisances in society than they are frequently found to be. Who that sees a bevy of them round the Bazaar or waiting in the lobbies, that does not wish so many fine, six-feet, athletic, soldier-like men better employed? and feel convinced that they are an idle, worthless train of parasitical menials, who ridicule the hands that feed them, despise the humble soil that bred them, and, in the insolence of their prosperity, deride those who are every way better than themselves?—Hence the general prejudice against them appears just. In this view, perhaps, it is well that the humble mechanic and the laborious husbandman should nourish a sentiment which offers some consolation for the evils of his own situation, and find his own pride an equivalent for the footman's vanity, his sense of freedom a sweetener of the precarious and scanty board supplied by his labour.

Yet it is certain there are two periods in the life of a footman which present him to our eyes as an interesting spectacle—youth and age. When a country lad of sprightly, pretty, delicate frame, is taken from the severe toil to which he was early destined, and yet unequal—when he is arrayed in trappings to which he affixes only the idea of honourable distinction—exchanges hard crusts and tough cheese for roast beef and strong beer—the kind commands of an indulgent old lady, for the compelling voice of a sturdy ploughman—the smiles of the maids for the drudgery of a farm-house, pig-feeding, cow-driving, hungry lout, what a change takes place! He steps at once into a new being: the butterflies are not more fine, more sportive, more changed. Where is the philosopher amongst us that would not play the fool under so complete an intoxication? For a season he is a happy, harmless coxcomb: his awkwardness is ludicrous, his joyfulness exhilarating, and many a time have we looked at him with a sense of amusement in his folly, perhaps not quite untinged with envy of his felicity.

The aged footman inspires a deeper and better feeling: his thin spare form, half burdened by weighty habiliments—the white hairs which fall scantily on his powdered brow—the eye, which long habit has rendered quick to discern—and the slow gait, which yet assumes rapidity in its services—present to us a respectable and even affecting character. We see, or think we see in him, the old retainer of a noble and ancient house—one who has shared in the feelings and partaken the changes which belong to all subaltern things, and in his very servitude

improved his nature. Forgetting himself, he has lived, though at humble distance, in the fortunes of his lord, and every branch of the house to which he was attached has been watched with pride by his eyes, and held with increasing affection to his heart;—all domestics, so situated, soon learn family secrets, though they are excluded from family consultation, and the old footman has often sighed for his lord's losses, though they impaired not his personal comforts. He has also rejoiced with his joys, and when those boys "whom he has borne on his back a thousand times," go forth into the world to triumph or suffer, feels for them at once the anxiety of a parent, the respect of a dependant, and that love which belongs exclusively to early services, and renders a nurse dear as a mother. When the young baron makes his maiden speech in the House, when master Alfred becomes a captain, or the young ladies marry greatly, the old footman gets proud, and steps heavily, as one who feels his own importance. When the time comes that their children visit the mansion, he thinks *them* still fairer and braver than those who went before them, and with a grandsire's fondness listens to their prattle and admires their knowledge: his place now should be more easy, but he wishes to increase the circle of duties which keep him near to those he loves, and in cutting a stick for his third young master, loses the pain which his first master's increasing infirmities have given. Every year and every ailment diminishes the distance of rank, and increases the ties of affection between him and his beloved lord, whom yet he waits upon often with increased deference, that younger men may learn due observance to age not less than rank. He adds a few years to his own age, that he may be still more closely coupled with his master, and he loses all recollection that they can be parted, by degrees assuming solicitude openly on marriages and portions, the disposal of heiresses and estates, and, when the head of the house drops, thanks God that he shall soon follow, and laments the situation of those who will experience this twofold evil.

Happy is the master who has such a servant, and not less happy the servant who, in thus fulfilling his duties and exercising his affections, ennobles his station, and throws the radiance of virtue on the path of obscurity.

Literary Chronicle.

CHURCH-YARD REFLECTIONS.

EVEN of the living multitude assembled here this day twelve months—how many, in the short interval between that and the present time, have taken up their rests within these consecrated precincts! And already, over the graves of many, the green sods have again united in velvet smoothness. Here, beside that of William Moss, is a fresher and higher hillock, to which his head-stone likewise serves for a memorial; and underneath his name there are engraven on it—yes—two other names. The aged parents and the blooming son at last repose together; and what matters now, that the former went down to the grave by the slow and gradual descent of good old age, and that the latter was cut off in the prime and vigour of his manhood? If each performed faithfully the task allotted to him, then was his time on earth sufficient; and, after the brief separation of a few years, they are re-united in eternity.—But here—behold a magnificent contrast to that poor plain stone! Here stands a fine tall freestone, the top of which is ornamented in basso-relievo, with a squat white urn swaddled up in ponderous drapery, over which droops a gilt weeping willow—it looks like a sprig of samphire—the whole set off by a blue ground, encircled by a couple of goose wings.—Oh! no—I cry the sculptor mercy—they are the pinions of a pair of cherubim. There are the little trumpeters' cheeks puffing out from unaccustomed them; and the obituary is engraven on a black ground, in grand gold letters, and it records—Ah! Madam Buckwheat—is it come to this? Is all that majesty of port laid low?—That fair exuberance of well-fed flesh!—That broad expanse of comely red and white, "by Nature's sweet and cunning hand laid on." Doth all this mingle with the common earth? That goodly person, clad in rustling silks!—is it shrunken within the scanty folds of the shroud, and the narrow limits of a cold brick grave? What! in the very flush of worldly prosperity—when the farmer's granaries were overflowing with all manner of store—when your dairy had yielded double produce—when the stock of cheeses was unprecedented—when your favourite Norman had presented you with twin calves—when you had reared three broods of milk-white turkeys, and the China sow had littered thirteen pigs! Just as the brindled heifer of that famous cross was coming into milk—and just as the new barn was built, and the parish rates were lowered, and the mulberry tree was beginning to bear—and just as you had brought yourself to feel at home in your

long sleeves, and unfettered by the great garnet ring, and to wear gloves when you were out visiting; and, to crown all, just as your youngest hope—your favourite daughter—had made a splendid conquest of a real gentleman—one who had come down from Lunnon in his own shay, and talked about “Hastleys,” and the “Hoppera,” and “Wauxhall,” and the Wild Beasts, and Waterloo Bridge, and all them there things, and was to install Betsey (the old lady always forgot to say Eliza) lady and mistress of a beautiful ouse in Fleet-street. Oh! at such a time to be torn from “Life and all the joys it yields!” Ah! Madam Buckwheat! is it so indeed? Alas! too true—

“A heap of dust is all remains of thee,
’Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be.”
Blackwood’s Magasins.

The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

PASTIMES AND HOLIDAYS.

“What is a gentleman without his recreations?”
OLD FLAT.

IN the games and diversions of a people, we may trace the distinguishing features of the national character; and the rude pastimes of our ancestors are a practical illustration of the courage and hardiness for which they were celebrated. Some of the old sports would be incompatible with the refinement of the present day, but others are of a nature less objectionable, and the memory of which is worthy of preservation. Many of the ancient games and holidays were rural festivities, commemorative of the return of the seasons, and not only innocent in themselves, but conducive to health and good fellowship. Of this description were the May Games, the Harvest Supper, the Feast of Sheep Shearing, Midsummer-Eve rejoicings, and the celebration of the New Year: all these may be traced to the earliest times; indeed they are coeval with society, and the Feast of the Tabernacle among the Jews, and the ancient honours paid to Ceres, Bacchus, and Saturn by the heathens, were only analogous observances, under a different appellation.

A revival of some of the old sports and pastimes would, probably, be an improvement in national manners; and the modern attractions of *Rouge et Noir*, French hazard, *Roulette*, “blue ruin,” and muddy porter, be beneficially exchanged for the more healthy recreations of former ages. “Worse practices within doors,” as Stowe

remarks, “it is to be feared, have succeeded the more open pastimes of the older time.”

The recreations of our Saxon ancestors were such as were common among the ancient Northern nations; consisting mostly of robust exercises, as hunting, hawking, leaping, running, wrestling, and casting of darts. They were also much addicted to gaming; a propensity unfortunately transmitted, unimpaired, to their descendants of the present day. Chess was a favourite game with them, and likewise backgammon, said to have been invented about the tenth century. The Normans introduced the chivalrous games of tournaments and jousts. These last became very prevalent, as we learn from a satirical poem of the thirteenth century, a verse from which has been thus rendered by Strutt, in his “Sports and Pastimes:”

“If wealth, Sir Knight, perchance be thine,
In tournaments you’re bound to shine;
Refuse—and all the world will swear,
You are not worth a rotten pear.”

When the military enthusiasm which characterised the middle ages had subsided, and chivalry was on the decline, a prodigious change took place in the manners of the people. Violent exercises grew out of fashion with persons of rank, and the example of the nobility was followed by other classes. Henry VII., Henry VIII., and James I., endeavoured to revive the ancient military exercises, but with only ephemeral success.

We learn from Burton, in his “Anatomy of Melancholy,” what were the most prevalent sports at the end of the sixteenth century.* Hunting, hawking, running at rings, tilts and tournaments, horse-races and wild-goose chaces, were the pastimes of the gentry; while the lower classes recreated themselves at May Games, Wakes, Whitson Ales; by ringing of bells, bowling, shooting, wrestling, leaping, pitching the bar, playing with keel pins, coits, trunks, wasters, foils, foot-ball, balown, and running at the quintain. Speaking of the Londoners, Burton says, “They take pleasure to see some pageant or sight go by, as at a coronation, wedding, and such like solemn niceties; to see an ambassador or prince received and entertained with masks, shows, and fire-works.” The following

* In his dry way, Old Burton says, “Cards, dice, hawkes, and hounds, are rocks upon which men lose themselves when they are improperly handled and beyond their fortunes.” Hunting and hawking, he allows, are “honest recreations, and fit for some great men, but not for every base and inferior person, who, while they maintain their Faulkoner and dogs, and hunting nags, their wealth runs away with their hounds, and their fortunes fly away with their hawkes.”

he considers common amusements, both in town and country—namely, “bull-baitings, and bear-baitings, in which our countrymen and citizens greatly delight, and frequently use; dancers on ropes, jugglers, comedies, tragedies, artillery-gardens, and cock-fighting.” The winter recreations consisted of cards, dice, tables, shovelboard, chess, the philosopher’s game, shuttlecock, billiards, music, masks, dancing, ule-games, riddles, cross purposes, merry tales of knight-errant, thieves, wittes, fairies, and goblins.

In addition to the May Games, morris-dancing, pageants, and processions, which were common throughout the kingdom, the Londoners had peculiar privileges of hunting, hawking, and fishing; they had also large portions of ground allotted to them in the vicinity of the city, for the practice of such pastimes as were not prohibited: and for those, especially, that were conducive to health. On the holidays, during the summer season, the young men exercised themselves in the fields with leaping, archery, wrestling, playing with balls, and practising with their wasters and bucklers. The city damsels had also their recreations, playing upon their timbrels, and dancing to the music, which they often practised by moonlight. One writer says, it was customary for the maidens to dance in presence of their masters and mistresses, while one of their companions played the music on a timbrel; and to stimulate them, the best dancers were rewarded with a garland; the prize being exposed to public view during the performance. To this custom Spenser alludes,—

“The damsels they delight,
When they their timbrels smite.
And thereunto dance and carol sweet.”

The London apprentices often amused themselves with their wasters and bucklers, before the doors of their masters. Hunting with the Lord Mayor’s pack of hounds, was a diversion of the metropolis, as well as sailing, rowing, and fishing on the Thames. Duck-hunting was a favourite recreation in the summer, as we learn from Strype.—*Fielding’s Proverbs.*

SLAVERY IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE other day I passed a plantation whose owner, a few months before had shot one of his slaves; and I conversed with a young planter, I think not twenty-two years old, whose general manners bespoke mildness rather than the contrary, who had also shot a slave within a year. The offence in both cases, was stated to be running away, and no notice was taken

whatever of the murderers. A friend of mine, who had resided here some time, told me, that calling one morning on a most respectable planter, a man of eminently humane and amiable manners, he was surprised to see him sitting in his veranda, with his gun in his hand, earnestly watching a slave in the court, who was looking up at him with great emotion, as if meditating an escape. By and by, the overlooker came and took the slave away. My friend turned to the planter, and asked him what was the matter. He replied, “While I was at breakfast, that Negro came and delivered himself up, telling me that he had run away from my plantation to avoid a threatened flogging; but that, as he had returned voluntarily, he hoped I would intercede with the overseer, and get him excused. I told him I seldom interfered with the overseer, but would send and inquire into the circumstances. I sent for him, but the negro, in the mean time, apprehending the result, looked as if he would dart off into the woods. I ordered my gun, and if he had attempted to stir, I should have been obliged to shoot him dead; for there is no other way of enforcing obedience and subordination.”

A very short time since, a wealthy planter tried to work his slaves half the night as well as the whole of the day. They remonstrated with the overseer, and became refractory, on which the planter undertook to control them. He took his seat on the trunk of a tree to inspect them, with his gun in his hand to shoot the first who should shrink. About twelve o’clock at night he fell asleep. The slaves seized his gun, shot him, and burnt him to ashes on the fires which he was compelling them to make at midnight, of the wood they were employed in clearing. The case was so glaring, and the planter’s cruelty so notorious, that the matter was hushed up as well as it could be, and the slaves were not punished; though while at Charlestown I saw an account of a young negro woman being burnt to death in South Carolina the week before, for murdering her master. An acquaintance of mine told me he was staying at the time at an inn in the neighbourhood, from which many of the company went to see the horrid spectacle. On so serious a subject as this, I am particularly guarded in mentioning to you nothing for which I have not unquestionable authority. The following fact rests on the evidence of my own senses. At a dining party of five or six gentlemen, I heard one of the guests (who is reputed a respectable planter) say, in the course of conversation, that he shot at one

of his slaves last year, with intent to kill him, for running away; that, on another occasion, finding that two runaway slaves had taken refuge on his plantation, he invited some of his friends out of town to dinner and *a frolic*; that after dinner they went out to hunt the slaves, and hearing a rustling in the reeds or canes in which they believed them to be concealed, "they all fired at their *game*, but unfortunately missed." Does not your blood curdle? Yet he did not appear to be sensible that he was telling any thing extraordinary, nor to understand the silence of astonishment and horror. I could extend this sad recital; but why should I harrow up your feelings.—*Hodgson's Letters from North America.*

The Novelist.

No. LXIII.

JENNY KELLY.

How many an affecting narrative might be drawn from the stories which the "simple annals" of humble life supply! How many a tale, the circumstances of which may have been known only to few, and soon forgotten by all, would awaken general sympathy, if some friendly hand had been found to record it! Many whose lives from beginning to end, present no single incident worth relating, find a biographer to note their existence, and the every day common places of their being; and this is all the world can learn from their memoirs. But in scenes remote from those of grandeur, of fashion, and of folly, it not unfrequently happens that the history of individuals, is fraught with more of interest, and affords a more useful and instructive lesson to mankind, than all that can be gleaned from the insipid biography of those who inherit adventitious claims to rank and distinction. The reader may have heard some impressive and pathetic stories, perchance bordering on romance, of unpretending and obscure origin. The following, derived from an authentic source, is not unworthy of notice.

In the town of Newry, in Ireland, lived Jenny Kelly, the subject of this little narrative. At this distance of time not any thing material is known of her parents; it is only known that they were honest and industrious, and that they brought up their daughter according to their means. Before she attained the age of eighteen years, she became the object of affection to two suitors. This distinction, which would have been flattering to the vanity of most young women of her age, proved to her the greatest mis-

fortune. She had a fine countenance, an elegant figure, an amiable disposition, and was of singularly industrious habits. Her voice was moreover uncommonly fine, and she carolled as merrily as the lark, and as sweetly as the nightingale. In short, she could not but make any man a good wife, and a delightful companion.

Poor girl! when I think of her fate, a tear of pity falls to her memory. Yet Jenny did not become a prey to the arts of a seducer; she was reserved for misery of a different kind.

The two rivals who sought her affections, were brother clerks, in the firm of Messrs. Ogle and Thomson, well known merchants in Newry. The circumstances of each were nearly equal, and they were generally regarded with a degree of respect, little short of that shown to the partners themselves. Kays was the name of one lover, M'Evoy that of the other. Kays was a very handsome young man, tall and well shaped; his rival had not the same advantages of person, and was conscious of the superiority of Kays in this respect; but this reflection only caused him to redouble his attentions to Jenny, and to do every thing in his power to ingratiate himself into her esteem. Whether or not Kays was less ardent or persevering in evincing his attachment cannot now be known; but after much persuasion and entreaty, Jenny, though her heart owned a preference of Kays, yielded to the importunities of M'Evoy, and was married to him accordingly.

Jenny was young, and probably scarcely knew her own heart at the time, else she ought not to have given her hand to one lover, and her affections to another. It was a weakness on her part, and she bitterly atoned for it; yet who shall blame her?

—"Women are not,
In their best fortunes strong,"

and might there not be some neglect on the part of Kays?

When Jenny became a wife, she was fully sensible of the duties and obligations which her new condition imposed upon her; and she determined to do all in her power not only to retain the affections of her husband, but to increase her own towards him. With these feelings they might have been happy: but conjugal bliss was not to be the lot of this young creature.

It may be easily imagined that Kays, who was not less fond of Jenny than his successful rival, was plunged into a state of distraction, as soon as he knew of the utter ruin of his hopes. In the first

paroxysm of his rage, he threatened destruction to both; but becoming more calm, he conceived a scheme of revenge, which he determined to carry into effect. He began to affect an indifference upon the subject; then to utter insinuations that could not but create strange conjectures, and at last he did not scruple to insinuate, in plain terms, and in such a way that it was sure to reach M'Evoy's ears, that he had previously to her marriage had an illicit intercourse with the young bride. Such reports were not slow in finding circulation; they speedily came to the knowledge of M'Evoy and his wife, and their feelings on the occasion it may easily be supposed were deeply, though very differently affected. Jenny became melancholy; her appetite failed her, she grew pale and thin, and was frequently caught in tears. The cruelty of Kays cut her to the heart; M'Evoy, though he did not absolutely believe in the rumours of his wife's dishonour, was not certain that they were altogether false. Of all feelings that of jealousy is the most easily roused, and when once awakened,

—“Trifles, light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmation strong
As proofs of holy writ.”

Kays and M'Evoy were still placed near each other, and there were mutual heart burnings and bickerings between them. Both, however, avoided coming to open resentment; the one knowing himself to be the projector of an unfounded calumny; the other being loth to render more public than it was, the reported disgrace of his wife.

Poor Jenny bore up against the influence of her feelings as long as she could; her home was wretched, to her susceptible and artless mind, for doubt and suspicion hung over it. Her husband's eye no longer beamed on her with the soft light of confiding love; in a few weeks she fell ill, her brain became delirious, and her medical attendants despaired of her life. M'Evoy was himself in a state to be pitied, and well might he have approached the author of his sufferings, in the language of our greatest bard,

“If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more; abandon all remorse;
On horror's head horrors accumulate:
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth
amazed;

For nothing can'st thou to damnation add
Greater than that.”

The effects of Kays' perfidy now stared him in the face, and for the first time made him sensible of his baseness. He was not naturally of a bad disposition; and his passion for Jenny revived in all its force; he would have died to restore her to her senses, and to repair the wrong

he had done her. He hastened to her mother's house to confess his guilt, and to ask her forgiveness; but he was denied admittance. Every hour only made him the more desirous of atoning for the injuries he had committed, and of expressing to her his penitence. Again he begged to be admitted to see the poor girl; he appeared almost broken hearted, his request was again refused. Unable to retain himself any longer, he confessed that the story he told concerning her was a wicked fabrication. “Good Heavens,” he exclaimed, raising his eyes and clasping his hands, “could I but hear her say she forgave me, how happy should I be! but now I am miserable.” “You cannot, you must not see her, my poor child is dying; the sight of you would be too much for her, she is dying! do not ask it!” He bade the disconsolate mother farewell, and hurried away overwhelmed with grief and horror. He could not rest; all was dark and gloomy within him; agonized and scarcely knowing what he did, he solicited on the following day, a meeting of the principal inhabitants of Newry, at one of the inns, and openly declared to all present, that every word he had said against Jenny was false, and that the cause of his malignant fabrication was his excessive love, and his madness at seeing her possessed by another. He was in consequence dismissed from his situation. Still, however, he did not despair of seeing his unfortunate victim, and of confessing to her his villainy. With this intention he again repaired to her mother's residence, but it was too late; her spirit had fled to that world, where the praise and censure of mankind are equally indifferent, in six weeks after her bridal day.

The remainder of the tale will be brief: Kays shortly after left Newry for America, entered into the American army, and was killed. The husband, who was inconsolable for some time, despaired of ever being happy with any other woman should he marry again. This proved true; for a twelvemonth after Jenny's death, he married a miller's daughter, a young woman who very strikingly resembled Jenny, and it was partly, perhaps, from that similitude that he had married her.

Shortly after his second marriage, in a faction arising out of an election contest, a gentleman drew his sword against M'Evoy, who parried it with his sword-stick, but in the affray the gentleman was run through the body, and instantly fell dead on the spot. M'Evoy was tried for his life; he said in his defence he cared not to live, but asserted that he

drew his sword in his own defence. Messrs. Ogle and Thomson supported him to the utmost on his trial. He was found guilty of manslaughter, and, according to the practice of the time, was burnt in the hand. He left Ireland with his newly married wife, went to America, and like his rival entered the army, in which he was promoted, and highly respected.—*European Magazine.*

Miscellaneous.

INFANTICIDE IN ANCIENT TIMES.

THE following are extracts from the East India Company's correspondence on Hindoo Infanticide:—

Romulus is said to have laid the citizens under an obligation to educate all their male children, and the eldest of their daughters. The requiring of this obligation from the citizens must have been suggested by the necessity of restraining the practice of Infanticide; and Romulus probably trusted in procuring wives for his males from the other tribes in his neighbourhood with as little difficulty as the Jahrejas do at present.

Montesquieu has the following observations on this subject, which makes the resemblance still more complete, and proves that the same motives prevailed with the Roman fathers for exposing their children as with the nations of India who commit Infanticide:—"We find not any Roman law that permitted the exposing of children." This was, without doubt, an abuse introduced towards the decline of the Republic, when luxury robbed them of their freedom; when wealth divided was called poverty; when the father believed that all was lost which he gave to his family, and when the family was distinct from his property. It appears that infants newly born were placed on the ground; those who were agreeable to the father he took up, or educated (for these were synonymous terms); but those who were displeasing to him he neglected and exposed.

In Greece, Infanticide, or the exposure of children, appears to have formed a part of the policy of those states. Solon gave permission by the law to parents to kill their children. Aristotle appears an advocate for the exposing of children, and conceives, where this is not the case, that the number of those brought forth ought to be limited.—He proposes expedients for this purpose more barbarous than any usage of the Jahrejas. The Greeks appear to have been led to ex-

pose their offspring from the sterility of their territory, and the apprehension of want, excited by a redundant population. The same motive, arising from a fear of famine, has induced the government of China, if not to permit, at least to tolerate, parents to sell and expose their children.

The Carthaginians are reported to have frequently sacrificed their children, but this appears to have originated in motives of religion and patriotism: the first taught them that the sacrifice of children was acceptable to their gods; and the love of their country inspired the noblest of the Carthaginians to offer up their offspring as victims, to avert or remove any public calamity. A similar custom was also practised by the Phenicians and Syrians, the founders of Carthage, and which also extended to the Greeks, the Gauls, and the German nations. Among the Canaanites also, previous to the invasion of the Israelites, similar sacrifices prevailed, and which are termed in Scripture, "passing their seed through the fire to Moloch."

In Robertson's History of America we are informed, that the difficulty of training up an infant to maturity amidst the hardships of savage life; often stifles the voice of nature among the Americans, and suppresses the strong emotions of parental tenderness. Some of these women are stated, in particular, to destroy their female children in their infancy:—"But though necessity compels the inhabitants of America thus to set bounds to the increase of their families, they are not deficient in affection and attachment to their offspring: they feel the powers of this instinct in its full force."

At Otaheite, and other islands of the Pacific, a peculiar society exists who destroy their children; and other nations in a rude state have been found, who do not suffer those to live, who are born with any natural defect or deformity.

A more attentive and extensive research would multiply these examples, and illustrate this subject. However disgusting it may be to human nature, we find that many nations have tolerated or permitted parents to destroy their own offspring, and we are certain, that parents have deprived their children of life, by availing themselves of this privilege; but the custom of exclusively murdering females (although the regulations of Romulus evidently point to their destruction in preference to that of the males), and a systematical Infanticide, seem to be confined to the Rajputes of India.

FULLER'S NOTICE OF PAPER,

*Containing some Quaint and Dainty
Conceits.*

EXPECT not that I should by way of preface enumerate the several inventions whereby the ancients did communicate, and continue their notions to posterity. First by writing on leaves of trees still remembered, when we call such a seantling of paper a folio, or leaf. Hence from leaves men proceeded to the bark of trees, as more solid, still countenanced in the notation of the word *hiber*. Next they wrote in labels, or sheets of lead, wherein the letters were deeply engraven, being a kind of printing before printing; and to this I refer the words of Job (an author allowed contemporary with), if not senior to Moses himself. "Oh, that my words were now written; oh, that they were printed in a book."

To omit any other devices in after ages to signify their conceptions, paper was first made of a broad flag (not unlike our great dock) growing in and nigh Canopus, in Egypt, which it seems was a staple commodity of that country, and substantial enough to bear the solemn curse of the prophet. "The paper reeds by the brooks shall wither, be driven away, and be no more."

Our modern paper is made of grinded rags, and yet this new artificial doth still thankfully retain the name of the old natural paper. It may pass for the emblem of men of mean extraction, who by art and industry, with God's blessing thereon, come to high preferment. "He raiseth the poor out of the dust, and lifteth the needy out of the dunghill, that he may set him with his princes, even with the princes of his people." One may find, if searching into the pedigree of paper it cometh into the world at the dungate, raked thence in rags, which refined by art (especially after precious secrets are written therein), is found fit to be choicely kept in the cabinets of the greatest potentates. Pity it is that the first author of so useful an invention cannot with any assurance be assigned.

There are almost as many kinds of paper as conditions of persons between the emperor and beggar, imperial, royal, cardinal, and so downwards to that coarse paper called *emperetica*, useful only for chapmen to wrap their wares therein. Paper participates in some sort of the characters of the countrymen which make it; the Venetian being neat, subtle, and courtlike; the French, light, slight, and slender; the Dutch, thick, corpulent, and gross, not to say sometimes also

charta bibala, sucking up the ink with the sponginess thereof.

LINES,

*Written by an Officer, on being ordered to
Foreign Service, to a Lady, whose name was
Whiting.*

SURE Whiting is no fasting dish.
Let priests say what they dare;
I'd rather eat my little fish
Than all their Christmas fare.

So plump—so white—so clean—so free
From all that leads to strife;
Happy the man, who's lot shall be
To swim with thee through life.

But Venus, goddess of the flood
Does all my hopes deny;
And aury Mars cries, why my blood,
You've *other fish to fry!*

PARAMOUNT PUNNING; ON SETTING
UP AND SITTING DOWN.

A CHAP once told St. Patrick's Dean,
While rising from his seat, "I mean
To set up for a wit."
"Ah!" quoth the Dean, "if that be true,
The very best thing you can do
Is down again to sit."

Too many, like that would-be wit,
Set up for what they are not fit,
And always lose their aim;—
Set up for wisdom, wealth, renown,
But end the farce by sitting down,
With poverty and shame.

A middling farmer thinks he can
Set up to be a gentleman,
And then sit down content;
But after many a turn and twist,
Is sit down on the pauper list,
A fool, not worth a cent!

When farmers' wives and daughters fair
Set up with silks and Leghorns rare,
To look most wondrous winning;
They set, upon a slippery stand,
Till indigence, with iron hand,
Upsets their underpinning.

Some city ladies too, whose gear
Has made them to their husbands dear,
Set up to lead the ton;
Though they sit high on fashion's seat,
Age, death, or poverty, albeit
Will set them down anon.

Some fools set up to live by law,
And though they are "all over jaw,"
Soon fall for lack of brains:
But had the boobies only just
Known where they ought to sit at first,
They'd saved a world of pains.

A quack sets up the doctor's trade,
But could he use the sexton's spade
No better than his pills,
The man might toil from morn to night,
And find his match with all his might
To bury half he kills.

You may set up for what you choose
As easily as wear old shoes,
If e'er so low at present;
But when you have set up in vain,
And find you must sit down again,
'Tis terribly unpleasant.

American Paper.

CURIOUS ANECDOTES OF TWO ELEPHANTS.

A FEW years ago, two elephants were taken from the menagerie of the Prince of Orange, at the house in the wood, near the Hague; the place for their reception had been previously prepared: it is a spacious hall in the museum of natural history, adjoining to the national botanical garden in Paris, well aired and lighted. A stove warms it in winter, and it is divided into two apartments, which have a communication by means of a large door, which opens and shuts perpendicularly. The enclosure consists of rails made of strong and thick beams, and a second enclosure, breast-high, surrounds it, in order to keep spectators from too near an approach.

The morning after their arrival in Paris, these animals were put in possession of their new habitation. The first who entered was the male (*Hans*), who seemed to go in with a degree of suspicion, after having issued with precaution from his cage. His first care was to survey the place. He examined every bar with his trunk, and tried their solidity. The large screws by which they are held together were placed on the outside: these he sought for, and having found them, tried to turn them, but was not able. When he came to the partition, or gate, which divides the two apartments, he found it was only fixed by an iron bar, which rose perpendicularly. He raised it with his trunk, pushed up the door, and entered into the second apartment, where he took his breakfast quietly, and appeared to be perfectly easy.

In the mean time the female (*Peggy*) was conducted into the first lodge. The mutual attachment of these animals was recollected, and likewise the difficulty with which they were parted, and induced to travel separately. From the time of their departure from the Hague, they had not seen each other; not even at Cambrai, where they passed the winter in 1797. They had only been sensible that they were near neighbours. *Hans* never lay down, but always stood upright, or leaning against the bars of his cage, and kept watch for *Peggy*, who lay down and slept every night. On the least noise, he sent forth a cry to alarm his mate.

The joy they felt on seeing each other again was thus expressed:—When *Peggy* entered, she emitted a cry, denoting the pleasure she experienced on finding herself at liberty. She did not immediately observe *Hans*, who was feeding in the inner lodge; neither was he directly aware that she was so near him; but the keeper having called him, he turned round, and

on the instant the two elephants rushed into each others embraces, and sent forth cries of joy, so animated and so loud, that they shook the whole hall. They breathed also through their trunks with such violence, that the blast resembled an impetuous gust of wind.

The joy of *Peggy* was the most lively; she expressed it by quickly flapping her ears, which she made to move with astonishing velocity, and drew her trunk over *Hans* with the utmost tenderness. She in particular put her finger (the extremity of the trunk terminates in a protuberance which stretches out on the upper side in the form of a finger, and possesses in a great degree the niceness and dexterity of that useful member) into his ear, where she kept it a long time, and after having drawn it affectionately over the whole body of *Hans*, she put it tenderly into her own mouth. *Hans* did exactly the same to *Peggy*, but his pleasure was more concentrated. This he appeared to express by his tears, which fell from his eyes in abundance.

Since that time they have never been separated, and they dwell together in the same apartments. The society of these two intelligent animals, their habitudes, their mutual affection, and their natural attachment, still existed notwithstanding the privation of their liberty, might furnish curious observations for the natural history of their species.

These two elephants, were natives of Ceylon, and were brought to Holland when very young. They were nearly fifteen years of age. Their height was about seven feet and a half. Their tusks, which were very short, had been broken, but they would grow again as they became older. The tail of the male hung down to the ground; that of the female was much shorter.

The following anecdote appeared in a French journal about the middle of the year 1799.

A sentinel belonging to the menagerie at Paris was extremely careful, every time he mounted guard near the elephants, to desire the spectators not to give them any thing to eat. This was by no means pleasing to the elephants. *Peggy*, in particular, beheld him with a very unfavourable eye, and had several times endeavoured to correct his unwelcome interference, by besprinkling his head with water from her trunk. One day, when a great number of people were collected to view these animals, the opportunity seemed convenient for receiving, unperceived, a small bit of bread; but the rigorous sentinel was on duty. *Peggy*, however, placed herself before him, watched

all his gestures, and, the moment he opened his mouth to give his usual admonition to the company, discharged in his face a large stream of water. A general laugh ensued; but the sentinel having calmly wiped his face, stood a little on one side, and continued as vigilant as before. Soon after, he found himself obliged to repeat his notice to the spectators not to give the elephants any thing; immediately *Peggy* snatched his musket from him, twirled it round in her trunk, trod it under her feet, and did not restore it until she had twisted the barrel into the form of a screw.

The height of the elephants is said by *Sparman* and other travellers in the interior of Africa, to be from twelve to fifteen feet, measured to the top of the back; the female is much less than the male. They are said to live to the age of a hundred and twenty or a hundred and thirty years even in a state of captivity.

In the third volume of the *Asiatic Researches*, published in 1789, is a long and very particular account of the method of catching wild elephants, by *John Corse, Esq.*; and in the first part of the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1799, is another paper, which contains much curious information on the manners, habits, and natural history of the elephant, by the same gentleman. From these it appears that the accounts of the sagacity, modesty, and size of the elephant, have been greatly exaggerated by natural historians.

As to what relates to the modesty of these animals, we must refer to the latter paper. The author's observations are the result of many years residence in India, and from 1792 to 1797, the elephant hunters were under his direction.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

EPITAPH

ON A VIOLENT SCOLD.

BENEATH this stone, a lump of clay
Lies *Arabella Young*,
Who, on the twenty-fourth of May
Began to hold her tongue!

THE USE OF A TEA KETTLE.

A SCHOLAR who was reading at night, heard a thief breaking through the wall of his house. Happening to have a tea-kettle with boiling water before the fire, he took it up, and placing himself by the side of the wall, waited for the thief. The

hole being made, a man thrust his feet through: when the scholar immediately seized them, and began to bathe them with boiling water. The thief screamed, and sued for mercy! but the scholar replied very gravely, "stop till I have emptied my tea kettle."

THE THREE POINTS OF RESEMBLANCE.

A MAN having had his portrait painted, was induced by the artist to consult the people who were passing by, whether he had succeeded. He asked the first who came, "is this part a likeness?" The forced connoisseur replied, "the cap is a great likeness." He was going to ask a third, when the painter, stopping him, said, "the resemblance of the cap and clothes are of no importance; ask the gentleman what he thinks of the face." The latter hesitated a good while; at last, being obliged to give an opinion of some sort, he replied: "the beard and the hair are a very great likeness."

EPIGRAM.

It is now and then posted
At the end of each street,
"The Vauxhall proprietors
This night give a grand Fete."
Just as well might the public,
I mean all who go, say—
"What we pay for admission
Shall be call'd *giv'n away*."

G. W.

PRAYER VERSUS PLAY.

IN the spring season at Bath, in the year 1760, subscription books were open at the same time for prayers at the abbey, and gaming at the rooms. At the close of the first day, the number of subscribers for prayers were twelve, and for gaming sixty-seven. On this occasion the following lines were written:—

The Church and Rooms the other day,
Open'd their books for prayer and play;
The priest got twelve, Hoyle sixty-seven,
How great the odds for hell 'gainst heaven!

ERRATA.—In the seventh example of *Magic Squares*, p. 262, of our last, the following line was inadvertently omitted:—6, 79, 23, 30, 70, 38, 62, 55, 47, 95.

Answers to Correspondents next week.

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The Mirror

OF

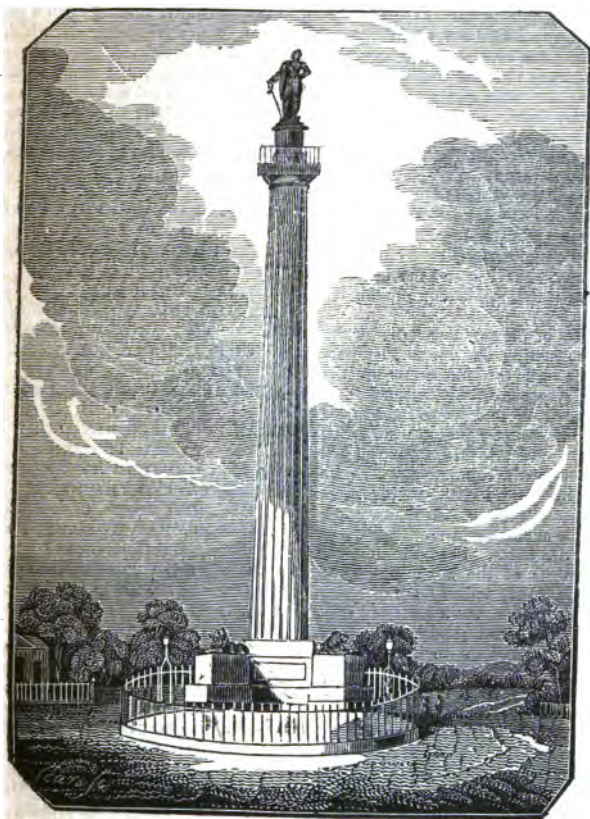
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CIX.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1824.

[PRICE 2d.]

Lord Hill's Column at Shrewsbury.



Among those warriors who distinguished themselves during the last war with France, few names were more conspicuous than that of Hill. Of this Salopian family, we believe, there were five brothers in the service, all of whom had received honours from their sovereign. The head of this band of brothers was Lord Hill, whose name, when Sir Rowland Hill, so frequently appeared in the despatches from the Peninsula. In honour of this nobleman, a splendid column has been erected in Shrewsbury, of which we pre-

sent an engraving from the "Salopian Views." The column is of the following dimensions:—Height of the pedestal, 13 feet 6 inches; shaft and capital, 91 feet 6 inches; pedestal for figure, 11 feet 6 inches; colossal statue of his Lordship, 17 feet; total, 133 feet 6 inches. The total expense of erection was 5,973*l*.

For the following description of the column we are indebted to one of a knot of friends, who have offered their services to the MIRROR, and wish their lucubrations to appear under the title of

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The Loiterer.

No. I.

LORD HILL'S COLUMN AT SHREWSBURY.

I HAVE always excused my habit of loitering on the road by indulging the idea, that the felicities of travelling are to be found in the tranquil enjoyment of a few interesting objects, rather than in the hurried and superficial survey of extensive prospects and ever-changing scenery, by the same rule that the outlines of human nature are more easily understood, and certainly more agreeably received, from the attentive study of individual character, than the confused machinery of the passing crowd.

I fell into one of those fits on arriving at the nearest mile-stone to Shrewsbury on the London road, and, as is not unfrequently the case, the event proved to me an agreeable, and, I flatter my indolent habits by considering it, a profitable reverie.

The spires of Shrewsbury, gilt by the rays of the setting sun, were just perceptible through the interstices of the flourishing sycamores, which seemed, from time immemorial, to have overshadowed a neat public-house; and my attention was for a moment turned from the imposing aspect of the column erected to the Shropshire hero, Lord Hill, towards which I was advancing, by the modest steeple of the small, ancient, and truly venerable church of St. Giles. Seen through the darkening tints of the shady elms and yews, it appeared, indeed, a repository for the wearied ones, and a hallowed solitude where the most sentimental might pay fervent adorations to the God of nature.

After stepping aside to meditate on this relic of the plety of our forefathers, and the mementos of the dead of all classes and ages which surround it, (some of which, bearing the "*hic jacet*" of the learned and distinguished, proved that I was not original in preferring the quiet turf and peaceful neighbourhood of its unassuming tenantry, to the pompous cemetery of the town, and the gorgeous company of statues and escutcheons.) I was little prepossessed in favour of the stately monument, I now resumed the road to contemplate. Death, indeed, by laying low the object of its honours, nor time, by defacing its inscriptions, have not yet shewn the nothingness of greatness; but the lesson was audibly read from the crumbling epitaphs I had just been visiting. But to the towering column to which I have alluded.

This Doric column, surmounted by a statue, erected by voluntary subscription of the inhabitants of Shrewsbury and its neighbourhood, in honour of Lord Hill, is considered as the largest in the world, the diameter of the shaft at the plinth is fifteen feet, which is one foot more than the diameter of Nelson's column at Dublin, and that which was erected by Bonaparte in the *Place de Vendome*, Paris.

The pedestal is square, with a pier, or buttress, at each angle, on which are placed lions *couchant*, worked in the Grinshill freestone, the same as the column. The colossal statue is of artificial stone; and on the North, East, and South sides of the pedestal are tablets, on which are the following inscriptions:—

On the North side.

TO LIEUTENANT-GENERAL ROWLAND
LORD HILL,
BARON HILL OF ALMAZES AND
HAWKSTONE, G. C. B.
NOT MORE DISTINGUISHED FOR HIS
SKILL AND COURAGE IN THE FIELD,
DURING THE ARDUOUS CAMPAIGNS
IN SPAIN AND PORTUGAL,
THE SOUTH OF FRANCE,
AND THE MEMORABLE PLAINS OF
WATERLOO,
THAN FOR HIS BENEVOLENT AND
PATERNAL CARE
IN PROVIDING FOR THE COMFORTS
AND SUPPLYING THE NECESSITIES
OF HIS VICTORIOUS COUNTRYMEN,
AND FOR THAT HUMANITY AND
GENEROSITY
WHICH THEIR VANQUISHED FOES
EXPERIENCED AND ACKNOWLEDGED.
THE INHABITANTS OF THE TOWN
AND COUNTY OF SALOP
HAVE ERECTED THIS COLUMN
AND STATUE,
AS A MEMORIAL OF THEIR RESPECT
AND GRATITUDE
TO AN ILLUSTRIOUS CONTEMPORARY,
AND AN INCITEMENT TO
EMULATION
IN THE HEROES AND PATRIOTS
OF FUTURE AGES.
A. D. MDCCCXVI.

On the South side.

CIVI. SVO. ROLANDO
DOMINO BARONI HILL, AB. ALMAZES
ET HAWKSTONE
POPULARES. EIVS. EK. AGRÓ. ATQVE
MVNICIPIO.
SALOPIENSI.
COLUMNAM. HANCQUE COM. STATVA.
P. C.

A. S. MDCCCXVI.

IS. IN. RE. MILITARI. QVEMADMODYM.

SE. GRESSERIT
 TESTES. SINT. LVSTANIA, HISPANIA.
 GALLIÆ.
 NARBONENSIS. AC. BELGICA.
 ARTVRIVS. ET QVIDEM. HOSTIVM.
 EXERCITVS.

On the East side.

ROLIEA	AROYO DEL	HILETTE
VIMIERA	MOLINO	ORTES
CORVNA	ALMAREZ	AIRE
DOURO	VITTORIA	TARRES
TALAVERA	PYRENNEES	TOULOUSE
BUSACO	VIVE	WATERLOO
	NIVELLE	

The staircase, consisting of 172 steps, geometrically projected, forms a well, and from the bottom to the landing round the well, upon each step, stands a cast-iron balustrade, with a pannel in its centre; on the pannel is raised a Roman gilt letter, of two inches, forming the following inscription:—

THIS STAIRCASE WAS THE GIFT OF JOHN STRAPHEN, the BUILDER, as HIS DONATION towards ERECTING this COLUMN. The first stone of the foundation WAS LAID December 27th, 1814, and completed June 18th, 1816, the ANNIVERSARY OF THE GLORIOUS BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

Near the column stands the cottage, a beautiful Doric design, consistent with it, originally devoted to the residence of Sergeant Davies, an old soldier, who, having served many years under Lord Hill, was thus admitted to a share of the honours of his commander. He, however, enjoyed the tranquillity of peace but a short period. His widow now shews the monument, and she has been indebted (as was her late husband) to the kindness of Lord Hill and his family for many comforts which the precarious gifts of visitors did not afford.

The voice of fame, which had for some years previous to the close of the late war been proclaiming the victories of Lord Hill to his countrymen, and the feeling which teaches us to consider ourselves participators in the glories, (as we are often implicated in the disgrace) of our brothers, rendered his achievements peculiarly interesting to the inhabitants of his native county. And as was to be expected, he was welcomed, on his return to Shropshire, with the utmost anxiety and enthusiasm; his first entry into Shrewsbury had much of the form, and all the splendid concomitants, of a Roman triumph, and all we read of in history and poetry of the glories of heroes seemed realized. This consummation emptied all Shropshire of spectators as well as actors;

while amidst the lively scene was every where heard the apt accompaniment of

“ See the conquering hero comes,
 Sound your trumpets, beat your drums.”

This enthusiasm assumed a solid and lasting form in the erection of the monument I was contemplating, and which seemed truly a towering symbol of the elevation he had acquired in the fleeting idolatry of 1814. Fleeting, indeed, must that adoration appear, which ten years has transformed into almost worse than indifference, for had his Lordship's glory now to receive its perpetuity from his Salopian brethren, I fear it would want long from even the loudest of those who would once have kissed his horse's feet.

My further inquiries have but strengthened my remark. Like other momentary impressions, it exists only in the epitaph; and the tone of the times was most forcibly shewn by the following circumstance. While leaning over the rails, and reading the inscriptions, I fell into conversation with a labourer, who, looking up towards the column, told me, that when the figure was first raised, it was placed with its back towards Shrewsbury. This was soon reversed; but some of the builders have declared over their cups, that they will some day try to restore it to its original situation, as Lord Hill (they consider) has turned his back on Shrewsbury, by employing Chester people to build his fine hall at Hardwick Grange, only six miles from the residence of the builder who gave the staircase, and in the heart of the society which erected the column to his honour.

To such home philosophy I could but return a smile, (certainly less of contempt than acquiescence;) for though in recognising the secret of the disgust of “proud Salopia,” it was a lesson at which her pride of rewarding merit might blush, it still would not a little amuse me should I hereafter hear of some jokers attempting to transpose the good General, by a frolic not unlike the whimsical ascent of the British sailors to the summit of Pompey's pillar.

Having satisfied my curiosity as to the exterior of the column, I ascended the elegant staircase already adverted to, and enjoyed, from a seat at the summit, an extensive panoramic view of the plain of Shropshire. Shrewsbury (from every point picturesque) now appeared in the rich dress of a summer evening's dripping foliage; but while my attention was engaged by its august castle, overlooking the serpentine course of the Severn, the near beauty of the home scenery of fields and houses, and the distance skirted by

the hills of Cambria, which the reposing sun rendered glorious as

"The ramparts of a godhead's dwelling,"

a dark cloud came like an eclipse over the brightness of earth and the serenity of sky, and a few heavy drops of rain prepared me for a scene terrifically grand. Thunder exploding from behind its dun mist, rolled as if to shake the hero from his pedestal, and while by association of ideas it seemed the artillery of the enemy, the lightning flashing around, and from every point became as the conflicting fires of battle!

I soon found my situation too romantic for safety, and retired down the staircase, certainly without as much deliberate attention to the number of the steps as I had exercised in ascending its weary height; and while the forked flashes smote the majestic pillar and its superincumbent figure, but seemed to despise the lowly roof and modest tomb-stones of St. Giles's, I could not help indulging, it may be called a contemptible, but it is certainly a consolatory thought, that if as

"Along the cool, sequester'd vale of life,
We hold the noiseless tenor of our way,"

we do not participate in the honours of the distinguished, we are at least exempted from the dangers of their sublimity.

AUGUSTUS.

Shrewsbury, August 8th, 1824.

DEATH OF WILLIAM RUFUS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—That Walter Tyrrell was the unintentional slayer of King William Rufus, is an almost universally received opinion in the present day, as it should seem it was at the period when the event happened. The Rev. Dr. Lingard, however, has, in his very excellent History of England, recently published, cast some doubt upon the fact. If you think the following extract from that well written and correct work, worthy a place in your miscellany, you will gratify me by inserting it.

I am, your constant reader,
J. W. E.

"About sunset he (the king) was discovered by some countrymen lying on the ground, weltering in his blood: an arrow, the shaft of which was broken, had entered his breast: by whose hand the king fell, and whether the arrow was directed against him by accident or design, are questions which cannot be satisfactorily answered. The report that obtained credit at the time, was, that William,

following a wounded deer with his eyes, held his hand near his face to intercept the rays of the sun, and that at the same moment an arrow from the bow of Walter Tyrrell, a French knight, glancing from a tree, struck him in the breast. It was added that the unintentional homicide, spurring his horse to the shore, immediately crossed to the continent; and a pilgrimage which he afterwards made to the holy land, was attributed to remorse, and construed into a proof of his guilt. But Tyrrell always denied the charge; and after his return, when he had nothing to hope or fear, deposed upon oath, in the presence of Suger, Abbot of St. Denis, that he never saw the king on the day of his death, nor entered that part of the forest in which he fell.* If William perished by treason, (a supposition not very improbable,) it was politic in the assassin to fix the guilt on one who was no longer in the kingdom. This, at least, is certain, that no inquiry was made into the cause or manner of his death: whence we may infer that his successor, if he were not convinced that it would not bear investigation, was too well pleased with an event which raised him to the throne, to trouble himself about the means by which it was effected.

* "Quem cum nec timeret nec speraret, jurjurando scopius audivimus quasi sacro sanctum asserere, quod ea die nec in eam partem sylvæ, in qua rex venebatur, venerit, nec eam sylvæ omnino viderit."—Suger, vit. Gros. p. 283.

"Tyrrell was an inhabitant of Pontoise, Ord. 78."

SONG.

From an unpublished M.S. Drama,

EMMA.

O'er the sky the lightning flashes,
'Gainst the shore the wild wave dashes,—
Hoarse is heard the sea-mew's scream:
Clouds o'er clouds are slowly sailing,
Till o'er land and sea prevailing,
Shroud they Phœbus' setting beam

HENRY.

What care we, tho' skies are darkling,
If but woman's eye be sparkling?—
All unheard is then the storm:
While on woman's breast reclining—
Round our neck her white arms twining—
Scarce is feared o'en death's dark form.

EMMA.

Fly, yet fly—delay no longer—
Louder blows the blast and stronger—
Sure destruction rides the gale!
Woman, when she soothes life's sorrows,
Love's serene smile but borrows—
Can that smile the lightning quell!

HENRY.

Oh! if woman's soft persuasion,
Beauty's brightest emanation,
Can the pangs of death assuage—
Light thy smile with love's bright glance—
Love, that man's whole soul entrances—
Smile,—and let the tempest rage.

AUGUSTUS.

MAGIC SQUARES.

(For the Mirror.)

THE magic square of squares constructed by the celebrated Dr. Franklin, containing very singular and astonishing properties, may be acceptable to the numerous readers of the MIRROR; previous to which they are furnished with a very easy method of constructing a magic square of an odd number of terms in the arithmetic progression, 1, 2, 3, 4, &c. Draw the desired number of cells, being odd, and the same number vertical as horizontal; place the least term, 1, in the cell immediately under the middle or central one; and the rest of the terms in their natural order in a descending diagonal direction to the right, till they run off either at the bottom or the side: when the number runs off at the bottom, carry it to the uppermost cell, that is not occupied, of the same column that it would have fallen in below, and then proceed descending diagonalwise again as far as you can, or till the numbers either run off at bottom or side, or are interrupted by coming at a cell already filled: now when any number runs off at the right-hand side, then bring it to the furthest cell on the left-hand of the same row or line it would have fallen in on the right-hand; and when the progress diagonalwise is interrupted by meeting with a cell already occupied by another number, then descend diagonally to the left from this cell till an empty one is met with, which enter, and thence proceed to the right as before. An example will render this still more explicit.

To make a magic square of the forty-nine numbers, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, &c. &c.

22	47	16	41	10	35	4
5	23	48	17	42	11	29
30	6	24	49	18	36	12
13	31	7	25	43	19	37
38	14	32	1	26	44	20
21	39	8	33	2	37	45
46	15	40	9	34	3	28

first place the 1 next below the centre cell, and thence descend to the right till the 4 runs off at the bottom, which therefore carry to the top corner on the same column as it would have fallen in; but as 5 runs off at the side, bring it to the beginning of the second line, (the same it fell in,) and thence descend to the right till they arrive at the cell occupied by 1; carry the eight to the next diagonal cell

U 3

to the left, and descend with the 9 to the right, which side always incline to, unless interrupted as before: 10 now runs off at the bottom, which, therefore, carry to the top of its column, and so proceed till 13 runs off at the side, which bring to the beginning of the same line, and thence proceed till 15 arrives at the cell occupied by 8; from this descend diagonally to the left, but as 16 runs off at the bottom to the right, carry it to the top of its proper column, and thence descend till 21 runs off at the side, which is therefore brought to the beginning of its proper line; but as 22 arrives at 16, descend to the left, which brings it into the first column, but off at the bottom, and therefore it is carried to the top of that column; thence descend till 29 runs off both at bottom and side, which carry to the highest unoccupied cell in the last column here, as 30 runs off at the side, bring it to the commencement of its proper line, thence descend till 35 runs off at the bottom, which carry to the top of its column, here 36 meets with the occupied cell 29, bring it to the left; thence descend, 38 runs off at the side, therefore it is brought to the beginning of its line, thence descending 41 runs off at the bottom, which is therefore carried to the top of its column, from whence descending 43 arrives at 36, therefore it is brought down to the left, thence descending 46 runs off at the side, and is brought to the beginning of its line, 47 runs off at the bottom, and is carried to the top of its column, whence 48 and 49 descending the square is completed: the sum of every row, column, and diagonal, making 175.

The magic square was held in great veneration by the Egyptians, and the Pythagoreans, their disciples, who, to add more efficacy and virtue to this square, dedicated it to the then known seven planets divers ways, and engraved it upon a plate of the metal that was esteemed in sympathy with the planet. The square thus dedicated was enclosed by a regular polygon, inscribed in a circle, which was divided into as many equal parts as there were units in the side of the square; with the names of the angels of the planet, and the signs of the zodiac written upon the void spaces between the polygon and the circumference of the circumscribed circle. Such a talisman or metal they vainly imagined would, upon occasion, befriend the person who carried it about him. To Saturn they attributed the square of nine cells; to Jupiter, sixteen; to Mars, twenty-five; to the Sun, thirty-six; to Venus, forty-nine; to Mercury, sixty-four; and to the Moon, the square of eighty-one places; finally, they attributed

to imperfect matter, the square with four divisions, having two for its side; and to the Deity, the square of only one cell, the side of which is also an unit, which multiplied by itself undergoes no change.

The chief properties of Dr. Franklin's square which accompanies this, are as follow:—1. The sum of the sixteen numbers in each column or row, vertical or horizontal, is 2,056.—2. Every half column, vertical and horizontal, makes 1,028, or just one half of the same sum, 2,056.—3. Any half vertical row added to any half horizontal, makes 2,056.—4. Half a diagonal ascending added to half a diagonal descending, makes 2,056, taking these half diagonals from the ends of any side of the square to the middle of it, and so reckoning them either upward, or downward, or sideways.—5. The same with all the parallels to the half diagonals, as many as can be drawn in the great square: for any two of them being directed upward and downward, from the place where they begin to that where they end, make the sum 2,056; thus, for example, from 64

up to 52, then 77 down to 65, or from 19 up to 204, and from 181 down to 191, nine of these bent rows may be made from each side.—6. The four corner numbers in the great square added to the four central ones, make 1,028, the half of a column.—7. If the great square be divided into four, the diagonals of the little squares united, make, each, 2,056.—8. The same number arises from the diagonals of an eight sided square taken from any part of the great square.—9. If a square be equal in breadth to four of the little squares or cells, be cut in a paper, through which any of the sixteen little cells may be seen, and the paper be laid on the great square, the sum of all the sixteen numbers seen through the hole is always equal to 2,056. In short, there is scarcely an end to the variety of ways in which 2,056 may be made, and to use the constructor's own words, "it is the most magical of all magic squares ever made by any magician."

CLAVIS.

Dr. Franklin's Magic Square of Squares.

200	217	232	249	8	25	40	57	72	89	104	121	136	153	168	185
56	39	26	7	250	231	218	199	186	167	154	136	123	103	90	71
198	219	230	251	6	27	38	59	70	91	102	123	134	155	166	187
60	37	28	5	252	229	220	197	188	165	156	133	124	101	92	69
201	216	233	248	9	24	41	56	73	88	105	120	137	152	169	184
65	42	23	10	247	234	215	202	183	170	151	138	119	106	87	74
203	214	235	246	11	22	43	54	75	86	107	118	139	150	171	182
53	44	21	12	245	236	213	204	181	172	149	140	117	108	85	76
205	212	237	244	13	20	45	52	77	84	109	116	141	148	173	180
51	46	19	14	243	238	211	206	179	174	147	142	115	110	83	78
207	210	239	242	15	18	47	50	79	82	111	114	143	146	175	178
49	48	17	16	241	240	209	208	177	176	146	144	113	112	81	80
196	221	228	253	4	29	36	61	68	93	100	126	132	157	164	180
62	36	30	3	264	227	222	195	190	163	158	131	126	99	94	67
194	223	206	255	2	31	34	63	66	95	98	127	130	159	162	191
64	33	32	1	256	226	224	193	192	161	160	129	128	97	96	65

AN EFFECTUAL CURE.

THERE was, in a certain house, a child who was constantly screaming, and annoyed every body. At last a physician was sent for, who gave him a draught, and, desirous of ascertaining the calming

effects of his potion, stayed in the house during the night. After some time, hearing no more crying, he exclaimed, "the child is cured."—"Yes," was the reply, "the child cries no more, but the mother is weeping."

MAGIC SQUARES.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

Sir,—In the insertion of my article on the above subject, (example seventh) you have somehow, unfortunately, omitted the eighth line; by correcting the error, which will thus complete the square, you will much oblige,

Sir, your's respectfully,

Oct. 6, 1824.

JACOBUS.

11	22	12	33	24	25	16	24	23	30
100	23	26	27	67	35	59	58	50	1
99	19	75	74	33	65	42	43	52	3
2	30	76	73	36	36	60	57	49	30
4	81	25	28	65	65	41	44	52	37
94	21	77	72	32	37	62	56	48	7
5	30	24	29	60	64	40	45	53	36
46	79	23	30	70	20	62	56	47	35
93	22	78	71	24	63	20	45	54	8
91	9	89	13	57	86	85	17	28	10

* Line omitted.

THE POOR ORPHAN BOY.

No father, no mother, no kindred have I,
Nor home, nor comfort, and out of company,
But a stranger shelter, in secret I sigh,
For I am a poor little wandering boy.

My father, he fought for his country and died,
And left my poor mother and forlorn boy;
My mother five winters wept over and sighed,
And then left me friendless—a poor orphan boy.

I rosin while the sun heats to buy for my bread,
When Cynthia appears the city I fly,
And seek the green grass-plot to rest my poor head,

For I am an orphan who's shelter'd the sky.
No seat at the table bedeck'd with choice food,
No blazing fire's warmth, nor in winter enjoy,
Or prospects—but over misfortunes must brood;
Yes! this is the fate of the parentless boy.

The winds and the storms have no mercy on me,
I dread the approach of the winter severe,
My clothes are all tattered, and wish to be free;
How hard does the fate of the orphan appear!

Have pity on one who's so helpless and young,
Your sympathy prove if you have feeling hearts,
Remember that fate might the same you have stung,
You might have been orphan, and felt orphan's smart!

W. A.

302G.

From the French of Patric.

And looks, and soft emotions,
With a tender flame reveal;
Who but his passion mentions
Is found the most to feel.

Though from the lips the fair one hears
No word his wishes to discover,
Yet he who serves, and perseveres,
Finally proves himself a lover.

TO MY SNUFF BOX.

Old Friend! who now for many a year,
To me and to my nose so dear;
Hath graced my writing table:
Thy genuine inspires my verse;
Thy various virtues to rehearse,
As well as I am able.

Let gay AMOROUS to his bowl,
Pour the overflowings of his soul,
And sing the praises of wine;
But drinking yields a short delight,
Soon driving reason out of sight,
And turning men to swine.

Let LITTLE prattler of his loves,
With Venus and her turtle doves;
Still billing and still cooing;
But let him heed the shy blind boy,
Whose tempting baits of transient joy
Lead falls to their undoing.

Enjoying thee, I envy not,
The youthful scepter or old sot,
Their short-lived trances prove pleasures
Let fools in liquor or in love,
The joys of wine and women prove,
Give me thy sober treasures.

Faithful companion of all hours,
When nothing ever fails or soars,
Whom fortune ne'er makes frown:
Nought can thy constancy shake,
Sure still to prove in spite of fate,
My best friend at a pinch.

With no pretence to wit or sense
Thou hast kept out my innocence,
Although both dead and dumb;
For should my memory take a nap,
Let me but wake thee with a tap,
And words are sure to come.

O! how unlike Pandora's box,
Whom miseries flew about in flocks,
With demons of disease:
While lurking round thy friendly border
I'm sure the very worst disorder
Is but a gentle sneeze.

Let others toil for wealth or fame,
To get a fortune or a name,
So I've but health enough:
For other gifts old friend I'll pay,
Grant me, unto my latest day,
Grant me—a pinch of snuff.

AMSTERDAM.

The Selector;

or

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM
NEW WORKS.

LORD BYRON.

THE following extracts from a forthcoming work, entitled "Capt. Melvill's Conversations of Lord Byron," appeared in the *Literary Gazette* of Saturday last, where they were stated to be copied from a periodical in the press, entitled the "Attic Miscellany."

BYRON'S EARLY POEMS.—THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

"WHEN I first saw the review of *Hours of Idleness*," says Lord Byron, "I was furious, in such a rage as I have never been in since. I dined that day with Scrope Davies, and drank three bottles of claret to drown it, but it only boiled the more. That critique was a master-piece of low wit, a tissue of scurrilous abuse. I remember there was a great deal of vulgar trash in it, that was meant for humour, 'about people being thankful for what they could get,' 'looking a gift horse in the mouth,' and other such stable expressions. The severity of the *Quarterly* killed poor Keats, and neglect Kirke White. But I was made of different stuff; of tougher materials. So far from bullying me, or deterring me from writing, I was bent on falsifying their raven predictions, and determined to show them, croak as they would, that it was not the last time they should hear from me. I set to work immediately, and in good earnest, and produced in a year *The English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. I had good grounds to believe that Jeffrey (though, perhaps, really responsible for whatever appears in the *Edinburgh*, as Gifford is for the *Quarterly*, as editor), was not the author of that article; was not guilty of it. He disowned it; and though he would not give up the aggressor, he said he would convince me, if ever I came to Scotland, who the person was. I have every reason to believe it was a certain lawyer, who hated me for something I once said of him.

"—— But there was another reason that influenced me, more even than my cool resentment against Jeffrey, to suppress *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. In the duel scene I had unconsciously made a part of the ridicule to fall on Moore. The fact was, that there was no imputation on the courage of either of the principals. One of the balls fell out of the carriage and was lost; and the seconds not having a further supply, drew the remaining one. Shortly after this publication I went abroad, and Moore was so offended by the mention of the leadless pistol, that he addressed a letter to me, in the nature of a challenge, delivering it to the care of Mr. Hanson, but without acquainting him with the contents. This letter was mislaid, at least never forwarded to me. But on my return to England in 1812, an inquiry was made by Moore if I had received such a letter, adding, that particular circumstances (meaning his marriage, or perhaps the suppression of my satire) had now altered his situation,

and that he wished to recall the letter, and to be known to me through Rogers. I was shy of this mode of arranging matters; one hand presenting a pistol, and another held out to shake; and felt awkward at the loss of a letter of such a nature, and the imputations it might have given rise to; but when, after a considerable search, it was at length found, I returned it to Moore, with the seal unbroken; and we have since been the best friends in the world. I correspond with no one so regularly as with Moore."

Lines to a Lady who had written on one of his books, "Remember me."

Remember thee—remember thee!
Till Lethe quench life's burning stream;
Remorse and shame shall cling to thee,
And haunt thee like a feverish dream.
Remember thee!—aye doubt it not—
Thy ****, too, shall think of thee:
By neither shalt thou be forgot—
Thou **** to him—thou **** to me!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

LORD BYRON was devouring, as he called it, a new novel of Walter Scott's. "How difficult it is," said he, "to say anything new! Who was that voluptuary of antiquity who offered a reward for a new pleasure? Perhaps all nature and art could not supply a new idea. This page, for instance, is a brilliant one. It is full of wit; but let us see how much of it is original. This passage, for instance, comes from Shakspeare; this *bon mot* from one of Sheridan's comedies; this observation from another, naming the author; and yet the ideas are new modelled, and perhaps Scott was not aware of their being plagiarisms. It is a bad thing to have too good a memory."

"I should not like to have you for a critic," I observed. "Set a thief to catch a thief," was the reply.

"I never travel without Scott's Novels," said he, "they are a perfect library in themselves; a perfect literary treasure. I could read them once a year with new pleasure." I asked him if he was certain about the Novels being Sir Walter Scott's?

Scott as much as owned himself the author of *Waverley* to me at Murray's shop. I was talking to him about that Novel, and lamented that its author had not carried back the story nearer to the time of the Revolution. Scott, entirely off his guard, said, "Aye, I ought to have done so, but ——" there he stopped. It was in vain to attempt to correct himself; he looked confused, and relieved his embarrassment by a precipitate retreat. * * * He spoiled the fame of his poetry by his superior prose. He has such extent and versatility of powers in

writing, that should his novels ever tire the public, which is not likely, he will apply himself to something else, and succeed as well. His mottoes from *old plays* prove that *he* at all events possesses the dramatic faculty which is denied *me*, and yet I am told that his *Halidon Hill* did not justify expectation. "I have never met with, but have seen extracts from it. * * *

When Walter Scott began to write poetry, which was not at a very early age, Monk Lewis corrected his verses; he understood little then of the mechanical part of his art. The Fire King in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border was almost all Lewis's. One of the ballads in that work, and except some of Leyden's, perhaps one of the best, was made from a story picked up in a stage coach—I mean that of Will Jones:—

"They boll'd Will Jones within the pot,
And not much fat had Will."

"I hope Walter Scott did not write the review of *Christabel*, for he in common with many of us, is indebted to Coleridge. But for him perhaps *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* would never have been thought of. The line

"Jesu Maria, shield us well!"

is taken word for word from Coleridge's poem. Of all the writers of the day, Walter Scott is the least jealous. He is too confident of his own fame to dread the rivalry of others. He does not think of good writing as the Tuscans do about fever, that there is only a certain quantity of it in the world."

HIS LORDSHIP'S MARRIAGE AND SEPARATION.

IN the account of his Lordship's address to Miss Milbanke it is related that she rejected them; but his Lordship adds—

"Her refusal was couched in terms that could not offend me. I was besides persuaded, that in declining my offer, she was governed by the influence of her mother; and was the more confirmed in this opinion, by her reviving the correspondence herself twelve months after.—The tenour of the letter was, that although she could not love me, she desired my friendship. Friendship is a dangerous word for young ladies. It is love full fledged, and waiting for a fine day to fly.

"It had been predicted by Mrs. Williams, that 27 was to be a dangerous age to me. The fortune-telling witch was right. It was destined to prove so. I shall never forget it. Lady Byron (*Burn* he pronounced it) was the only uncon-

cerned person present. Lady Noel, her mother, cried. I trembled like a leaf—made the wrong responses, and after the ceremony called her Miss Milbanke.—There is a singular history attached to the ring. The very day the match was concluded, a ring of my mother's that had been lost was dug up by the gardener at Newstead. I thought it had been sent on purpose for the wedding; but my mother's marriage had not been a fortunate one, and this ring was doomed to be the seal of an unhappier union still.

"After the ordeal was over, we set off for a country seat of Sir Ralph's, and I was surprised at the arrangements for the journey, and somewhat out of humour to find a lady's maid stuck between me and my bride. It was rather too early to assume the husband, and I was forced to submit, but with a very bad grace. Put yourself in my situation, and tell me whether I had not some reason to be in the sulks."

But the details of his final separation are still more curious—

"Our honeymoon was not all sunshine. It had its clouds; and Hobhouse has some letters which would serve to explain the rise and fall in the barometer; but it was never down at zero. You tell me the world says I married Miss Milbanke for her fortune, because she was a great heiress. All I have ever received, or am likely to receive, was 10,000*l.*—My own income at this period was small, and somewhat bespoken. Newstead was a very unprofitable estate, and brought me in a bare 1,500*l.* a-year. The Lancashire property was hampered by a lawsuit, which has cost me 14,000*l.*, and is not yet finished. We had a house in town, gave dinner-parties, had separate carriages, and launched into every sort of extravagance. This could not last long. My wife's 10,000*l.* soon melted away. I was beset by duns, and at length an execution was levied, and the bailiffs put in possession of the very beds we had to sleep upon. This was no very agreeable state of affairs—no very pleasant scene for Lady Byron to witness; and it was agreed she should pay her father a visit till the storm had blown over, and some arrangements been made with my creditors. You may suppose on what terms we parted, from the style of a letter she wrote me on the road. You will think it began ridiculously enough, 'Dear Duck,' &c. Imagine my astonishment to receive immediately on her arrival a few lines from her father, of a very unlike and very unaffectionate nature, beginning 'Sir,' and ending with saying that his

daughter should never see me again. In my reply I disclaimed his authority as a parent over my wife, and told him I was convinced the sentiments expressed were his, not hers. Another post, however, brought me a confirmation under her own hand and seal of her father's sentence.

"There can be no doubt that the influence of her enemies prevailed over her affection for me. You ask me if no cause was assigned for this sudden resolution—if I formed no conjecture about the cause. I will tell you; I have prejudices about women, I do not like to see them eat. Rousseau makes Julie *un peu gourmande*, but that is not at all according to my taste. I do not like to be interrupted when I am writing. Lady Byron did not attend to these whims of mine.—The only harsh thing I ever remember saying to her, was one evening shortly before our parting; I was standing before the fire, ruminating upon the embarrassments of my affairs and other annoyances, when Lady Byron came up to me and said, 'Byron, am I in your way?' to which I replied, 'Damnably.' I was afterwards sorry, and reproached myself for the expression, but it escaped me unconsciously, involuntarily; I hardly knew what I said."

A GAMING PARTY IN CHILI.

As there was much to be learned of the habits of the people at the night assemblies in the Ramadas, I made a practice of going there every evening. It was particularly amusing to watch, unobserved, the groups round the gambling tables in the middle of the area. A single candle, placed on the table, threw a light on the picturesque dresses and countenances of the players, which exhibited in a striking manner, the variety of expression peculiarly belonging to such scenes. A party of these gamblers detected me upon one occasion, and insisted good humouredly that I should try my fortune. By accident the ball rested several times successively on the same square, which raised the odds on my cast to a considerable amount; and, in the end, I won a handful of silver, principally from the people who had been most active in persuading me to play. Their companions joined me in laughing at them a little; but I thought it better, all things considered, to insist upon returning the money."—*Capt. Hall's South America.*

CHILIAN JEALOUSY

A CHILIAN gentleman of my acquaintance lived close to the bull ring, and par-

ties used frequently to be made up at his house to go to the Chinganas, the name given to the scenes described above. After chatting together for some time one evening, the gentlemen of the party went off to the bull ring, while the ladies excused themselves from accompanying us. But within a quarter of an hour afterwards, while we were lounging about in one of the most noisy of the Ramadas, it was intimated to me privately, by a gentleman in the secret, that three of the ladies we had left were actually in our company; but so completely metamorphosed, that, even when pointed out, they were with difficulty recognized. Thus made party to the joke, I found they came as spies upon the proceedings of the master of the house, the husband of one of these Tapadas, as they call themselves. There had been a feud, it seemed, between these ladies and some others of their acquaintance, and the object of this escape, or frolic, was to watch how the gentleman would deport himself towards their foes. They had accordingly the satisfaction, or mortification, to detect him in treacherous flirtation with the enemy; and then allowing themselves to be discovered, to the confusion of the unsuspecting parties, they immediately disappeared. The next day we learnt that the ladies had returned in about ten minutes, differently disguised, and had amused themselves in watching the motions of such of us as had been formerly admitted to their confidence, and who were still chuckling over the success of their first exploit. I attempted, next evening, to pass a similar jest upon them, and disguised myself with great care, but their practised eyes were not to be deceived, and they saw through it all at the first glance.—*Ibid.*

DELICATE COMPLIMENT.

It is the custom on a stranger entering a house, for the lady of the house and one of her daughters, each to present a rose. This custom of presenting strangers with flowers prevails in all Spanish countries, and is one of an extensive class of minute attentions. The favour itself is nothing, indeed, it seems essential to civility that it should be a mere trifle; the merit lies in the unaffected and simple expression of goodwill and kindness, which, while it really obliges, is of a nature to impose no obligation.—*Ibid.*

AN EX-INQUISITOR.

At the Marquess's we met a heavy looking elderly priest, who put a thousand idle questions to us respecting the news

from Europe. In the course of conversation, my malicious companion, in order to plague his reverend friend, whispered to me to say the Inquisition had been re-established in Spain. Accordingly, upon the first opportunity, I said something bearing this interpretation. The effect was amusing enough, for the old father, who, it seems, had been the chief Inquisitor, clapped his hands, and, with a sparkling eye, shouted, "bravo! I thought it must be so!" but perceiving his young friend smiling, he first looked angry, and then laughed, calling him a sad "*picardo*."—"Nevertheless," added he, in a lower tone, with his fist clenched, and his teeth closed, "though it be not yet re-established, it soon will."—*Ibid.*

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

ON DYING FOR LOVE.

To turn stark fools, and subjects fit
For sport of boys and rabbinic wit.

Hudibras.

DYING for love is a very silly thing. It answers no one good end whatsoever. It is poetical, romantic, perhaps immortalising; but nevertheless it is silly, and oftentimes exceedingly inconvenient. I have been pretty near it myself six or seven times, but thanks to my obstinacy! (for which, indeed, I ought to be thankful, seeing I possess a very considerable portion of that unyielding essence.) I have contrived to keep death from the door, and despair from the sanctuary of my thoughts. I cannot, in fact, believe that half of those who have the credit (*I should say discredit*) of dying for love have really deserved it. A man fixes his affections on a piece of cold beauty—a morsel of stony perfection—or on one far above him in rank and fortune—or on an equal, who has unfortunately a lover whom she prefers. Well! he becomes melancholy, takes cold upon it, and dies. But this proves nothing; he might have died if his passion had been returned, or if he had never loved at all. The fate of my friend R— is a case in point. He was deeply enamoured of a very beautiful but adamantine lady, and, as a matter of course, grew very low-spirited and very miserable. He did not long survive; and, as another matter of course, it was given out that he died for love.

As the world seemed to think it sounded better than saying, that his death was occasioned by drinking cold water immediately after walking ten miles under a

burning sun, I did not contradict the report, although I had good grounds for so doing, and it became very generally believed. Some aver that Leander died of love, "because," say they, "if Hero had not been on the other side of the Hellespont he would not have been drowned—*argal*, he died for love."* These are your primary-cause-men! your wholesale deduction-mongers! Now I am a plain spoken fellow, and am more apt to draw natural than romantic conclusions—*argal*, I say he died of the cramp, or from being carried away by the rapidity of the stream: although, I know at the same time this is not the *current* opinion. I am no poet, and therefore take no poetic licenses: the romantic *do*; and I am quite willing to let Common Sense decide between us. Let me, however, not be misunderstood; I argue not on the impossibility, but on the folly and inconsistency of dying for love. That it has occasionally happened I am well aware. I remember Marian T—, when she was as lovely and lively a girl as ever laid a blushing cheek on a snowy pillow, and sank into dreams of innocence and joy. I remember her, too, when the rose was fading from her cheek, and solace and happiness had vanished for ever from her forsaken heart. There was the impress of blighted hope upon her brow—the record of a villain's faithlessness upon her sunken cheek. Her eye told of long suffering, and her constant but melancholy smile evinced how patiently she endured it. Day by day the hue of mortality waxed fainter and fainter; her beautiful form wasted away, and she became at last like a spirit of heaven dwelling among, but scarcely holding communion with, the sons and daughters of the earth. The latter part of her life seemed an abstraction—a dream—an unconsciousness of what was passing around her. The sister of S— (of S— who had broken the vows that were pledged with such seeming fidelity to Marian) abhorred her brother's perfidy, and was fonder than ever of the poor heart-broken girl. She sincerely pitied her—

For pitee renneth some in gentil herie;

and sought by every means in her power to revive her past energies, and recall her to lost happiness and peace. But it was too late; although she complained not, her spirit was broken for ever: and in the effort of raising herself to give a last kiss to her friend, she sank back and died without a struggle or a sigh. There were some lines in a periodical work,

* See As you like it. Act iv. scene 1.

shortly after her death, evidently written by a person acquainted with the parties, which, I think, may not improperly be inserted here.

To G— S—.

There's a stain on thee that can never fade,
Thou'st bathed in the mists of future years,
And this world will be but a world of shade,
Of sorrow, and anguish, and bitter tears.
Thou hast seen a flow'ring pine away,
That, loved by thee, would have blossom'd fair
And thou shalt meet with a worse decay,
And wither and die in thy soul's despair.

Like the summer's breath was the gentle tale
With which thou told'st of thy love and truth,
But thy falsehood came, like the wintry gale,
And blighted the flow'ring in its youth.
It has sunk to earth, but nor tear nor sigh
Has e'er betray'd thy bosom's pain,
Yet a day will come when thou would'st die
To call it back from the grave again.

Had'st thou cherish'd it with the smile that won
Its fadeless love in Spring's blooming hour;
Had thy love beam'd o'er it like the sun,
Whose rays are life to the drooping flow'r;—
It had still been fair, and thou hadst now
Been calm as the lake that sleeps in rest;
But the ray of joy shall ne'er light thy brow,
Nor pleasure dwell in thy lonely breast.

For the lovely one whom thou left'st forlorn,
A deep lament shall be;
But no heart will sigh, and no bosom mourn,
And no eye e'er weep for thee
Thou wilt pass away to the realms of death
In solitude and gloom;
And a curse will cling to thy parting breath,
As awful as thy doom.

But this, and a few other extreme cases, I consider as mere exceptions to my general rule. Now, supposing, as I have said before, that a man dotes upon a beauty without a heart: What, in the name of reason, should induce him to die for one who does not care a rush for him? There may be others who would have more feeling, and less coquetry, with quite as many personal charms. Or supposing that he is attached to one far above him, either in fortune or rank, or in both. What then! Must he therefore waste away, and become the mere shadow of himself? A child may long to catch a star as he does a butterfly, or to turn the sun round, as he is accustomed to turn his hoop, but his non-success would not, as nurses call it, "be the death of him." Again: let us imagine that a man places his affections on an equal, and that she has a stronger yearning towards another. Still, I say, there is no harm done. Let him think (as I should do) that there may be other females with quite as many outward attractions, and more discernment. I have no notion of dying to please any one. I have had too much trouble to support existence to think of laying it down upon such grounds. I should deem it quite enough to perish for the sake of one who really loved me: for one who did *not*, I should be sorry to suffer a single twinge of the rheumatism,

or the lumbago. I have read of a man who actually fancied he was fading away—"a victim to the tender passion;"—but who afterwards discovered that his complaint was caused by abstaining too long from his necessary food. This was a sad fall from the drawing-room window of romance into the area of common sense, and real life; but he was forced to make the best of it: so he took his meals oftener and thought no more about it. He afterwards actually became a suitor to another, was married, and now, I have no doubt, thinks just as I do on the subject of dying for love.

Ere I part with you "my readers all!" take notice of these my last words, and farewell directions, which I give in sincerity of heart, and out of anxiety for your welfare. Ye who have never been in love, but who are approaching insensibly towards it—Corydons of sixteen! "Apollines imberbes" come home for the holidays! take heed! Ye are entering on a little-known and perilous sea. Look to your bark lest she founder. Bring her head round, and scud away before the wind into the port of Indifference. There is danger in the very serenity that sleeps upon the waves: there is faithlessness in the lightest breath that curls them. Ye who are in love—ye who are already on the deceitful ocean—listen to me! Look out for squalls!—Beware of hurricanes!—Have a care of approaching storms! There may be an enemy's ship nearer than you wot of. Just give a salute, and sheer off to Bachelor's harbour. And ye, the last and most pitiable class of all—ye, who fancy yourselves dying for love, make a tack! about ship! and, above all, keep plenty of 'good wine a-board; so that when a sigh is rising in the throat you may choak it with a bumper; and, in case of tears flowing, depend upon it that port will prove the best eye-water.—*London Magazine.*

A BURMESE DIPLOMATIC EPISTLE.

THE following curious letter was received by the British Collector of Chittagong, from the Burman Monarch, in 1787, shortly after the conquest of Arracan by the latter:—

"I am lord of a whole people, and of 101 countries, and my titles are Rajah Chatterdary (*i. e.* sitting under a canopy,) and Rajah Surey Bunkshee (*i. e.* descendant of the sun). Sitting on the throne with a splendid canopy of gold, I hold in subjection to my authority many Rajahs; gold, silver, and jewels are the produce of my country, and in my hand is the in-

strument of war, that, as the light of heaven, humbles and subdues my enemies; my troops require neither injunctions nor commands, and my elephants and horses are without number. In my service are ten pundits learned in the Shaster, and 104 priests, whose wisdom is not to be equalled: agreeably to whose learning and intelligence I execute and distribute justice among my people, so that my mandates, like the lightning, suffer no resistance nor control. My subjects are endowed with virtue and the principles of justice, and refrain from all immoral practices, and I am as the sun, blessed with the light of wisdom, to discover secret designs of men; whoever is worthy of being called a Rajah, is merciful and just towards his people: thieves, robbers, and disturbers of the peace, have at length received the punishment due to their crimes, and now the word of my mouth is dreaded as the lightning from heaven. I am as a great sea, among 2,000 rivers and many rivulets; and as the mountain Shumeroo, surrounded by 40,000 hills, and like unto these is my authority, extending itself over 101 rajahs: further, 10,000 rajahs pay daily attendance at my durbar, and my country excels every country of the world; my palace, as the heavens, studded with gold and precious stones, is revered more than any other palace in the universe. My occupations resemble the business of the chief of the angels, and I have written unto all the provinces of Arracan, with orders to forward this letter in safety to Chittagong, formerly subject to the Rajah Sery Tamia Chucka, by whom the country was cultivated and populated, and he erected 2,400 places of public worship, and made twenty-four tanks.

“ Previous to his accession, the country was subject to two other rajahs, whose title was Chatterdary, who erected places of worship, and appointed priests to administer the rights of religion to the people of every denomination; but at that period the country was ill-governed: previous to the accession of Rajah Sery Tamiah Chucka, to the government of the countries of Rutumpoor, Dootinady, Arracan, Dooraputty, Rumpetty, Chag-doye, Mahadaye, Mawong, in whose time the country was governed with justice and ability, and his wisdom was as the lightning, and the people were happy under his administration. He was also favoured with the friendship of the religious men of the age, one of whom, by name Budder, resorting to his place of residence, was solicited by the rajah to appoint some one for the purpose of instructing him in religious rites, and Shahany was accord-

ingly appointed, agreeably to the rajah's requisition; at his time, it rained from heaven gold, silver, and precious stones, which were buried under ground, in charge of the above priests, whose house was of gold and silver workmanship, to which the people resort and worship the deities; and the rajah kept a large establishment of servants and of slaves at the temple for the purpose of travellers and passengers, and his time was engaged in the studying of the fine books, and he always refrained from immoral practices and deeds interdicted by his religion, and the priests, &c., abstained from the flesh of geese, pigeons, goats, hogs, and fowls; and wickedness, theft, adultery, lying, drunkenness, were unknown in that age. I likewise pursue a line of conduct and religion similar to the above; but previous to my conquest of Arracan, the people were as snakes, wounding men, a prey to enmity and disorder; and in several provinces there were eaters of the flesh of men, and wickedness prevailed amongst them, so that no man could trust his neighbour. At this time, one Bowdah Outhar, otherwise Sery Bool Tankwor came down into the country of Arracan, and instructed the people and the beasts of the field in the principles of religion and rectitude, and, agreeably to his word, the country was governed for a period of 5,000 years, so that peace and good-will subsisted among men; agreeably hereto is the tenor of my conduct and government of my people; as there is an oil, the produce of a certain spot of earth of exquisite flavour, so is my dignity and power above that of other rajahs; and Taffloo rajah, the high-priest, having consulted with the others of that class, represented to me on the 15th August 1148, saying, do you enforce the law and customs of Sery Boot Tankwor, which I accordingly did, and moreover erected six places of divine worship, and have conformed myself strictly to the laws and customs of Sery Tamah Chucka, governing my people with lenity and justice.

“ As the country of Arracan lies contiguous to Chittagong, if a treaty of commerce were established between me and the English, perfect amity and alliance would ensue from such engagements; therefore I have submitted it to you that the merchants of your country should resort hither for the purpose of purchasing pearls, ivory, and wax; and that in return my people should be permitted to resort to Chittagong, for the purpose of trafficking in such commodities as the country may afford; but as the Mugs residing at Chittagong have deviated from the principles of religion and morality, they ought

to be corrected for their errors and irregularities, agreeably to the written laws, inasmuch as those invested with power will suffer eternal punishment in case of any deviation from their religion and laws; but whoever conforms his conduct to the strict rules of piety and religion will hereafter be translated to heaven. I have accordingly sent four elephant's teeth, under charge of thirty persons, who will return with your answer to the above proposals and offers of alliance."

Asiatic Journal.

The Robelist.

No. LXIV.

THE GREEN TAPER.

AMONG the unfortunate families of Spanish Moriscoes who were forced to quit Spain in 1610, there was one of a very rich farmer, who owned the *Casa del Duenda*, or the goblin-house. As the object of the government was to hurry the Moriscoes out of the country without allowing them time to remove their property, many buried their money and jewels, in hopes of returning from Africa at a future period. Muley Hassem, according to our popular tradition, had contrived a vault, under the large *saguna* or close porch, of his house. Distrusting his Christian neighbours, he had there accumulated great quantities of gold and pearls, which, on his quitting the country, were laid under a spell by another *Merisoe*, deeply versed in the secret arts.

The jealousy of the Spaniards, and the severe penalties enacted against such of the exiles as should return, precluded Muley Hassem from all opportunities of recovering his treasure. He died, intrusting the secret to an only daughter, who, having grown up at Seville, was perfectly acquainted with the spot under the charm. Fatima married, and was soon left a widow, with a daughter, whom she taught Spanish, hoping to make her pass for a native of their country. Urged by the approach of poverty, which sharpened the desire to make use of the secret trusted to her, Fatima, with her daughter Zuleima, embarked on board a corsair, and were landed secretly in a cove near *Muelva*. Dressed in the costume of the peasantry, and having assumed Christian names, both mother and daughter made their way to Seville on foot, or by any occasional conveyance which offered on the road. To avoid suspicion, they gave out that they were returning from the performance of a vow to a celebrated image of the virgin, near *Moguer*. I will not the

you with details as to the means by which Fatima obtained a place for herself and daughter, in the family then occupying her own paternal house. Fatima's constant endeavours to please her master and mistress succeeded to the utmost of her wishes; the beauty and innocence of Zuleima, then only fourteen, needed no studied efforts to obtain the affection of the whole family.

When Fatima thought that the time was come, she prepared her daughter for the important and awful task of recovering the treasure, of which she had constantly talked to her since the child could understand her meaning. The winter came on; the family moved to the first floor as usual; and Fatima asked to be allowed one of the ground-floor rooms for herself and Zuleima. About the middle of December, when the periodical rains threatened to make the Guadalquivir overflow its banks, and scarcely a soul stirred out after sun-set, Fatima, provided with a rope and basket, anxiously waited the hour of midnight to commence her incantation. Her daughter stood trembling by her side in the porch to which they had groped their way in the dark. The large ball of the cathedral clock, whose sound you are well aware has a startling effect in the dead silence of the night, tolled the hour and the melancholy peal of supplication (*Plegonia*) followed for about two minutes. All now was still except the wind and rain. Fatima, unlocking with some difficulty the cold hand of her daughter out of hers, struck a flint and lighted a green taper, not more than an inch long, which she carefully sheltered from the wind in a pocket lantern. The light had scarcely glimmered on the ground, when the pavement, yawning close by the feet of the two females. "Now Zuleima, my child, the only care of my life," said Fatima, "were you strong enough to draw me out of the vault where our treasure lies, I would not entreat you to hasten down by these small perpendicular steps which you here see. Fear not, my love, there is nothing below but the gold and jewels deposited by my father."—"Mother," answered the tremulous girl, "I will not break the promise I have made you, though I feel as if my breathing would stop the moment I enter that horrible vault. Dear mother, tie the rope round my waist—my hands want strength—you must support the whole weight of my body; merciful Allah! my foot slips! Oh, mother, leave me not in the dark!"

The vault was not much deeper than the girl's length; and upon her slipping from one of the projecting stones, the

think of coins scattered by her feet, restored the falling courage of her mother. "There, take the basket, child—quick! fill it up with gold—feel for the jewels—I must not move the lantern. Well done, my love! Another basketful and no more. I would not expose you, my only child.—Yet the candle is long enough; fear not;—it will burn five minutes.—Heavens! the wick begins to float in the melted wax—out, out. Zuleima!—the rope, the rope!—the steps are on this side!"

A faint groan was heard; Zuleima had dropped in a swoon over the remaining gold. At this moment all was dark again; the distracted mother searched for the chasm, but it was closed. She beat the ground with her feet, and her agony became downright madness, on hearing the hollow sound returned from below. She now struck the flints of the pavement till her hands were shapeless with wounds; lying on the ground a short time, and having for a moment recovered the power of conscious suffering, she heard her daughter repeat the words, "*Mother, dear mother, leave me not in the dark.*" The thick vault through which the words were heard, gave the voice a heart-freezing, thin, distant, yet silvery tone. Fatima lay one instant motionless on the flints; then, raising herself upon her knees, dashed her head with something like supernatural strength against the stones. There she was found lifeless in the morning.

On a certain night in the month of December, the few who, ignorant that the house is haunted, have incautiously been upon the spot at midnight, report that Fatima is seen between two black figures, who, in spite of her violent struggles to avoid the place where her daughter is buried alive, force her to sit over the vault, with a basket full of gold at her feet. The efforts by which she now and then attempts to stop her ears, are supposed to indicate that, for an hour, she is compelled to hear the unfortunate Zuleima crying, "*Mother, dear mother, leave me not in the dark.*"

Aokermann's Forget Me Not for 1825.

Miscellanies.

TIMBER.

FROM experiments on the strength of different kinds of wood, made by Colonel Beaufoy (in Dr. Thompson's Annals) the Pitch pine appears the strongest wood: next to that the English oak with straight and even fibres, then the English oak irregular and cross grained. Fourthly, the

Riga fir: and fifthly, the Danish oak. If the strength of the pitch pine be called 1,000, the strength of the English oak will be from the mean of two experiments, 923. Of the Riga fir, 782. Of the Danish oak, 663. Call the mean strength of the English oak 1,000, the strength of the Riga fir will be 846; but the weight of the Riga fir is to that of the English oak as 659 to 1,000. Therefore the decrease of weight being in greater proportion than the increase of strength proves, that in dry places it is better to use fir beams than oak, independently of the saving of expense. T. A. C.

ARABIAN MORALITY.

IN a mosque on the island of Hinzuan, or Johanna, were four inscriptions to the following effect:—"That the world was given us for our edification, not for the purpose of raising sumptuous buildings. Life for the discharge of moral and religious duties, not for pleasurable indulgences. Wealth to be liberally bestowed, not avariciously hoarded—and learning, to produce good actions, not empty disputes.

METHOD OF TAKING IMPRESSIONS FROM MEDALS.

CHIEFLY owing to the cost required for purchasing a cabinet of medals, it has happened that the study of them has hitherto been confined, comparatively, to a few individuals. Another principal impediment to the cultivation of an acquaintance with them has arisen from the difficulty of understanding the inscriptions thereon, for want of a sufficient knowledge of languages; on which account, in particular, this study has been condemned by the illiterate as barren and useless; but such as are acquainted with the advantages which have already resulted from these *nummi memoriales*, cannot hesitate a moment to assist the promotion of a more general pursuit of the subject.

While colossal statues, and the hardest marbles, with their deepest inscriptions, are destroyed by accident or by time, and paintings, finished with the highest colours, quickly fade, a medal will survive innumerable accidents, and disclose historical facts a thousand years after statues are crumbled away; and when nothing but the names of an Apelles or a Praxiteles remain: Does not a single medal of which we are in possession give us greater light into history than the once famous libraries of Alexandria and Pergamus, which are now no more? From these and many other considerations I would willingly contribute my endeavours

ours to render this study more general, and consequently more useful. I have tried a variety of methods to enable a young medalist to collect a cabinet, which may initiate him into the knowledge of medals and coins at a trifling expense.

The method of taking off plaster-of-Paris and sulphur impressions is known to every body. The first is too soft to preserve them from injury, and the brittleness of sulphur is a greater objection.

I found by forming a coat or layer of thin metal over the plaster-of-Paris it would be a considerable defence. Tin is the cheapest and most convenient metal for the purpose, as it is sufficiently flexible, and at the same time very much resembles silver. The tin-foil I have tried is of the same kind with that used for silvering looking-glasses. It should be laid over the medal or coin intended to be taken off, and then rubbed either with a brush, the point of a skewer, or a pin, till it has received perfectly the impression of the medal; the tin-foil should now be pared off round the edge of the medal till it is brought to the same circumference. The medal must then be reversed, and the tin-foil will drop off into a chip box or mould ready to receive it, the concave side of the foil, or that which laid on the face of the medal, being uppermost. Upon this pour plaster-of-Paris made in the usual manner, and when dry, the cast figure may be taken out of the box or mould, with the tin-foil sticking on the plaster, the convex side being now uppermost again; in which position it is to be kept in the cabinet after it becomes dry. To have an impression very perfect, the thinnest tin-foil should be made use of.

The impressions taken in the foregoing manner almost equal silver medals in beauty, and are very durable. If the box or mould be rather larger than the impression of tin-foil, the plaster, when poured on, runs round its edges, and forms a kind of white frame, or circular border round the foil, whence the new-made medal appears more neat and beautiful. If this tin-foil be gilt with gold leaf, by means of thin isinglass, the medal will resemble gold.

Having thus endeavoured to put it into the power of a young medalist to procure, in this manner, what number of medals and coins he pleases, for at most as many pence, I shall conclude, with only saying, that if, by this means, I may prove instrumental to the promotion of a more general knowledge thereof, by rendering the expense inconsiderable, it will be adequate to the motives of

INVESTIGATOR.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—Wotton.

EPITAPH

ON EARLE, THE BOXER.
HERE LIES JAMES EARLE the
Pugilist, who on the 11th
Of April, 1788—Gave in!

IN the earthquake of Apulia, in the year 1627, on the last day of July, in the city of St. Swerini alone, ten thousand souls were taken out of the world, and in the horror of such infinite ruins, and sepulchre of so many mortals, a great bell (thrown out of a steeple by the earthquake) fell so fitly over a child, that it enclosed him, and doing no harm, made a bulwark for him against every other danger.

CAUTION.

TWO brothers were cultivating the ground together: the eldest went home first to prepare dinner, and then called his brother; upon which the latter cried out, with a loud voice, "wait till I have hidden my spade, then I will come directly." When he came to the table, his brother scolded him, saying, "When one hides any thing, one ought to be silent, or at least to speak about it with a low voice; for by bawling out as you did, one risks being robbed." The dinner being over, the younger brother went again into the field, but on seeking the spade, he only found the place where he had put it. He immediately ran back to his brother, and approaching his ear mysteriously, he whispered, "my spade has been stolen."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

REMINISCENCES, No. III.; W. F.; W. P.; F. R.—y.; *Clavis*; Description of the Antique Vase found in the River Severn; Mr. Stinnes's Anecdote, the Sybils; T. A. N. C.; K.; M. H.; and *Vyvyas*, in our next.

The following are intended for early insertion:—"A Ramble in the Isle of Wight;" J. W. G.; Florio; Albert; J. W. N.; H. S. D.; Arnold.

Our Bristol Correspondent is informed, that we cannot insert part of any article, when we are not in possession of the whole.

Mr. P.—'s favours are not forgotten. Lines on Departed Friends, and Invocations to Young Ladies, whatever they may be to the authors, or their friends, are of no interest to the general reader.

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The Mirror

OF
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CX.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1824.

[PRICE 2/.

Sydney, New South Wales.



In No. XIII. of the MIRROR, we gave a view of Hobart Town in Van Dieman's Land, with an account of that thriving colony, and we now present our readers with a corresponding view of Sydney, the capital of New South Wales.

Within the last two years several works have been published relative to our Australasian possessions, which have been represented in such glowing colours, that great numbers of persons have emigrated; this in addition to the transported felons of both sexes, is rapidly increasing the population. We should, however, be sorry if these descriptions, which are somewhat overcharged, should lessen the terrors of transportation; for be it recollected that it is only to the honest and the virtuous that New South Wales presents its advantages, and that the convicts, though not treated with unnecessary severity, bear the mark of infamy during the period of their sentence, which can only be effaced by continued good conduct, and a return to the paths of virtue.

The town of Sydney, which is the seat

of government, and was begun on the first settlement of the colony, is situated about eight miles from the main ocean in a cove, which is one of the finest natural basins of water that can be imagined, and for safety and convenience rivals the finest work of art. It is wholly sheltered from the winds, and is so deep that vessels of the largest burthen can anchor close up to the wharf.

The houses, which are constantly on the increase, are some of them built of stone, and others of brick, generally two stories high. The principal street, which is about a mile and a half long, is called George Street. The public buildings, which are numerous and well adapted for business, have all been built during the time Major General Macquarie was governor of the colony.

Eastward of the town is an excellent promenade, three miles and a half in circumference; and at the southward extremity there is a spacious piece of land, called Hyde Park, which serves for an exercising ground, a race course, &c.

The market, which is well supplied

with provisions, is held three times a week.

The harbour of Port Jackson is, perhaps, exceeded by none in the world: it is navigable for vessels of any burthen for seven miles above the town, that is about fifteen miles from the main ocean. It possesses safe anchorage all the way, with numerous coves, and is capacious enough to contain all the shipping in the world. A stage coach, the first in the colony, now runs between Sydney and the town of Paramatta. The population of Sydney is about 8,000.

—————

ANTIQUÉ METALLIC VASE,
FOUND IN THE BED OF THE RIVER
SEVERN.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR.—As your interesting miscellany is, I believe, open to all communications which may prove interesting to those who peruse the MIRROR, the following will, no doubt, be acceptable.

There appeared in the public papers a short time since an account of a curious vessel which had been found in the bed of the river Severn, by a workman employed in the excavation for the foundation of one of the piers of the Haw bridge, on the 9th of July last—of the bridge you made mention in one of the Numbers of your work—and having since that period remained for a short time within a few minutes' walk of the place where it was discovered, I took the opportunity of examining it, and copying the figures, &c. in its interior, and have, since my return to the metropolis, had it lithographed, and herewith transmit you a copy.

Its shape is circular, its diameter is 10½ inches, and its internal depth 13-16; the thickness of the composition of which it is made, and which bears a great resemblance to bell metal, is ¼ inch. In the centre of its interior is a circular compartment, which contains figures representing Scylla and the King of Megara; Scylla is represented with scissars in her hand, about to cut off a golden hair which existed in the head of the king, who is lying in bed asleep; and in the periphery is circumscribed the Latin, "*Scylla metens crenem mercatur crimine.*"

About this centre compartment are six other similar circular divisions. In the first of which is represented Triptolemus riding through the air on a dragon. Triptolemus was a great favourite of Ceres, and because she could not make him immortal, she taught him agriculture, in which he again was supposed to instruct mankind, &c. And in its circumference

is written, "*Triptolomi Manibus comisit seminibus usus.*"

In the second is represented a flying eagle, carrying away Ganymede by the desire of Jupiter, and its circumscription is "*Armiger ecce Jovis Ganymede sustulit alis.*"

The third contains a representation of a festival of the gods, and Hebe presenting to them a cup of nectar; and the circumscribing writing is, "*Porrigat ut ciatos dia convivatibus apto.*"

In the fourth is characterized the story of Proserpine, who remained during half her life-time on earth, and half in the infernal regions; and the hexameter line about it is, "*Legibus inferni Motis Proserpina Reddi.*"

In the fifth circumscribing circle is represented the well-known story of Orpheus, who, by the melody of his lyre, so charmed Pluto in the infernal regions, that he obtained permission to rescue from hell his wife Eurydice, provided that he would walk away without once looking back; but his desire to see his wife was such, that he looked back, and by his curiosity for ever lost his beloved Eurydice. The Latin sentence is "*Eurydicem jussit sedeam mors atra reduxit.*"

And in the last the goddess of corn is represented as taking compassion on wandering mortals, which is thus described, "*Mater larga Ceres Miserata fame percutentes.*"

Between each exterior circle is engraved a triangular figure, representing the head of a female with wings.

The stories of each of the preceding are to be found in the "*Mythological Dictionary*" of Lempriere.

Another vessel of similar form and dimensions, but having different figures engraved in the seven corresponding circles, was found previously to the one above described.

The one of which I have given a brief description is now in the possession of J. Hawkins, Esq., of the Haw, and is in a good state of preservation. And the other, which is likewise in a good condition, is in the possession of a person residing in the immediate vicinity of the new bridge.

There is no date attached to either vessel; but from the curious letters and figures engraved in these, the antiquary would be inclined to attribute the time of their being deposited in this extraordinary place to a very early date.

Many bones, with a skull, were found by the navigators employed in the new line of road; and during the time I staid there, a curious well of a small diameter was discovered in the same line. A few

soils also have been taken from the soil at some depth below the surface.

I am, Sir, &c.

Limehouse, Oct. 1824.

F. W.—H.

MY NATIVE LAND!

(For the Mirror.)

My native land! my native land!
 Now near thy coast crags high and hoar,
 I see the surf that strikes the strand—
 I hear its hoarse and restless roar,
 Before the breeze we gaily scud
 With straining stay and swollen sail,
 And while we stir the foaming flood,
 All hail! my native land all hail!

Through Afric's sands the gold ore gleams
 On Asia's shores the diamond shines,
 But there, beneath their sun's bright beams,
 The black, a bondsman, pants and pines
 Proud parent of the fair and free,
 O'er roaring surf and rolling swell,
 With happy heart I look on thee,
 All hail! my native land all hail!

What Briton's breast but deeply draws,
 The breath that sighs thy shores adieu—
 But throbs as oft a thought he throws
 From far, on days of youth and you?
 You! whom my heart hath sighed to see,
 When hope was faint and health was frail,
 How gladly now I gaze on thee
 All hail! my native land all hail!

Bound on, bold bark! with powerful prow,
 Through whitening waves that round thee
 roar—
 From port the pilot hails us—now—
 Hark! hark! I hear the plunging oar,
 The anchor drags the clanking chain—
 The seamen furl the flapping sail,
 Thick throbs my heart—and yet again
 All hail! my native land all hail!

ARABIC ALAQUIS.

EGYPTIAN SUPERSTITIONS.

(For the Mirror.)

THE extreme idolatry of the ancient Egyptians, in paying adoration to various animals, has afforded great subject for speculation to those who have written on the history of that people. Dr. Laughton, in his History of Ancient Egypt, enumerates the several opinions which have been entertained respecting the origin of this practice. The most probable is, that it proceeded from a superstitious veneration for the symbols by which they expressed religious sentiments.

“Singularity and superstition (he says) were visible in every shade of the Egyptian character. They delighted to act in a peculiar manner, and were in many particulars so exceedingly indelicate, that I cannot prevail on myself to mention their singularities. With respect to their superstition, it is amazing to see the lengths they carried it, in opposition to nature and reason.

“They selected particular animals to honour with worship and adoration, and entertained for them the most intoxicated veneration. The father of historians

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says, a man would neglect his property, however valuable, when his house was in flames, through his anxiety for a cat; and another, that those who returned from distant countries, brought home with them dead cats and kites, mourning and lamenting their loss, and suffering at the same time in silence, misery, fatigue, and want. Ælian, a writer of reputation, says, (which almost transcends the powers of credibility) that a mother would receive the greatest joy, from seeing a crocodile devour her child, thinking herself happy in having produced a being worthy the appetite of her god.

“Many sacred animals, lodged in apartments appropriated to their use, were carefully attended and fed with the most delicious food: whenever any of them died, so general a scene of mourning overspread the country, that it seemed to have suffered some great calamity.

“To kill an ichneumon, cat, ibis, or hawk, even by accident, was unpardonable; the blood of the unfortunate offender only could atone for the crime. Diodorus relates a remarkable instance of their superstitious rage against a Roman, who had accidentally killed a cat.

“Superstition (says he) so totally prevailed over every faculty of their minds, that at the time when Ptolemy was not admitted to the friendship of the Romans, and the Egyptians universally paid the utmost deference and attention to every Roman who came amongst them, to avoid giving them the least pretence for a war; yet a Roman having accidentally killed a cat, an enraged multitude ran to his house, and notwithstanding the king sent officers to entreat them to offer no violence, and the general fear of offending the Romans, they put him to death. This I do not relate from report, but was present at the transaction; so powerfully did superstition prevail over every rational faculty and human sensation. The principle from which it sprung had nothing of the noxious quality of the production.

“The peculiar utility sheep and goats were of to society, when animal food was not abundant, and the great service the dog, hawk, ichneumon, ibis, and cat, did the country, by destroying dangerous animals, particularly asps and other serpents, whose bites were mortal, occasioned these animals to be much caressed and regarded: which partiality, superstition converted by an easy transition into a sacred estimation.

“This, together with their custom of conveying ideas and sentiments of the divine attributes, elements, or heavenly bodies, by hieroglyphics or figures of

plants and animals, and applying that sacred respect and admiration to the symbols themselves, which they were only intended to indicate, gave birth to the high veneration they entertained for leeks, onions, and animals even of the vilest species, and composed a system of unparalleled idolatry, degrading to human nature." F. R.—Y

ORIENTAL JEWELLERY.

THE Siangalese work in gold and silver with considerable dexterity, ease, and taste; and with means that appear very inadequate, execute articles of jewellery that would be admired certainly in this country, and not very easily imitated.—The best artist requires only the following apparatus and tools:—A low earthen pot full of chaff or saw dust, on which he makes a little charcoal fire; a small bamboo blow-pipe, about six inches long, with which he excites the fire; a short earthen tube, or nozzle, the extremity of which is placed at the bottom of the fire, and through which the artist directs the blast of the blow-pipe; two or three small crucibles made of the fine clay of ant-hills; a pair of tongs; an anvil; two or three small hammers; a file; and to conclude the list, a few small bars of iron and brass, about two inches long, differently pointed, for different kinds of work. It is astonishing what an intense little fire, more than sufficiently strong to melt silver and gold, can be kindled in a few minutes in the way just described.—Such a simple portable forge deserves to be better known. It is, perhaps, even deserving the attention of the scientific experimenter, and may be useful to him where he wishes to excite a small fire, larger than can be produced by a common blow-pipe, and he has not a forge at command. The success of this little forge, it may be necessary to state, depends a good deal on the bed of the fire being composed of combustible materials, and a very bad conductor of heat.

The smiths of Ceylon use a composition as a hone, for sharpening knives and cutting-instruments, that is worth noticing. It is made of the capitia resin and of corundum. The corundum, in a state of impalpable powder, is mixed with the resin, rendered liquid by heat, and well incorporated. The mixture is poured into a wooden mould, and its surface levelled and smoothed while it is hot; for when cold, it is extremely hard. It is much valued by the natives, and preferred by them to the best of our hones.

T. A.—N. C.

THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT.

THE various travellers who have visited these wonderful remains of antiquity, assert, that in magnitude they far surpass any thing the imagination can conceive; nor is the surprise of the beholder, on viewing the stupendous whole, any way diminished by the appearance of the component parts, which are on a corresponding scale, and occasions wonder that human efforts could have elevated the ponderous masses of solid stone of which they are composed to so great a height, and disposed them in a regular order, unassisted, as may naturally be supposed, at that early period, by powerful machinery. The French traveller Denon, and others, have observed, that the sublime effect produced by the appearance of such immense objects is in some degree rendered less from not being placed near to others where their bulk might be estimated by comparison. This may doubtless be the case for the eye judges by comparison, as it is evident in almost every instance; and if it were possible to place St. Paul's or the Monument by the side of the pyramids, an opportunity would then be obtained of forming a correct idea of the astonishing size of these justly celebrated wonders of the world.

Those who have not been exposed to the dangers and inconveniences of a long journey through sandy deserts, infested with hordes, or ferocious plundering Arabs, may, however, be able to form a comparative idea (here at home) of the magnitude of these ancient structures from the following circumstance:—In the reign of James I. Lord Chancellor Bacon, and others, obtained a commission for laying out a new building, Lincoln's Inn Fields; and the celebrated architect Inigo Jones was employed on that occasion. He is said to have taken the measurement of the base of the great Egyptian Pyramid as the size of the area of the projecting square; so that if the building covers a piece of ground of the same extent as Lincoln's Inn Fields, the mind may comprehend, in some degree, the immensity of this one monument of human labour, the height being stated as between 6 and 700 feet.

To the above account, the following is the dimensions of the great Pyramid, according to different authors:—

<i>The Height according to</i>	<i>Feet.</i>	<i>Width of one of its sides. French feet.</i>
Herodotus, is	800	800
Strabo	625	600
Diodorus Siculus	600 and a fraction	700
Pliny		708
Le Bruyn	616	704
Prosper Alpinus	625	750
Thevenot	520	682
Nebuhr	440	719
Greaves	440	648

The number of layers of stone which forms it, is estimated by

Greaves, at	207	Pococke, at	212
Maillet	208	Belon	250
A. Liccaenstein	260	Thevenot	208

T. A—N—C.

THE ALPHABET OF LIFE.

THE world's an alphabet round,
Of trouble, fall up to the letter,
For pleasure and pain will be found,
And mirth, intermix'd with the better,
A, active in life first we set,
With B we barter for gain,
C, courage we fail not to get,
And with D oft we deal not in vain.

E, ease is the end we aspire,
With F, a snug fortune in store,
For G, gold—H, health, our desire,
I ask for myself nothing more;
For J, justice to all we should give,
And K to his king act our part.
Like a L-ion we nobly should live,
And bear ever a generous heart.

M, money, dear money's the thing,
Which may N-obody ever abuse,
For O his opinion to bring,
Said 'twould ease our P's and our Q's;
R, riches, said S, makes us smile,
With T, truth impress on our mind,
Nor let V-anities ever beguile,
But U, in unity, ever be kind.

W, Wealthy, and wise,
As X-erxes of old, in the tale,
And Y in years, we shall prize,
What sad ills may oft-times assail;
So with life thus, the alphabet ends,
As death—cuts short our gizzard,
And may we in life prove choice friends,
Nor grieve at our FINALE—IZZARD.

THE MUSK DEER—METHOD OF OBTAINING MUSK, AMBERGRIS AND CIVET.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR, — The very extraordinary account given by one of your correspondents of the preparation of Musk, induces me to trouble you with the following remarks relative to that invaluable perfume. When genuine, it undergoes no preparation whatever, being a natural secretion peculiar to the male of the *Moschus Moschiferus*, or Musk Deer; an inhabitant of the Alpine mountains of the east of Asia, particularly those which divide Thibet from India. The length of the full grown animal scarcely ever exceeds three feet, and in height two and a half; it more nearly resembles the roe-buck than any other creature, but without horns: the ears are three inches long and erect like those of a rabbit, the head is elegant, in the forepart somewhat like that of a greyhound. The fleece is coarser than that of the stag, but very light and soft, and varying in colour at different seasons of the year, and various periods of life, chiefly from brown to nearly black; hoary underneath, and sometimes,

X 3

though rarely, white: the tail is very short not above two inches. The upper jaw is much longer than the under, and contains two tusks curved inwards, and sharp on the inner side; about two inches long, and visible when the mouth is shut. The substance of these is similar to ivory. This animal abounds in the mountainous parts before mentioned, in the extensive forests of pine trees, and displays extreme agility when pursued by the hunters, bounding from rock to rock, with the most elastic energy, and securing itself frequently by its swift progress over rugged and pointed prominences, and by reaching the most elevated and tremendous summits. It is a very fearful animal, and having long ears, the sense of hearing is so quick that it can discover an enemy at a great distance. It is used for food, which however at particular seasons of the year is extremely strong, and to those not used to it scarcely tolerable; but they are principally pursued for the sake of the musk, which is contained in an oval bag near the navel, flat on one side and convex on the other, about three inches long and two broad, projecting with a very small orifice, and beset with strong hairs. This is the musk bag, which, when the animal is killed, is cut off and dried: it is empty in the young animal, but in the adult contains a drachm and a half to two drachms of musk; proportionate to the health and age of the creature from which it is taken.

Musk is imported into England from China, in caddies, which contain from twenty to sixty and a hundred ounces each. The Thibetian is considered by far the best, but an inferior kind is brought from Bengal, and a still baser from Russia. The best is that which is in the natural follicle or pod, as it is denominated in mercantile language. The musk itself is in grains concreted together, dry, yet slightly unctuous, and free from gristiness when moistened and rubbed between the fingers. As it is a very high priced article, it is frequently adulterated by a mixture of dried blood and a little real musk, and sometimes the bag is punctured in several places, and lead, sand, and other heavy matters introduced. Musk is a most powerful and permanent perfume: and a few grains of it will yield an odour for years, without any sensible diminution in weight or power.

Ambergris (somewhat similar in its flavour to musk) is a substance found floating on the sea, near the coasts of India, Africa, and Brazil, usually in small pieces, but sometimes in masses of eighty or a hundred pounds weight.

Various opinions have been entertained concerning its origin. Some affirmed that it was the concrete juice of a tree; others thought it a bitumen; but it is now established that it is a concretion, formed in the stomach or intestines of the *Physeter Macrocephalus*, or *Spermaceti Whale*; and as it has not been found in any whales but such as are dead or sick, its production is generally supposed to be owing to disease.

Civet, another rich and highly valued perfume, is the produce of the *Viverra Civetta*, or *Civet Cat*: though bearing a greater resemblance to a fox or marten, than a cat. It is about two feet long, exclusive of the tail; it subsists on smaller quadrupeds and birds.

This animal though originally a native of the warm climates of Asia and Africa, is capable of subsisting in temperate and even cold countries; provided it is defended from the injuries of the weather, and fed with succulent nourishment. Numbers of them are kept in Holland for the sake of procuring and selling the civet which they yield. This is formed in a glandular receptacle on the abdomen of the animal, and is taken out by its keeper every other day in summer, and twice a week in winter: the quantity generally procured from each civet at a time, being about two scruples or a drachm, but varying with the state of the animal's health, and the nourishing quality of its food. It is in its original state, of a yellow colour and unctuous appearance; and is extremely pungent and indeed disagreeable in a large body. Every part of the animal is penetrated by its effluvia, and the effects of being shut up in a room with one of these creatures in a state of high irritation are nearly intolerable.

CLAVIS.

THE SYBILS.

(To the Editor of the *Mirror*.)

SIR,—The following is extracted from an old book in my possession, published about a century back, entitled, "The new Help to Discourse," &c. (seventh edition). If you think it will prove interesting to any portion of your readers, and deem it worthy a place in your valuable columns, you will have the kindness to insert it. I am, sir, your obliged servant and constant reader,

J. W. E.

The Sybils were in number ten—that is to say—1. Persica; 2. Lybica; 3. Delphica; 4. Cumea; 5. Samis; 6. Hellespontica; 7. Tybertina; 8. Albunea; 9. Erythea; 10. Cumana.

"The first was of *Persica*, (called *Samberta*), which, among other true prophecies, said, *The womb of the Virgin shall be the salvation of the Gentiles.*

"The second was of *Lybia*. One of her prophecies was, *The day shall come that men shall see the King of all living things.*

"The third was *Themis*, surnamed *Delphica*, because she was born and prophesied at *Delphos*, where was the oracle and temple of *Apollo*. One of her prophecies runs thus, *A Prophet shall be born of a Virgin.*

"The fourth was *Cumea*, born at *Campagna*, in Italy, whom *Virgil* mentions in his *Æneide*, who prophesied, *That God should be born of a Virgin, and converse amongst sinners.*

"The fifth was called *Samis*, born in the isle of *Samos*, which said, *He being rich, should be born of a poor Virgin; the creatures of the earth should adore him, and praise him for ever.*

"The sixth was called *Hellespontica*, born at *Marmiso*, in the territory of *Troy*. She prophesied, *A woman shall descend of the Jews, called Mary; and of her shall be born the Son of God, and his kingdom shall remain for ever.*

"The seventh was *Tybertina*, because she was born at *Tyber*, fifteen miles from *Rome*. One of her prophecies was this, *The invisible word shall be born of a Virgin; he shall converse amongst sinners, and by them be despised.*

"The eighth was *Albunea*, who prophesied, *The Highest shall come from Heaven, and confirm the Council in Heaven; and a Virgin shall be shewed in the valleys of the deserts.*

"The ninth was the famous *Erythea*, born in *Babylon*, who especially prophesied a great part of our Christian religion, in certain verses recited by *Eusebius*.—The first letters, of every verse, being put together, make these words, *Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour*. These verses are translated into Latin, by *St. Augustin*, *Lib. ii. c. 16. Civit. Dei*. where they may be read at large; and are excellently well translated by *Sir John Beaumont*, where they may be found amongst his poems.

The tenth was called *Cumana*, from the name of the place where she lived. She prophesied, *That he should come from Heaven, and reign here in poverty.*

This last Sybil is affirmed to be she who writ the nine Books of the Sybils; which were by an old woman presented to *Tarquinius Superbus*, demanding for them a great sum of money; which he being unwilling to pay, the old woman burnt three of them before his face,

requiring as much money for the other six; which being denied, she also burnt three more of them, asking as much for the three remaining, as for the rest; at which he being amazed, gave it. The books contained manifest prophecies of the kingdom of Christ, his name, his birth, and death. They were afterwards burned, by the arch-traitor *Stilees*; so that these prophecies now extant, are only such as are extracted out of other writings, wherein mention of them was made."

Reminiscences.

No. III.

LEE LEWIS.

THE agility of the late Mr. Lee Lewis the harlequin is generally known. Having played at the little theatre in the Haymarket, one evening, and being fatigued, he sent for a coach to the stage-door, and before he came down to the coach, the driver entered into conversation with the call-boy, respecting the lives and habits of the players, and concluded his inquiries by a shake of the head, and an observation, that he was afraid they were all in the broad way to destruction. At this moment Lee Lewis came down and got into the coach unperceived by the coachman. After waiting some moments, and finding that the coachman did not attempt to get up, he pushed his head out of the window and shouted, "Are you going to keep me here all night?" "*Lord have mercy upon us!*" exclaimed the coachman, "is any body in my coach?" "yes, certainly—come drive on!" "where to Sir?" "why to the Devil," (meaning the Devil Tavern in Fleet-street, which then occupied the site of Child's-place, Temple-bar,) "to the devil!!! bless me what wicked people," "no coachman, drive to the—— in Drury-lane." The —— was a house built in the reign of Queen Anne with a projecting first-floor, which was perfectly accessible to Lee Lewis from the coach. Accordingly when the vehicle stopped, the first-floor window of the house being open, Lewis, with a spring, flew from the coach window into that of the house. The coachman descended and finding his fare decamped, exclaimed, "there's a pretty rascal to cheat a poor man in this way—'drive me to the devil,' indeed, if I wasn't a christian I could almost wish you there." By this time the coachman had mounted. Lewis took this opportunity to jump back again into the coach, and exclaimed, "come coachman, open

the door!" The driver previously alarmed by the mysterious conduct of the player, now heard with extreme dread the voice of his fare coming from out of the coach which he had just found empty. He therefore descended, and Lewis returned into the first-floor. The coachman opened the door—the coach was empty! He looked under the seats, and into the pockets, but no one was there. Not a word escaped his lips, and more dead than alive he crawled up on the box, anxious to be relieved from so awkward a situation. Lewis returned into the coach, and leaning his head out of the window, exclaimed, "It's a strange thing you won't let me out." "*Lord have mercy upon us!*" ejaculated the coachman, as he slid from his seat to the ground, between the horses. Lewis assisted him to rise, and finding that the man was seriously alarmed, he determined to drop the joke. "Well what's your fare?" said Lewis, "*nothing, Sir,*" said the coachman, scrambling into his seat, "I bean't to make no charge to night, Sir—master said *I wasn't to charge nobody nothing*—and so," continued he, as he drove off, eying Lewis with a very cunning look "*master devil for once I've been too deep for you.*" ††

STEPHEN KEMBLE.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—In No. CVIII. of the MIRROR, you have inserted some anecdotes of Mr. Stephen Kemble, which brings to my recollection an Address which was written by him, about twenty-two years ago, when he made his first appearance at Drury Lane Theatre, in the character of Sir John Falstaff; in this Address ne very humorously alludes to his own unworldliness; indeed, he was of such a size, that he needed *no stuffing*, and I believe all other persons, who have appeared in that character have been obliged to have recourse to some artificial means of making themselves appear bulky. I herewith send you a copy of the Address which was extremely well delivered by Mr. John Bannister, and for which he obtained great applause. I remain, Sir,

Your constant reader, W. F.

ADDRESS

Written by Mr. Stephen Kemble, and Spoken by Mr. John Bannister.

A FALSTAFF here to night, by Nature made,
Lends to your favourite bard his ponderous aid;
No man in buckram he!—no stuffing gear,
No feather-bed, nor e'en a pillow bier!
But all good honest flesh, and blood, and bone,
And weighing, more or less, some thirty stone:

Upon the North coast by chance we caught him,
And hither, in a broad-wheel waggon, brought
him;

For in a chaise, the varlet ne'er could enter,
And no mail-coach, on such a fare would venture;
Blest with unwieldiness, at least, his *sise*
Will favour find in ev'ry critic's eyes.
And should his humour, and his mimic art,
Bear due proportion to his outward part,
As once 'twas said of Macklin in the Jew,
This is the very Falstaff Shakspeare drew;
To you, with diffidence, he bids me say,
Should you approve, you may command my stay,
To lie—and swagger here—another day.
If not, to better men he'll leave his sack,
And go—as ballast—in a collier, back.

The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

LORD BYRON.

THE following anecdotes of Lord Byron are copied from a very interesting little work, just published, entitled "*A Narrative of Lord Byron's Voyage to Sicily, Corsica, and Sardinia, in the year 1821; compiled from Minutes made during the Voyage by the Passengers, and Extracts from the Journal of his Lordship's Yacht, Maseppa, kept by Captain Benson, R.N., commander.*"

LORD BYRON IN A STORM.—SHIP- WRECK.

SAILORS say, that a calm always precedes a storm; and we had reason to give into such presentiments, for the next morning the wind, which had blown from the south-west, with a light gale, suddenly changed to the opposite point of the compass, and came down with sweeping vengeance.

We close reefed our sails, and made all snug; the captain and Captain F——n declaring we should have to encounter a strong "Levanter," all our efforts were strained to double the head-land, and get into the gulf of St. Fiorenzo, but in vain; so that a whole day was spent in tacking and veering, to close in with the land, to no purpose.

Sea-sickness now laid all our ladies and gentlemen "on their beam ends;" Count P——, Mr. Denzell, and the amiable orphan, St. F——, were also overcome, and the whole were bed-ridden. The sun set angrily, and the wind, veering more to the westward, brought us upon a lee-shore to our utter dismay. The elegant Falconer says, in his unrivalled poem—

"Ah! were it mine with tuneful Maro's art,
To wake to sympathy the feeling heart,
Then too severely taught by cruel fate
To share in all the perils I relate,
How might I with unequal'd strains deplore
The impervious horrors of a leeward shore."

These horrors we were doomed to experience: we reduced our sails to a few yards of canvass, and lowered the yards on deck. The sky appeared as an extensive sheet of lightning, and peals of thunder overhead appeared as if ready to dispart the vessel, and bury us in the waves which rolled over the vessel with irresistible force. His Lordship, with Capt. F——, Doctor Peto, and Percy S——, kept the deck, and the hatches were battened down over the rest of our company; a tremendous sea carried away the boat which was hoisted up at the stern, and broke in all the bulk-heads of the quarters. For our own safety, all hands, after being revived with a dram, began to throw overboard the guns, Lord Byron himself assisting in this painful duty; the long boat was then released from her lashings, and, as we wished, the waves soon swept her from the deck; our two cows and goats shared the same fate, as well as one of the horses; the others were in the hold, and to that they owed their preservation. The two large anchors were cut from the bows, and the vessel thus eased of a heavy top-load, danced more lightly over the tremendous billows, and inspired us with fresh hopes. The crew were all ordered to the after part of the deck, and again refreshed with liquor. A light was seen apparently in the clouds, which shone from some mountaineer's cottage; it gleamed with a sickly hue through the storm, and the sailors, with true Italian superstition, pronounced it "St. Peter's watch-light" to show us to the grave: indeed, we were all inclined to think it foreboded no good, as the Captain (Benson) informed us that there was no light-house on that part of the coast, and we must be very near the land to see a light so plainly. We soon saw the high mountains, and would have been

"Happy to bribe with India's richest ore,
A safe accession to that barren shore."

The captain, who had been anxiously looking out, acquainted us, so as not to be heard by the crew, that he saw breakers nearly a-head, and had no hopes of being able to weather them. Capt. F——n coincided in this opinion, to which his Lordship said, "Well, we are all born to die—I shall go with regret, but certainly not with fear." Dr. Peto counted his rosary, and kissed his crucifix with fervent devotion on his knees.

Percy S——, who heretofore made no secret of his infidelity, and whose spirits we thought no danger could ever appal, appeared to have lost all energy, and the horrors of approaching death made him weep like a child. Those names which he never before pronounced but in ridi-

cule, he now called upon in moving accents of serious prayer, and implored the protection of that Being, whose existence he affected to disbelieve. Thus

"Conscience does make cowards of us all."

The horrors surrounding us were too appalling for human nature to contemplate without shuddering, for

"In vain, alas! the sacred shades of yore
Would arm the mind with philosophic lore;
In vain they'd teach us with our latest breath,
To smile serene amid the pangs of death.
Even Zeno's self, and Epictetus old,
This fell abyss had shuddered to behold."

The breakers were now visible to all the crew, to whom his lordship gave his advice to lash themselves to the yards, which they did. Captain F——n and Captain Benson took the helm; his lordship descended to the cabin, where all were too much afraid to be sensible of their danger, nor could they be roused by any exertion of his; he came up with a scent-box in his hand, which he placed by his side, and sat down; he had not sat long when he asked, "Is there any chance?" to which he was answered, "None whatever." "Then," said he, rising, "it is every man's duty to endeavour to preserve the life God has given him; so I advise you all to strip; swimming, indeed, can be of little use in these billows—but as children, when tired with crying, sink placidly to repose—we, when exhausted with struggling, shall die the easier; and with God's blessing, we shall soon be at rest."

His Lordship then threw off every thing but his trousers, and binding his silk neckcloth round his loins, he sat down and folded his arms across his chest, waited, in tranquil resignation, his fate. Percy S—— lay at his feet in a state of insensibility. His Lordship looked down upon him, and ejaculated "Poor fellow." Doctor Peto had covered his head with his cloak, and was stretched at full length groaning in bitter anguish.

Captain F——n was removing some dollars from his coat into the pocket of his small clothes, which his Lordship observing, smiled and said, "F——n, do you mean that as a ballast to sink you sooner, or as a bribe to Neptune to give you a good birth in his watery palace." The sun was now nearly an hour high, but all was like the twilight of the grave. The sea was long and heavy, and as it broke upon the rocks the crash struck the ear, as though a forest of lofty oaks were falling by a whirlwind. The countenance of his Lordship never changed whilst the person who writes this had power to view it; but

The heart that bleeds with sorrow, all its own,
Forgets the pangs of friendship to bemoan.

The breakers now were not a quarter of a mile distant on the leebow when Captain Benson remarked to his Lordship, "Our only chance is to put away a point before the wind, or we are sure to go broadside into the surf and perish at once." "As you like," said his Lordship, raising his head and looking upon the danger; he then resumed his former position.

A heavy surge now swept the vessel fore and aft, and carried overboard the doctor, who instantly sank to rise no more.

His Lordship exclaimed, "Good God," and at the moment the vessel rose upon a mountain billow to a tremendous height, from whose summit she descended with the velocity of lightning, as if she was going to bury herself in the remorseless deep. By this rapid movement she was precipitated forward beyond the reach of the breakers, that rolled behind her stern, and burst in impotence, as if incensed at the loss of their destined prey. "We are safe," exclaimed Captains F——n and Benson; "jump, men, from the yards, and make sail;" this they did with tumultuous joy, which his Lordship checked, and told them, "Whilst you are working, silently thank God for your miraculous preservation." He then went below, and bringing up a bottle, bade every one drink, himself pledging them. Percy S—— was removed in a state of stupor to his bed; his Lordship comforted those below with assurances of safety, and the vessel was laid to, under "snug convass," in the mouth of the Gulf of Saint Fiorenzo, with every part of which the captain was well acquainted. The sea upon which the vessel rose was the means of her preservation; probably there was not, if the sea had been calm, a depth of two feet water on the rocks over which she passed; but the sea carried her safe over at a moment when every hope, but that of immortality, was gone.

The vessel now rose smoothly, and the hour of eight being arrived, all the party were enabled to sit up and take coffee. The doctor was missed, and his loss occasioned sincere regret; not that he had left a memory behind him either to be beloved or lamented.

He was a selfish, cold, and unfriendly Venetian, and his only recommendation to his Lordship was the reputation of his skill, which was much overrated.

Percy S—— had recovered from his fits of fear, and came from his cabin like a spectre from the tomb. His Lordship repeated, as he shook him by the hand,

"Cowards die many times before their death,
The valiant never taste of death but once."

"Ah," exclaimed the reclaimed infidel, "I have tasted so much of the bitterness of death, that I shall in future entertain doubts of my own creed." A glass of rum and water, warm, raised his drooping spirits, and in twenty-four hours he was the same free-thinking, thankless dog as ever; thus verifying the old distich,

The devil was sick—the devil a monk would be—
The devil got well—the devil a monk was he.

As there was a thick fog in the air, Mr. Benson resolved to lay to until it cleared away, and we all began to prepare for a good dinner; our cabin guests during the storm had each of them a fine echo in the stomach, and we who had been rocked upon deck had acquired an appetite for any thing but a gale of wind.

All our fresh stock had been washed overboard; hen and turkey coops, dove cages, and even the filtering-stones for the water, which his Lordship highly valued, were carried away in the flood. There were, however, preserved luxuries of other kinds; portable meats, preserves, &c., and we had an excellent cook; whilst he provided dinner we all bathed, (for in the rear of the cabin were two convenient marble baths,) and then dressed ourselves.

Our dinner was a happy one; the glass went briskly round; his Lordship was in great spirits; he threatened to compose an elegy on the death and resurrection of Percy S—, and the Countess said she would set his "dying speech" to music, and dedicate it to the spirit of the storm. During these happy moments, so quietly did things move upon deck, that we imagined ourselves under sail, when Captain Benson came down and informed his Lordship the vessel was safe at anchor in Martello Bay, five miles from the town of St. Fiorenzo. *Ibid.*

A CORSICAN BISHOP.

PASCAL PAOLI (a descendant of the great general) is about forty years old, stout and robust in his person, and of agreeable conversation and manners: his dress had neither lawn sleeves nor silk gown to grace it; to begin at the summit—he wore his own dark hair, cropped short—a red silk cravat tied loosely round his neck; a shirt without a frill, fastened by a black brooch in front; a green waistcoat and green coat, wanting collars, with gold buttons; a pair of black velvet breeches; strong brown leather gaiters, and hob-nailed shoes; over his shoulder he had a leather shot-pouch, suspended to which was an ivory-handled dagger or knife, calculated either to take or prolong life, as the Corsicans use the same instrument for killing and eating;

his attendant, a ragged, bare-legged, and bare-footed urchin, employed to carry his gun, and a brace of pointers, a bull dog, and two greyhounds were also in his retinue. Such was the *canonical* state in which the bishop of St. Fiorenzo appeared.

As every bishop has a patron saint, Lord Byron requested the name of his, in order to toast him in a bumper, which was done to St. Benedict; his Lordship remarked, "I should think, father, if you had the power of choosing a saint suited to your fancy, you would have deified Nimrod, who was 'a mighty hunter on the face of the earth.'" Father Paoli laughed heartily, and said he loved the chase above every thing but his duty to God, and offered to be our pioneer in the sports of the field, assuring us there were three things in his diocese he could never reduce nor tame—wild boars, wild men, and wild women. *Ibid.*

ANECDOTE OF EARL ST. VINCENT.

IN the year 1796 Corsica was evacuated by the British, St. Fiorenzo being the last post they held on the island.

The French had taken possession of the town and batteries, and all communication with the shore was suspended. The combined French and Spanish fleets of forty sail were in the offing, preparing to attack the British, of thirteen sail, at anchor in the bay.

Sir John Jervis had information that they meant to attack him by day-light on the following morning; so as soon as it was dark, he dispatched some light vessels of no use, to endeavour to escape by the eastward; they were seen by the enemy, who gave them chase, and thus separated their fleet. He then fastened a boat with a light suspended to the mast-head, at every buoy belonging to his ships, on board of which every light was carefully extinguished; and getting under sail, passed out of the gulf and clear of the enemy's fleet undiscovered; for whilst part of them were engaged pursuing the light vessels Sir John Jervis had sent as a decoy, the others were watching the lights in the bay, which they imagined to be those of the British fleet; and only when they bore down to make a certain conquest at day-light discovered the trick that had deceived them.

Ibid.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

PROJECTS AND COMPANIES.

SOME were condensing air into a dry tangible substance by extracting the nitre,

and letting the aqueous or fluid particles percolate; others softening marble for pillows and pincushions; others petrifying the hoofs of a living horse to preserve them from foundering.

Gulliver's Travels.

A nation's wealth that overflows
Will sometimes in its course disclose
Fantastical contentions:
'Tis like the rising of the Nile,
Which fats the soil, but breeds the while
Strange monsters and abortions.

Better our superflux to waste
In peaceful schemes, howe'er misplaced,
Than war and its abuses;
But better still if we could guide,
And limit the Pactolian tide
To salutary uses.

Our sires, poor ambitious folks
Had but an individual hoar;
A single South-sea bubble;
Each province our delusion shares,
From Poyais down to Buenos-Ayres,—
To count them is a trouble.

Giving them gold that's ready made,
We wisely look to be repaid
By help of Watt and Boulton;
Who from their mines, by patent pumps
Will raise up ore, and humps, and dumps
Whence sovereigns may be molten!

Others, the dupes of Ferdinand,
By royal roguesy trosean'd,
Find all their treasure vanish;
Leaving a warning to the rash,
That the best way to keep their cash
Is not to touch the Spanish.

Some, urged by Christian zeal, will play
The Jew with Greeks, if proper pay
And interest they propose us;
Or, an old debtor to befriend,
Will to insolvent Francis lend
The money that he owes us.

Gilded by Eldorado dreams,
No wonder if our foreign schemes
Assume a tinge romantic;
But e'en at home, beneath our eyes,
What ignes fatui arise,
Extravagant and antic!

Bridges of iron, stone, and wood,
Not only, Thames, bestrides thy flood,
As if thou wert a rannet,
But terraces must clog thy shore,
While underneath thy bed we bore
A subterranean tunnel.

Nay, that our citizens may not,
As heretofore, in seasons hot,
To bathing places run down,
Presto behold a company
Which undertakes to bring the sea
Full gallop up to London.

Theirs the true English thought—a tank
For peers, with those of meaner rank
Disclaiming all connection;
Knights of the Bath! together lave,
'Tis the best way, perchance, to save
Plebeians from infection.

One sapient speculator, big
With crazy projects, bids us dig
New streets beneath the present,
That we may saunter undismay'd
By fireman's pickaxe, gasman's spade,
Or pipes and plugs unpleasant.

With each new moon new bubbles rise,
Each as it fits before our eyes
Its predecessor quashing;
All at their rivals freely throw
Their dirt, to which we doubtless owe
The company for washing.

Male laundresses! how grand to see
Your treasurer, chairman, deputy,
And Moabite directors,
All in the ruds, and some in doubts
What charge to make for children's cloths
And nether-end protectors.

This, bending o'er the tub, directs
The wash, the starch and blue discoses,
The waste of soap denounces:
That ferrets unextracted dirt,
Or shows what irons to insert
In ladies' pucker'd founces.

Away with the insidious plan,
Which urges all egressing man
To rob his female neighbour!
Already are the means too few,
By which our virtuous peer pursue
The path of honest labour.

These are but weeds; the rich manure
Of overflowing wealth is sure
To generate the thistle.—
They who would learn its nobler use,
May Pope's majestic lines peruse,
That close his Fourth Epistle.
New Monthly Magazine.

THE YSSAOOIS.

[Extract from a letter from M. Delaporte, French Vice-Consul at Tangiers, to H. de Sacy, dated 3rd Sept. 1823.—*Journal Asiatique.*]

THE YSSAOOIS form here a species of congregation, the members of which are spread over all Africa, and even extend to Asia. I have found them in all my journeys, wherever there are serpents, scorpions, or other noxious animals. They replace the ancient Psylli. The chief of the order resides at the Quines, and the brotherhood draw their name, not from Yssa, Jesus, son of Mary, but from an African named Yssa, or Seidben-Yssa, its founder. The Yssaouis enchant serpents, take scorpions into their hands, and suck the poison of these animals. They enter into ecstasies, by dint of repeating what they call *Jadaba iagdoob*, the name of God, with a howling voice, making great and frequent contortions, and going to the right and left, backwards and forwards. In their ecstasy they foam, turn of a purple colour, and lose, or seem to lose, their senses. They have, however, prudence enough to spare their fellows, and especially the soldiers, who attend them in the different processions they hold at different times of the year—commonly during the feasts of Ramadhan, the sacrifice, and the Mohammedan Christmas (the author probably alludes to the Mevlood, or birth-day of Mahomed). Woe to any Christians, or more particularly Jews, who may fall in their way: they are sadly treated. I saw at Tripoli two French sailors who had their shoulders torn off by the lively embraces of two of these Yssaouis, in good humour; and they were fortunate to have got off so cheaply. If there are no Jews or Christians, they will attack fowls, cats, dogs,

asses, camels, not even despising carrion. The soldiers who attend them take care that none of the brothers, who might be a little too much of the Yssaoois, escape from the procession. This community, which is purely religious, is divided into two branches, who fight with one another whenever they have an opportunity of so doing. That is nearly all that I know about them. *Monthly Magazine.*

LEADING-STRINGS MADE EASY.

"Who is not governed by the word LED?"
MART. SCRIB

ARE we not led in leading-strings,
As through this world we trot?
The ass and newly married man
Are *bride-led*, are they not?

Our habits are diseased, in truth,
And, lest we die and rot,
Our pulse, by doctors sage and grave,
Is *fee-led*—is it not?

The young, the aged, and the prime,
Have leading features got:—
A pack-horse and an old man, sure,
Are *sad-led*,—are they not?

Subjects and things are held in power,
Whate'er their destin'd spot;
For cats and dice, in spite of mice,
Are *rat-led*,—are they not?

Let nobles shrink,—we find them out,
In mansion, straw, or groat;
For they, like swine, though dress'd so fine,
Are *sty-led*,—are they not?

In fashion's circle, 'tis the same
Attraction, chance, or lot:—
A smart coquette and tinder-box
Are *spark-led*,—are they not?

But I must not so far be led;
A period is a dot:—
A lover and a blunderer
Are *grove-led*,—are they not?

Ho! for the chase, or *crumb-led* lips,
The mouth's lid to a pot:—
race-horse and a frighten'd girl
Are *start-led*,—are they not?

But hold—I draw my verses in,—
Or you will answer—what!
Readers, like bees, are fed by hums,
And *humb-led*, are they not?

Literary Chronicle.

Select Biography.

No. XIX.

MISS RANGLES,

THE CAMBRIAN MUSICAL PRODIGY.

MISS ELIZABETH RANGLES was born at Wrexham, in North Wales, on the 1st of August, 1800. Her father, who was organist of the church, was blind, and had been so since the age of three years: he lost his sight by the small-pox. His parents placed him under Parry, the celebrated Welsh harper, who was also blind, and he soon made great progress, and eventually became the very best lyrist of his day. Mr. Randles is mentioned in

Miss Seward's poem of "Llangollen Vale." He had several children, but none of them betrayed any peculiar talent for music, except the youngest daughter, who, when she was but *sixteen months* old, would go to the piano-forte and endeavour to pick out a melody; but no particular notice was taken of this, until one morning, when Mr. Randles (being unwell) remained in bed rather later than usual, and heard some one in the adjoining room play the Blue Bells of Scotland; not very correctly, to be sure, but distinctly enough for him to recognise the melody immediately: he called out, thinking it was some of his elder children, for them to desist, when he was informed that it was Bessy who was playing. She was permitted to proceed, and she actually performed the air, by striking the various keys by the side of her tiny hand. In a very short period she could play several simple tunes, and so wonderfully quick was her ear, that when her father sounded any note with his voice, she would run to the instrument and touch it: *this she did long before she could speak.*

Mr. Randles became, of course, exceedingly fond of her, and regularly taught her the melody of *Ar hyd y nos*, or *The Livelong Night*, placing her left hand on the key-note. This appeared to delight her, yet she did not seem satisfied with one note; she endeavoured to strike others, so as to form a proper bass to the treble: her father, seeing this (as he used to say), took some pains with her, and she soon could play this, and several other little tunes, treble and bass, in a very correct manner. Nunn and Staunton's company of comedians was at Wrexham in the summer of 1802. Staunton, who had often heard the child play, requested that her father would permit her to perform an air on the stage for his benefit; Randles consented, and taught her the *Downfall of Paris* for her *debut* in public, which took place *before she was two years old!* The important night arrived, an instrument was prepared, and at the end of the play the Lilliputian minstrel was led on the stage by a little daughter of the manager: the applause from a crowded audience was commensurate with the novelty of the scene. Randles was sitting behind the scenes, and when he heard the plaudits of the audience, cried out, while tears trickled down his face, "I never regretted the loss of sight till this moment. Oh! what would I give to see my darling child." Bessy was placed at the instrument, with an apple on her right side, and a cake on her left, both of which she was to receive if she played well. She commenced, and, to the utter

astonishment of all present, performed the air with the greatest correctness, particularly the running passage in the third part; this she contrived to execute with the thumb and the side of her right hand, for her utmost stretch could not compass a fourth.

The interest which this exhibition created was intense: Sir W. W. Wynn, Lady Dungannon, Lady Cunliffe, in short, all the nobility and families of distinction in the neighbourhood, sent for our little Sappho to their mansions, where she both astonished and delighted them.

In the spring of 1803, Sir W. W. Wynn recommended that a concert should be performed at Wrexham for her benefit. The worthy baronet's suggestion was seconded by every person of consequence in the "Vale of Maellor;" but, in consequence of the illness of Mrs. Randles, it was postponed from time to time. The poor mother, however, requested that the concert should take place, foreseeing but little hopes of her recovery. Arrangements were accordingly made, under the direction of Parry, who resided at Wrexham. Meredith, the celebrated bass singer, and his daughter, from Liverpool, assisted on the occasion.

The room was crowded at an early hour, and the performance went off with the utmost *eclat*, particularly that of the infant, who sung as well as played. Nothing could be more innocently interesting than her mode of singing the following line in the Blue Bells of Scotland:—

"He's gone to fight the French for King George upon the throne;"

which she used to lip out thus:—

"He's don to fight de French for Ting George upon de fome."

It will naturally occur to every one, that the poor sick mother felt very anxious on the occasion; she appeared exceedingly agitated the whole of the day, and requested that her son might be sent to her after Bessy had made her *debut*; accordingly, between eight and nine o'clock, her son ran home to say, that his sister had been received with the greatest applause. The tidings, though good, were more than the affectionate mother could bear; she faintly said, "Thank God!" and never spoke again. This melancholy event was prudently not made known until the concert was over. It were difficult to describe the degree of interest which it created—a most wonderfully gifted child, left to the care of a blind father!

The progress that little Bess made was truly astonishing. Parry taught her the

notes and first rudiments of music, and she continued to improve so rapidly, and to perform with such execution, that her patrons proposed to introduce her to his Majesty George III. and the royal family; accordingly, when she was only just turned of three years and a half, she was brought to London, accompanied by her father and eldest sister.

The blind minstrel and his infant prodigy were introduced to their majesties and the princesses, who were highly delighted with their performance. The king presented the child with a hundred guineas! A circumstance occurred during the visit which ought to be recorded. The king went to Randles after he had played a Welsh air on the harp, and said, "Ah! blind, blind, who taught you to play?" "The late Mr. Parry, Sir Watkin William Wynn's harper, and please your majesty." "Hah! why, he was blind too. I remember him well: he and his son used to perform Handel's chorusses on two Welsh harps very finely before me, about thirty years ago." This anecdote will serve to corroborate many others which have been published of our late sovereign's retentive memory.

Shortly after this a public breakfast was given at Cumberland Gardens, for the benefit of Miss Randles; tickets (one guinea each) were to be had at Sir W. W. Wynn's house, in St. James's-square. The morning was very fine, and no less than five hundred persons of the first rank in the kingdom attended, and the child's performance was the admiration of every one. The profits of the breakfast, together with the various sums of money presented to Miss Randles, were vested in the funds, in the names of trustees, for her sole benefit; and in order to accumulate enough to defray the expenses of her education, it was recommended that she should perform at the principal provincial towns in the kingdom.

Her late majesty Queen Caroline, then Princess of Wales, took great interest in the welfare of the little minstrel: she was invited to pass a few days at Blackheath, where she was introduced to the Princess Charlotte, who soon became very much attached to her. One day, while amusing themselves in some innocent pastime, the Princess Charlotte said to Miss Randles, "Do you know that my grandfather is King of England, and my father is Prince of Wales?" "Well," quickly replied Bessy, "and my father is organist of Wrexham."

Having been furnished plentifully with letters of recommendation to all parts of the kingdom, Mr. Randles and his little prodigy, accompanied for a long period

by Mr. Parry, made a very extensive and profitable tour.

The Wandering Cambrians, as they were denominated, were exceedingly well received every where, and were invited to the nobility's mansions which were contiguous to the towns where they gave concerts.

Their performances were exceedingly entertaining and varied. Randles played the harp exquisitely; Eliza the piano-forte; Parry, alternately the flute, clarionet, and two and three flagelets. They sang songs, duets, and trios, particularly some harmonized Welsh melodies, in a very pleasing manner.

Miss Randles was improving daily, and, when only six years old, could play many of Dussek's brilliant sonatas, also sing several difficult duets, such as Borne in yon blaze, The Butterfly, Together let us range the fields, &c. &c. Her taste and expression in playing an adagio were, in the opinion of professional men, the most extraordinary feature in her performance; and her sight reading was also very wonderful, so much so, that when trying over new music (that her father might select the best calculated for her), she used to talk and play away at the same time. Her father asked her one day, "How is it, Bessy, that you play that strange music, and yet talk all the while?" "Oh, father," said she, "I can see half the leaf at once!"

Early in 1808, she paid London another visit, where she was heartily welcomed by her early friends, and a concert was given for her benefit at the Honover-square Rooms, under the direction of the Honourable John Spencer. Madame Catalani, the Vaughans, Knyvets, Bianchi, Weichsell, Lindley, Kramer, Naldi, &c. &c., gave their powerful aid, gratuitously, on the occasion. Sir G. Smart conducted the performance. The room was crowded.

As Parry was desirous of residing in London, he could not accompany Mr. Randles and his daughter any longer; consequently they returned home, and Bessy began to learn the harp; her education was also properly attended to, and she was invited to pass a few weeks at the houses of various families of distinction alternately, where, mixing with polished society, she became a very clever, accomplished girl. Many offers were made to her father by different ladies of rank to adopt her as their own. The Princess of Wales, in particular, was very anxious to have her; but the poor dark father would not, nay, could not, part with her; she was the only solace of his life; she read to him, played for him,

sang to him; in short, he could not exist without her for any length of time.

Her performance on the piano-forte, when she was about fourteen years old, was quite masterly; she also became a proficient on the pedal harp; she likewise played the organ regularly at the church, and her extempore performance on that noble instrument, *à la Wesley*, was truly astonishing.

In 1818, she paid London a visit, with a view of taking a few lessons on the harp from Dixi, and on the piano from Kalkbrenner, and to see (as she expressed herself) whether she could find any thing new in the art. Both these celebrated professors paid her talents the highest compliment; Dixi in particular, after placing before her all the difficult pieces he could find, and hearing her execute them with the greatest facility, said, "Oh, oh, Miss, I must write expressly for you, I find."

About this time she was strongly urged by a select number of families at Liverpool, to make that town her residence, they engaging to find her as many pupils as she might feel disposed to accept: after many arguments, *pro* and *con*, with the poor father, who was grown very nervous and feeble, she was at length permitted to go, provided she came over every Saturday, and remained with him until the Monday. This she continued to do for a long time, though the distance by land and water was nearly twenty-five miles. We are now drawing to the close of poor Randles' "life's busy scene:" he breathed his last in the autumn of 1820, leaving three daughters and a son, the latter being organist of Holywell, in Flintshire.

After their affairs were arranged, the daughters removed to Liverpool, where they still remain, our interesting heroine being a welcome visitor at the houses of the most opulent inhabitants of that flourishing town.

Dictionary of Musicians.

Miscellanies.

WAX-WORK.

LEOPOLD, while Grand Duke of Tuscany, caused to be made, under the direction of Fontana, and exhibited in the Palace Torreggiano, at Florence, a series of anatomical sculptures in coloured wax, which have long amused the curious traveller, and instructed the medical student. In 1776, eight rooms, in 1794, twenty rooms, were filled with these imitations, which represented in every possible detail, and in each successive stage of denudation, the organs of sense and reproduc-

tion, the muscular, the vascular, the nervous, and the bony system. They imitate equally well the form, and more exactly the colouring of nature, than injected preparations; and they have been employed to perpetuate many transient phenomena of disease, of which no other art could have made so lively a record. Cupids of wax are mentioned by Anacreon. Saints of wax were common in the middle ages. For portraiture in wax Andrea del Verrochio was famous, in the fifteenth century; but the first application of *ceroplastics* to anatomical science is due to Cajetano Julie Zumbo, of Syracuse, born in 1656. Ercole Lelli, of Bologna, assisted by Manollini and his wife, made the first public collection of wax modellings, systematically adapted to the instruction of surgeons and artists.

CATERPILLARS.

LIEUT. HEBESTREIT, of Munich, has discovered the means of employing a kind of caterpillar in spinning a fine web, which is perfectly white and water-proof. With this web he lately constructed a balloon, which he inflated by burning spirits of wine under it, and which ascended in the large hall that serves as a workshop for his caterpillars. He can make them trace ciphers and figures in their web. For this purpose, he draws the outline of his design with spirits of wine, which the caterpillars avoid, and spin round it. A web, seven feet square, perfectly pure, and as brilliant as taffety, was the result of three weeks' labour of about five hundred caterpillars. This subject is not unworthy of the attention of natural philosophers, nor perhaps of that of the friends of agriculture and the arts.

A RECEIPT TO MAKE A KISS.

FROM rose-buds yet unblewn, whose vernal morn
Perfumes the gale unconscious of a thorn,
The purest purple take—and steal from May,
The pearls that gem the lawn—whence springs
the day;
Crop the young violet from her scented bed,
And spoil the primrose of its velvet head;
With love's own odours charg'd and steep'd in
joy,
The honey'd labours of the hive employ,
But search with care the aromatic work,
Least danger in the sweet temptation lurk,
And mar the luscious toll; for should'st thou
leave
One sting behind, 'twould all thy hopes deceive.
Into the fragrant mass let Zephyr's fling
The newest, earliest whisper of the spring;
The chirp of beauty's darling bird prepare,
And mix the murmurs of the turtle there;
Her smiles and graces Venus must infuse,
And thrice embalm the whole with cyprian dews.
Now tell me shepherd in what happy grove
Dwells this fair bird of hope—this plant of love?
On Laura's lips resides the nectar'd bliss,
And lover's mould the rapture to a kiss.

MONUMENT TO SHERIDAN'S FATHER.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

IN St. Peter's Church, near Margate, is the following monumental inscription. I do not recollect seeing it noticed in any work.

Yours, respectfully, G.

Interred

near this spot, on the 21st of August, 1788, rest the mortal remains of Thomas Sheridan, Esq. A. M. Author of Lectures on Education, delivered at the University of Oxford, and of divers other useful works; all tending to enlighten and ameliorate mankind, in illustrating human nature upon the stage, the mirror he held was as true, as his private life was exemplary.

Indebted

nothing to favour, his professional celebrity was the meed of only his own merit.

He played his part with distinction as an actor; as a man he closed a long career without moral stain.

He was honoured in his descent and renowned in his issue:

his father

had to boast of the friendship of no less a name than

Jonathan Swift:

of whom the subject of this tribute published a pious, grateful, faithful biography.

His son

the immortalizer of their race the Right Honourable Richard Brinsley Sheridan,

(besides having carried English eloquence in Parliament nearer to the standard of Athenian perfection than any, even, of the mighty orators whom a rare coincidence had made his cotemporaries) adorned literature with such proofs of radiant genius as are sure to live with the life, and to die only with the death of the British Drama.

This tablet is put in 1823, by a passenger through the Isle of Thanet, in admiration of the intellect, though a stranger to the blood, of the Sheridan family.
"Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Never inscribes the marble with his name."

CURIOUS EPITAPH.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—Whilst remaining a short time with some friends in the village of Broom, passing one day through the

church-yard, my attention was attracted by a very antique *wooden tombstone*, on which was painted the following:—

God be Praised!
Here is Mr. Dudley, senior,
And Jane, his wife, also,
Who whilst alive was his superior:
But see what Death can do.
Two of his sons also lies here,
One Walter t'other Joe:
They all of them went in the year
1510 below.

Then in an obscure corner—"This stone was erected by NANCY DUDLY, *their aunt*." I am, your's, &c.

G. PENFOLD.

WHITE BLOOD.—A STRATAGEM.

MR. G—T, a gentleman of fortune, residing in Portland Place, fell in love with the late Princess Charlotte of Wales; and so earnest was he to obtain her in marriage, that he became insane. His family and friends became alarmed for his personal safety; and fearful lest he should attempt suicide, placed him under the care of a physician, who directed, without loss of time, that he should be freely bled. To this, after repeated attempts, he would never accede. However, the pupil of one of the physicians hearing of the circumstance, hit upon an expedient, and engaged to bleed Mr. G. The plan was laid out, and Mr. G. introduced to the young gentleman, who stated he was the bearer of a message from the princess, and requested to see Mr. G. in private. No sooner was this information received, than the pupil was shewn up to the drawing-room. Mr. G. cautiously shut all doors, and with great impatience requested the stranger to divulge, without loss of time, what he had to say from the princess.

"Why you must know, sir," said he, "we must be particularly cautious. I am deputed by the princess to inform you, that she would give you her hand in marriage, but she is prohibited from so doing in consequence of the King, her father, being informed that you possess white blood in your veins, instead of red." "Good God!" exclaimed Mr. G., "if that is the case, pray let me be bled immediately, that her Royal Highness may be convinced to the contrary. He was bled, and recovered his mental faculties.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wolton*.

ON A MISER.

A RICH man's purse, a poor man's soul,
is thine,
Starving thy body that thy heirs may
dine.

EPIGRAM

ON THE WORD M'ADAMISED.

MEN—DED they call all M'Adamised
roads,
But M'Adamised soon will be applied to
old clothes;
Hereafter they'll say, if any friends are
dead,
My friends are M'Adamised, *alias men—*
dead.

ON THE MOON

SWEET orb of night, thy silver ray
Shines with a lovely light,
Deriving from our source of day
Thy glory of the night.
Thy pow'r precious as thy light,
Swells up the mighty sea;
And nature deems it justly right,
For earth doth uphold thee.

PORT OF LONDON.

It is stated that more ships sail from the port of London in a year, than from any other place in the world. It has been computed that the total amount of property shipped and unshipped in the port of London, in one year, amounts to nearly SEVENTY MILLIONS; and there are employed about 8,000 watermen in navigating wherries and crafts; 4,000 labourers, lading and unlading ships; 1,200 revenue officers, constantly doing duty; besides the crews of the several vessels, occupying a space of nearly five miles. On an average, there are 2,000 ships in the river and docks; together with 3,000 barges and other small craft employed in lading and unlading them; 2,300 barges engaged in the inland trade; and 3,000 wherries or small boats for passengers. The exports and imports employ about 4,000 ships; whilst the cargoes that annually enter the port are not less than 15,000.

Answers to Correspondents in our next.

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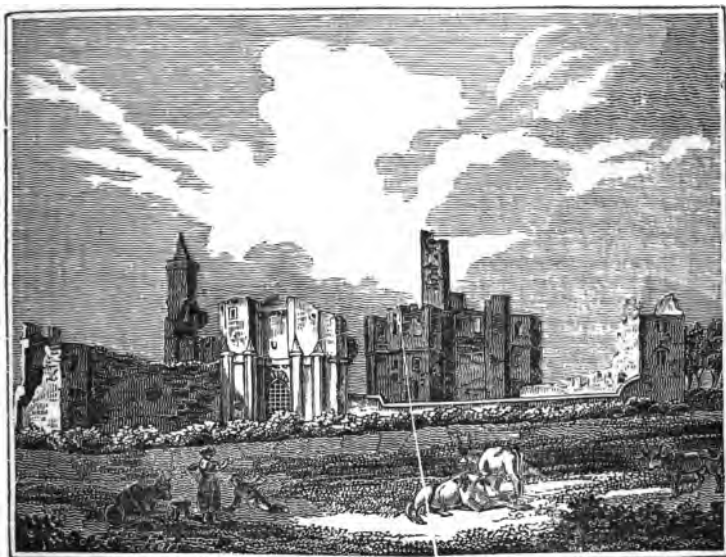
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1824.

[PRICE 2d.

Illustrations of Shakspeare.

No. VII.

WARKWORTH CASTLE, NORTHUMBERLAND.



THE Castle of Warkworth, with the manor, were held of Henry II. by the service of one knight's fee, by Roger Fitz Roger, whose ancestor, Serlo de Burgh, was a follower of the Conqueror. In 1327, Edward III. granted them to Henry Lord Percy, from whose family they were taken in the reigns of Richard II. and Henry IV., and given to Roger Humfraville, whose constable here was Harding the Chronicler. It was restored to the Percys by Henry V. and several times seized and restored.

Within the moat it contains above five acres, and stands on a rock, its walls guarded with towers, and of a triangular shape; the keep forming the apex, and the southern wall, in which is the great gate, between two polygonal towers, the base. The keep is square, with the angles canted off, and having at the middle of each side a projecting turret, semihex-

Vol. IV.

Y

agon at its base, and of the same height as the rest of the structure; it contains a chapel, and a variety of spacious apartments, and is finished with a lofty watch tower, commanding an almost unbounded prospect.

The Castle was the favourite residence of the Earls of Northumberland, and in Leland's time "well menteyned;" but in 1672, its timber and lead were granted to one of their agents, and the principal part of it unroofed.

At every point of view, and especially from the South, it presents a most magnificent pile of ruins. The Castle of Warkworth, which, on account of its being the residence of the Earls of Northumberland, was called Northumberland Castle, is alluded to in Shakspeare's play of Henry IV. It is in front of this that the first scene of the Second Part is laid.

32:

A RAMBLE IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

*Bugle Inn, Newport, Isle of Wight,
Tuesday Evening, 15th June, 1824.*

YESTERDAY morning was ushered in with a steady rain, but as it cleared up by a little after ten, I inspected Portsmouth deck-yard without getting wet. The yard is very extensive—upwards of one hundred acres, and well worth viewing; the *block* machinery, in particular, is extremely curious and amusing. At three o'clock I bade adieu to Portsmouth, and embarked in the mail yacht (not a steamer), and after a long but delightful passage of one hour and three quarters, arrived at Ryde: (the fare only one shilling). The pier varying from three to four yards in width, is about one-third of a mile in length. The approach from the sea is beautiful.

This morning was wet, it having rained all night; but, as before, it cleared up by ten o'clock, and I therefore gained the important advantage of travelling without *dust*; indeed, I have not experienced any annoyance of this description from the day of my leaving London, *not even when crossing from Portsmouth to Ryde!* This for the MIRROR, with my compliments to ———, by whom it is patronised!

I must now give you an outline of my proceedings. At ten o'clock, hired a one-horse chaise, and drove twenty-eight miles, (round nearly half the Island). Nature is here seen in her most lovely dress; the views, the scenery, beautiful—beyond description, beautiful! At one instant I was on the summit of a lofty hill, looking down on the mighty ocean on the one side, and the delightful and variegated landscape on the other; then I descended into a beautiful and fertile valley, and beheld the mountains' sides covered with the waving grain, interspersed with the most rude, rugged, and romantic scenery. On the south side of the island, from Ventnor to Niton, is a chain of impending rocks, tremendously grand;—thousands of jack-daws *flying midway*, where in security they make their nests; sheep browsing on the lofty downs; here and there the smoke gracefully curling from a neat and humble cot, which seems the dwelling of content, happiness, and health—the lovely roses aspiring to the roof, and the ivy climbing to the very chimney top! Presently I find myself in a shady narrow pass; and anon, the “unbounded prospect lies before me.” At one moment I have the vast and trackless ocean in full view, and at another, I behold it in the distance through a little opening in the woods. “The rook builds her nest on yon pine:” the little robin is pouring his

melody on mine ear; all is delightful—all is harmony! Well might Leigh Richmond descant on the beauties of this lovely Isle—

“For God the whole created mass inspires;
Through heav'n, and earth, and ocean depths
 he throws
His influence round, and kindles as he goes.”

It is not possible to view such scenes without the most exquisite sensations of delight, and the most fervent admiration of the works of the great and adorable Creator.

“Unusual sweetness purer joys inspire.”

I need not apologize for giving you the following quotation from Milton:—

“Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue
Appear'd, with gay enamel'd colours mix'd:
On which the sun more glad imprint his beams
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath shower'd the earth; so lovely
 seem'd

That landscape: and of pure now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight, and joy able to drive
All sadness but despair.”

There are in the Island many gentlemen's seats, which contribute to the beauty of the place, being prettily built, and in choice and picturesque situations, (especially some of the parsonage houses),

“Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.”

Whilst quoting this beautiful pastoral psalm, I cannot help adding the concluding verse, sincerely hoping that each of us may be enabled to adopt the sentiment of pious reliance which it breathes:—

“Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through desolate lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile:
The barren wilderness shall smile
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.”

I fear I have not left myself space to mention the particulars of my route; I must therefore briefly add, that I proceeded to Shanklin Chine, a most charming and romantic spot; thence to Bonchurch, equally lovely; thence to Steep-hill, St. Lawrence, Niton, &c., to Newport. By the way, least you should imagine that I contented myself with mental food only, be it on record, that at Shanklin I devoured two or three dozen handsome prawns, with a due proportion of bread and butter, and a bottle of ginger pop! moreover, that at Niton, I further endeavoured to reduce my appetite, by eating four new-laid eggs, and some slices of fried ham, which rendered the best part of a bottle of London porter necessary to wit, two-thirds of the said bottle; the remainder having been humanely handed by me to the chaise boy, who, at my expense, also discussed much of similar ham and eggs.

It has struck ten, and the water looks as if he thought I intended to discuss all the ink; (I made him fill the glass afresh); and, as my paper is full, and I am somewhat weary, my "head's antipodes" reminding me that I have been riding from ten till nearly six, in a gig which was none of the softest, I will retire to rest; adding, only, my best wishes, with the assurance that I remain,

Ever sincerely yours,

• •

PROJECT FOR SINKING AND RAISING A VESSEL AT SEA.—SCIENTIFIC HEROISM.

(For the Mirror.)

In a tract published in 1774, it is related of Mr. Day, that he planned a method of sinking a vessel under water, with a man in it, who should live therein for a certain time, and then, by his own means only, bring himself up to the surface. He first tried his projects in the Broads, near Yarmouth, and in a Norwich market-boat fitted for that purpose, sunk himself thirty feet under water, where he continued twenty-four hours.

Again, in the spring of the above year, another experiment was made in Cat-water, (Plymouth), where it appears Mr. Day lay during the flow of the tide for six hours, and six more during the time of ebb, confined all the time in the room appropriated for his use. "It had a false bottom, standing on feet like a butcher's block, which contained the ballast; and, by the person in the vessel unscrewing some pins, she was to rise to the surface, leaving the false bottom behind."

The circumstances under which this intrepid character lost his life, on his own mistaken notions, is thus related on a third attempt. "Mr. Day provided himself with whatever he thought necessary—went into the vessel—let the water into her, and with great composure retired to the room constructed for him, and shut up the valve. The ship went gradually down in twenty-two fathoms' water, at two o'clock in the afternoon, being to return at two the next morning. He had three buoys or messengers, which he could send to the surface at option, to announce his situation below; but none appearing, Mr. Blake, who was near at hand in a barge, began to entertain some suspicion of her having bulged, especially as she went down stern foremost, and a very great rippling appeared a few minutes after her sinking. He, therefore, applied to the captain of the Orpheus frigate, and

Y 2

to Lord Sandwich, who did all in their power to regain the vessel, but without effect."

The practicability of the scheme was entertained by Mr. Blake, who at his own expense had this vessel constructed—bets to a considerable amount having, it appears, been the suggestion of the fatal experiment, in which the unfortunate Day was of course to share. But that any man should be able, after having sunk a vessel to so great a depth, to make that vessel at pleasure so much more specifically lighter than water, as to enable it to force its way to the surface, through the depression of so great a weight, is a matter not hastily to be credited. Even cork, when sunk to a certain depth, will, by the great weight of the fluid upon it, be prevented from rising; and, it is well known, that pent-up air, when overcharged with the vapours emitted out of animal bodies, becomes unfit for respiration; for which reason, those confined in the diving-bell, after continuing some time under water, are obliged to come up, and take in fresh air, or by some such means recruit it.

With respect to an animal being able to breathe for any considerable time in pent-up air, we are indeed told, that the famous Cornelius Drebbelle contrived, not only a vessel to be rowed under water, but also a liquor to be carried in that vessel, which would supply the want of fresh air. The vessel was made by order of James I., and carried twelve rowers, besides passengers. It was tried on the River Thames, and one of the persons who was in that sub-marine navigation, told the particulars of that experiment to a person, who afterwards related them to the great Mr. Boyle.

As to the liquor, Mr. Boyle says, "he discovered by a physician, who married Drebbelle's daughter, that it was used from time to time, when the air in the sub-marine boat was clogged by the breath of the company, and thereby made unfit for respiration: at which time, by unstopping a vessel full of this liquor, he could speedily restore to the condensed air such a proportion of vital parts, as would make it again, for some time, fit for respiration. However, that wonderful quality in this liquor is much doubted."

Though it may be alleged, that many advantages might accrue from making a scheme of either kind practicable, yet, as no similar experiment can possibly be tried without the greatest danger, and as the purposes for which it could only be applied, are already obtained under the safe and less expensive invention of the diving-bell, humanity at once tells us it

were better to give it up, than devote the life of any man to such a precarious purpose.

F. R.—Y.

THE ARTS AND COMMERCE OF THE BRITONS.

(For the Mirror.)

Read history with the greatest attention, for to be ignorant of what happened before one was born, is to be always a child.—Locke.

THOUGH the Britons had some iron when they were first invaded by the Romans, yet, as Cæsar observes, they had it only in small quantities, hardly sufficient for their home consumption, and none to spare for exportation. But after the Romans had been some time settled in this island, this most useful metal became very plentiful, and made a part of the British exports.

Gems, and particularly pearls, which were esteemed by the Romans the most precious and excellent of all things, were exported from Britain at this period. Julius Cæsar was so great an admirer of British pearls which he had seen in Gaul, that the hope of obtaining a quantity of them was supposed to be his chief inducement to the invasion of Britain. This much is certain, that after his return from this island, he consecrated a breast-plate of great value and beauty to *Venus*, in her temple at Rome, which he signified by an inscription, to be composed of British pearls. Yet it seems probable that the pearls of Britain were inferior to those of India and Arabia in general, though some of them might be remarkable for their size and beauty.

"The fairest pearls grow on British coasts."

It will perhaps appear ridiculous to many readers, to be told, that the *British dogs constituted no inconsiderable article in the exports of this period*. But in the hunting and pastoral stages of society, these faithful animals are the favourite companions and most useful possessions of men; and even in a more advanced period of civilization, they contributed not a little to their amusement. These dogs were of different kinds, but the greatest numbers, and those which bore the highest price, were designed for hunting, and excelled all others, both in their swiftness and exquisite scent. They are thus described in a passage of Oppian:—

"There is a kind of dogs of mighty fame
For hunting, worthy of a fairer frame,
By painted Britons brave in war they're bred,
Are beagles call'd, and to the chase are led;
Their bodies small, and of so mean a shape,
You'd think them curs that under tables gaze."

Fleets or rafts are believed, by most

authors, to have been the first kind of water carriage. To these succeeded *osnoes*, made of one very large *tree excavated*, to secure its freight from being wetted or washed away:

"*Tunc alios primum fœvit sensere cavatas.*"

"Then first on seas the hollow alder swam."

As uncultivated nations wanted proper tools for sawing large trees into planks, the most ancient vessels or boats in several countries were made of osiers, and the flexible branches of trees interwoven as close as possible, and covered with skins. "The sea, which flows between Britain and Ireland," says Cæsar, "is so unquiet and stormy, that it is only navigable in summer; when the people of these countries pass and re-pass it in small boats made of wattles, and covered carefully with the hides of oxen."

After the Roman conquest, when London, in the reign of Nero, was [A.D. 61] become a great city, abounding in merchants and merchandize, it certainly abounded also in shipping; and when, in the year 359, no fewer than 800 ships were employed in the exportation of corn; the whole number employ'd in the British trade, must have been very great.

In 1148, *Geoffrey de Magnaville* was made Earl of Essex. Being afterwards ill-treated by King Stephen, he was driven to revolt, committed many acts of violence, and died in a state of excommunication. The templars, having wrapped his body in lead, *hung it on a tree* in the garden, in which situation it remained till it was absolved. He lies in the Temple church, in London; his statue is armed, and has a monk's cowl round his neck.

It seems in about the middle ages it was considered a great honour to have sur-names, by the following:—In 1110, Henry II. matched one of his illegitimate sons to a rich heiress of Fitz-Aymon. The lady had a poetical turn; and when the king told her that his son's name was Robert, she thus addressed him:—

"It were to me a great shame
To have a lord without *two* name."

On which Henry conferred on him the name of Fitz-Roy. About this period surnames were much used by people of rank in England.

In 1114, the Thames was so ill *supplied with water*, that *people walked across between the bridge and Tower of London*, the water only reaching to their knees!

In 1276, it was enacted, that no snip should be deemed a wreck, out of which a *man*, a *dog*, or a *cat*, had escaped with life.

In 1283, says the annals of Dunstable, "we sold our slave by birth, William Pike, with all his family, and received one mark from the buyer." F. C. N.

Reminiscences.

No. IV.

JOHN EMERY.

WHEN the late Mr. Emery first played the character of Robert Tyke, in the School of Reform, the public was completely taken by surprise. Very few persons knew the extent of his talents, in what is theatrically termed serious business; and his correct and effective delineation of the character was a theme of universal admiration. With persons who had seen Emery's performance in comedy, no idea could be formed of the impressive and forceful manner in which many of his scenes and sentences were given; and the character of the incorruptible, but tender-hearted sentinel, in Pizzaro, which he played, was never more effectively portrayed. One evening Pizzaro was advertised, and the audience having waited beyond the usual time for the curtain to rise, became impatient; when at length an actor came forward, and informed the audience, that in consequence of the absence of a principal performer, they were obliged to request a few minutes longer indulgence. The actor was scarcely off the stage when Mr. John Kemble, dressed for Rolla, stalked on, and said—"Ladies and Gentlemen, at the request of the principal performers in the play of this evening, I am to inform you, that the person alluded to is Mr. Emery!" The House received this explanation without any expression of disappointment, or otherwise. Scarcely had Mr. Kemble quitted the stage, when, dressed in a great coat, dirty boots, and a face red with haste, and wet with perspiration, on rushed the culprit. Emery stayed some moments before the audience apparently much agitated, and at length delivered himself to this effect—"Ladies and Gentlemen, this is the first time I have ever had occasion to appear before you as an apologist. As I have been the sole cause of the delay in your entertainment, allow me shortly to offer my excuse, when I am sure I shall obtain an acquittal, especially from the fair part of this brilliant assemblage. Ladies (for you I must particularly address) my wife!"—and here the poor fellow's feelings almost overcame him—"my wife was but an hour since brought to bed, and I"—thunders of applause interrupted the apology—"and I

ran for the doctor." "You've said enough!" exclaimed a hundred tongues. "I could not leave her, ladies, until I knew she was safe." "Bravo, Emery, you've said enough!" was re-echoed from all parts of the house. Emery was completely overpowered; and after making another ineffectual attempt to proceed, retired, having first placed his hand upon his heart, and bowed gratefully to all parts of the house.

The play proceeded without interruption; but it appeared that Emery had not forgotten his obligation to Kemble, for in that scene before the prison scene, in which Rolla tries to corrupt the sentinel by money, the following strange interruption occurred in the dialogue:—

Rolla.—"Have you a wife?"*

Sentinel.—"I have."

Rolla.—"Children?"

Sentinel.—"I had two this morning—I have got three now."

Loud applause followed this retaliation, which continued so long, that the entire effect of the scene was lost; and Mr. Kemble, after waiting some time in awkward confusion, terminated it by abruptly rushing into the prison.

It is not generally known that the song printed in page 343, vol. ii., of the MIRROR, was discovered in a very old magazine by Emery, and sung by him at the last benefit he had, and was, I believe, the last song he sung on the stage. The last verse is singularly applicable to his own fate.

* His death, which happen'd in his birth
At forty odd befel;
So they went and told the sexton,
And the sexton toll'd the bell."

††

* I quote from memory.

The Topographer.

No. V.

EDINBURGH BRIDEWELL.

IT is a strong building, in the form of the letter D; the whole is surrounded by a wall, between which and the prison there is an area. It consists of five floors; the upper one is used as an hospital and store-room. There is a passage along the middle of the semicircular part of the building, with apartments on either side. Those towards the outside are used as dormitories, and those on the inner side of the semicircle, of which there are thirteen in each story, have an iron railing in front, and look into the inner court, which is roofed and glazed, and lights the whole. Every part is composed of stone or iron, except the doors. The bed-chambers,

which are each about eight feet long by seven broad, and furnished with a bed on an iron frame, and a table, are lighted by a long narrow window, the glass of which is fixed in a frame of iron, and turns upon the centre. Upon the top of the house are large cisterns, which supply every part of it with water. In the entrance of the governor's house is a dark apartment with high narrow windows, which command every cell, and enable the proper officers to see whether the criminals are at work without being observed by them. From this point of view, the interior resembles an aviary in form and lightness of construction. The women spin, and the men pick oakum; they are never permitted to hold any communication with each other, and they are not allowed to take any exercise but what their work affords. In summer they work from six in the morning till eight in the evening; and in the winter, from sun-rise to sunset. The prisoners wear a prison-dress, and their own is cleaned and preserved for them until the expiration of their confinement. I visited the kitchen, says Sir John Carr, with which, as with every other part, I was highly gratified, on account of its arrangement and perfect cleanliness. The breakfast and supper of these prisoners are oatmeal-porridge and small beer, and their dinner, broth made of fat and vegetables, and those who perform more than their task-work are allowed bread to their broth, purchased by the produce of the surplus of their labour, and a larger portion of porridge. On Sundays they have a portion of meat. The whole institution is under the careful inspection of the magistrates and the sheriff of the county, whose visits are frequent and regular. As a proof of the salubrity of the prison, and of the excellence of its discipline, I am informed by one of the principal magistrates of Edinburgh, that although it has been used twelve years, during which it has constantly had upon an average not less than fifty persons confined in it, only four deaths have occurred in that period, and it is to be remembered, that many of the vicious of both sexes sent there frequently enter it in a state of extreme debility or disease, the fruits of a profligate course of life.

ROSEBERRY TOPPING, YORKSHIRE.

TOWARDS the west, there stands a high hill, called Roseberry Topping, which is a mark to the seaman and an almanack to the vale, for they have this old rhyme common,

When Roseberry Topping wears a cap,
 Let Cleveland then beware a clap:

An old writer says, "It seldom has a cloud on it, that some ill weather shortly followeth it not; where, not far from thence, on a mountain's side, there are clouds almost continually smoking, and therefore called the devil's kettles, which, notwithstanding, prognosticate neither good nor bad; there are likewise many other rarities, more excellent than that I have seen; it hath sometimes had a hermitage on it, now a small smith's forge,* cut out of the rock, called Willifrid's Needle, whether blind devotion led many a silly soul, not without hazard of a break-neck† tumbling, while they attempted to put themselves to a needless pain, creeping through that needle's eye.

"Out of the top of a huge stone, near the top of the hill, drops a fountain which cureth sore eyes,‡ receiving that virtue from the mineral. It is wonderful to see with what violence a stone will tumble from the top of the hill towards a little town, called Newton; the noise that it makes is so terrible, and then bounds aloft in the air so high, that, as I am informed, when a stone was once cast down that hill, a horse that was tethered afar off, for fear leaped over a great gate; and one encountering a big old hawthorn tree, which only stood on the side of the hill, it dashed it all in pieces as a tempest, and ran forward without stay till it ran to an earthen fence of a close, into which it pierced as if it had been a great shot, having ran in a moment from the top whence it was cast, to the wall or fence aforesaid, at least a long mile. I found in this hill gate and other minerals, which I have not yet thought good to discover. There is a most goodly prospect from the top of this hill, though painfully gained by reason of the steepness of it, but especially from the side of the race on Barnaby-moor; there you may see a view, the like whereof I never saw, or think that any traveller hath seen any comparable

* By modern visitants called the *cobbler's shop*. On the side of the rock there are many initials of names and dates; the oldest of which, that we could discover, is 1527.

† This superstition must be considered similar to that practised in the church of Ripon, which Camden says, in the days of its ancestors, was very famous, and called also *St. Wilfrid's needle*, this was "a straight passage into a room, close, and vaulted under ground, whereby trial was made of any woman's chastity, if she was chaste, she passed with ease: but if otherwise, she was, by I know not what miracle, stopped and detained there.

‡ At present a small insignificant spring of clear water, which comes through the fissures of a rock, and loses itself on the brow of the hill; its sanative qualities are no longer known. The traditionary story that the Northumbrian Prince Oswey, was drowned here, is too ridiculous to deserve notice.

unto it, albeit I have shewn it to divers that have past through a great part of the world, both by sea and land. The vales, rivers, great and small, swelling hills and mountains, pastures, woods, meadows, corn-fields, part of the Bishopric of Durham, with the new port of Tees, lately found to be safe, and the sea replenished with ships, and a most pleasant flat coast, subject to no inundation or hazard, make that country happy, if the people had the grace to make use of their own happiness, which may be amended, if it please God to send them traffic and good example of thrift."

But the most remarkable (though, perhaps, it ought not to be called a singular circumstance) connected with Roseberry Topping, is the quantity of petrified marine substances which its internal structure presents to the naturalist; we say not singular, because similar productions have been discovered on the tops of many hills still higher and farther removed from the sea than Roseberry; and yet perhaps no naturalist has hitherto accounted satisfactorily for the phenomenon.

NATURAL CAVES IN IRELAND.

ABOUT two miles from Kilkenny, in the neighbourhood of the park-house of Donmore, are a number of caves, as curious, perhaps, as any mentioned in natural history, except those of Antiparos in the Archipelago. After a difficult descent of about one hundred feet, the entrance into this subterraneous world is gained. The appearance of the first cavern is uncommonly awful, and gives rise to an idea of a grand Gothic structure in ruins. The solemnity of this place is not a little increased by the gaiety of those scenes that present themselves on every side previous to our entering it: the floor is uneven, and stones of various sizes are promiscuously dispersed upon it: the sides are composed of ragged work, in some parts covered with moss, and in others curiously frosted; and from the roof, which is a kind of arch, several huge rocks project beyond each other, that seem to threaten instant ruin. The circumference of this cave is not less than two hundred feet, and in height about fifty. Here is a small but continual dropping of water from the ceiling, and a few petrifications resembling icicles.

The place has its inhabitants; for immediately on entering into it you are surprised with a confused noise, which is occasioned by a multitude of wild pigeons; hence there is a passage towards the left, where by a small ascent a kind of hole is gained, much like, but larger

than the mouth of an oven, which introduces to a place where, by the help of candles, daylight being entirely excluded, a broken and surprising scene of monstrous stones heaped on each other, chequered with various colours, inequality of rocks overhead, and an infinity of stactical stones, present itself. Nature, one would imagine, designed the first cave as a preparative for what remains to be seen; by it the eye is familiarized with uncommon and awful objects, and the mind tolerably fortified against those ideas that result from a combination of appearances unthought of, surprising, and menacing. The spectator flatters himself that he has nothing to behold more awful, nor any thing more dangerous to meet, than what he finds in the first cavern; but he soon discovers his mistake; for the bare want of that light which dresses nature with gaiety is alone sufficient to render the second far more dreadful. In the first he fancies ruin frowns upon him from several parts; but in this it is threatened from a thousand vast rocks rudely piled on each other, that compose the sides, which seem bending in, and a multitude of no smaller size are pendent from the roof in the most extraordinary manner; add to this, that by a false step one would be dashed from precipice to precipice. Indeed, it would be matter of much difficulty, or rather impracticable, to walk over this apartment, had not nature, as if studious for the safety of the curious, caused a sort of branches to shoot from the surface of the rocks, which are remarkably unequal, and always damp. These branches are from four to six inches in length, and nearly as thick: they are useful in the summits of the rocks to prevent slipping, and in the sides are ladders to descend and ascend with tolerable facility. This astonishing passage leads to a place far more curious than any of the rest. On entering into it, a person is almost induced to believe himself situated in an ancient temple, decorated with all expense of art; yet, notwithstanding the beauty and splendour that catch the eye on every side, there is something of solemnity in the fashions of the place which must be felt by the most ordinary spectator. The floor in some parts is covered with a crystalline substance; the sides in many places are incrustated with the same, wrought in a mode not unlike the Gothic style of ornament, and the top is almost entirely covered with inverted pyramids of the like elegantly white and lucid matter. At the points of these stactical strata are perpetually hanging drops of pellucid water; for when one

falls, another succeeds; these pendent gems contribute not a little to the glory of the roof, which, when the place is properly illuminated, appears as if formed of the purest crystal.

Here are three extraordinary and beautiful congelations, which, without the aid of a strong imagination, may be taken for an organ, altar, and cross. The former, except when strictly examined, appears to be a regular work of art, and is of a considerable size; the second is of a simple form, rather long than square; and the third reaches from the floor to the roof, which must be about twenty feet. These curious figures are owing either to water that fell from the upper parts of the cave to the ground, which coagulated into stone from time to time, until at length it acquired those forms which are now so pleasing; or to an exudation, or exstillation, or petrifying juices out of the earth; or, perhaps, they partake of the nature of spar, which is a kind of rock plant. The former seems to be the most probable supposition, as these figures in colour and consistence appear exactly like the icicles on the top, which are only seen from the wet parts of the caverns, and in this place there is a greater oozing of water, and a much larger number of petrifications, than in any other. When this curious apartment has been sufficiently examined, the guides lead you for a considerable way through winding places, until a glimmering light agreeably surprises. Here a journey of above a quarter of a mile through those parts is ended; but upon returning into the first cavern, the entrance into other apartments, less curious indeed, but as extensive as those we have described, offers itself. The passages into some of these are so very low, that there is a necessity of creeping through them; by these we proceed until the noise of a subterraneous river is heard; rather than this none have ventured.

CHILDSWELL, BERKS.

“FROM Bagley-wood, approaching towards Oxfordshire, is a house, on the left hand, called Childswell, in the ascent of a hill, where old traditions say, was sometime a religious chapel, which, by the help of the chapeleyns successively serving there, had a virtue to make women that were barren to bring forth children, and so gave name to the place.”—[M.S. Twyne, p. 161, in Archives of Univ. Oxon.]

The author professes to derive this information from some “Notes as it is thought of Dr. Hutten;” and other writers assert that the well and oratory

maintained their reputation until the Reformation, though they insinuate that its success was mainly attributable to the pious exertions of a succession of young and vigorous officiating priests, who charitably assisted the devotions of the votaries.—*Dunkin's M.S. Collections*, B. 42.

THE COUNTY OF MONMOUTH.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—I should be obliged by an inquiry through the medium of your journal, if there is any reader or correspondent who can give the reason why the County of Monmouth is generally called by the English, and in our modern geographies, an English county. I have endeavoured, but in vain, to find any act by which it was taken from Wales, or for any reason in calling it otherwise than Welsh. I believe that none can be given save that of its being in an English circuit, but this of course will not constitute it as such, since Cheshire is in the North Welsh circuit, and yet is not a Welsh county. Again, the manners, customs, and language of the place are purely Welsh, and the only way in which I can account for the mistake is, that the error having been committed in consequence of it being included in Oxford circuit, the mistake has been copied, re-copied, and continued down to this day. All parliament returns for the county are included in England now, but no other reason than the above can be adduced as an excuse. For the information of those who may be disposed to think otherwise, I beg to say that Wales was divided into counties about the reign of Henry VIII., when the thirteen now properly composing it, were marked out.

GWILYM SAIS.

The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM
NEW WORKS.

LORD BYRON.

HIS DAUGHTER.

“WHAT do you think of Ada;” said he, looking earnestly at his daughter’s miniature that hung by the side of his writing-table. “They tell me she is like me, but she has her mother’s eyes. It is very odd that my mother was an only child, and Ada is an only child. It is a singular coincidence—the least that can be said of

2. I can't help thinking it was destined to be so, and perhaps it is best. I was anxious for a son; for if I had one he would be a peer at once, but after our separation was glad to have had a daughter, for it would have distressed me too much to have taken him away from Lady Byron, and I could not have trusted her with a son's education. I have no idea of boys being brought up by mothers. I suffered too much from that myself; and, then, wandering about the world as I do, I could not take proper care of a child; otherwise I should not have left Allegra, poor little thing, at Ravenna. She has been a great resource to me, though I am not so fond of her as of Ada; and yet I mean to make their fortunes equal—there will be enough for them both. I have desired in my will that Allegra shall not marry an Englishman. The Irish and Scotch make better husbands than we do. You will think it was an odd fancy—but I was not in the best of humours with my countrymen at that moment. You know the reason. I am told that Ada is a little termagant; I hope not. I shall write to my sister to know if this is the case. Perhaps I am wrong in letting Lady Byron have entirely her own way in her education. I hear that my name is never mentioned in her presence; that a green curtain is always kept over my portrait, as something forbidden, and that she is not to know that she has a father till she comes of age. Of course she will be taught to hate me—she will be brought up to it. Lady Byron is conscious of all this, and is afraid that I will some day carry off her daughter by stealth or force. I might claim her from the Chancellor, without having recourse to either one or the other; but I had rather be unhappy myself than make her mother so. Probably I shall never see her again!" Here he opened his writing-desk and showed me some hair, which he told me was his child's. During our drive and ride this evening, he declined our usual amusement of pistol-firing without assigning a cause. He hardly spoke a word during the first half hour, and it was evident that something weighed heavily on his mind. There was a sacredness in his melancholy that I dared not interrupt. At length he said, "This is Ada's birth-day, and might have been the happiest day of my life. As it is —" He stopped, seemingly ashamed of having betrayed his feelings. He tried in vain to rally his spirits by turning the conversation, but he created a laugh in which he could not join, and soon relapsed into his former reverie."

Conversations of Lord Byron.

INCIDENT IN THE "GIAOUR."

"ONE of the principal incidents in *The Giaour*," said Lord Byron, "is derived from a real occurrence, and one too in which I myself was nearly and deeply interested; but an unwillingness to have it considered a traveller's tale, made me suppress the fact of its genuineness. The Marquess of Sligo, who knew the particulars of the story, reminded me of them in England, and wondered I had not authenticated them in the Preface:—

"When I was at Athens, there was an edict in force similar to that of Ali's, except that the mode of punishment was different. It was necessary therefore, that all love affairs should be carried on with the greatest privacy. I was very fond at that time of a Turkish girl—ay, fond of her as I have been of few women. All went on very well till the Ramazan for forty days, which is rather a long fast for lovers: all intercourse between the sexes is forbidden by law, as well as by religion. During this Lent of the Musselmans, the women are not allowed to quit their apartments. I was in despair, and could hardly contrive to get a cinder, or a token flower sent to express it. We had not met for several days, and all my thoughts were occupied in planning an assignation, when, as ill-fate would have it, the means I took to effect it led to the discovery of our secret. The penalty was death,—death without reprieve,—a horrible death, at which one cannot think without shuddering! An order was issued for the law being put into immediate effect. In the mean time I knew nothing of what had happened, and it was determined that I should be kept in ignorance of the whole affair till it was too late to interfere. A mere accident only enabled me to prevent the completion of the sentence. I was taking one of my usual evening rides by the sea-side, when I observed a crowd of people moving down to the shore, and the arms of the soldiers glittering among them. They were not so far off, but that I thought I could now and then distinguish a faint and stifled shriek.—My curiosity was forcibly excited, and I dispatched one of my followers to inquire the cause of the procession. What was my horror to learn that they were carrying an unfortunate girl, sewn up in a sack, to be thrown into the sea! I did not hesitate as to what was to be done. I knew I could depend on my faithful Albanians, and rode up to the officer commanding the party, threatening, in case of his refusal to give up his prisoner, that I would adopt means to compel him. He did not like the business he was on, or perhaps the

determined look of my body-guard ; and consented to accompany me back to the city with the girl, whom I soon discovered to be my Turkish favourite. Suffice it to say, that my interference with the chief magistrate, backed by a heavy bribe, saved her ; but it was only on condition that I should break off all intercourse with her, and that she should immediately quit Athens, and be sent to her friends in Thebes. There she died, a few days after her arrival, of a fever—perhaps of love.”

Ibid.

HIS PERSON AND CHARACTER.

His face was fine, and the lower part symmetrically moulded, for the lips and chin had the curved and definite outline that distinguishes Grecian beauty. His forehead was high and his temples broad ; and he had a paleness in his complexion almost to wanness. His hair, thin and fine, had almost become grey, and waved in natural and graceful curls over his head, that was assimilating itself fast to the “ bald first Cæsar’s.” He allowed it to grow longer behind than it is customary to be worn, and at that time had mustachios, which were not sufficiently dark to be becoming. In criticising his features, it might, perhaps, be said, that his eyes were placed too near his nose, and that one was rather smaller than the other ; they were of a greyish brown, but of a peculiar clearness, and, when animated, possessed a fire which seemed to look through and penetrate the thoughts of others, while they marked the inspirations of his own. His teeth were small, regular, and white ; these, I afterwards found, he took great pains to preserve.

It may be asked when Lord Byron writes ? The same question was put to Madame de Staël : “ *Vous ne comptez pas sur ma chaise-à-porteur,*” said she. I am often with him from the time he gets up till two or three o’clock in the morning, and, after sitting up so late, he must require rest ; but he produces proofs, next morning, that he has not been idle. Sometimes, when I call, I find him at his desk ; but he either talks as he writes, or lays down his pen to play at billiards, till it is time to take his airing. He seems to be able to resume the thread of his subject at all times, and to weave it of an equal texture. Such talent is that of an *improvisatore*. The fairness, too, of his manuscripts (I do not speak of the handwriting) astonishes no less than the perfection of every thing he writes. He hardly ever alters a word for whole pages, and he never corrects a line in subsequent editions. I do not believe that he has ever read his works since he examined the

proof-sheets, and yet he remembers every word of them, and every thing else worth remembering that he has known.

I never met with any man who shines so much in conversation. He shines the more, perhaps, for not seeking to shine. His ideas flow without effort, without his having occasion to think. As in his letters, he is not nice about expressions or words ; there are no concealments in him, no injunctions to secrecy ; he tells every thing that he has thought or done without the least reserve, and as if he wished the whole world to know it ; and does not throw the slightest gloss over his errors. Brief himself, he is impatient of diffuseness in others, hates long stories, and seldom repeats his own. If he has heard a story you are telling, he will say, “ you told me that,” and, with good humour, sometimes finish it for you himself.

He hates arguments, and never argues for victory. He gives every one an opportunity of sharing in the conversation, and has the art of turning it to subjects that may bring out the person with whom he converses. He never shows the author, prides himself most on being a man of the world and of fashion, and his anecdotes of life and living characters are inexhaustible. In spirits, as in every thing else, he is in extremes.

Miserly in trifles—about to lavish his whole fortune on the Greeks ; to-day diminishing his stud—to-morrow taking a large family under his roof, or giving a thousand a-year for a yacht ;* dining for a few Pauls when alone—spending hundreds when he has friends.

* *Nihil unquam sic impar sibi.*—*Ibid.*

EPIGRAM.

“ There was,” said Lord Byron, “ an epigram which had some logic in it, composed on the occasion of his Lordship (Earl Carlisle) doing two things in one day—subscribing one thousand pounds, and publishing a sixpenny pamphlet ! It was on the state of the theatre, and dear enough at the money. The epigram, I think, I can remember :—

“ Carlisle subscribes a thousand pound
Out of his rich domains ;
And for a sixpence circles round
The produce of his brains.
Thus the difference you may hit
Between his fortune and his wit.” *Ibid.*

EPIGRAM BY ROGERS.

“ Rogers is the only man,” said his Lordship, “ I know who can write epigrams, and sharp bone-cutters too, in two lines ; for instance, that on a M. P. (now

* He sold it for 300*l.*, and refused to give the sailors their jackets ; and offered once to bet Hay that he would live on 60*l.* a-year.

a peer) who had reviewed his book, and said he wrote very well for a banker—
 "They say he has no heart, and I deny it;
 He has a heart—and gets his speeches by it."
Ibid.

LORD BYRON'S LAST POEM.

WRITTEN IN GREECE ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

Missolonghi, Jan. 22, 1824.

"On this day I complete my thirty-sixth year."

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
 Since others it has ceased to move;
 Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
 Still let me love.

My days are in the yellow leaf,
 The flowers and fruits of love are gone,
 The worm, the canker, and the grief,
 Are mine alone.

The fire that in my bosom preys,
 Is like to some volcanicisle,
 No torch is kindled at its blaze;—
 A funeral pile.

The hope, the fears, the jealous care,
 Th' exalted portion of the pain,
 And power of love, I cannot share,
 But wear the chain.

But 'tis not here—it is not here—
 Such thoughts should shake my soul; nor
 now—

Where glory seals the hero's bier,
 Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
 Glory and Greece around us see;
 The Spartan borne upon his shield
 Was not more free.

Awake! not Greece!—she is awake!—
 Awake, my spirit—think through whom
 My life-blood tastes its parent lake—
 And then strike home!

I tread reviving passions down,
 Unworthy manhood—unto thee,
 Indifferent should the smile or frown
 Of beauty be.

If thou regret thy youth,—why live?—
 The land of honourable death
 Is here—up to the field, and give
 Away thy breath!

Seek out—less often sought than found—
 A soldier's grave, for thee the best.
 Then look around, and choose thy ground,
 And take thy rest.

THE TESTAMENT OF SIR THOMAS CUMBERWORTH, KNIGHT.

IN the name of Gode and to his loveying, amen. I, Thomas Cumbyrworth, Knight, the xv day of Feberger, the zer of owre Lord, mcccc & l, inclere mynde and hele of body, blyssed be Gode, ordan my last wyll on this vise following:—Furst I giff my sawle to Gode, my Lorde and my redeintur, and my wretched body to be beryd in a chitte,* withowte any kyste, † in the northlye of the parich kirke of Somerately, be my wyfe, and I wyll my body by still, my mowth opyn unhild xxiij owyrs, ‡ and aft laid on bere with-owtyn any thing, your open to cover it but a sheet and a blak cloth, with a white croose of cloth of golde, but I will my

* Winding-sheet. † Coffin. ‡ Hours

kiste be made and stande by, and at my beriall giff it to him that fillis my grave. Also I giff my blessed Lorde Gode for my mortuary there I am bered, my best hors. [Lincoln Regist. Marmad. Lumley, f. 43.] *Dunkin's M.S. Collections, A. f. 206.*

SPIRIT OF THE
Public Journals.THE MAGIC LAY
OF THE ONE-HORSE CHAY.AIR—*Eveleen's Bower.*

MR. BUBB was a Whig orator, also a soap laborator,
 For every thing's new christen'd in the present day;
 He was follow'd and ador'd, by the Common Council Board,
 And lived quite genteel with a one-horse chay.
 Mrs. Bubb was gay and free, fair, fat, and forty-three,
 And blooming as a peony in buxom May;
 The toast she long had been of Farringdon Within,
 And filled the better half of the one-horse chay.
 Mrs. Bubb said to her lord, "You can well, Bubb, afford
 Whate'er a Common Councilman in prudence may;
 We've no brats to plague our lives, and the soap concern it thrives,
 So let's have a trip to Brighton in the one-horse chay."

"We'll view the pier and shipping, and enjoy many a dipping,
 And walk for a stomach in our best array;
 I longs more nor I can utter for shrimps and bread and butter,
 And an airing on the Steyne in the one-horse chay."

"We've a right to spare for nought that for money can be bought,
 So to get matters ready, Budd, do you trudge away;
 To my dear Lord Mayor I'll walk, just to get a bit of talk,
 And an imitation shawl for the one-horse chay."
 Mr. Bubb said to his wife, "Now I think upon't, my life,
 'Tis three weeks at least to next boiling-day;
 The dog-days are set in, and London's growing thin,
 So I'll order out old Nobbs and the one-horse chay."

Now Nobbs, it must be told, was rather fat and old,
 His colour it was white, and it had been gray;
 He was round as a pot, and when soundly whipt would trot
 Full five miles an hour in a one-horse chay.
 When at Brighton they were housed, and had stuff and caroused,
 O'er a bowl of rack punch Mr. Bubb did say,
 "I've ascertain'd, my dear, the mode of dipping here
 From the ostler, who is cleaning up my one-horse chay."

"You're shut up in a box, ill convenient as the stocks,
 And eighteen-pence a-time are obliged for to pay;
 Court corruption here, say I, makes every thing so high
 And I wish I had come without my one-horse chay."

"As I hope," says she, "to thrive, 'tis slaying
folks alive,
The King and them extortioners are leagued,
I say;
'Tis encouraging of such to go and pay so much,
So we'll set them at defiance with our one-horse
chay."

"Old Nobbs, I am sartin, may be trusted gig or
cart in,
He takes every matter in an easy way;
He'll stand like a post, while we dabble on the
coast,
And return back to dress in our one-horse
chay."

So out they drove, all drest so gaily in their best,
And luding, in their rambles, a snug little bay,
They uncased at their leisure, paddled out to
take their pleasure,
And left every thing behind in the one-horse
chay.

But while so snugly sure that all things were
secure,
They bounced about like porpoises or whales
at play,
Some young unlucky imps, who prowld about
for shrimps,
Stole up to reconnoitre the one-horse chay.

Old Nobbs, in quiet mood, was sleeping as he
stood
(He might possibly be dreaming of his corn or
hay);
Not a foot did he wag, as they whipt out every
rag,
And gutted the contents of the one-horse chay.

When our pair were soused enough, and re-
turned in their buff,
Oh, there was the vengeance and Old Nick to
pay;
Madam shriek'd in consternation, Mr. Bubbs he
swore damnation!
To find the empty state of the one-horse chay.

"If I live," says she, "I swear, I'll consult my
dear Lord Mayor,
And a fine on this vagabond town he shall lay;
But the gallowa thieves, so tricky, hasn't left me
e'en a dicky,
And I shall catch my death in the one-horse
chay."

"Come, bundle in with me, we must squeeze for
once," says he,
"And manage this here business the best we
may;
We've no other step to choose, not a moment
must we lose,
Or the tide will float us off in our one-horse
chay."

So noses, sides, and knees, altogether did they
squeeze,
And, pack'd in little compass, they trotted it
away,
As dismal as two dummies, head and hands
stuck out like mummies,
From beneath the little apron of the one-horse
chay.

The Steyne was in a throng, as they jogg'd it
along,
Madam hadn't been so put to it for many a
day;
Her pleasure it was damp'd, and her person
somewhat cramp'd,
Doubled up beneath the apron of the one-horse
chay.

"Oh, would that I were laid," Mr. Bubbs in sor-
row said,
"In a broad wheel'd waggon, well cover'd with
hay!
I'm sick of sporting smart, and would take a
tilted cart
In exchange for this bauble of a one-horse
chay."

"I'd give half my riches for my worst pair of
breeches,
Or the apron that I wore last boiling day;
They would wrap my arms and shoulders from
these inudent beholders,
And allow me to whip on in my one-horse
chay."

Mr. Bubbs go-upp'd in vain, and strove to jirk the
rein,
Nobbs felt he had his option to work or play,
So he wouldn't mend his pace, though they'd fain
have run a race,
To escape the merry gazers at the one-horse
chay.

Now, good people, laugh your fill, and fancy if
you will,
(For I'm fairly out of breath, and have said my
say.)

The trouble and the rout to wrap and get them
out,
When they drove to their lodgings in their
one-horse chay.

The day was swelt'ring warm, so they took no
cold or harm,
And o'er a smoking lunch soon forgot their
dismay;
But fearing Brighton mobs, started off at night
with Nobbs,
To a snugger watering-place, in the one-horse
chay.

Blackwood's Magazine.

ON RANK AND TITLES.

FOR many ages dress afforded an easy
and infallible method of distinguishing
ranks, and saving dukes and dons from
the humiliation of being mistaken for
commoners. The lords of the earth striped
birds and beasts of their clothing to
make their own lordliness more apparent;
a little reptile was hunted, that its fur
might assist in the manufacture of mo-
narchs; a worm was robbed of its silk,
that its human namesake might strut
about in a sash, and call himself a knight;
courtiers and Corinthians were known by
the gold lace upon their liveries; while
stars, garters, and ribbons glittered upon
those who attached more importance to
the brightness of their persons than that
of their heads. Here was an exterior
nobility, that was to be had ready made
from the court tailor; and it was an egre-
gious mistake on the part of those who
could achieve no other greatness but that
which they carried upon their backs, to
suffer so laudable a habit ever to fall into
abeyance. But so it is. In these demo-
cratical days there is an universal spread
of the same broad-cloth over patrician
and plebeian shoulders; the peer and the
peasant are confounded, there is but one
rank to the eye, all those who are above
rags are equals. Nor will a closer ac-
quaintance always enable us to detect the
difference; for education, which was once
a distinction, is now so widely diffused
that people's minds are like their coats,
offering no evidence of the wearer's sta-
tion in society.

In this deplorable state of things, with

the lower classes constantly encroaching upon their prerogatives, our Corinthians have been driven to various devices, some of them "high fantastical" enough, to assert their real superiority, and confer a genuine celebrity upon their names. One has immortalised himself by inventing a coat without flaps, another has become sponsor to a machine for heating gravy, a third to an odd-shaped hat, a fourth to a gig of peculiar construction, and others to different contrivances equally ingenious and exalted. In the aggressions daily committing by wealth upon rank in this our commercial country, none were more galling than those invasions of the territory which had hitherto been appropriated to the upper classes. Street by street, and parish by parish, have the civic trespassers won their unhallowed way. Was it not enough that Portland-place, after its echoes had been long profaned by monosyllabic surnames of awful vulgarity, was finally abandoned to the enemy? Must Manchester, Cavendish, Grosvenor squares, whose very titles attest their patrician destination, be desecrated by the same encroachment, as ignoble as the dry-rot and as insatiable in its progress? Nay, not content with pushing the gentility out of town, and positively shouldering them into the fields, their assailants have dogged their footsteps, and bearded them in their rural or marine retreats. Gravesend, Ramsgate, and Margate, from their vicinity to the capital, were speedily over-run by the barbarians, and, of course, evacuated by the select. In spite of the sanction of royalty, Brighton was compelled to surrender at discretion to the horde of shopkeepers and money-getters. Weymouth, Tenby, Dawlish, and the remoter bathing-places, enjoyed but a short respite; for the fatal rapidity and cheapness of the steam navigation quickly brought the enemy to their gates, and obliged the fashionable fugitives once more to decamp. History offers no spectacle more piteous than that of this persecuted class. The inroads of the American settlers upon the unfortunate Indians, the Cryptia in which the Spartans chased their slaves, the hunting down of the Maroons with bloodhounds, were nothing compared to this unrelenting pursuit of our Corinthians. "The Thanes fly from me," cries the indefatigable vulgarian, as he reaches the haunt from which they have just escaped; and, like the huntsman when he discovers the empty form of a hare, he is only animated with a keener resolution to run down the wretched fugitive.

Some contented themselves in this trying emergency with bestowing upon their

servants the gorgeous liveries which they had discarded in their own persons, and sharing the glory which was reflected upon them from their footmen; but they were soon eclipsed by aldermen and contractors, to say nothing of my lord mayor, who has an undoubted claim to this species of pre-eminence, as Bartholomew fair has to its acknowledged superiority in gilt gingerbread. One would think that the civic classes, no undervaluers of good cheer, would at least leave to their superiors the quiet enjoyment of their dinner hour. Quite the contrary; they have driven them, by successive encroachments, from five o'clock to eight or nine, and bid fair to hunt them all round the dial-plate; for as to the possibility of a patrician eating any repast at the same hour as a plebeian, it is a degradation which none but a radical would dream of. No genuine Corinthian will live in any respect like his inferiors: what a pity that he is obliged to die like them! "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and what is to become of him in the ungentle fellowship of the churchyard? What his recreations if there be no Almack's in Heaven? Perhaps he calculates upon the same posthumous separation as was placed between Dives and Lazarus, and would rather be condemned to any thing after death, than suffer an imputation upon his gentility when living.

What has been said of the higher classes in England may be applied to all the others in the proportion of their various gradations and degrees. Such has been the rapidity of the general advancement, that there is some little confusion in the respective boundaries, and each is put to all the contrivances of its pride to distinguish itself from the grade beneath. Hence the servility to superiors, and the stiff-necked repulsive reserve, not to say arrogance towards inferiors or equals, which form the marked and besetting sins of English society. No sooner do individuals spring from the earth, than like the soldiers of Cadmus they begin to attack each other. That absence of jealousy and pride, that kindly feeling towards strangers, which in France gives a centripetal direction to society, is utterly unknown to our centrifugal countrymen. Hedgehogs and porcupines do not bristle up their backs more fiercely at the approach of a terrier, than most of our English gentry at the sight of a stranger; and upon the continent, where the contrast is more striking, both sexes may be easily recognised by the scorn and disdain with which their countenances are habitually charged. This is bad enough in

those who have dignities to defend, who stick up steel traps and spring-guns in their looks to warn trespassers from attempting any intimacy with a Corinthian; but the hauteur of the low is not less ridiculous than odious. The kick of the jackass hurt the sick lion more from its absurd insolence than from its power of harming him. It is a solecism to suppose that any breach of good manners can be an evidence of belonging to the class of good society, and for the benefit of all those swaggering and anxious pretenders who make themselves miserable in their ceaseless aspirations after gentility, it may be right to inform them that the only way to be a gentleman is to have the feelings of one; to be *gentle* in its proper acceptation, to be elevated above others in sentiment rather than in situation, and to let the benevolence of the heart be manifested in the general courtesy and affability of the demeanour.

New Monthly Magazine.

The Robelist.

No. LXV.

THE FORAGERS, AN AMERICAN TALE.

"Alas, that hearts of such high enterprise,
Should sink to such forgotten graves."

THESE are bitter times, says old Roger Norton, as he paced backward and forward on the little green before his rude cabin, smoking his pipe with a vehemence which to the in-dwellers of that homely hut, gave sure and fearful note that something of alarming import was working in his bosom. The good dame, who had been engaged industriously at the wheel, rose and set it aside, disquieted by the omen; and a beautiful girl came to the broken and decayed window, and looked out with a trembling anxiety towards the west. The sun was gliding gently behind appalling masses of thunder clouds, which were piled up from the horizon high in the mellow bosom of the heavens, and from the direction of the wind threatened a tempest of no ordinary magnitude. The shadows of approaching night were already fast changing the green mantle of the thick forest to one of funeral gloom; and the startling screech of the grey owl fell at intervals on the ear of watchful anxiety.

At the cottage all was silent—hope and fear alternately lighted or shaded each changing brow, as the distant echoes seemed to come laden with the tramp of horses, or the cold dew of the evening fell silent on the bosom of the dying breeze.

At length a flash was seen in the thickness of the forest, and a report of a distant rifle pealed along the broken hillocks that bounded the valley brook. The aged dame, with her young daughter-in-law and two lovely children, crowded the door in an instant, and old Roger putting his pipe hastily into his pocket, turned to them, and placed his finger on his lip, as in a momentary thought.—“There has been blood spilled in the lowlands to-day,” said he “and God knows which party is the victor; we must bear our fate with patient sufferance; we have put up our united prayers for George, and heaven will do right; it becomes us in times like these to use all due precaution in warding the blow from our own heads.” The ladies understood him; and though Eliza wrung her hands, and struggled deeply with her feeling, when the danger to which her George had been exposed was made known to her, and when the thought that perhaps he was now a bleeding corpse weltering in his blood rushed across her breast, yet they went quietly in, and assumed such employment as was best calculated to conceal the interest they took in the passing scenes of war and bloodshed around them.

Situated as they were, in a country traversed successively by the British and Indians and scoured by the American Foragers, of a corps of which Norton's only son was the commander! They had hitherto concealed their attachment to the revolutionary cause from the royalists, and passed for loyal subjects of the British crown, while the vigilant but cautious measures of George Norton insured them protection from the Americans.

The report that had roused them from their twilight revelry died away; but the sound of coming troops succeeded after a short interval, and after a few minutes their tossing plumes were seen dancing along the white fence, and approaching the lonely cottage. The old man threw down the bars that led into the yard, and began to throw water into the long trough, to supply the horses, trembling all the while in suspense whether he was about to receive his bosom child, or smooth his brow to a smiling welcome of men, whose hands, for aught he knew, might be weltered in his son's blood. The suspense was of momentary duration; the first who approached him wore the uniform of a Briton, and his heart sunk within him as he reached out his withered hand to welcome him, and assist him in dismounting.

By this time the old corps was up, and Roger recognized several of his old guests among them. Some wounded soldiers were carried to the barn; and the officers, as soon as their arrangements were completed without, accepted the apparently cordial invitation of the host to share the comforts of the house;—meantime the table was spread and decorated with the best the humble circumstances of the owner could afford. The officers were eight in number, all hardy, soldierly looking men, and as they threw off their heavy caps and swords, and crowded round the table, they resumed the conversation, it seemed they had left off when they first came up. "Well," said the major, "I believe we determined upon all but the time and place of execution." "And that," replied a sturdy fellow on the other side, "is easily arranged; what say you to farmer Norton's barn-yard, and eight in the morning, just by way of dessert, and besides, we shall save the rascal's breakfast for a better fellow." "Agreed, agreed," said they all. The arrangements were thus made for the execution of the prisoner over a hearty meal, and when finished, a messenger was dispatched to inform him of his fate, and bid him prepare for it.

However ill the members of this little family concealed their anxiety, in the meantime, their agitation was not discovered. The old man pretended to busy himself to such a degree as not to take notice of any thing that passed, and Eliza left the room determined to ascertain the worst, as the suspense in which these proceedings involved her, was more cruel than the bitterest reality could be.

She soon found her saddest fears were realized. Her husband was the prisoner, in whose blood they were to riot on the morrow. He was already wounded, and was lying on some straw in a barrack near the house, guarded by a file of soldiers.

To accomplish his rescue was now the determined purpose of her soul, though she should sell her life in the attempt.—She took her measures accordingly. She observed the officer who most resembled her in size, and whose voice and manner she could most easily imitate, and took measures to have him lodged apart from his companions in a little corner room, to which she could gain ready access. She ascertained what was the countersign, and having matured her design, retired unsuspected.

At the dead hour of night, when all was silent as the grave, save now and then that the dull tramp of the sentinels

was heard, she stole into the young officer's room, and carried off his clothes and sword. Appareled in these, she passed the guard unsuspected, and penetrated into the gloomy prison of her beloved and suffering husband. To banish every shade of suspicion from the guard, which walked around the barrack, assuming the tone of the officer she imitated, she accosted the prostrate victim of revenge with opprobrious epithets, and asked him if his neck was ready for the halter,—at the same time endeavouring to make him understand who she was. This unexpected intrusion roused up the heroic American. He had received his sentence, and had resolved to bear it as a soldier ought, for his wounds forbade the hope of escape. But when he heard the voice which too exactly imitated that of his bitterest foe, his soul kindled to a flame, and springing from the ground, he seized the hilt of his sword, which a faint gleam of moonlight revealed before him, drew it like lightning from its scabbard, and plunged it through Eliza's heart. She shrieked and fell—while he, with one stroke, severing the cords that bound him, leaped into the midst of the guard, and three of them fell before him ere his arm was paralyzed by death. A shot in the head killed him on the spot.

The camp was all alarmed. A general rush to the scene of blood succeeded, and the cause was revealed. Even the wretches who prosecuted their exterminating warfare, with so little mercy, wept over the heart-rending scene, and the aged parents were left unmolested. The corpses were interred beneath a green tree in the border of the forest, together; and the willow tree, which was planted by the grave, now spreads its broad top wide over the unlettered tomb-stone.

Miscellanies.

RIVAL LANDLORDS HOAXED.

AFTER the defeat of the French at the battle of Leipzig, that city became full of a mixed medley of soldiers, of all arms, and of all nations; of course a great variety of coin was in circulation there.—A British private, who was attached to the rocket brigade, and who had picked up a little broken French and German, went to the largest hotel in Leipzig, and displaying an English shilling to the landlord, inquired if this piece of coin was current there. "Oh, yes," replied he, "you may have whatever the house affords for that money, it passes current here at present." Our fortunate Bar-

dolph, finding himself in such compliant quarters, called about him most lustily, and the most sumptuous dinner the house could afford, washed down by bottles of the most expensive wines, were dispatched without ceremony. On going away, he tendered at the bar the single identical shilling, which the landlord had inadvertently led him to expect was to perform such wonders. The stare, the shrug, and the exclamation excited from "mine host of the garter," by such a tender, may be more easily conceived than expressed. An explanation, much to the dissatisfaction of the landlord, took place, who quickly found, not only that nothing more was likely to be got, but also the laugh would be tremendously against him. This part of the profits he had a very christian wish to divide with his neighbour. Taking his guest to the street-door of the hotel, he requested him to look over the way. "Do you see," said he, "the large hotel opposite! That fellow, the landlord of it, is my sworn rival, and nothing can keep this story from his ears, in which case I shall never hear the last of it. Now, my good fellow, you are not only welcome to your entertainment, but I will instantly give you a five franc piece into the bargain, if you will promise, on the word of a soldier, to attempt the same trick with him tomorrow, that succeeded with me so well to-day." Our veteran took the money, and accepted the conditions; but having buttoned up the silver very securely in his pocket, he took his leave of the landlord, with the following speech and a bow, that did no discredit to Leipzig;—"Sir, I deem myself in honour bound to use my utmost endeavours to put your wishes in execution. I shall certainly do all that I can, but must candidly inform you, that I fear I shall not succeed, since I played the very same trick on that gentleman yesterday, and it is to his particular advice alone, that you are indebted for the honour of my company to day."

SPARTAN HEROINE.

PYRRHUS, a warlike king, attempted the liberty of the Spartans, and, advancing to the gates of the city with a powerful army, the inhabitants were struck with such terror, that they proposed sending off their women to a place of safety; but Archidamia, who was delegated by the Spartan ladies, entered the Senate-house with a sword in her hand, and delivered their sentiments and her own in these words:—"Think not, O men of Sparta, so meanly of your country-women, as to imagine that we will survive the rats of

the state; deliberate not, then, whether we are to fly, but what we are to do." In consequence of this harangue, the whole body of citizens exerted themselves with such undaunted courage, that they repulsed Pyrrhus in all his attempts to destroy the city. **ALPHA.**

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

EPIGRAM.

SAYS Simon, "I only talk reason."

SAYS Toby, "Why how can that be?
"Had you said that you only talked treason,

"You'd then have been right to a t."

††

LINES

Copied from the Octagon Room at Kingsgate, in the Isle of Thanet, July, 1824.

MY first and second are the lot
Of each delighted guest,
When every sorrow is forgot
At friendship's social feast;
But both united form a word
Which, when those hours are past,
We grieve to find, how'er deterr'd,
We must pronounce at last—

Farewell!

EPITAPH ON A PUBLICAN.

THOMAS THOMSON's buried here,
And what is more, he's in his bier:
In life, thy beer did thee surround,
And now with thee is in the ground.

H. M.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE favours of A. B. C., A Walker, G. F., E. M. H., T. O., P., F. C. N., *Innocent Mirth*, *Ladnar*, and *Clavis*, are intended for early insertion. *Utopia* is neither refused nor forgotten, nor is he in any danger of being so.

We are requested to state, that there is no such epitaph in the church yard of Broom as that forwarded by G. Penfold, and inserted in No. 110 of the *Mirror*: the date is evidently incorrect. Had we not received a letter on this subject too late, the epitaph should not have appeared.

We shall feel much obliged by *Charles* favouring us with what he promised.

Joculator and *Criticus* are inadmissible. The epigram about *Carlisle* and *Rocheester* is smart; but we neither meddle in politics nor polemics.

Our correspondent who sends us what he calls an inscription relating to the Emperor *Claudius*, has been hoaxed; instead of *Claudius*, it is "Claude Coster, tripe-monger:" the disguise is clumsy.

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OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CXII.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1824.

[PRICE 2d.]

Stepney Church.



THE great fire of London in 1666, in its devastating course swept away many valuable remains of early ecclesiastical architecture; eighty-nine churches, exclusive of chapels, were destroyed: there are, however, about twenty churches that, owing to their remote situation, or to other circumstances, escaped a conflagration which threatened the entire destruction of the metropolis. Among the most venerable of these may be noticed the church of St. Dunstan's, Stepney, of which we present an engraving.

There are no means of ascertaining correctly the precise period when Stepney Church was built, though it was evidently erected in the fourteenth century. Its architecture is of the Anglo-Gothic. The West portico was, however, built in 1612; and it was repaired and "beautified," as the churchwardens designate their whitewashing, in 1685, and again in 1725. The church is 114 feet in length, 54 feet in breadth, 35 feet high, and the turret is 92 feet in height. On the exterior of the walls are some pieces of rude sculpture, representing the Crucifixion, and the Virgin and Child; and in the Western porch there is a stone with an inscription, stating that it was taken from the wall of Carthage, though we have no certain evidence

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of the truth of the assertion. The following is a copy of the inscription:—

"Of Carthage great I was a stone,
O, mortals, read with pity;
Time consumes all—it spareth none,
Man, mountain, town, nor city.
Therefore, O, mortals, all bethink
You whereunto you must,
Since now such stately buildings
Lye buried in the dust."

The church-yard of Stepney, to which we may hereafter more particularly call the attention of our readers, is celebrated in the Spectator for its remarkable epitaphs. "Whether or no," says the writer, "it be that the people of that parish have a particular genius for an epitaph, or that there be some poet among them, who undertakes that work by the great, I cannot tell, but there are more remarkable inscriptions in that place, than in any other I have met with." Had the writer extended his researches to other churches and church-yards, he would have found epitaphs equally curious as those of Stepney, nor does he even appear to have selected the most remarkable. The epitaph, "Here lies the body of Daniel Saul, Spitalfields weaver; and that's all," is not more curious than that on Joyce

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Rich and her daughter, on a grave-stone which stood a little south-west of the church:—

“ We two within this grave do lye,
Where we do rest together,
Until the Lord shall us awake,
And from the goats us sever.”

A more emphatic inscription was placed on a grey marble stone, near the south wall,

Respice Aspice Prospice.

It is more than probable that our *Topographer* may soon take a walk to Stepney, and present our readers with some further details of the church and the church-yard.

ORIGINAL SONG BY BURNS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—There is no person to whom the maxim *Poeta nascitur non fit* could be with greater propriety applied than to Burns, the ever lamented Scottish Bard. The nation, and the literary world in particular, are indebted to Dr. Currie, of Liverpool, for a judicious selection of the works of that unfortunate son of genius, but there are many smaller pieces, the early effusions of his vigorous mind, which deserve to be drawn from their concealment, and I am convinced that the following pathetic piece would have obtained a prominent place in Dr. Currie's Selection, had he ever experienced the pleasure of its perusal. It is one of those wild flowers which spring spontaneous in the soil of genius: and if a wanderer chance not to pass where it flourishes, it blooms unheeded, its sweets are unenjoyed, and it is left to waste its beauties the desert air. During a visit to a gentleman in the neighbourhood where Burns first

“ Warbled his wood notes wild.”

I was anxious to obtain every information respecting that highly favoured, but ill-fated son of the muses. Amongst others the following anecdote was related to me. Burns being in company with some of his jovial companions, the conversation turned on the old song, to the tune of “*Hey tutti tait*,” to which Bruce led on his troops at the battle of Bannockburn; the words of which are as follows:

“ I'm wearin awa John, I'm wearin awa John,
I'm wearin awa John, to the land of the Leal.
There's a needle in awa John, keep it to yoursel John,
I'm wearin awa John to the land of the Leal.
You'll eat and drink to me John, you'll eat and drink to me John,
You'll eat and drink to me John, sugar sops and all.”

Burns on a sudden sunk into deep musing, and taking a blank leaf from his pocket book, he wrote the following:— which for pathos and simplicity will not yield to any of his productions.

“ I'm wearin awa John, like snow weather when it thaws John,
I'm wearin awa John to the land of the Leal.
There's nae hunger there, there's nae cauld or care John,
The days aye fair John in the land of the Leal.
Dry your glistening een John, my soul langts to be free John,
And angels wink me on John to the land of the Leal.
Ye've been both leal and true John, your task is near done now John
And I'll welcome you John to the land of the Leal.
Our bonny bairn's there John, she was both gude and fair John,
And, oh! we grudg'd her sair John to the land of the Leal,
But sorrows set wears past John, and joy is coming fast John,
The joy that's aye to last John, in the land of the Leal.
Now fare ye well my ain John, the world's cares are vain John,
We'll meet, and we'll be fain John in the land of the Leal.”

As the above has never yet been published in a collection of Burns' Poems, the perusal of it may perhaps gratify your numerous readers, and the insertion of it will oblige. Your's, respectfully,
W. G. P.

A VISIT TO BEN LOMOND.

[EXTRACT FROM A JOURNAL.]

(For the Mirror.)

September 17, 1823.

AWAKENED at five by our guide, with an intimation that the morning was favourable for our intended ascent. Rose, and, on looking out, found that it was a truly delightful morning—the sun just rising above the mountains, with not a vapour to obscure its splendour, and the whole heavens one blue and beautiful expanse of cloudless serenity. Crossed the lake, which is here about two miles broad; and now, all calmness and tranquillity, reposing under the sombre shadows of the mountains, and reflecting, as in a mirror, their immense forms in its unruffled surface. Landed at the base of the mountain, and immediately commenced ascending. The acclivity is at first gradual, but the path soon becomes more steep and tiresome, lying through bramble and brushwood, and strewed with large loose rolling stones;—then follows a flat piece of ground for some distance, overgrown with rushes, and after wet weather, as in the present case, ankle deep in black slough. Beyond this, the path becomes more steep and difficult than before, but seems approaching a

point of elevation, which, from its height and distance, we confidently anticipated would bring the period of completion to our task; but on reaching it, instead of the termination, we only came to the renewal of labour, for the view here opens upon an extensive level, formed of another deep morass, and bounded by the conical mountain, which constitutes the last and most inaccessible of the three stages of which this huge pile is composed. This, in due course of bog-trotting, we at last reached, and entered upon a path, for a time, comparatively easy; but "the tug of war" now commenced, for we here encountered an almost perpendicular crag, and were compelled to scramble up it as we could, stepping on projecting fragments of rock, and clinging hold of such other supports as chance offered to our grasp.— This rough and painful track overcomes the top, "that consummation so devoutly wished," we at last gained; but the view which here suddenly, and in all directions, bursts upon the astonished eye, forbade a murmur at the toil, or a thought of the fatigue, which we had undergone, and still suffered, in accomplishing this toilsome enterprise.— Indeed, the utmost extravagance of panegyric cannot exceed the merits of this pre-eminently superb prospect, combining every object that is pleasing and sublime in landscape and rural variety, but equally incapable of being adequately described, as it is of being sufficiently admired. The view to the north comprehends one monstrous accumulation of mountains, exhibiting all the varied effects of light and shade, and rising in every diversity of form and hue. At the extremity of this stupendous chaos, and at a distance of upwards of 70 miles, Ben Nevis, the highest mountain in Britain, can be descried. The prospect to the west is equally grand and peculiar, being over the dark mountains and valleys of the western highlands, and also embracing the islands of Arran and Bute, with the Atlantic Ocean beyond, and the Firth of Clyde lower down. On a clear evening, with a glass, we were told, the Isle of Man and Coast of Ireland can be discerned. The eye on the south and east wanders over a more level and extensive landscape—comprising within its range the romantic vallies of Aberfoyle and Endriell, the cities of Edinburgh and Glasgow; with the counties of Renfrew, Lanark, and Ayr; beyond, the towns and castles of Stirling and Dumbarton, the rivers Leven, Forth, and Clyde, Loch Lomond, and eight or nine other lakes. From this rapid outline, some conjecture may be formed of the surprising extent, manifold variety, and supreme grandeur

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of this unparalleled combination of natural scenery.

The height of the mountain is 3,293 feet above the level of the sea, and the path up has been computed at six miles. Our ascent occupied about two hours and a half. The change of climate at the top is "as palpable to feeling as to sight;" for not only did we find a sensible difference in the temperature of the air, but in many places the ground was covered with hoar frost.

The descent we found by far the most fatiguing and disagreeable portion of our morning's pilgrimage, the declivity in general being so steep and abrupt, and the path so loose and broken, that the attempt to moderate the speed, with which we were involuntarily propelled forward, was more than once attended with a slip, which tended considerably to augment the impressions our minds had already received, and of which it seems it was equally the fate of our bodies to partake. Jarred and shook in every limb, and immersed to the knees in mud and water, we at length regained the nether world, where, in a shepherd's hut at the foot of the mountain, we sought that rest and refreshment which fatigue and hunger had rendered so long the object of our prayers.

GRECIAN TRIUMPH; OR, THE HARP OF VICTORY.

(For the Mirror.)

STRIKE the harp for Ispira and Marathon's glory!

And strike, strike again, for the Ottoman's fall!

For the valiant in song, and the deathless in story,

And the heroes that conquer'd at Liberty's call!

From the east, to the west, let the clarion be sounded,

From the north to the south, let the Pagan-strain rise:

For the souls of the slain, let the praise-pile be founded,

And the choral of freedom resound to the skies.

Yes, *Scio*, thy blood by the Turk-knife set flowing,

Thy wrongs are aveng'd by the swords of the brave,

And the debt, the red-tribute of vengeance long owing,

Discharg'd with the blood of thy foes in the grave.

Strike the harp while the heart of the Mussulman shrinketh,

Strike it loud for the warriors and patriots of Greece!

The despot-star glimmers—in darkness sinketh,
And leaves to its conquerors—freedom and peace!

UTOPIA.

THE AREOPAGUS AT ATHENS.

THE Areopagus was a sovereign tribunal at Athens, famous for the justice and impartiality of its decrees, to which the gods themselves are said to have submitted their differences. The court was situated in the town, on a rock or a hill opposite to the citadel. The word signifies strictly, the rock of Mars. The edifice of the Areopagus was extremely simple, and its roof, which was at first of the most common materials, remained in that state till the time of Augustus: this we learn from Vitruvius. Orestes was the first who thought of embellishing it; he raised in it an altar to Minerva, and likewise adorned it with two seats of solid silver, on one of which the accuser sat; this was consecrated to Injury: the accused on the other; this was consecrated to Impudence. This religious sketch was brought to perfection by Epimenides, who erected altars to those allegorical deities, and soon after a temple, which Cicero mentions in his second book of laws. This temple corresponded with that which Orestes had built to the Furies, or severe goddesses, as they were termed by the Athenians, who brought him to Athens, and procured him the protection of Minerva. Epimenides dedicated it a second time to these goddesses.

Solon, if not the founder of this tribunal, has at least the honour of its restoration; and he attached so much authority to this court, that it became the main spring of the government. The senate assembled in a hall built on the summit of a hill, which was ascended with difficulty by the old men bent with age. For some time they only assembled on the last three days of each month; but public affairs multiplied to such a degree, that they were succeeded by an assembly every day. Their meetings were so regular, that they were not interrupted by the most solemn festivals, till Cephisorodorus was archon, who, in the third year of the 105th Olympiad, made a decree, which obliged the Areopagites to celebrate, after the example of other courts, the Apaturian feasts, which lasted five days.

This assiduous and painful exercise of their office made them feel all the inconvenience of the situation of their tribunal, and determined them to remove it to a part of the city called the Royal Portico; it was a square exposed to all the inclemency of the weather; when the judges (who assembled there in profound silence) had taken their places, they were enclosed by a thread, or rather a cord, drawn round them; they held their assemblies in the

night, that their attention to public affairs might not be diverted by external objects: this circumstance explains a passage in Athenæus, who tells us that none knew the numbers nor faces of the Areopagites. When all the members of the senate were convened, a herald enjoined silence, and ordered the people to retire; as soon as they had departed, the assembly proceeded to business, and, as they deemed the least preference to be a flagrant injustice, the causes which they were to determine were drawn by a kind of lottery; and the same chance which brought them up, distributed them to different numbers of judges, small or great, according to the importance of the several causes. In early times, the parties themselves stated their cause in a simple manner; the eloquence of advocates was thought a dangerous talent, fit only to varnish crimes; but afterwards the Areopagus, on this point, relaxed from their severity. When the suffrages were collected, each person gave his in silence. They voted with a small flint, which they held betwixt the thumb and the two next fingers, and which they put into one of the two urns that stood in a corner of the hall. One stood before the other; the first was called the urn of death, the second, the urn of compassion: that of death was of brass, and was termed proper; that of compassion was of wood, and was termed improper. The judges commonly brought their flints to the assembly, and put them into the urn; but, that all the suffrages might be collected, the herald took the two urns, and presented them, one after another, to every senator, commanding him, in the name of the republic, no longer to defer his acquittal or condemnation. For this method of giving sentence, which was called *κρυβδην ψηφος*, because it kept the votes of each person undiscovered, the Thirty Tyrants, to make themselves masters of the decisions of the Areopagus, substituted another, by means of which they knew exactly the opinion of each of the judges; for they obliged them to bring their flints publicly, and lay them upon two tables placed before them, the situation of which was quite opposite to that of the urns; for the first of those tables was that of life, and the second that of death. The first substances with which they gave their suffrages were sea-shells; for which pieces of brass, of the same form, termed *spondyla*, were afterwards substituted. The substances with which they voted were distinguished by their form and colour; those which condemned were black, and perforated in the middle; the others were white, and not perforated. The precaution of piercing the black ones tends

to prove, what has already been observed, that the court of Areopagus sat in the night; for what end did it serve to pierce the black shells, or flints, if the judges could have seen them and the white ones, and consequently have distinguished their colours by the assistance of the light? But as they passed sentence in the dark, it is evident that a difference besides that of colour was necessary to know the black ones from the white. As to the number of the judges which composed the Areopagus, some authors, attentive only to a part of Solon's regulations, by which he enacted, that for the future none but the nine archons should be admitted members of the Areopagus, have imagined that this tribunal was filled anew every year, and that it never consisted of more than nine magistrates; this opinion and some others are refuted by the circumstantial account which Diogenes Laertius gives us of the condemnation of Socrates. This great man had wished to substitute a rational hypothesis, for the fabulous and extravagant system of religion which prevailed in his time; his project, however laudable, appeared impious in the eye of superstition. Information was laid against him before the Areopagus, and he had as many accusers as fellow-citizens; after the charges and the answers were heard, they proceeded to suffrages. The opinions were divided, but not equally, for the number of those who condemned him exceeded by 281 the number of those who declared him innocent. He made an ironical reply to this iniquitous sentence, by telling his judges, that he took it for granted they would admit him to a maintenance in the Prytanæum. On this sarcasm, 80 out of those who had voted in his favour forsook him, went over to the opposite party, and condemned him to die. Here then are 361 judges who condemned him; to whom if are added those who persisted in acquitting him, the number must have been very considerable. The judges of this court, who, under Draco, decided only in cases of murder, by Solon's regulations took cognizance of crimes of every kind; and the same tribunal, which inflicted capital punishment on murder, poisoning, burning of houses, theft, &c. struck at the root of those crimes, by arraiging idleness, luxury, and debauchery. They repressed the intemperance of the youth by a severe discipline. Corruption in magistrates was suppressed by the punishments denounced against it; and the old men, at the sight of the employments of the young, felt themselves animated with a degree of juvenile vigour and activity. Religion came likewise under the cognizance of the

Areopagites; Plato durst never, as we are told by Justin Martyr, divulge his private opinion concerning the Deity. He had learned from the Egyptians the doctrine of Moses; it appeared to him the best, and he embraced it with ardour: but his dread of the Areopagites, who were attached to the prevailing system, would not permit him even to name the author of sentiments which opposed the common tradition. The public edifices, the cleanness of the streets, the pay of the soldiers, the distribution of the public money, in a word, whatever interested the republic, was under the direction of the Areopagus. The ancient decisions of this tribunal bear the strongest marks of justice. It must not, however, be supposed, that the Areopagus always preserved its old reputation; for such is the constitution of human affairs, that perfection is a transitory state. Pericles, who lived about one hundred years after Solon, to flatter the people and win them to his party, used his utmost efforts to weaken the authority of the Areopagus, which was then disliked by the multitude. He took from it the cognizance of many affairs which had before come under its jurisdiction; and, to forward his design of humbling it, employed the eloquence of Ephialtes, whose talents were formidable, and who was an avowed enemy to the great men of Athens. The Areopagus itself seemed to second the endeavours of a man who projected its ruin, and by its misconduct hastened its fall. The old rules of the court, by which none were admitted members but those whose unexceptionable conduct would support its majesty, seemed too severe; they grew less delicate in their choice, and presuming that the faults with which they dispensed would soon be reformed in the society of such good examples, vice imperceptibly crept in among them; corruption, at first secret and timid, grew insensibly open and daring, and made such progress, that the most shameful crimes were soon exhibited on the stage. Demetrius, the comic poet, wrote a piece which he entitled "The Areopagite," where he strips the mask off those hypocritical legislators, who were now equally apt to be seduced by wealth and by beauty; so much had the Athenian senate degenerated in the days of Isocrates, about 340 years before the Christian era. Before this tribunal St. Paul was called to give an account of his doctrine, and converted Dionysius, one of their number. The end of this court of judicature is as obscure as its origin, which was derived from very remote antiquity. It existed, with the other magistracies, in

the time of Pausanias, *i. e.* in the second century. The term of its subsequent duration is not ascertained; but a writer in the fifth century mentions it as extinct.

S.—R.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

Who, when the pure-eyed queen of night,
Rides on her car of silver light,
Who, gazing on the starry train,
That sparkling gem the heavenly plain,
From such a scene, divinely wrought,
Can turn to earth, with lowly thought?

Oh, bright instructors, book divine,
Whose precepts ever-firmly shine,
Oh, lead my heart, and teach my soul,
As firm to walk by truth's control.

JUNIUS.

TO FORTUNE.

(By Queen Elizabeth, 1555, when in prison.)

Oh, fortune! howe thy restlesse, wav'ring state
Hath fraught with cares my troubel'd witte!
Witness this present prison, where my fate,
Hath bound me—and thy joyes I quitte.

Thou caus'dst the guiltie to be loos'd,
From bandes, wherewith are innocentes en-
clos'd;

Making the guiltlesse to be straight reserved,
And freeing those, that deaths have well de-
served:

But by her * envie can nothing be wrought,
Soo God send to my foes all I have thought.

* This word (*her*) probably refers to Mary, Henry the Eighth's daughter, by Catherine of Arragon, during whose reign of five years, Elizabeth was held in close custody from motives of jealousy and bigotry, as she well knew Elizabeth strongly favoured the Reformation.

POPULAR POETRY.

(For the Mirror.)

It is not always that detached pieces of versification are sufficiently finished to be justly deemed specimens of the poetical powers of a country; should the songs in our theatrical spectacles, or the effusions of our Christmas carols, or some of our devotional hymns, be selected as instances of our poetical attainments, be translated into another language, and be transferred to another country, what would their readers think of them? and in what rank would they estimate the merits of our British bards?

Nevertheless, there are certain articles in our country, as in most others, which may justly be deemed national, inasmuch, as they formed the delight of the nation, in ages past: they depict the manners of the people at the time when they were composed; they present, in short, historical evidence of facts never committed to general history. Such are the ballads of Robin Hood, and Chevy Chase, with hundreds more, laudably, of late, preserved from oblivion, by means of the press. Nor must those which do not rest

on real events, but relate imaginary woes and difficulties, or adventures and enjoyments, be wholly denied a part of the distinction. These bring before us, wooded houses, and castellated palaces, which, unsung, or sung without that kind of character and vivacity which insures popularity, had never been preserved to our times.

The manners of a people are in part to be learned from their poetry; and whoever desires acquaintance with those manners will not fail to consult this medium of information. We should be glad if the popular poetry of all the tribes of mankind could be set before us; not merely that of a more elevated strain, calculated to meet the ear of the learned and polite, but that also, which amuses the country town, which cheers the social meeting of the villagers, or obtains admission for the pedlar, no less than his ornaments and fineries; for every country has its Autolycus, or his authorized representative.

Not trivial is the pleasure derived from comparison of ideas which stimulate the mind in the remotest parts of the globe; and glow in the poems of the most distant nations. Nor seldom are they radically the same; because derived from natural objects which never change; more frequently, they bear little resemblance, because the mode of comparison, or feeling, of combination is essentially distinct. In our own country, not the approach of the rainy season, not the month of November, but the spring, when all nature starts to life, the month of May, is the "mother of love." The approach of the sun, kindles correspondent ardours in the frame. Not so in Hindostan; there the termination of the sultry season allows to suffocated nature the hope of less laborious breathing: and the cooling showers communicate new life to the vegetable world, the animal creation, and to man, the lord of all. We change climates, and with them change our feelings: not so the sun, the moon, the stars; the beholder contemplates these every where the same; rivers, mountains, rocks, herbage, every where make the like impression on the eye; and afford similar allusions to the mind; we may say this too of certain natural phenomena, thunder and lightning, storm and tempest, the rainbow, the snow, &c., produce the same effects, and offer the same comparisons, all the world over. They have been employed also, as comparisons, in common. A man under the violence of passion, carries storm and tempest in his bosom; his voice thunders—his eyes flash lightning;—the despon-

dent lover thinks his mistress's heart hard as the rock, wherever rocks are known, whether beneath the equator, or at the Poles. These are obvious to the mass of mankind; and form the foundation of popular allusions, proverbs, and by-words. There are others which furnish metaphors, the propriety of which escapes vulgar observation; the resemblance exists in the imagination of the poet only; and to that as endowed with more or less of that happy genius, which is a gift equally rare and precious among the sons of men.

But, whether resemblances be open or covert, whether real and permanent, or fleeting and discernable by imagination only, into a thousand dissimilar, but equally striking combinations: and here begins the true agency of man. Here opens that vast field of infinity which marks the powers of the species, and confers immortality on the poet. Here begins the rudiments of national distinction, also; with the different tract pursued by bards in their solitude for the grand, the sublime, the pathetic, or the humorous. A work on the popular feelings of mankind, evinced in their poetry, distinctly marking their coincidence and their oppositions, could not fail of proving highly amusing, interesting, and instructive.

F. R.—Y.

Note.—Local and traditionary poetry in the possession of correspondents, would form a valuable acquisition, and prove highly acceptable to the MIRROR.

DONALD.

MUR is the harp he used to touch,
And a' seems sad and dreary
And ilka thing he lov'd see much
But minds me of my deary.

I stray o'er mony a heathery bill
Whose tops are crown'd wi' snaw,
The weel kenn'd path looks drear and chill
Now Donald is awa.

The torrent fa' frae ilka rock,
Glides saft the burn below
I hear the waters dinning shock,
But nae their tuneful flow.

Ye bonny birds that glad the spring,
My grief ye canna cheer,
Oh! tak your flight and dinna sing
But bring me back my deary.

My love is on the battle plain,
This heart misgies me sair,
That Donald's in the battle slain,
And he'll return nae mair. BELINDA.

HOME,

Written by Mrs. Cornwall Baron Wilson.

LET others flaunt in gay attire,
And range through fashion's giddy round;
Give me, the calm domestic fire,
Where joy, and social pleasure's found!

Let others at the midnight ball,
Through fashion's mazes, wildly roam;
To me, such heartless pleasure's pall,
Compared with those, I find at Home!

The brightest cheek, that ever bloom'd,
Is turn'd by dissipation pale;
The heart's best feelings are entomb'd,
In scenes, where courtly joys prevail!

Let others bow at fashion's shrine,
And through the maze of pleasure roam,
The calmer joys of life be mine,
My cheerful health,—and quiet Home!

Reminiscences.

No. V.

SAMUEL FOOTE.

"Life's a poor Player."

SHAKESPEARE makes Falstaff not only witty, but the cause of wit in others; and Goldsmith said that no man could be in Caleb Whitefoord's company without catching the itch of punning. The English Aristophanes, as Foote was called, was one of these; and no greater proof can be given of his comic powers than in the following anecdote, related by Dr. Johnson:—"The first time," said he, "I was in company with Foote, was at Fitzherbert's. Having no good opinion of the fellow, I was resolved not to be pleased,—and it is very difficult to please a man against his will. I went on eating my dinner pretty sullenly, affecting not to mind him; but the dog became so irresistibly comic, that I was obliged to lay down my knife and fork, throw myself back in my chair, and fairly laugh it out. Sir, he was irrealistible!"

Foote was one day invited to dine at Merchant Tailors' Hall; and so well pleased was he with the entertainment, that he sat till the chief part of the company had left the hall. At length rising, he said—"Gentlemen, I wish you both very good night." "Both!" exclaimed one of the company, "why you must be drunk, Foote, here are twenty of us."—"I have been counting you, and there are just eighteen; and as nine tailors make a man, I'm right,—I wish you both very good night."

Dining at the house of a gentleman, where the Bishop of _____ was present, Foote was in high spirits, and as full of effervescence as a bottle of spruce beer. The bishop being angry at the entire usurpation of the conversation by Foote, after waiting with considerable impatience, exclaimed—"When will that player leave off preaching?"—"Oh! my Lord," said Foote, "the moment I am made a bishop!"

"Pray, Maister Foote," said a Scotchman to him one day, "did not ye see

some very fine timber when you were in Scotland?"—"Oh, yes, I did indeed;—I saw a bird sitting on as fine a *thistle* as ever was seen."

"Were you ever at Cork, Mr. Foote?" said an Irishman to him. "No, I never was at Cork, but *I have seen a great many drawings of it.*"

Foote's Othello was a master-piece of burlesque; but it fell very short of the Hamlet which he attempted in the early part of his life, for his benefit. He went through the play tolerably well until he came to the last act; but in the scene where he quarrels with Laertes,

"What is the reason that you use me thus? I lov'd you ever;—but 'tis no matter.

Let Hercules himself do what he may,

The cat will mew—the dog will have his day"

stimulated by a desire, he entered so much into the quarrel as to throw him out of the words, and he spoke it thus:—

"I lov'd you ever;—but it's no matter. Let Hercules himself do what he may, the dog will mew—no, that's the cat; the cat will bark—no, that's the dog; the dog will mew—no, that's the cat; the cat will—no, the dog; the cat, the dog,—pshaw—pho—it's something about mewing and barking; but as I hope to be saved, ladies and gentlemen, I know nothing more of the matter." ††

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTE OF A HYENA.

IN the year 1819, there was brought to the royal menagerie of Schoenbrun, a male hyena, of Africa, which had been taken by a trap, in which it lost the paw of the right hind leg. It had then on a collar of iron, which, as it appeared too tight, they used every means in their power to loosen, but without effect, it being found too dangerous to approach closely to this ferocious animal. It continued, therefore, to bear the collar for the space of four years, suffering the greatest torture, as the iron was every day sinking into the flesh. When M. Van Aken brought his polar bear to the menagerie, he saw, for the first time, the hyena, which was then become so furious, that it was dangerous to approach within four or five yards of the cage. He often retreated to the bottom of the cage, in order to spring forward with more impetuosity—emitting the most hideous cries, and endeavouring to seize in his claws every thing which was near the door. Van Aken, after some examination, promised the keeper of the menagerie to free the animal from the collar, without the least danger. On the 20th of June, about nine o'clock, he caused a piece

of oak wood to be thrown into the cage, when the hyena immediately pounced on it with such fury, as to drive its teeth half an inch into the wood; and, though having greatly wounded his tongue, he was reluctant, or incapable of extricating himself from the wood. This was what Van Aken expected. A rope was instantly thrown round the animal's body, to draw it to the door of the cage; which being done, they tied its legs, and, having got it out of the cage, muzzled it. Notwithstanding the danger of this operation, no danger was apprehended, it being performed with so much address and expertness. Of twelve persons who were present, not one expressed a wish to withdraw. As soon as the muzzle was put on, the animal became quite tranquil. But the most difficult part was yet to be performed—to take off the collar and clean the wounds, which had existed five years, and the filthy matter of which emitted a most intolerable smell: the collar was surrounded with a great quantity of unsound and putrid flesh. The hyena became so tranquil during this part of the operation, that it seemed as if it were sensible of the service rendered;—but when they were about to apply to the wound a mixture, composed of the spirits of wine, with vinegar and salt, the pain which the animal felt caused all his fury to return; and, though his feet and head were bound fast, by a sudden contortion of the back and neck, he plunged two feet above the ground. It required all the strength of five men to hold him and rub the wounds. It was still very difficult, after he was carried to a new cage, larger than the former one, and placed by the side of a female hyena, to unloose his feet and take off the muzzle. These operations were executed with the same success as the preceding one,—the precaution being first taken of holding the head and legs by means of cords, which were let loose at once, when the animal, finding itself disengaged, made a desperate plunge in the cage, and threw off the muzzle to a considerable distance. All was done without any person being wounded, or even slightly scratched. When food was given to the hyena in front of the cage, they continued to make injections of the above mixture upon the wound. It has been lately freed from its fatal collar, which would certainly have soon caused its death,—its wounds are visibly healed. It has become tranquil; and M. Van Aken has thus preserved to the menagerie a very rare and curious animal.

Logan Stone.



THE public attention has, for the last six months, been much attracted to the celebrated Logan Stone, in Cornwall; not so much on account of its presenting a great natural curiosity, but from the circumstance that in April last, an officer of the British Navy on the Preventive Service, Lieutenant Goldsmith, with his men, threw it down from its time-honoured seat, and the same gentleman having, within the last few days, replaced it in its former situation—a task of no ordinary difficulty.

The Logan Stone is situated at Castle Treryn, about two miles distant from Land's End. The name of Castle Treryn is derived from the supposition of its having been the site of an ancient British fortress, of which there are still some obscure traces, although the wild and rugged appearance of the rocks indicates nothing like art.

The foundation of the whole is a stupendous group of granite rocks, which rise in pyramidal clusters to a prodigious altitude, and overhang the sea. On one of those pyramids is situated the celebrated Logan Stone, which is an immense block of granite, weighing above 60 tons. The surface in contact with the under rock is of very small extent, and the whole mass is so nicely balanced, that, notwithstanding its magnitude, the strength of a single man applied to its under edge, is sufficient to change its centre of gravity; and though at first in a degree scarcely perceptible, yet the repetition of such impulses, at each return of the stone, produces at length a very

sensible oscillation! As soon as the astonishment which this phenomenon excites has in some measure subsided, the stranger anxiously inquires how and whence the stone originated?—was it elevated by human means, or was it produced by the agency of natural causes? Those who are in the habit of viewing mountain masses with geological eyes, will readily discover that the only chisel ever employed has been the tooth of time—the only artists engaged, the elements. Granite usually disintegrates into rhomboidal and tabular masses, which, by the farther operation of air and moisture, gradually lose their solid angles, and approach the spheroidal form. De Luc observed in the Giant mountains of Silesia, spheroids of this description so piled upon each other as to resemble Dutch cheeses.

Although the Druidical *origin* of this stone, for which so many zealous antiquaries have contended, may fairly be denied, still we by no means intend to deny that the Druids employed it as an engine of superstition;—it is indeed very probable that, having observed so uncommon a property, they dexterously contrived to make it answer the purposes of an ordeal, and by regarding it as the *touchstone* of truth, acquitted or condemned the accused by its motions.—Mason poetically alludes to this supposed property in the following lines:—

* Behold yon huge
And unknown sphere of living adamant,
Which, pois'd by magic, rests its central weight
On yonder pointed rock: firm as it seems,
Such is its strange and virtuous property,

It moves obsequious to the gentlest touch
Of him whose heart is pure ; but to a traitor,
Tho' e'en a giant's prowess nerv'd his arm,
It stands as fix'd as Snowden."

The rocks are covered with a species of byssus, long and rough to the touch, forming a kind of hoary beard. In many places they are deeply furrowed, carrying with them a singular air of antiquity, which combines with the whole of the romantic scenery, to awaken in the minds of the poet and enthusiast the recollection of the Druidical ages.

The following extract of a letter contains an account of the restoration of this celebrated relic of antiquity :—

" *Penzance, Nov. 6.*

"The Logan rock is replaced, and rocks as before : it was put up on Tuesday last, after three days' labour, by the help of three pair of large sheers, six capstans, worked by eight men each, and a variety of pulleys. Large chain cables were fastened round the rock, and attached to the blocks by which it was lifted. Altogether there were about sixty men employed. The weight of the rock has been variously computed by different persons, at from 70 to 90 tons. On the first day, when the rock was first swung in the air, in the presence of about two thousand persons, much anxiety was felt by those who were present, as to the success of the undertaking ; the ropes were much stretched ; the pulleys, the sheers, and the capstans, all screeched and groaned ; and the noise of the machinery was audible at some distance. Many were very apprehensive lest so vast a weight might snap all the ropes, and tumble over the precipice, bearing the sheers and scaffolding away with it ; however, the whole has gone off with great success. The materials (which were all furnished *gratis*, from the dock-yard at Plymouth) were excellent, and ingeniously managed ; and though a rope or two broke, and a link of one of the chains tore away a small piece of an angle of the rock, which was thrown with much velocity into the sea, yet the rock was safely supported by its complicated tackling and stands, once more, in precisely its former position ! Lieutenant Goldsmith, who threw it down, was the engineer in replacing it ; and, in the opinion of many of the gentlemen of this town and neighbourhood, he has, by his skill and personal labour and attention, not only wiped away the disgrace to which he was exposed by throwing it down, but also acquired so much merit, that they are about to invite him to a public dinner at Pearce's Hotel. This seems to be going a little too far ; since

whatever credit he may have derived replacing the rock, seems to be fully counterbalanced by the discredit of its wanton demolition. It is understood that the expenses of this work are defrayed by subscription. Fifty pounds have been given by the London Geological Society."

PETER PINDARICS ;
OR, JOE MILLER VERSIFIED.

THE FARMER AND THE COUNSELLOR.

A COUNSELL in the Common Pleas,
Who was esteem'd a mighty wit,
Upon the strength of a chance hit,
Amid a thousand flippancies,
And his occasional bad jokes
In bullying, bantering, brow-beating,
Ridiculing and mal-treating
Women and other timid folks,
In a late cause resolv'd to hoax
A clownish Yorkshire farmer—one
Who, by his uncouth look and gait,
Appear'd expressly meant by fate
For being quizz'd and play'd upon.

So having tipp'd the wink to those
In the back rows,
Who kept their laughter bottled down
Until our wag should draw the cork ;
He smil'd jocosely on the clowns,
And went to work.
" Well, Farmer Numskull, how go calves at
York ?"
" Why, not, Sir, as they do wi' you,
But on four legs instead of two."
" Officer !" cried the legal elf,
Piqued at the laugh against himself,
Do pray keep silence down below there.
Now look at me, clown, attend,
Have I not seen you somewhere, friend ?"
" Yes, very like, I often go there."
" Our rustic's waggish, quite laconic."
The counsellor cried, with grin sardonic.
" I wish I'd known this prodigy,
This genius of the clods, when I
On circuit was at York residing.
Now, farmer, do for once speak true,
Mind you're on oath, so tell me, you,
Who doubtless think yourself so clever,
Are there as many fools as ever
In the West Riding ?"
" Why, no, Sir, no ; we've got our share,
But not so many as when you were there."
T. A—N C.

THINKING ; OR, HODGE AND HIS
LORDSHIP.

AN honest countryman, by name called Hodge,
Lived at what most folks designate " the lodge,"
Id est, the small apartment situate
On a large manor, neighbouring to the gate.
Hodge was a wight, who loved a joke,
A mug of ale, and eke to smoke.
One day while sitting Yore the gate
With grog, a glass,
It chanced to pass,
It was his lordship's fate
To wish to enter.
Hodge knew his lordship's hasty disposition,
And never altering his grave position,
Sat in the centre.
" Open the gate," his lordship cries,
Hodge still sat down ;
" Open the gate," his lordship's eyes
Began to frown ;
His lordship rising in his seat,
" Open the gate," did still repeat,
" Thou stupid clown ;"
" G—d d—n, (the fellow really makes me swear)
" What art thou *thinking on* ;" quoth Hodge,
" a chair."

The Selector;

OR,
CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM
NEW WORKS.

HISTORICAL GLEANINGS,
FROM LINGARD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

Lord and Vassal.—The Saxons held the tie which bound together the lord and the vassal, to be an engagement of so solemn a nature, that the breach of it was considered a crime of the most disgraceful and unpardonable atrocity. By Alfred it was declared inexpiable: and the laws pronounced against the offender the sentence of forfeiture and death.—Chron. Sax. 58. Leg. Sax. p. 33, 34, 35, 142, 143.

Homage.—The oath taken by the vassal to the lord was as follows:—

“By the Lord,” said the inferior, placing his hands between those of his chief, “I promise to be faithful and true; to love all that thou lovest, and shun all that thou shunest, conformably to the laws of God and man; and never in will or weald (power), in word or work, to do that which thou loathest, provided thou hold me as I mean to serve, and fulfil the conditions to which we agreed when I subjected myself to thee, and chose thy will.”—Leg. 401. 50. 63. Bromp. 859.

The Sovereign was called the “King-lord,” in contradistinction to inferior lords.

Military Service.—The Saxons, after their conversion to Christianity, denominated the clergy, “the mass-thanes,” whilst the laity they styled “the world-thanes.”

Heriots.—The heriot payable to the king on the death of an earl was four horses saddled, four unsaddled, four helmets, four coats of mail, eight spears, eight shields, four swords, and one hundred manuces of gold; of a king's thane, one half of the last; of an inferior thane, his horse and his arms, with an offer of his hounds or hawks. If he died intestate, the payment of the heriot preserved the estate in his family: if he fell in battle for his lord, the heriot was remitted.—Leg. 144. 223. 245.

Marriage Licenses.—In Shrewsbury no woman could marry without a license from the king. With her first husband she paid a fine of ten shillings: if she took a second, the sum was doubled.

Ranks.—Amongst the Anglo-Saxons the free population was divided into the “Eorl” and “Coorl,” the men of noble and ignoble descent. The former were said to be ethel-born: a mere personal title, however, conferring neither property nor power. The termination “ing” added to the name of the progenitor, designated his posterity. The lofty title of “Ethel-ing,” the son of the noble, was reserved for the members of the reigning family. Amongst the ethel-born, the “cyning,” or king, held the first place.

The consort of the king was originally known by the appellation of “queen,” and shared in common with her husband the splendour of royalty. Of this distinction she was deprived by the crime of Eadburga, who administered poison to her husband, Brihtrie, king of Wessex. In the paroxysm of their indignation the “Witan” abolished, with the title of queen, all the appendages of female royalty. The latest of the Anglo-Saxon queens, though solemnly crowned, generally contented themselves with the modest appellation of “the lady.”—Vide Chron. Sax. 132. 164. 165. 168.

After the royal family, the highest order in the state was the “earldormen” or earls. From the nature of their office, they were sometimes styled viceroys: by Bede they are dignified with the title of princes and satraps. They governed districts, denominated shires, in the name of the king. It was the earldorman's duty, as the representative of his monarch, to lead the men of his shire to battle; to preside with the bishop in the courts of the county; and to enforce the execution of Justice. The office was originally in the gift of the crown, and might have been forfeited by misconduct: but it was so frequently continued in the same family, that at last instead of being solicited as a favour, it began to be claimed as a right.—Chron. Sax. 78, 169, 170. Leg. 78. 136.

WITCHES.

MAGIC was formerly studied by most persons. It was used to render persons unfit for amorous pleasures; was employed in ligatures to cure diseases; and the Visigoths used to steal the *sarcophagi* of the dead for this purpose. But the application of magic was endless. There were two kinds which obtained in this country: one, that of scientific sorcery, derived from the Arabians in Spain, and consisting of judicial astrology, divination by horoscopes, cups, glasses, mirrors, swords, &c.; and the other, witchcraft, of northern origin, implying direct com-

munication with fiends. Augury formed part of the science of our Anglo-Saxon witches; and it is expressly denominated the *old augury*. The sabbath of witches was supposed to be a nocturnal assembly on a Saturday, in which the devil was said to appear in the shape of a goat, about whom they made several dances, and performed magical ceremonies. In order to prepare themselves for their meeting, they took several soporific drugs; after which they were fancied to fly up the chimney, and to be spirited or carried through the air riding on a switch to their Sabbath assemblies. The property of conveyance was communicated to broomsticks, by rubbing them with a particular ointment. A cat, an animal highly revered by the Egyptians and Romans, was a *sine qua non*; and Knighton mentions persons accused of keeping devils in the form of cats. They had particular instruments which they used in their arts, in cure of the headache, &c. The Anglo-Saxon witches practised the ancient augury. They even retained the old art of divination by cutting up victims. We find that, if a lover could not obtain his fair object, he caused her to be bewitched; that witches were brought out to enchant the engines of besiegers; that favour was supposed to be gained by witchcraft; that the practice was firmly believed to be the cause of extraordinary actions, and made the subject of accusation from malice. In fact, the clergy made it a means of intimidating and governing the laity, in the manner of the inquisition, by charging enemies with it, and so excommunicating them, and endangering their lives and property. We see horse-shoes, owls, hawks, &c. nailed on doors. This was one Roman method of preventing witchcraft. Brand mentions various other modes. The trial by immersion was an abuse of the cold-water ordeal. The right hand was tied to the left foot, and the left hand to the right foot. If they swam they were strongly suspected, and exposed to the greater trial. It would be utterly impossible, in a limited work like this, to give the contents of the two large quartos forming the "Popular Antiquities." The rule here observed has been to explain superstitions still existing, or which throw strong light upon ancient manners. I shall therefore end this article by observing, that *boh*, the word now used to frighten children, was the name of Boh, a great general, son of Odin, whose appellation struck immediate panic in his enemies.

Fosbroke's Encyclopædia of Antiquities.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE PLAGUE IN RUSSIA IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

THE contagious diseases which at different periods have desolated Europe came, with very few exceptions, from the east. They have usually been introduced by Levant travellers, or bales of merchant-dize; but sometimes they have originated in remote corners of Asia,* and have gradually proceeded towards the west, depopulating countries in their progress, until their fury has been arrested by the waters of the Atlantic Ocean.

Such was the frightful malady which visited Asia and Europe, during the middle of the fourteenth century, and which is mentioned by the chroniclers of the period under the appalling appellation of the *Black Death*.

It is recorded that it first broke out in China, in which extensive empire it is said to have destroyed about thirteen millions of inhabitants. Thence it travelled through Central Asia. As early as 1346 this disease raged in the vicinity of the Caspian Sea and the Bosphorus, then in Armenia, Asia Minor, Syria, Egypt, and Greece. Genoese vessels brought it to Italy, whence it spread over Germany, France, and England, in which latter countries whole cities were depopulated by its baneful ravages. In London alone, 50,000 individuals are stated to have been buried in one spot. In Paris the exasperated mob demanded the massacre of all the Jews, who were accused of poisoning the wells.

In 1349 the mortality began also in Scandinavia, whence, or from Germany, it was conveyed to Pskow and Nowgorod. In the former city (says Karamsin, in his *History of Russia*) it broke out during the spring of 1352, and continued raging so terribly, that by the winter, not one-third of the inhabitants were left. The symptoms of the disease were the appearance of tumors in the soft cavities of the body, accompanied by spitting of blood; these were succeeded by death on the second or third day. It is impossible, observe the historians of the time, to imagine the shocking spectacle presented on this occasion. Youths and old men, parents and children, were laid together in the same graves; numerous families disappeared in one day. Every priest found in the morning thirty or more corpses lying in his church; and mass was read

* The cholera morbus took its rise in Cochinchina, and has now advanced as far as the Europeans.

over the whole at once. But the churchyards soon lacked space for new graves, and holes were dug in the woods outside of the cities. At first, covetous individuals were found to wait on the deceased, in hopes of becoming possessors of their wealth; but as soon as it became evident that the disease was communicated by the touch, or in other words, that the property of the victims contained the sting of death, even the rich looked in vain for help; for even the son fled from his father.

There were, however, some individuals who showed the most extraordinary magnanimity and self-devotion; they carried to the church, not only their immediate relations, but even strangers; assisted at their funerals, and prayed for their souls with generous fervour in the midst of the pestilential tombs.

Numbers fled from the world, shutting themselves up in convents, and bequeathing their property to the church; or by feeding and clothing the poor they prepared themselves by good works (following the tenets of the national faith) for their passage to eternity. In short, it was believed that the end of the world was come, and that no one would survive.

Under these circumstances the unfortunate inhabitants of Pakow invited the Archbishop Wassilij to come to their city and bless them, and assist them in offering up their prayers to the Almighty. This faithful pastor, disregarding every personal danger, instantly obeyed the call of his distressed flock. Received by the people with feelings of the most lively gratitude, Wassilij put on his sacerdotal robes, and taking a cross in his hand, he led the whole population in a solemn procession round the city. Priests sang hymns to the praise of God, monks carried the bones of their saints, the people prayed aloud; "and there was not a heart so hardened," says the chronicle, "but was melted into tears before the all-seeing eye of the Almighty!" But death was not yet satisfied with the number of its victims; the Archbishop, however, had calmed the minds of the inhabitants of Pakow; tasting, therefore, the sweets of Christian submission, they awaited now more patiently the termination of their sufferings, which took place at the beginning of the winter.

"About the same time as at Pakow, the pestilence made its appearance at Nowgorod, and also in other provinces of Russia, where the number that died was immense. At *Gluchow* and *Bjelosersk* not an inhabitant was left.* At Moscow,

the metropolitan, the Czar, with two of his sons and his brother, are known to have died about the same period, which makes it probable that that city suffered from this disease in common with the country in general."

Two observations have been made on this pestilence by the historians of all countries: first, that more young people died of it than old; and second, that wherever the disease had raged, the human race multiplied after it in a most extraordinary degree. Thus nature is ever on the watch to close the breaches that are made in any of her quarters.

In the year 1364 the pestilential disease visited Russia again. It was brought by travellers from *Besdeah* to *Nishnynowgorod*, *Kolomna*, *Pereslawl*, and *Pskow*, carrying off from twenty to one hundred victims daily. This frightful disease is described in the following manner: "A pain, like the stab of a knife, ran suddenly through the heart, shoulder-blades, or between the shoulders; the veins became burning, blood flowed from the throat, attended by a strong perspiration and shivering. In other persons tumours appeared about the neck or hips, under the cheek-bones or breasts, or between the shoulders. The result was the same: unavoidable and speedy, but painful death."—"There was no time," observed the annalists, "to bury the dead; there remained scarcely ten healthy individuals to a hundred that were sick; the unfortunate victims breathed their last without any one attending them in their dying hour. Seven, eight, or more corpses were buried in one trench. Many houses became quite deserted, in others one babe perhaps was left."

In 1365 the malady broke out in *Rostow*, *Twer*, *Torsok*, and other places; in 1366 it desolated Moscow. In some places it ceased for a time, in order to return with renewed fury. Thus it raged four times in Pakow and Nowgorod, and twice in the districts of Moscow, *Twer*, *Smolensk*, and *Rjasan*. In Nowgorod alone (according to the German historian, *Kranz*), 80,000 individuals were swept from the face of the earth in the short space of six months. "The people," he relates, "fell down in the streets and expired in a moment; persons in health, engaged in burying the dead, died suddenly, and were interred in the graves they had just dug." Smolensk was visited three times, till at last (in 1387) five individuals only were left alive of the whole population, and these, in the words of the chronicles "went forth from the city of death, locking its gates behind them." It seems, indeed, that from its first ap-

* By this we are probably to understand that those who escaped the plague, had previously deserted these cities from panic.—*Ed.*

peartance in that ill-fated country (in 1352), it scarcely ever left it till about 1427, mowing down successive generations, and almost rooting out some of the princely families, under whose sway the country at that period seems to have been divided.

The excessive virulence of this disease may be entirely attributed to the circumstance, that the people took no effective means for its cure wherever the malady raged, or against its recurrence where it had once disappeared.* Superstition was then at its height; prayers, fasting, processions, charities, &c. were resorted to as means to appease the anger of the Almighty, whilst the remedies which God had placed in their power were disregarded. But, unfortunately, it was not only in acts of piety, that the superstition of a benighted people displayed itself: in those times fanaticism, the close ally of superstition, led them also to the commission of atrocities. The populace of Pskow actually devoted twelve unfortunate females to the stake, and burned them as reputed witches, in order, as they said, to propitiate a God of mercy!

Asiatic Journal.

* This plague was very destructive to the whole of the old world; it seems, however, to have disappeared at a much earlier period in every other part of Europe than in Russia.

THE MAID OF ORKNEY.

"My lost, lost love!"—the frantic cry
Died in the thunders of the wave;
The rock was near, the storm was high—
The gallant ship has found her grave!

One flash lit up the reeling bark
O'er the black breakers hurrying on;
A moment's pause, and all was dark—
Another flash—the bark is gone!

"Look on yon cliff—the awful light
Shows one who kneels all lonely there:
How looks she, stranger, on that sight?"—
"Oh, beautiful amid despair!"—

"She cannot feel the piercing blast,
She cannot fear the maddening surge;
That moment was her lover's last,
That wild wind howls his passing dirge."

"But who the rest one kneeling there
At this bleak midnight's stormy hour?"
"The fairest of the island fair,
Dark Orkney's pride, and Ocean's flower."

Morn—evening came; the sun-set smiled,
The calm sea sought in gold the shore,
As though it ne'er had man beguiled,
Or never would beguile him more.

For his lost child, bower, haunt and home,
The stern sire search'd that mournful day,
While, by the lone deep's golden foam,
The flower of Ocean fading lay.

Oh, there her young and fond heart broke,
Beside her native islet's wave;
And, dying there, her latest look
Was on her lover's bright-blue grave.

Sweet be her rest within the tomb,
And dear her memory in the bower,
And pure the tear that mourns the doom
Of Orkney's pride and Ocean's flower!

New Monthly Magazine.

BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS.

Pastor cum traberet, &c.

As near Blackfriars, "sad by fits,"
M'Adam into dwarfish bits
Broke many a giant pebble.
Old Thames upraised his watery pate,
And sang the smooth contractor's fate
In this unwelcome treble:—

"Vainly you wield your pounding axe;
All Bridewell with combined attacks
Shall mar your undertakings;
White Portland's sons around you pour
The reign of granite to restore
And break up your upbreakings.

"Ah, me! what ills each house beset,
From horse or foot, or dry or wet,
From chimney-top to basement!
The Albion mourns her sullied walls,
And Waithman veils his hundred shawls
Beneath a spattered casement!

"What wild pedestrians in a ring
Round Johnny Wilkes's column cling
To 'scape from oxen tossing!
Awhile they halt, then, sore afraid,
Dart different ways, and leave unpaid
The Black who sweeps the crossing.

"In vain you plead St. James's Square,
Grateful to dames, who carol there
Love-strains in measure Sapphic:
They well may like your coat of stone;
But, child of dust, reflect upon
The difference of "Traffic."

"O'er your smooth convex, coach or car
Steal on the traveller, from afar,
As fleetly as the wind does!
Binding whole troops to Charon's keel,
As Jaggernaut with rolling wheel
Depopulates the Hindoos.

"Eyes should be sharp, for mortal cars
Serve not to shun the car that steers
O'er your insidious surface:
Lo! while I sing, yon heedless hack
Has poked a deaf old woman's back,
And thrown her down on her face.

"But, oh! when droves of sheep and pigs
With countless stockbrokers in gigs
Are mixed—can aught be minded?
Can mortal sight be free to choose,
Or bunged up by your sable ooze,
Or by your white dust blinded?"

"N'er did my reluctant billows kiss
So traitorous a shore as this!
'Tis sad beyond endurance,
Such woeful accidents to meet,
And see death riot in a street
Surcharged with Life Assurance.

"Soon from my stream the two Lord Mayors
Debarking at Blackfriars'-stairs,
Shall notice your behaviour:
In their huge Brobdignag will they
Not grumble to behold you play
The Lilliputian pavior?"

"Go then, Colossus, stick to roads,
But metropolitan abodes
Leave by your pick-axe undone;
Go delve in some less stubborn soil,
You'll find it an Utopian toil
To mend the ways of London."

Ibid.

Miscellaneous.

ZEUXIS.

ZEUXIS was an ancient Grecian painter, who lived about 400 years before our Saviour, and brought painting, but then in its infancy, to great perfection. He

growing very rich, would at last sell none of his works, but gave them away. Some say he did not know how to set a price upon them equal to their value. He painted a bunch of grapes so to the life, that the birds came and pecked them;—and afterwards having painted a boy holding a bunch of grapes, which the birds also flew to and pecked, he was angry, and ingeniously confessed that his work was not complete—in that if he had drawn the boy as well as he had done the grapes, the birds would have been afraid of him.—And having disputed with Parrhasius, which was the best painter, Parrhasius painted a curtain so ingeniously, that Zeuxis, taking it for a real one, which hid the antagonist's work, desired it might be drawn, that he might see what he had done; but coming to know his mistake, he acknowledged he was outdone, since himself had deceived none but birds, but Parrhasius had deceived even the master of the art itself.

SCOTCH TRADITIONS.

THE ancient warriors, whose hope and confidence rested chiefly in their blades, were accustomed to deduce omens from them, especially from such as were supposed to have been fabricated by enchanted skill, of which we have various instances in the romances and legends of the time. The wonderful sword Skoffnung, wielded by the celebrated Hrolf Kraka, was of this description. It was deposited in the tomb of the monarch, at his death; and taken from thence by Skeggo, a celebrated pirate, who bestowed it upon his son-in-law, Kormak, with the following curious directions:—"The manner of using it will appear strange to you. A small bag is attached to it, which take heed not to violate. Let not the rays of the sun touch the upper part of the handle; nor unsheath it, unless thou art ready for battle. But when thou comest to the place of fight, go aside from the rest, grasp and extend the sword, and breathe upon it: then a small worm will creep out of the handle: lower the handle, that it may more easily return into it."—Kormak, after having received the sword, returned to his mother. He shewed the sword, and attempted to draw it, as unnecessarily as ineffectually, for he could not pluck it out of the sheath. His mother, Dalla, exclaimed, "Do not despise the counsel given thee, my son." Kormak, however, repeating his efforts, pressed down the handle with his feet, and tore off the bag, when Skoffnung emitted a hollow groan; but still he could not unsheath the sword. Kormak

then went out with Besaus, whom he had challenged to fight with him, and drew apart at the place of combat. He sat down on the ground, and ungirding his sword, which he wore about his vestments, did not remember to shield the hilt from the rays of the sun. In vain did he endeavour to draw it, till he placed his foot against the hilt, then the worm issued from it. But Kormak did not rightly handle the weapon, in consequence whereof good fortune deserted it. As he unsheathed it, it emitted a hollow murmur.

H. CROOME.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—Wotton.

SWIFT has very pithily observed, "The proud man tells me to keep my distance; it is well that pride makes him keep his."

EPIGRAM.

"PRAY tell me, dear Jane" says inquisitive Ned,
 "What's the first thing you do when you get into bed?"
 Jane, laughing, replied, "since I'm come to confession,
 The first thing I do is to make an impression."

WHITTINGDON is a village on the road from Chesterfield to Sheffield, on the edge of Scarsdale, in Derbyshire. "In a parlour, called the plotting parlour, belonging to an ale-house in this village, called the Cock and Magpie," says Noble, in his continuation of Grainger, "was laid a scheme which dethroned James and established freedom." Here the revolution of 1688 was concerted, and

"Cavendish, Booth, and Osborne sat."

FOREIGN EGGS.

THE following is an account of the number of foreign eggs imported into Great Britain in the year ending 5th Jan. 1823, (at a duty of 10d. per 120) distinguishing the countries from which the same were imported, with the amount of duty received thereon:—Denmark 240; Holland 120; Flanders 949,263; France 49,425,124; Guernsey and Jersey 269,278—Total 50,644,025. Amount of duty received £17,687 16s.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD YANKEE.

Yankee is the Indian corruption of the word *English* — *Yonglees*, *Yanglees*, *Yankles*, and finally *Yankee*. It got in general use as a term of reproach, thus: About the year 1713, one Jonathan Hastings, a farmer, at Cambridge, in New England, used the word *Yankee* as a cant word to express excellence, as a *Yankee* (good) horse, *Yankee* cider, &c. The Students at the College having frequent intercourse with Jonathan, and hearing him employ the word on all occasions, when he intended to express his approbation, applied it sarcastically and called him *Yankee Jonathan*. It soon became a cant phrase among the Collegians to designate a simple, weak, and awkward person; from College it spread over the country, till from its currency in New England, it was at length taken up and applied to the New Englanders generally, as a term of reproach. It was in consequence of this that the song called *Yankee Doodle* was composed.

EPIGRAM.

THE lovely hair that Mary wears,
Is hers; who would have thought it?
She swears 'tis hers, and true she swears,
For I know where she bought it.

A VENETIAN, who died not long since, made a provision of torches for his funeral, artificially loaded with crackers; anticipating to a confidential friend the hubbub that would result from the explosion, which he had calculated must take place in the most inconvenient spots. This posthumous joke verified the most sanguine expectations of its projector.

EPIGRAPH.

IN Bisbrooke church-yard, Rutlandshire, there is a large stone raised to the memory of a waggoner; on the top is a representation of a waggon and horses, a gate, a green hedge, and a waggoner; each side is decorated with implements of husbandry. After the age of the person, time of death, &c. &c., there are the following lines:—

“Here lies the body of Nathaniel Clarke,
Who never did no harm in the light, nor
in the dark;
But in his blessed horses taking great
delight,
And often travelled with them by day
and by night.”

THE AMERICAN.

A MODERN traveller thus describes a picture of the condition of the American people, agriculture, and otherwise.

“Low case; a little avoidable want, but no dread of any want; little or no industry; little or no real capital, nor any effort to create any; no struggling, no luxury, and perhaps, nothing like satisfaction or happiness; no real relish of life; living like store pigs in a wood, or fattening pigs in a sty. All their knowledge is confined to a newspaper, which they all love, and consists in knowing their natural, and some political rights, which rights, in themselves, they respect individually, but often violate towards others, being cold, selfish, gloomy, inert, and with but little or no feeling.”

M.

BULL.

AN Irishman having challenged a gentleman to fight a duel, who did not attend to the appointment, was accidentally, in the course of the same day, met by him, whom he thus accosted, “Arrah! my dear jewel, I met you this morning, but you did not come, but I am determined to meet you to-morrow morning whether you come or no.”

EPITAPH

Upon a brass plate in the wall of All-Hallow Church, Derby

JOE RICHARD KILBY* lyeth here,
Who lately was our ministere;
To the poor he ever was a friend,
And gave them all at his last end.
This towne must twenty shillings pay
To them for him, each Good Fryday.
God graunt all pastors his good mind,
That they may leave good deeds behind.
He dyed the xxist of October, 1617.

* He wrote a book; first part called the Burden of a Loaded Conscience; and the second, The Unburdening of a Loaded Conscience.

VENERABLE OAK.

THERE is at present growing, about two hundred yards from Ravensworth Castle, an oak tree in full foliage; in the hollow trunk of which, nine men took shelter from a shower of rain during the late mowing season.

Answers to Correspondents in our next.

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The Mirror

OF

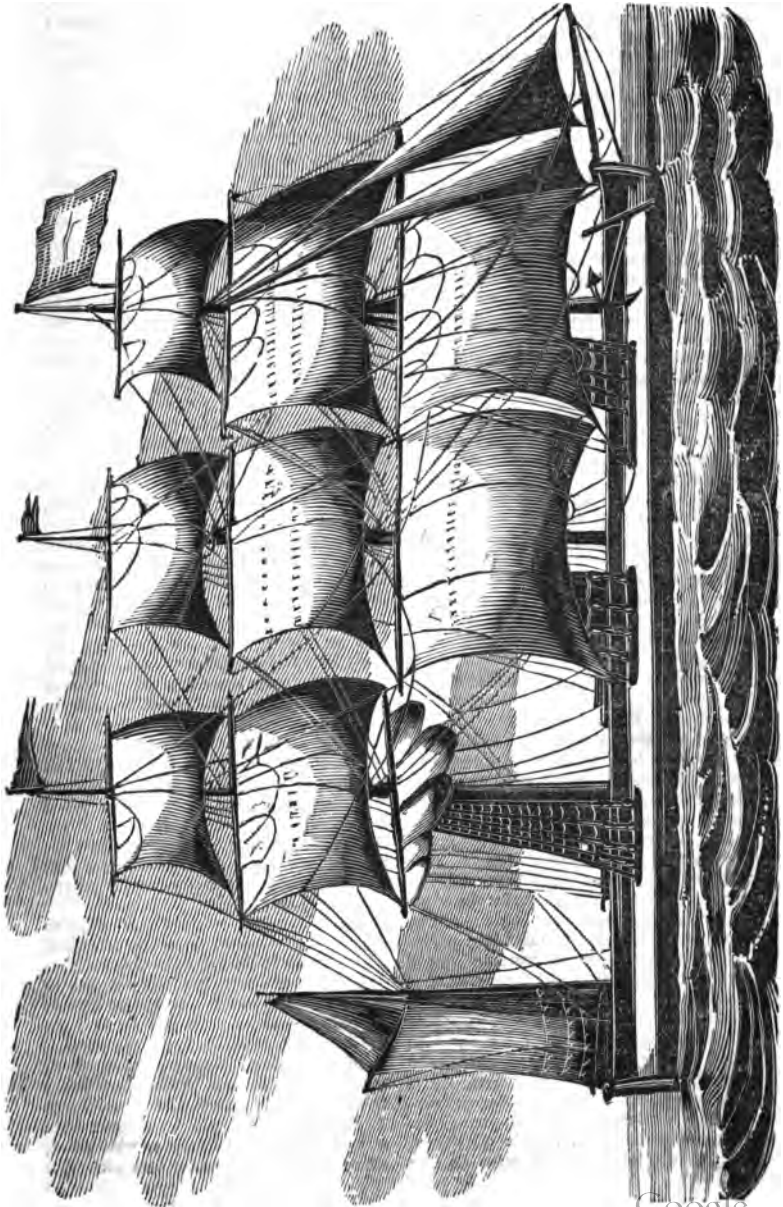
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CXIII.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1824.

[PRICE 2d.

The Columbus.



THE arrival in the River Thames of the great Canadian vessel, or raft, the Columbus, has excited considerable interest in the metropolis. During the time she was building on the St. Lawrence, the American papers teemed with accounts of her immense size, which were so exaggerated, that some persons thought the great ship was like the sea serpent, a hoax. At length, however, this colossus in naval architecture, has arrived in the River Thames, where she is visited by great numbers every day.

Of the Columbus we present an engraving, and subjoin an accurate description; but, before we do this, we shall give a brief historical notice of some of the largest vessels which have been constructed in ancient or modern times.

When naval architecture was in its infancy, very little art was displayed in the construction of ships; they were neither large, strong, nor durable, but consisted only of a few planks laid together without beauty or ornament, and just so compacted as to keep out the water. In some places they were only the stocks of trees hollowed, and then consisted of only one piece of timber, as is the case with the canoes in some countries at present.

As the other arts advanced, naval architecture began to emerge from the gloom of ignorance and barbarism; and as the ships of those ages were increased in bulk, and better proportioned for commerce, the appearance of those floating citadels of unusual form, full of living men, struck the ignorant people with terror and astonishment.

The ships of war of the ancients were not only large, but had turrets to protect the soldiers. Of these Ptolemy Philopater is said to have built one of immense size. It was two hundred and eighty cubits long, thirty-eight broad, and forty-eight high, each cubit being one foot five inches and a quarter, so that this vessel was much larger than the Columbus; and she carried four hundred rowers, four hundred sailors, and three thousand soldiers. Another ship, built by the same prince, is said to have been half a *stadium*, or three hundred and two feet long.

These ships, however, were nothing to that of Hiero, built under the direction of Archimedes, on the structure of which, Moschion has written a volume. This large ship is said to have contained as much timber as would have constructed fifty galleys. It had all the variety of apartments of a palace,—banqueting-rooms, galleries, gardens, fish-ponds, stables, mills, baths, a temple of Venus, &c., it was encompassed with an iron

rampart and eight towers, with walls and bulwarks, furnished with machines of war, particularly one which threw a stone of three hundred pounds, or a dart twelve cubits long, the space of half a mile.

To come to more modern times and nearer home, it is related that James IV. of Scotland, built a vessel of immense size, which one of the old chronicles thus describes:—

“It was twelve score feet in length; thirty-six feet within the sides; ten feet thick in the walls; built of oak; her walls and boards on every side so strong, that no cannon ball could go through her. From the time this great ship was afloat, and her masts and sails complete, with her tows and anchors appertaining thereto, she was counted to the king to be 30,000*l.* expense. She bore many cannons, six on every side, with great basils, two behind on her deck, and one before; with three hundred shot of small artillery, that is to say, mayand and batter falcon, and quarter falcon, slings, destilent, serpents, and double-dogs, with haytor and culvering, cone-bows, and hand-bows. She had three hundred mariners to sail her, six score of gunners to use her artillery, and had one thousand men of war, besides her captains, shippers, and quarter-masters. This ship was sent to assist the French against King Henry the Eighth of England, notwithstanding he was brother-in-law to James the Fourth of Scotland. The Lord Hamilton, Earl of Arran, was made captain and great admiral of the fleet, and Lord Fleming vice-admiral, accompanied with earls, lords, barons, to the number of one thousand, who were well arrayed for battle. ‘If you will not believe me,’ says the narrator, ‘gang to the gates of Tilebairn, and you will see her length and breadth planted in hawthorn.’”

Henry VIII. also built a large vessel which was called the *Henri Grace Dieu*. At the present day our largest ships are the first men of war, some of which mount one hundred and thirty guns:—and the East India ships.

The Columbus was built in order to convey at once a great quantity of timber. She is of the following dimensions.

Length of keel, 294 feet; length of deck, 301 feet, breadth of beam, 51 feet 4-12; depth of hold, 29 feet 4-12; from the top of her bulwarks to the bottom, outside, 37 feet; tonnage, 3,690 tons; mainmast above deck, 72 feet; best bower cable 27 inches; anchor, 80 cwt. 2 qrs. 17 lbs. She is perfectly flat bottom, with a keel of about 12 inches, wall sided, sharp forward, and rather lean aft. She

admeasures 3,900 tons, but her cargo amounts to 6,300 tons.

The Columbus is unquestionably the longest ship ever seen in England, but her appearance in every other respect is far inferior to that of one of our large Indiamen: her construction is quite new for a very large vessel; she is flat bottomed, and her bottom two feet wider than her deck; her planks and timbers throughout are on a scale of thickness proportioned to her great length, and fastened together with proportionate strength. It is not true as was stated in some accounts of her, that her cargo, (red and white pine) was fastened into her timbers in the building; it is stowed away in the same manner as on board other ships timber laden. In her masts, spars, and rigging, the Columbus presents an appearance not at all proportioned to her rate of tonnage: they are not larger than those used in a small frigate. She left Quebec on the 5th September, and continued her course in safety till the 9th, when she got ashore on the north side of the river St. Lawrence from Point des Betsiamites, and was not got off till the 12th, when, for the purpose of lightening her, a considerable quantity of timber, deals, and staves, were obliged to be thrown overboard.

After a very boisterous passage across the Atlantic, she made the Scilly Light on the evening of the 29th October, all the pumps having been kept constantly going for a week before making the land, to the great exhaustion of the crew, who were only ninety-six in number. To encourage them to maintain this harassing labour, a guinea extra upon the wages of each man was promised, and it is supposed, but for this inducement, the vessel would never have reached her destination. During the voyage the leak gained from eight to eleven feet water; and when in the river there was no less than eighteen feet water in the hold. In consequence of this she lay deep in the water, drawing twenty-three feet, and standing only fifteen feet, above the water's edge. She reached the Downs on the 1st of November, and was afterwards towed up to Blackwall by the steam-boats. The following description of this great vessel, though somewhat technical, is so correct, that we quote it as the best account that has appeared. It appeared first in the *New Times* paper. The vaunted Colossus of the deep is at length accessible to the investigation of the curious, however timid they may be, and the lovers of sight-seeing may gratify their whim and fantasy without encountering a heavy sea, a fearful lee-shore, or blue-water banyan days.

Thanks to branch pilots, steam-boats, warps, and the capstan, the Columbus is now off Folly House, in Blackwall Reach, where she is likely to be easy in her berth without moorings or even a kedge. Her arrival has excited so much interest and conversation, that though we have already given her dimensions, the nature and quantity of her cargo, and some account of her appearance, and how she behaved at sea, we are induced to recur to the subject, and speak from "ocular demonstration."—This Columbus is extremely deceitful in her appearance, especially when she is seen end on; she scarcely looks half her size. She is like a wedge forward, has no cutwater, is wall-sided, carries her beam, we should imagine, to abaft the second main-mast, for she has four masts, and has a square tuck. Her run is very gradual, and from her length she looks extremely lean. From deck to keel, we believe, she measures about thirty-five feet, and as she draws above twenty-two feet, she sits low in the water. A tolerable sized light West Indiaman, or a thirty-eight-gun frigate in cruising trim, appear almost as lofty in the hull when you are alongside. As a broadside view from a distance, the Columbus looks a tremendous length, and though seemingly hogged or broken-backed, and very much under rigged, there is something sneaking and dangerous in her shew. As you approach her, however, she looks as she is—an immense mass of timber knocked together for the purposes of commerce, without any regard to beauty, and little attention to the principles of naval architecture. She has two sets of beams, the upper ones which sustain the deck, project through the sides. She has also an inner frame, for the better security of the cargo—to prevent any starting of the timber. Her blocks were laid in October, 1823; she is perfectly flat bottomed; and her shell was completely built before a plank of her cargo was stowed. Previous to her being launched, however, 4,000 tons of timber were run on board by horses, through the bow and stern ports, and she drew about thirteen feet when she first sat on the water.

Unlike large ships, her galley and bitts are above deck; and between the foremast and the first mainmast there is a fore hatchway, and a cable tier and messing-place for part of the crew, which look like a rude gap made in her cargo after it had been stowed. The height from the timber on which the cable is coiled, and where the men have two or three berths, is about six feet; so that there must be even there about thirty feet deep of tim-

ber. But from the first mainmast to the second, the cargo runs from deck to kelson. And abaft the latter mast, close to the wheel and mizen or treysail mast, where the binnacles stand, is a place for the accommodation of the officers and the rest of the crew. The provisions, we believe, are stowed abaft the treysail mast. Her rudder is hung like that of any other ship, but its head comes above the taffrail, and the tiller is above deck.

A great deal of the timber she has on board was, we understand, fresh hewn—it now looks extremely wet—it is principally red pine, and, like most Canadian timber, it runs large and long. The rigging of the Columbus was naturally a minor consideration with her owners; and though it has answered the purposes for which it was intended, it presents nothing worthy of commendation to the eye of a seaman, and nothing striking to that of a landsman. The masts are ill proportioned for beauty, and injudiciously so as far as the labour of the crew is concerned. The lower masts are too taunt—there is too much of them above deck, and this necessarily gives the courses a tremendous drop. One of the crew, an intelligent sailor-like man, said the fore-sail had fifty feet leech. The bowsprit and jibboom are but one spar: they steeve little, and the hoist of the jibs is consequently great. The topmasts and top-gallant masts are also in one.—They are exceedingly short, and a royal can only be set on one of the mainmasts. She is not more square-rigged than she is taunt; her foreyards does not measure above 70 feet.—The only studding sails she carried were topmast ones on the first mainmast. Her topmast rigging is rove through holes in the cross trees, and is set up with lanyard to a grummet round the lower mast. There are, therefore, no cat-harpings; and the rest of the rigging is of the same temporary speculative description. Her hump cable measures 26 inches in circumference, and the chain is in proportion.—She crossed the Atlantic with a single bower anchor, and a kedge of about seven cwt. It is said she worked easily and surely; that she was perfectly under the government of her rudder; that she was in general steered with facility by a man and a boy; that she went from nine to ten knots or miles an hour when sailing free, and that at six points and a half from the wind she went six knots, and made but little lee-way. In a sea-way she was of course heavy, and shipped much water, as she could not rise, from her great length and want of beam. In fact, she could have been but as a log of wood in a short chopping sea, one of

which might have broken over her mids-hips almost without any body forward or aft knowing of the circumstance. We are, however, rather sceptical as to whether we should conclude that she is actually possessed of all the good qualities attributed to her. We cannot believe that she ever sailed at six points and a half, or at even seven points from the wind, or that she ever went nine or ten miles an hour. We do not think that a square-sail in her would stand at six points and a half, and she has no buttock for running. On the whole, however, she is an extraordinary piece of workmanship; and though vastly inferior to a first, second, third, or fourth-rate man of war in beauty and capacity, the Columbus is well worth visiting. We think, however, that a *bear and swab*, if not a *holystone*, would improve the appearance of the deck extremely.

SINGULAR CUSTOM AT WEST-WICKHAM, IN KENT.

IN Rogation week, there is an odd custom in the country, about Keston and Wickham, in Kent.—A number of young men meet together for the purpose, and, with a most hideous noise, run into the orchards, and, encircling each tree, pronounce these words:—

Stand fast, root; bear well, top;
God send us a *youling* sop!
Ev'ry twig, apple big;
Ev'ry bow, apple enow.

For this incantation, the confused rabble expect a gratuity in money, or drink, which is no less welcome; but if they are disappointed in both, they, with great solemnity, anathematize the owners and trees with altogether as insignificant a curse.

“It seems highly probable,” says Mr. Hasted, in his History of Kent, “that this custom has arisen from the ancient one of perambulation among the heathens, when they made their prayers to the gods, for the use and blessing of the fruits coming up, with thanksgiving for those of the preceding year. And as the heathens supplicated Æolus, the god of the winds, for his favourable blasts, so in this custom they still retain his name, with a very small variation, the ceremony being called *youling*, and the word is often used in their invocations.

'TIS WOMAN RULES.'

MANKIND o'er women empire boast,
 And claim a right to roam;
 But very often blust'ring blades
 Are Jerry Sneaks at home.

The hero who in battle fierce
 Has bravely risked his life,
 The din of strife—domestic fears,
 And crouches to his wife.

The lawyer, who by pleadings keen,
 In courts has gain'd renown,
 Still finds, when drest in humble boh,
 His wife will talk him down.

The statesman great, in senate bred,
 In politics' wise school,
 Beat by a casting vote at home,
 His own house cannot rule.

By diff'rent methods ladies fair
 Usurp supreme command;
 The force of tongue's the common way,
 And sometimes force of hand.

When ladies long for pretty toys,
 And husbands keep the purse,
 Hysteric fits are potent spells
 To conquer men perverse.

With sweeter dispositions blessed,
 Some choose a gentler plan;
 And each contrives, with bonds of love,
 To lead her own good man.

Look round the world, through all degrees,
 These truths will stand confessed—
 That women rule, and married men
 Are Jerry Sneaks at best.

G. O.—LL.

ON WASHING AND THE STEAM
WASHING COMPANY.

(For the Mirror.)

Most of the machines hitherto used in washing linen (says a modern writer) are objectionable on many accounts, but principally because they operate by *friction*, instead of *pressure*. When the linen is properly prepared for washing, it may be thoroughly cleansed by pressure alone. Rubbing it with the hands, or by any machine that operates by friction, injures it more than the wear it sustains in actual use. Hence it follows that the best method of cleansing foul linen, is, first to prepare it for the operation by soaping it where necessary; and putting it into soak for at least twelve hours. This will loosen the filth, and decompose the grease and other matter with which it is soiled, and it will be readily removed by alternately soaking, and squeezing or pressing.* The desideratum, therefore, is, to construct a machine that would, by a rotative motion, or an up and down stroke (like pumping) alternately press and saturate the linen with the suds, and lastly with clean water. The machine that comes nearest to this is one invented by Mr. Gould. The completest wash-house and laundry constructed upon

* A machine of this sort is used in the North of England, which is in some places called a "Dolly."

scientific principles, was that of John Bentley, Esq., of Highbury House, near London. Washing and getting up linen are employments of great importance and trouble in most families. Thanks to the steam washing company—for peace will be restored to families, where every three weeks, *discord* reigned, and the *musical notes* of "Thump, thump, scold, scold," will be succeeded by the *harmonious note* of "Home, sweet home." No more will be heard the doleful cry of *firstings*;† the subject of the humble kitchen ditty will be, "Blessed steam." Camden, the historian, says, the Countess of Richmond would often say, "On condition the princes of Christendom would march against the Turks, she would willingly attend them, and be their laundress;" perhaps, patriotism was then peculiar to the *heroines* of the *suds*, and Datchet's flowery mead might have instilled into their minds a love of martial glory; for this place seems to have been their resort. Shakspeare says, "Take up these cloaths here quickly; carry them to the *laundress* in *Datchet Mead*." May this enterprising company imitate the patriotism of the ancient countess; perhaps the Greek committee may enlist a few of the veterans in the suds, to act as laundresses in the Grecian cause, with the arms of the noble Countess of Richmond on the banners. This company must avoid a chalkey soil, for Lord Bacon says, "*Chalkey water* is too fretting, as appeareth in *laundry of cloaths*, which wear out space."

P. T. W.

CUMNOR HALL.

MR. EDITOR,—The following beautiful Ballad, founded on the tragical circumstances narrated in No. CVIII. of the MIRROR, was written by William Julius Mickle, the translator of the *Lusiad*.

THE dews of summer nighte did falle—
 The moone (sweete regente of the skye)
 Silver'd the walles of Cumnor Halle,
 And manye an oak that grew therebye.

Now nought was hearde beneath the skies,
 (The soundes of busye lyfe were stille),
 Save an unhappie ladie's sighes,
 That issued from that loneley pile.

"Leicester," shee cried, "is thys thy love
 That thou so oft has sworne to mee,
 To leave mee in this loneley grove
 Immurr'd in shameful privitie?"

"No more thou com'st with lover's speede
 Thy once-belov'd bryde to see;
 But seee shee alive, or seee shee deade,
 I feare (sterne carle's) the same to thee.

"Not so the usage I received
 When happye in my father's hallo;
 No faithlesse husbunde then mee griev'd—
 No chilling feares did mee appall.

" I rose up with the cheerful morn,
No lark more blith, no flow'r more gaye,—
And, like the birds that hauntes the thorne,
So merrylie sang the live-longe daye.

If that my beautye is but smalle,
Among court ladies all despis'd,
Why did'st thou read it from that halle
Where (scornefull earle) it weft was priz'd?

" And when you first to mee made suite,
How fayre I was you oft'e woulde saye!
And, proud of conquest, pluck'd th' fruite,
Then lefte the blossom to decaye.

" Yes, nowe neglected and despis'd,
The rose is pale—the lilly's dead;—
But hee that once their charmes so priz'd
Is sure the cause those charmes are fledde,

" For knowe, when sick'ning griefe doth preye,
And tender love's repay'd with scorne,
The sweetest beauty will decaye—
What flow'r et can endure the storme?

" At court I'm told is beauty's throne,
Where every lady's passing rare,—
That eastern flowers, that shame the sun,
Are not so glowing—not so fayre.

" Then, Earle, why did'st thou leave the bedds
Where roses and where lillys vie,
To seek a primrose, whose pale shades
Must sicken—when those gaudes are bye?

" Among rural beautiees I was one—
Among the fields wild flowers are faire;
Some countrye swayne might mee have won
And thoughte my beautye passing rare.

" But Leicester (or I much am wrong),
Or 'tis not beautye lures thy vowes;—
Kather ambition's gilded crowne
Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.

" Then, Leicester, why again I pleade,
(The injured surely may repine),
Why did'st thou wed a countrye mayde,
When some fayre princess might be thyne?

" Why did'st thou praise my humble charmes—
And, oh! then leave them to decay?—
Why did'st thou wis mee to thy armes,
Then leave me to mourne the live-longe daye?

" The village maydens of the plaine
Salute me lowly as they goe;
Envious they mark my silken trayne,
Nor think a countess can have woe.

" The simple nymphs! they little knowe
How farre more happy's their estate,—
To smile for joye—than sigh for woe—
To be contente—than to be grate.

" Howe farre lesse bleste am I than them?—
Dailye to pyne and waste with care!
Like the poore plante, that from its stem
Divided, feels the chilling ayre.

" Nor, cruel Earle, can I enjoy
The humble charms of solitude;
Your minions proude my peace destroye,
By sullen frownes, or pratings rude.

" Last nighte, as sad I chanced to straye,
The village death-bell smote my care;—
They wink'd aside, and seem'd to say,
Countess, prepare, thy end is neare.

" And nowe, while happye peasants sleep,
Here I sit, lonelye and forlorne;
No one to sooth me as I weepe,
Save Phylomel on yonder thorne.

" My spirits flag—my hopes decay.—
Still that dreade death-bell smites my ear,—
And many a bodding seems to say,
Countess, prepare, thy end is neare."

Thus sore and sad that ladie grieved,
In Cumnor Halle so lone and dreare,
And many a heart-felte sighe shee heav'd,
And let falle many a bitter teare.

And ere the dawne of daye appeared
In Cumnor Halle, so lone and dreare,
Full many a piercing screame was heard,
And many a crye of mortal feare.

The death-belle thrice was heard to ring,
An arial voyce was heard to call—
And thrice the raven flapped his wyng
Around the towers of Cumnor Halle

The mastiff howl'd at village doore,
The oakes were shatter'd on the greene;—
Woe was the houre, for never more
That haplesse Countess e'er was seene.

And in that manor now no more
Is cheerful feaste and sprightly ball;
For ever since that drearye houre
Have spirits haunted Cumnor Halle.

The village maydes, with fearful glance,
Avoid the ancient moss-growne wall,—
Nor ever leade the merrye dance
Among the groves of Cumnor Halle.

Full manye a traveller oft hath sigh'd,
And pensive wepte the Countess' fall,
As yandringe onwards they've espied
The haunted tow'rs of Cumnor Halle

TREATMENT OF DEBTORS BY THE ANCIENTS.

THE following account of the treatment of debtors in the ancient times, forms part of a speech made in the American congress, by Colonel Johnson, of Kentucky, on the bill for abolishing imprisonment for debt:—

" It is a fact notorious in the history of all nations, that the arbitrary and uncontrolled power which has been vested in the creditor, has convulsed to its centre almost every community; and that all nations have been compelled to resort to harsh and temporary expedients, or to adopt some permanent system of relief, to save them from revolution and civil war; thus, performing the salutary operation of the safety-valve in regulating the tremendous power of steam. The Jews had their jubilee, which restored to every man his inheritance; and the release, which existed every seven years, when the captive debtor who had been sold into bondage was restored to his liberty. At Athens, Draco's code of laws contained no permanent system of relief. The criminal and civil code were alike rigid and severe. The consequences were fatal to the repose of that people. The republic was involved in the most alarming commotions. The harmony of society was totally destroyed; and revolution was threatened. The debtors convened in various parts, and determined by solemn resolutions to elect a military chieftain to lead them on to their purpose, which was to obtain a new division of property—to put to death their creditors, and to new model the government. The creditors had exercised to the full extent the powers which the law had granted for the collection of their demands; the insolvent debtor was re-

duced to absolute slavery—doomed to the most servile employment—put to the draught, like beasts of burden, in the cultivation of their farms. The sons and daughters of the debtor were sent to foreign countries, and sold into slavery. In this crisis, it was doubtful who was most powerful and likely to prevail, the rich creditors with those who managed their farms and worked the mines of Attica, or the debtors, with those who espoused their cause. In this situation, it was unanimously agreed upon to have recourse to an amicable settlement of the difference; and Solon, a man of distinguished talents, virtue, and integrity, was unanimously elected. It is very evident, from the history of Greece at this moment, that the power of the creditor over the debtor was the chief cause of this alarming condition of the commonwealth. The very first act of Solon's administration was to abolish existing debts, and totally to destroy the power of the creditor over the body of his debtor. But he refused to make a new division of property; and every individual was made secure in the enjoyment of his possessions. Both parties submitted to these measures; and thus, by this harsh measure, Solon saved the republic. A permanent system of justice confining the remedy against the property of the debtor would have saved the historian the trouble of recording these melancholy scenes.

“In Rome we have the same example. We will pass over the history of that mighty nation, until we come to the expulsion of Tarquin the Proud, when a republic was substituted for kingly government. It was after this period, and in the best days of Roman liberty, that the law of the twelve tables existed, containing a system of cruelty, relative to debts, which is a blot upon the human character. After judgment was obtained, the debtor was allowed thirty days of grace; he was then committed to the custody of his creditor; he was loaded with chains, not to exceed fifteen pounds weight. In this condition, it was his privilege to be exposed, three times in the market place, to ascertain if his friends or countrymen would relieve him. If no friendly hand extended relief, at the end of sixty days the debt was discharged with the loss of life or liberty. For, be it remembered, if two or more creditors were so unfeeling, they had the right to divide the body of the debtor, or to sell him into foreign slavery beyond the Tiber. This cruel proceeding was not confined to the worthless vagrant, the idle and dissipated, but it embraced, and actually operated upon, the brave defenders of Roman liberty—

those who had bravely faced the foe in danger—had repelled the foreign invader, and carried about them the honourable scars of their gallantry. This arbitrary power, so barbarously exercised, produced the most dangerous convulsions and alarming disaffection in the Roman commonwealth. The ruin which threatened the very existence of that government was so great, that they resorted to the extraordinary expedient of appointing a dictator who was clothed with absolute power and dominion. The army refused to meet the foes of their country, and the people, *en masse*, refused to volunteer their services to repel even invasion while they saw a Roman citizen scourged by a merciless creditor, and his body bleeding from the severity of the punishment. The tribunitial power in Rome had the same origin: it was the offspring of the despotic power which was vested in the creditor. The people demanded these officers, with power to protect their personal independence. If Rome had confined the power of the creditor to the property of the debtor, these civil wars and disorders never would have existed. This savage custom existed in Rome until it produced a re-action in favour of the debtor. One extreme is frequently productive of its opposite; for, when the Christian Emperors ascended the throne of the Cæsars, they established a code by which the debtor was released for ever from the discharge of his debts, provided he would take an oath that he had not property sufficient to discharge all. It was now no longer lawful to sell the debtor for the discharge of his debts. Christianity triumphed over paganism, and the precepts of the gospel forbade the infamous traffic. When the creditor lost the power of reducing the debtor to bondage, avarice quickened into life a thousand projects to gain an equivalent; and, unfortunately for mankind, wealth triumphed over poverty. By the connivance of the courts, and by the stratagems of creditors, debtors were first held to bail upon presumption of fraud without proof; and the plan was consummated by granting the *ca. sa.* after judgment, in virtue of which the body was confined to close jail, and doomed to perpetual imprisonment. This was the substitute for the power of selling the debtor and his family into slavery.”

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

Oh! tell me not, Love, that the season is o'er
Which for youth and for loving is given—
That 'stead of the beauties of earth I adore
Thy thoughts should be turned towards heav'n.

For my heart, like a viol, the older it grows,
Is richer in tone, and quicker in feeling;
And when you touch the strings, its melody
flows

As the music from heaven's arch pealing.*

Giving alarm to the present—a balm for the
past—

A hope for the future,—as the rays of the sun,
When in splendour he dies,—though he looks
like the last,

Promises the morrow as glorious a one.

P. STAUNTON.

* Alluding to an assertion of the ancients, who affirm that the souls of the good are ushered into the other world by strains of the divinest music.

LIFE'S ENJOYMENTS.

If life be but a waking dream
Of vision'd bliss, and such 'twould seem,
Oh! let me the while youth allows
Hope's rain-bow ray, Love's whisper'd vows—
Oh! let me catch the favouring gale,
Launch my gay bark, spread wide my sail—
And, whether weal or woe betide,
On Pleasure's tempting ocean ride.

May's flow'rets feeble as the fair,
Nor less so Beauty's brightest hue;
Spring may the one again repair,
But what can Beauty's pride renew?

Can wealth recall one faded tint?—
Can honours by-gone hopes retrace?
The rarest coin from Nature's mint
Sees Time its impress fair efface.

Then why—oh! why delay 'till age—
Our winter—checks the rising sap:
Blots with rude hand the snowy page,
And half rolls up Life's lessening map?

Why rather not, while yet we can,
Drink deep of Pleasure's circling bowl,
Disport where Love leads on the van,
Nor heed what cares behind us roll?

What is to us the past?—If Grief
Threw o'er our heads his darkling cloud,
'Tis time that we should seek relief,
Revive, and hurl aside his shroud.

What is to us the past?—If Joy
Wing'd on for us the vernal day,
Oh! why life's summer pride alloy?
Why fling the precious gift away?

Let youth, all-headless, court or scorn
Th' advice or censure of my song;
The time *will* come when manhood's morn
Would fain those parting hours prolong.

Enough for me—enough for thee,
If this my verse propitious prove—
If stranger, thou should'st learn from me
To enjoy the sweets of youth and love.

ALPHEUS.

Reminiscences.

No. VI.

SAMUEL FOOTE.

(Concluded from our last.)

"All the world's a stage."

ALTHOUGH Foote's wit was brilliant, and sometimes refined, it was too frequently coarse and personal, and he was

a character which in the present day would not be tolerated. He was received at the first tables in society, and was a constant partaker of the hospitality of Lord Kellie. His lordship had unhappily a red nose, which was the subject of as many jests as Bardolph's. One day, at dinner, a gentleman near Foote complained that the beer was cold, upon which he called out to the footman, "John, take this beer up to my lord, and tell him to dip his nose in it, and if it does not boil in five minutes, it must be fire-proof."

"Lord Kellie," said Foote one day at dinner, "do you ever pass my house at Hammersmith?" "Oh, frequently," said the good natured lord.—"Heavens! how lucky—the next time you pass my house, do me the favour to put your face over my garden wall, because I have a large party to dinner next week, and I want my peaches ripened."

"I tell you what Mr. Foote," said a gentleman meeting him one day, "Lord Kellie has reflected on me, and I shall pull his nose." "What—pull his nose?"—exclaimed Foote, "why man, you would not thrust your fingers into a furnace, would you?"

"Mr. Foote," said Lord Kellie, "know you are a connoisseur in wines, and I have some very old Constantia, which I wish you to taste;" roused by this, Foote looked earnestly for the bottle, when to his great surprise and chagrin, a *pint bottle was produced*. "There," said his lordship, pouring out a *quarter of a glass*, and handing it to his witty guest, "There, Mr. Foote, that Constantia is twenty-two years of age." "Twenty-two years of age!" exclaimed Foote, "why, my lord, it's impossible!" "I give you my honour it is; but why impossible!" "Because," returned the wag, "it's so little of its age."

Old Macklin did not retire from the stage until he was nearly ninety years of age, and then, when his memory was almost gone, he gave lectures. One evening, poor Macklin's memory had repeatedly failed him, and a total stop ensued until the orator had caught the thread of his argument. Foote, who was always present, filled up each interregnum with something witty, and was frequently holding forth when Macklin was ready to resume. "Mr. Foote," at last exclaimed the veteran, "do you know what I am going to say?" "No, sir," returned the cruel wag, "do you?"

By an inadvertence Quin had obtained an ascendancy over Foote, and Foote was afraid to encounter him. This he had allowed his antagonist to discover, and

Quin was not a man likely to relinquish a victory obtained over a giant. A coolness in consequence had for some time subsisted between them, when one afternoon they saw each other under the Piazza of Covent Garden. They could not avoid meeting, and Quin held out his hand in token of peace, it was accepted, and they immediately adjourned to the Shakspeare, "to enact," as Quin said, "the play of *Measure for Measure*." They were soon very jovial, but at last Foote said, "Quin, I can't be happy till I tell you one thing." "Tell it then and be happy Sam." "Why," said Foote, "you said I had *only one shirt*, and that I laid in bed till that was washed." "I never said it Sam," replied Quin, "I never said it, and I'll soon convince you that I never could have said it.—*I never thought you had a shirt to wash.*"

Quin and Foote having been invited to Lord Halifax's house at Hampstead, went out to walk, and—but the story is told in rhyme, and though not new, may be worthy quoting:—

As Quin and Foote one day walked out,
To view the country round,
In merry mood they chatting stood,
Hard by a village pound.

Foote from his fob a shilling took,
And said, "I'll bet a penny
In a small space, near to this place,
I'll make this piece a guinea!"

Then on the ground, within the pound,
The shilling soon was thrown;
"Behold," said he "the thing's made out,
For there is *one pound one!*"

"I wonder not," said Quin, "that thought
Should in your head be found,
For *that's the way you pay your debts,*
A shilling in the pound!"

††

The Selector.

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

IRISH MELODIES.

BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

A DRINKING SONG.—TUNE, *Paddy Snapp*.

QUICK! we have but a second,
Fill round the cup while you may;
For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,
And we must away, away!
Grasp the pleasure that's flying,
For, oh! not Orpheus' strain
Could keep sweet hours from dying,
Or charm them to life again—
Then, quick! we have but a second,
Fill round, fill round, while you may;
For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,
And we must away, away

See the glass, how it flushes,
Like some young Hebe's lip,
And half meets thine, and blushes
That thou shouldst delay to sip.

Shame, oh, shame unto thee,
If ever thou see'st that day,
When a cup or lip shall woo thee,
And turn untouch'd away!
Then, quick! we have but a second,
Fill round, fill round while you may
For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,
And we must away, away!

THE MEETING OF FRIENDS.

AND doth not a meeting like this make amends
For all the long years I've been wand'ring
away—
To see thus around me my youth's early friends,
As smiling and kind as in that happy day!
Though haply o'er some of your brows, as o'er
mine,
The snow-fall of time may be stealing—what
then!
Like Alps in the sun-set, thus lighted by wine,
We'll wear the gay tinge of youth's roses again.
What soften'd remembrances come o'er the
heart,
In gazing on those we've been lost to so long!
The sorrows, the joys, of which once they were
part,
Still round them like visions of yesterday
trough.
As letters some hand hath invisibly trac'd,
When held to the flame will steal out on the
sight,
So many a feeling, that long seem'd effac'd,
The warmth of a meeting like this brings to
light.

And thus, as in memory's bark, we shall glide
To visit the scenes of our boyhood anew,
Tho' oft we may see, looking down on the tide,
The wreck of full many a hope shining through:
Yet still, as in fancy we point to the flowers,
That once made a garden of all the gay shore,
Deceiv'd for a moment we'll think them still
ours,
And breathe the fresh air of Life's morning
once more.

So brief our existence, a glimpse, at the most,
Is all we can have of the few we hold dear;
And oft even joy is unbedded and lost,
For want of some heart, that could echo it
near
Ah, well may we hope, when this short life is
gone,
To meet in some world of more permanent bliss
For, a smile or a grasp of the hand, hast'ning on,
Is all we enjoy of each other in this.

But, come—the more rare such delights to the
heart,
The more we should welcome and bless them
the more—
They're ours, when we meet—they're lost, when
we part,
Like birds that bring summer, and fly when
'tis o'er.
Thus circling the cup, hand in hand, ere we
drink,
Let sympathy pledge us, thro' pleasure, thro'
pain,
That fast as a feeling but touches one link,
Her magic shall send it direct thro' the chain

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

HORRORS FOR NOVEMBER.

IN the modern mania for enlightening
mankind and subjecting every thing to
the test of reason and philosophy, we have
also lost all the manifold advantages to

be derived from the practice of sorcery. Every body knows that, so late as the seventeenth century, one Evans, having raised a spirit at the request of Sir Kenelm Digby and Lord Bothwell, and omitting the necessary process of fumigation, was seized by the spectre he had conjured up, torn from the magic circle, and carried from his house in the Minories into a field near Battersea Causeway. We have no such doings in our days; we are no conjurers. Pretenders, indeed, lay claim to that august appellation; but their spirits are of the still; they deal with cards instead of the devil; their incantations are of no deeper mystery than the old hocus-pocus, with which every school-boy is familiar; and in the absence of more legitimate information, we are obliged to content ourselves with reviving the old *diablerie* of Dr. Faustus and the Freyschuts of the Germans.

Where will all this imagined advancement of reason end, and how far will our philosophical scepticism carry us in the renunciation of all our pleasing horrors? We have no longer any interesting goblins or spectres, spirits or apparitions, to harrow up our feelings; our ghosts have "turned their backs upon themselves" and given up the ghost. That of Cocklane and its kinsman of Sampford, (so strenuously patronized by the author of *Lacon*,) have each been duly exorcised and transported to the Red Sea; Lord Lytton's has been quoted and remembered till it is forgotten; and the times regretted by Macbeth, that "when the brains were out the man would die," have at length returned to us. Nothing provokes the buried portion of this sluggish generation to "burst their cearments," neither the discovery of the murder which sent them prematurely from the world, nor the desire of removing their bones to consecrated ground, nor the revelation of hidden treasures, nor the procurement of justice to the defrauded widow or orphan. We encounter nothing now, particularly of the female sort, that cannot speak till it be spoken to; our candles no longer burn blue; it is Christmas eve with us all the year through; and we have no other consolation than to sit round the fire of a winter's night relating true and circumstantial stories of these supernatural visitants as they appeared in the olden time, or singing to one another the authentic ballads of William and Margaret, and Giles Scroggins's ghost.

Nor are we better provided with animal monstrosities. Where shall we search for an incubus to give birth to another enchanter Merlin, who, as Spenser expressly informs us,

"Was not the sonne
Of mortal syre, or other living wight,
But wondrously begotten and begonne
By false illusion of a galeful sprite
On a faire lady Nonne."

How can we expect magicians in the land, when we have neither incubi nor nuns to breed them? Arthur Pendragon and Cunobeline the Briton made sad havock with the Hydras and Pythons which still infested our island in those days. Moore, of Moore Hall, by the assistance of his very judicious armour provided

"With spikes all about
Not within but without."

extirpating the famous dragon of Wantley, the last of his species. "The laidly worm," described with such appalling minuteness in old ballads, was finally destroyed by a Cornish Apollo; Guy, Earl of Warwick, and Tom Thumb, have each been the death of a stupendous and preternatural cow, since when the race has not been revived; and Jack the giant-killer, dissipated the last of the ogres who was any way formidable; for it is well known that the modern Irish giants are a very harmless breed, who may at any time be tamed by a shilling being given to their keeper. We have the nightmare, indeed, left to us, but it is a grim, shadowy abstraction, only visible in Fuseli's picture; and we occasionally exhume the bones of the mammoth and megatherion; but we are miserably in want or a good, living, tangible, and horrible monster. The American sea-serpent will not be coaxed into eye-sight of any thing more trust-worthy than a Yankee captain, and though it must be confessed that we were lately gratified with the exhibition of a mermaid, she was soon detected to be an impostor, and it is much to be apprehended that the merman, now submitted to the public, will not prove of more legitimate birth.

Nothing has occurred of late years more interestingly revolting than the story of the pig-faced lady, which in these dull days of common place, should not really be allowed to slip into oblivion. Her relations were publicly mentioned, the house in which she resided at Chelsea, with the blinds perpetually drawn down, was pointed out to every passenger; the high salary paid to her lady companion was upon record; the tradesman who made the silver trough, out of which she took her victuals, was universally known; several of the neighbours had repeatedly heard her squeaking and grunting, and one having unwarrantably placed some choice hogwash under her window, declared that its odours had no sooner

reached her snout, than there was such a riotous scampering, snorting, and snuffing upstairs as if a whole heard of swine had scented out their approaching dinner. And shall such "special wonders overcome us like a summer's cloud and pass away?" Forbid it, ye lovers of the marvellous; forbid it, ye journalists and caterers to the public taste of every thing that is hideous and appalling.

During the dog-days of last summer, the town was happily enabled to "sup full of horrors," of the most harrowing and transcendent nature, by the prevailing dread of the hydrophobia, and the terrific narratives which bristled in our newspapers. Goldsmith, in his *Citizen of the World*, says, "that the English are subject to epidemic terrors which periodically take possession of all ranks;" and this alarm affords a striking illustration of his assertion. One of our journals gravely assured us that an individual under the influence of this disease, not only barked and howled like a dog, but joined a pack of hounds in full cry, outstripped them all, and caught the hare they were hunting with his teeth; adding that even his clothes were so caninely affected by the malady, that upon some one throwing him a bone, the tail of his coat wagged backward and forward, just like that of a dog. This, however, is no subject for waggery. To this pantophobia all the dogs found in our streets have been sacrificed, and the panic so bewildered the imagination of several of our fellow-creatures, that they have been seized with an ideal hydrophobia, and actually fallen victims to their dread of a dread of water.

The gloomy month of November has now arrived, when the minds of our blue-devilish and hypochondriacal countrymen are peculiarly predisposed to the reception of whatever is hideous and melancholy, and as we are all in a profound peace, the country flourishing, the ministry popular, and the metropolis singularly unprovided with monstrosities of any sort, I call upon your readers, Mr. Editor, to exert themselves in the getting up of some good stimulating horror, one that may interestingly fill the long columns of our newspapers during the vacation of Parliament, and afford us a good shudder at our firesides during the long evenings of the approaching winter.

New Monthly Magazine.

EPIGRAMS, &c.

OF A VILLAIN.

THE wise and noble live not long they say :

The wicked too must die, and dying what are they ?

Thus deep the curse that thou wert ever born,

Though sin point out the promise to thine eye,

Retorts upon thyself, with fiend-like scorn,

The doubly bitter curse, that thou, e'en thou, shalt die.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

WOMAN's the soul of Love, I've heard men say;

Then 'tis no wonder, if she flies away.

FROM MARTIAL.

YOU, gaily clad, despise my ragged gown;

I grant 'tis ragged, but it is my own,

FROM VIRGIL.

IT rains all night, Joy beams again with day,—

Great Jove and Cæsar hold divided sway.

FROM THE GREEK.

ONE man found some gold, and so quitting his halter,

He snatch'd up the guineas and fled;
T'other coming just after, and missing his money,

Adopted the rope in its stead,

FROM THE LATIN (*by a modern hand;*)
it was addressed to the King of France, and intended to be engraved over the porch of the Louvre.

WITH no such state the universe is bless'd,

Of no such city any state possess'd;
Within no city such a house you'll see,
No house, great king, a master owns like thee.

FROM SANNAZARIUS.

NEPTUNE, amaz'd, his darling Venice

saw
Rule th' Adriatic with decided law.

"Now, Jove, (he cried,) thy favourite Rome display,

Tarpeian Rome, whom Tyber's streams obey.

Shall Tyber's streams with mighty ocean vie ?

Which state best proves its sire a Deity?"
Literary Gazette.

FROM THE GREEK.

A FOOL, tormented all the night,

From top to toe, with fleas,
Cries, "Well, Sirs, I'll put out my light—

Now let him bite—that sees !"

W, P.

JOURNAL OF AN OFFICER TRAVELLING FROM MARACAIBO TO MERIDA.

LEAVING Maracaibo early in the morning we proceeded by the lake until we arrived at Puebla Laguna, a small village about six leagues from Maracaibo, consisting of about forty houses or huts, on the margin of the lake: here we proposed breakfasting. Having sent one of our gondoliers, or bargemen, to announce our arrival to the villagers, the chief person came to the beach to invite us; and we accompanied him to his habitation, through a long pathway, intersected with cocoa-nut trees of an amazing height, and bending with the weight of the nuts; this damp situation being favourable to the growth of them. As we entered his house,—an open house to the world, having neither door nor window—his daughters, six in number, were employed in making tippets, or handkerchiefs, of the down of the golden heron,—myriads of which resort to this lake. These tippets, made in alternate lines, were tinged with the beautiful tints which the plumage of those tropical birds display, especially when exposed to the rays of the sun. Even in Europe they would be considered rich and beautiful. I wished to purchase one, but was told the sale of them were prohibited, until the state officers' ladies were first supplied. This branch of feather-manufacture was confined to the nuns of St. Clara, until the revolution caused a schism amongst them, and some of them left the convent; among which was Leona, our host's daughter, a fat, pleasant woman, about forty, who communicated her knowledge to her sisters. This radical nun informed me that the knowledge of their handicraft was obtained by the sisterhood from an English woman, the wife of a deserter from Buenos Ayres, who left General White-locke's division, and died at the hospital at Merida; to her the nuns were also indebted for many recipes in cookery as well as millinery. A large basket of wild-fowls' eggs having been brought in by an Indian boy, Leona began to prepare breakfast. As I had some curiosity respecting the mode of dressing plantains, I watched her culinary preparations, which consisted of lard, seasoned with Chili pepper and lime juice, in which the plantains were fried, being garnished with pomegranate-seed and some red berries. In like manner were fried the eggs, and a species of fish not unlike trout, except the head, which resembled mullet, of very delicate flavour. Our breakfast consisted of those, with the ad-

dition of cocoa-nut milk and coffee; and never did I breakfast with so much gusto; while Leona's pleasant sallies made me forget I was in company with one of the holy sisterhood of Santa Clara. I asked her if she meant to return to the convent, now that her party were successful: she said, not until her poor father left this world, as she was his principal support since he lost his sons in the Carraccas struggle. I told her, I thought she was more laudably employed in this way than in working out her own salvation in a corner of a cell; and added, the pious duties of a wife would do her more honour in the next world, than mortification would in this. She burst into a fit of laughter, and told me that the English always endeavoured to lead poor women astray,—and that the *soldados sangrass*, who remained after White-locke, played the devil in the country. Having remarked a little coral cross which I wore, she said I was a Christian. "Yes," I said, and wished to make her a present of it; but she received it reluctantly, I now took my leave of my kind host, and wanted to force two dollars on him; but he refused, adding that Leona would be very angry, after receiving my handsome present. But judge of my surprise at seeing a small wicker-basket, crammed with three days' cooked provisions, sent off to the boat by Leona's orders. I now shook hands with this good-natured nun: shewing her a ring, I told her jocosely I meant that should bind us. She smiled, and looking up, said her husband was in heaven; but should she marry on earth, she would choose me; at the same time, giving me one of those tippets, she requested I would let no person see it until I arrived in Europe, when I should sometimes think on her.

The sun shone in full splendour over the lake, adding beauty and dignity to rocks, trees, and precipices that overlooked it, and were reflected in the crystal waters. On the right the country appeared more open, with very little cultivation. Although the bottom appeared thirteen or fourteen fathoms in depth, a person would suppose it within a fathom, and that its innumerable finny inhabitants of every hue were within grasp, such was the clearness and transparency of the gravelly bottom, impregnated with gold and other minerals, with a quantity of crystalline gravel and shells. About three leagues distant we betook ourselves to our mules, which had made a circuit of the lake in order to join us, and proceeded up the country by the river Chama, that rolled beneath the rugged and painful

track we had ascended, with great velocity and astounding murmurs, along a bed of rocks, sometimes forming a smooth sheet of water, at other times, an irregular cascade. After a painful journey we arrived at a bleak eminence or table-land, on which was built a small hut, where we halted. But judge of our astonishment at finding here the wretched habitation of an English deserter, in the last stage of a consumption; he had undergone a severe castigation by order of Morales, for refusing to fight against the British legion at Boyaca; he was tied up, and got four hundred lashes on the soles of his feet with a peterculo, added to the malditas or ulcers, caused by the musquitoes in prison, of the most painful description, discharging a fetid ichor. He informed me, that being disgusted with White-locke's treachery, he, with a number of others, deserted from Monte Video, allured by the promises of the treacherous Spaniards; that after living a debauched life, most of them died unpitied; that disgusted with this sort of life, he took up with a native woman, who remained constant to him even to that moment, and aided his escape from the dungeon of Maracaibo. He regretted that he had ever left his brave regiment, and placed confidence in the faithless Spaniards. Having recommended him to the care of Dr. Murphy, the surgeon-general at Valentia, whose countryman he was, we continued our route to Merida, along a beautiful and picturesque country, abounding in haciendas, or plantations of sugar: here the vine and olive are cultivated. Merida appeared in view, situated in the most fertile spot in the world, with an equality of climate seldom known, only from forty-four to sixty-four degrees. Here a man can choose his own temperature, as he may live in the valley in sixty-four degrees in the shade, and walk in two hours to where the thermometer will get down to forty, or even lower, as he ascends the lofty Paramo; or he may live mid-ways, and have his haciendas in the valley; he may combine, too, interest with all those advantages, as the haciendas yield incredible crops of wheat, pease, pulse, beans, potatoes, Indian corn, even indigo, cotton; and, in a word, the products of India, as well as Europe, may be the property of one man on the same estate.

The town of Merida is the second largest in the province of Venezuela, but, like its rival the Carraccas, has suffered by the earthquakes. Two-thirds of the buildings are in ruins, and some very fine houses are uninhabited, although tastefully ornamented with gilded pillars

and handsome verandas; also, green-houses and kitchen gardens. This town exhibits more of European taste than any in South America, and is better adapted for an European settlement than any other, from the equality of its climate, fertility of its soil, and proximity to the port of Maracaibo, being only five days' journey from Merida. A little trouble would make the Chama, which washes the town, navigable to the lake of Maracaibo; this is the entrepot for the commerce of the Lanos. Perhaps, there is not in the world a happier spot, as the clergy knew, having immense haciendas here; there were three Dominican friars and two convents,—verifying the remark of the learned gentleman who said,

No jesuit ever took in hand
To build a church in barren land.

And, indeed, the holy fathers were so well aware of the delights of this little paradise, that they very charitably excluded every person who was not a well-known benefactor to their community. But there are at present but a few radical monks in our convent, and a few nuns of the same denomination. Here are a greater number of flowers and exotics than are to be found in any collection; and I am persuaded, that the place will become an European settlement, combining all those advantages to the quantity of neglected estate in its vicinity, and the mildness of the laws. — *Monthly Magazine.*

Scientific Amusements.

No. VIII.

OPTICAL DECEPTIONS.

I. ILLUSION.

PROCURE a jar of a good size, such as that used for jellies, and place on the bottom, next the side furthest from you, a sixpence, and next it, but towards the centre, a shilling; move to a little distance, so that the eye may be directed into the jar, but not sufficient to observe the coins; let water now be poured in gently, which, as it rises in the jar, will cause both the pieces to appear; without approaching nearer to the jar, or moving it towards you, both the pieces will become visible. This phenomenon is owing to the refraction of the rays of light on entering a denser medium; for while the vessel is empty, the rays proceed in a straight line; but by the density of the water when full, they become refracted, or bent towards the coins, and consequently they become visible. It is from the same cause that ponds, &c. (where

the bottoms can be seen) appear shallower than they actually are; and the reason why a waterman's ear appears crooked when in the water.

2. AUGMENTATION.

TAKE a large glass of a conical figure, that is, narrow at bottom and wide at top, similar to an ale or cider glass, in which put a half sovereign (or other piece), and fill the glass three-fourths full of water; place a piece of paper on it, and then a plate; invert it quickly, that the water may not get out; by looking sideways at the glass you will perceive a sovereign at the bottom, and higher up the half one, floating near the surface. This phenomenon arises from seeing the piece through the conical surface of the water at the side of the glass, and through the flat surface at the top of the water, at the same time; for the conical surface dilates the rays, and makes the piece appear larger; but by the flat surface the rays are only refracted, by which the piece is seen higher up in the glass, but of its natural size. That this is the cause will be farther evident by filling the glass with water; there being no surface at the top to refract, the large piece only is visible.

3. SUBTRACTION.

AGAINST the wainscot of the room fix three small pieces of paper, about the size of a sixpence; let them be about half a foot asunder, and the height of the eye; stand about a yard distant, and keeping both eyes stedfastly fixed on the centre piece, all three pieces are visible. Now shut the *right* eye, (keeping the left still on the centre,) and the piece which is opposite to the *left* eye disappears; or close the *left* eye, and the *right* piece cannot be seen: so that if either eye be shut, the paper opposite its fellow becomes invisible; plainly proving, that some objects opposite the left eye are viewed by the right, and *vice versa*, with the left eye closed, and the right piece consequently invisible; remove the right eye from the centre, and carry it to the piece on the left; the right piece now becomes visible, but the centre disappears; and so on alternately, the three pieces not being visible at the same time, as when both eyes are open, shewing one of the uses of having two eyes. Another method of trying this experiment is, by holding both the thumbs together at a little distance from, and at the height of the eyes: shut the left eye, and keep the right stedfastly fixed on the left thumb-nail; move the right thumb gently away in a horizontal direction, and at the distance of two or three inches, the

top of the thumb disappears; but by carrying it a little further it becomes visible again. The cause of this phenomena is thus:—The optic nerve entering the eye, is spread out into a fine membrane, called the retina; on which the rays of light falling produce vision: now that part, at which it enters the eye, is incapable of receiving impressions; consequently when the object is directly opposite, the rays proceeding from it fall on the optic nerve, and making no impression, none is conveyed to the sensorium, and therefore no vision is produced; but as the eye or the object is shifted, the rays fall on the retina, and that being the part on which it is necessary they should fall to produce distinct vision, the impression is received, and the object becomes visible. Nature has wisely planned the entrance of the optic nerve, not in the centre of the eye, but at the side inclining towards the nose, so that rays striking the nerve on one eye are received on the retina of the other. For this reason, when the right eye is open, the piece on the right side is opposite the optic nerve, and invisible; but when the eye is shifted from the centre to the left side, it brings the nerve opposite the centre, and renders that invisible, while the right piece falling opposite the retina, consequently becomes visible.

CLAVIS.

Useful Domestic Hints.

FOR WASHING CHINTZ SO AS TO PRESERVE ITS GLOSS AND BEAUTY.

TAKE two pounds of rice, and boil it in two gallons of water till soft; when done, pour the whole into a tub; let it stand till about the warmth you in general use for coloured linens; then put your chintz in, and use the rice instead of soap; wash it in this till the dirt appears to be out; then boil the same quantity as above, but strain the rice from the water, and mix it in warm clear water. Wash in this till quite clean; afterwards rinse it in the water you have boiled your rice in, and this will answer the end of starch, and no dew will affect it, as it will be stiff as long as you wear it. If a gown, must be taken to pieces; and when dried, be careful to hang it as smooth as possible; after it is dry, rub it with a sleek stone, but use no iron.

INSECT DESTROYER.

THE following recipe for making a fetid bitter solution, which destroys all kinds of insects, is given in the *Journal de Pharmacie* for February last, by M.

Viney, one of the editors:—Take of wood mushrooms, or large brown fetid boletuses, 6lbs.; black soap, 2 ditto; grated nux vomica, 2 oz.; water, 200lbs. Put the mushrooms bruised, and beginning to putrefy, into the water, having previously dissolved the soap therein. Leave the mixture to putrefy in a cask for some days, agitating the liquid from time to time. When it has become very fetid, the decoction of the nux vomica in water is to be poured into it. This liquor, sprinkled on trees, bushes, plants, &c. in gardens, will entirely destroy or banish every species of insects. None of them stand this fetid poison.

METHOD OF RESTORING LIFE TO THE APPARENTLY DROWNED.

(Taken chiefly from the *Manuals and Reports of the Royal Humane Society.*)

CAUTIONS.—Avoid all rough usage.—Do not hold up the body by the feet. (By these absurd practices hundreds of lives are annually sacrificed.) Do not roll the body on casks, or rub it with salt, or spirits, or apply tobacco. Loos not a moment. Carry the body, the head and shoulders raised, to the *nearest* house. Place it in a warm room. Let it be instantly stripped, dried, and wrapt in hot blankets, which are to be renewed when necessary. Keep the mouth, nostrils, and the throat, free and clean. Apply *warm* substances to the back, spine, pit of the stomach, arm-pits, and soles of the feet; rub the body with *heated* flannel, or warm hands. Attempt to restore breathing, by gently blowing with bellows into one nostril, closing the mouth and the other nostril. Press down the breast *carefully* with both hands, and then allow it to rise again, and thus imitate natural breathing. Keep up the application of heat. Continue the rubbing, and increase it when life appears; and then give a tea-spoonful of warm water, or of very weak wine or spirits and water warm.—Persevere for six hours. Send quickly for medical assistance.

NEW PYROPHORUS; OR, INSTANTANEOUS FIRE-LIGHTER.

In determining the composition of tartrate of lead, Dr. Friedman Gobel, of Jena, observed that this salt, when heated in a glass tube, formed a fine Pyrophorus.—When a portion of the deep brown mass is projected from the tube, it instantly takes fire, and brilliant globules of metallic lead appear on the surface of the substance in ignition. The effect continues much longer than in other pyrophori.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

A PILL FOR PARSIMONY.

WHEN Mr. Sheridan, Dr. Ford, and Mr. Linley, commenced their management of Drury Lane theatre, each of the gentlemen had a private box appropriated for their several families. Doctor Ford being more economical than the rest, became proverbial behind the scenes for superintending the bits of candles unconsumed the preceding evening. Shortly after, when all the parties were standing behind the scenes at a rehearsal, the late Duke of Norfolk paid them a visit, and inquiring into the state of the theatre, Mr. Sheridan pointed to all the private boxes, except Doctor Ford's, which made his Grace inquire "what box the Doctor had?" "The candle-box, my Lord," said Charles Bannister, who was present.

J. B. T.

FELINE AFFECTION

ON the 1st of September, a gentleman shot a hare near Esher, in Surry, which, on being taken up, was discovered to be very large with young, perhaps within a day of kindling. A friend, who accompanied him, opened the animal, which had been a good deal mouthed by the dogs, and removed three young ones all alive. They were instantly sent home, a short distance, and were placed with a cat that had kitted a few days before. The cat paid all attention to them, licking and fostering them with all the care and attention of a mother. The next day one of them died, and the only remaining kitten the cat had, was taken from her. In two or three days, the cat, not liking the visits of the curious, who came to see the novel sight of a cat suckling young leverets, suddenly disappeared with her young charge: and it was not till a day or two afterwards that it was discovered that she had removed them to the top of some corn in a barn. It is supposed that one fell down and was killed, but the other was lately alive and thriving; it could run about, and the cat continued to watch and cherish it with the same assiduity as though it had been her offspring.

A GENTLEMAN observed to his friend, "that Lord N——y's attempts at wit, resembled an electrifying machine." "Indeed, how so?" "Because they are so *shocking*."

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

FORTY-THREE years ago, a landlady in Penrith, South Wales, received an order to provide a wedding dinner for ten persons. The happy party spent the day in sacrificing to Bacchus, and retired in the evening, leaving the bill unsettled. Their hostess neither saw nor heard of any of the party from the day in which she served the dinner, (in 1781) until this summer, when the bridegroom called, acknowledged the debt, and discharged it.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SIMPLE AND COMPOUND INTEREST.

FROM the birth of Christ, to the 25th of December, 1815, *one penny*, at five per cent. *simple* interest, amounts to 7s. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.: at *compound* interest, it would be £1,227, 742, 357, 141, 817, 463, 589, 060, 967, 240, 755, 491 9s. 9d.

Allowing a cubic inch of gold to be worth £38 16s. 6d., and the above sum to be condensed into a globe of gold, its diameter will be 6,193,604 miles, 540 yards, 1 foot, 6 inches and a fraction, which would exceed in magnitude all the planets in the solar system; and supposing this earth to be solid gold, it would not pay *one hour's* interest of the above sum.

SIMILES.

THAT the gaudy colouring with which she veiled her unhappiness, afforded as little real comfort as the gay uniform of the soldier when it is drawn over his mortal wound.

I'LL stick as close to you as calumny does to misfortune.

A TAILOR of Cork has prophesied the end of the world in two years. "He has an eye," said a wag "to a general mourning."

A YOUNG lady being asked "What is wit," replied, "It is a fine sense at play."

ANECDOTE.

THE celebrated Dr. Radcliffe attending one of his most intimate friends in a dangerous illness, with an unusual strain of generosity, declared he would not touch a fee:—one insisted, and the other was positive. At last, when the cure was performed, and the physician taking his leave, "Sir," said the patient, "in this purse I have put every day's fee; nor

must your goodness get the better of my gratitude." The doctor eyes the purse, counts the days in a moment, and then, holding out his hand, replies, "Well, I can hold out no longer—*single*, I could have refused them for a twelvemonth but *all together* they are irresistible.

EPITAPH ON DR. JOHNSON.

BY SOAME JENYNS, ESQ.

HERE lies poor J——n, reader have a care;

Tread lightly, lest you rouse a sleeping bear:

Religious, moral, generous, and humane
He was; but self-sufficient, rude and vain;

Ill-bred and overbearing in dispute;

A scholar and a Christian,—yet a brute.
Would you know all his wisdom and his folly;

His actions, sayings, mirth, and melancholy.

Boswell and *Thrale*, retailers of his wit,
Will tell you how he wrote, and talk'd
and cough'd, and spit.

MAGNANIMITY IN SAVAGE LIFE.

SEVERAL runaway negroes being condemned to be hanged, one was offered his life on condition of being the executioner. He refused it—he would sooner die. The master fixed on another of his slaves to perform the office. "Stay," said this last, "till I prepare myself." He instantly returned to his hut, and cut off his hand with an axe; returning instantly to his master, "Now," said he, "compel me, if you can, to hang my comrades."

When the Caribbee Indians see their enemies cast away on the shoals, they plunge into the water to save them from the waves, and take every care to recover them. While they expect to be put to death, the Indian chief thus addresses them:—"To day you are our friends; to-morrow, our enemies: we will kill you then, if we can; but to-day depart in peace."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have received numerous communications from correspondents, which circumstances prevent us from acknowledging in detail until next week.

The puff of *Mr. Murray's Chronometer* should be confined to the daily papers, of which it has run the gauntlet as an advertisement

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The Mirror

OF
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CXIV.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1824.

[PRICE 2d.]

Tron Church, Edinburgh.



WITHIN the last fortnight the newspapers have teemed with details of alarming and destructive conflagrations, both in London and Edinburgh. In the metropolis there have been four fires in about as many days, which have destroyed property to an immense amount. In Edinburgh the fire, or fires, have been still more extensive; and it was at one time feared that the whole of the old town would have been destroyed. Among the most valuable of the buildings which have suffered is the Jury Court and Chambers, at the corner of Parliament Square, on which, it is said, 40,000*l.* has recently been expended.

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The fire, which broke out in the night of Monday the 15th instant, burned very furiously; and though distant more than two hundred yards from the Tron Church, yet some of the ignited materials were, by the violence of the wind, carried to the steeple, which set it on fire. This remarkable accident occurred about mid-day on Tuesday the 16th inst. Considerable hopes were entertained about eleven o'clock on Tuesday morning, that the progress of the fire was nearly arrested, but shortly after that hour, flames were seen issuing from the steeple of the Tron Church, which stands wholly unconnected with any other building.

300

The greatest efforts were made by the populace to save this edifice, but it was extremely dangerous to approach the church, owing to the streams of molten lead which were flowing from the roof. In a short time the steeple was in one terrific blaze, and fell in with a tremendous crash. Many spirited individuals had by this time entered the church, and by their united exertions, and the aid of a powerful engine from the Board of Ordnance, the body of the church was saved. So intense was the heat, that the great bell, which weighed upwards of two tons, was melted, and fell piece-meal among the ruins.

The view of the Tron Church, with which we present our readers, is taken from a "Graphic and Historical Description of Edinburgh," by the Messrs. Storer, where we find the following account of the building:—

This church is a great ornament to the High-street, in which it occupies a very distinguished situation, being upon the intersection of the great street which leads to the North and South Bridges. The foundation appears to have been laid about the year 1637; but owing to the great expense incurred in the progress of this, and another church then erecting upon the Castle Hill, it was judged most prudent to abandon the latter, and employ the materials intended for it upon the Tron Church, the completion of which was more desirable, on account of its central situation; and that nothing might be wanting to carry on the work with expedition, the common council, in 1644, ordered one thousand stone weight of copper to be purchased in Amsterdam, for covering the roof; but afterwards changing their plan, the copper was again sold, and an order given to cover the church partly with lead and slates, and the treasurer to the works was directed to proceed with all expedition.

But notwithstanding this, little advance was made during the space of three years; for at the latter end of 1647, nothing more than the timber of the roof was erected, and covered in from the weather with deals: this delay seems to have been occasioned by the want of money; for the council, at this time, ordered a voluntary collection to be made among the inhabitants towards completing the roof; and the pews being at the same time fitted up, to the number of one hundred and eight, the profits arising therefrom were devoted to the same purpose. But with all the endeavours of the council, the building of this church appears to have been a very tedious work; for though the foundation was laid in 1637, the roof was not finished

till twenty-six years afterwards; it was, however, preached in before its completion, the first rents for the seats being collected for the year 1647.

In 1673, a bell was hung in the steeple, which cost the sum of 1,490 merks, eight shillings, Scots; and five years afterwards, the clock which belonged to the Trone, or Weigh-House, was likewise put up. On the front of the church, over the door, is this inscription:—

ÆDEM HANC CHRISTO ET
ECCLESIE SACRARUNT
CIVIS EDINBURGENSI
ANNO MDCLLI.

Thus, it is plainly shewn, that this edifice is properly denominated Christ's Church, and not that of the Tron; which latter appellation it received on account of its vicinity to the Trone, or public beam, for the weighing of merchandize, which then stood hard by.

Opposite to the church, in the middle of the High-street, is interred the body of one Merlin, a French pavior, according to his own desire; probably in commemoration of his being the person who first paved the High-street; his grave was formerly known by a row of six stones laid in the pavement, in the form of a coffin, and six feet in length; but the pavement of the street requiring repairs, this memorial has been wholly erased.

CLERICAL FACETIOUSNESS.

THE noted Daniel Burgess, the nonconformist minister, once preaching of Job's "robe of righteousness," said, "If any one of you would have a suit for a twelvemonth, let him repair to Monmouth-street; if for his life-time, let him apply to the Court of Chancery; but if for all eternity, let him put on the robe of righteousness."

A REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF LONGEVITY.

THE under-mentioned 46 persons, inhabitants of the parish of Bexhill, assembled together at the Bell Inn, on the 4th of June, 1819, to commemorate the eighty-first anniversary of the birth of our late beloved sovereign King George the Third, whose ages, taken on an average, were as follows:—Twenty-five, who dined, 81 years; fifteen, who waited at table, 71 years; and six, who rung a merry peal on the church bells whilst the above were at dinner, 61 years; leaving a surplus of two years and seven months.—They were selected from the whole male population, which does not exceed a thousand.

THE DINNER PARTY.

NAMES.	AGES.		NAMES.	AGES.		NAMES.	AGES.	
	yrs.	mo.		yrs.	mo.		yrs.	mo.
William Duke -	83	11	John Page -	82	6	John Easton -	78	6
President			William Prior -	82	6	Wakeham Coleman	78	5
John Hammond -	82	4	Joseph Godwin -	82	3	Thomas Reeves -	77	9
Vice-president			Thomas Curtiss -	82	0	William Wellfare -	77	9
Thomas Longhurst -	87	9	Henry Clifton -	81	6	Evern, Cruttenden	77	8
John Vidler -	87	6	Henry Freeman -	80	9	John Gilham -	77	4
Nicholas Mewett -	86	5	Jacob Young -	80	5	John Cramp -	77	6
Peter Elliott -	83	11	Thomas Eastwood	80	0	William Miller -	75	3
John Godwin -	83	10	William Mewett -	79	8	William Weeks -	75	3

WAITERS.

John Tap -	74	7	Thomas Munn -	73	1	John Maplesden -	69	7
John Leouard -	74	0	Joseph Carey -	73	0	Thomas Sands -	69	7
William Chatfield	73	8	Samuel Easton -	72	8	William Edmonds -	69	6
John Duke -	73	8	John Christian -	72	6	William Winborn	69	3
William Dunk -	73	3	William Mitten -	70	0	Edward Epray -	68	9

RINGERS.

John Lansdell -	65	9	Thomas Roberts -	62	9	Samuel Burgess -	60	6
William Lansdell	62	8	Samuel Sinden -	61	8	Richard Fairway -	55	2

ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

[From *Time's Telescope* for 1825.]

ST. ANDREW is the tutelary saint of Scotland, and accordingly his *fête* is still celebrated in that part of the united kingdom. A procession, which took place on the 30th of November, 1823, at a border town, is thus described:—First came a band of music, then four or five young men, with drawn swords and in kilts; and, next, St. Andrew, on a white charger, with blue robe and bonnet, and a most saint-like quantum of white flowing beard; the rear was brought up by fifteen or sixteen smart well-made fellows in dress and order similar to those who led the van. In this style, the mimic tutelary saint of Scotland was escorted through Scotch and English streets, to the lodging of the commanding officers, where his saintship made a long speech in broad Scotch dog-grel rhyme. The captain very politely came down and saluted his venerable visitor, and was presented with snuff in a spoon, taken from a mull large enough for Pomona's cornucopia. These important ceremonies were concluded by a procession round the town.

St. Andrew is the patron saint of *tailors* and *sempstresses*. The tailors have produced some eminent men, notwithstanding the jokes against them, that it requires "nine tailors to make a man," and that they "live upon cabbage."* Stow and

Speed, the celebrated antiquaries, were both tailors; and records might be produced of many other learned men, who have not only clothed the bodies, but furnished the minds, of their customers with "food convenient for them." We shall mention two learned tailors, whose names would do honour to any profession. (1.) Robert Hill, a native of Tring, in Hertfordshire, who died in 1777, taught himself Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and was the author of Remarks on "Berkeley's Essay on Spirit," "The Character of a Jew," and "Criticisms on Job." (2.) Henry Wild, Professor of the Oriental Languages in the city of Norwich, about the commencement of the eighteenth century, was bound apprentice to a tailor, with whom he served seven years, and was afterwards a journeyman for the same period. During this time, he taught himself Hebrew, and by dint of continual application, and almost unparalleled industry, he added the knowledge of all, or the much greater part, of the Oriental Languages to that of the Hebrew. But he still laboured in obscurity, till he was accidentally discovered by the worthy Dean Prideaux, who, partly at his own

whom "digestion waits on appetite, and health on both;" but why the same food should be selected for a whole fraternity, whose occupation is entirely sedentary, and whose members are, in consequence, much subject to dyspepsy we are at a loss to discover:—but let us gladly ask, are we assured of the fact, that the modern race of tailors still commit "a daily and furious onset on their favourite mess" of the *brassica oleracea*—or in plain English, that they do, or can live upon cabbage? We speak this with respect of a useful class of men.

* "Bacon and cabbage," and "Cabbage and bacon," for variety's sake, are certainly pretty pastoral food, and are common enough; even now-a-days, among our rustic gourmands with

expense, and partly by a subscription, sent him to Oxford, where, though he was never a member of the university, he was, by the Dean's interest, admitted into the Bodleian Library, and employed for some years in translating or making extracts out of Oriental MSS. All the hours that the library was open he constantly attended; when it was shut, he employed most of his leisure time in teaching the Oriental Languages to young gentlemen, at the moderate price of *half-a-guinea*, except for the Arabic, for which he had a guinea. About 1720, he removed to London, where he spent the remainder of his life under the patronage of the famous Dr. Mead. The only work which he published appeared in 1734, and was a translation from the Arabic of "Al-Mesra, or Mahomet's Journey to Heaven."

THE POWER OF WATER, AND PROGRESSIVE RATE OF WIND.

(For the Mirror.)

THE hints and suggestions of a man of genius are at all times worth reading; they differ from his proper works only by the additional value afforded by opportunity of finishing: and it has been well remarked, that the *QUERIES* of Newton are, in many instances, superior to the demonstrations of ordinary talents. The man who raises himself by his genius and professional labours, to an eminence, not confined to his own country, merits the preservation of all his papers, and the general circulation of all his productions, whether mere essays, or more complete dissertations. Often too, the demands of the moment, the questions which arise, the propositions of others, furnish occasion to a man of science, for bringing his knowledge into activity, and elucidating subjects, which otherwise he might never have thought of treating.

That some approaches towards certainty were necessary, and that the learned world was laid under obligation, by whoever assisted in obtaining true results, may be inferred with sufficient accuracy from a single fact. Belidor in his *Architecture Hydraulique* greatly prefers the application of water to an *undershot* mill, instead of an *overshot*, and attempts to demonstrate, that water applied *undershot* will do *six times* more execution than the same applied *overshot*. On the contrary Desaguliers, endeavouring to invalidate what had been advanced by Belidor, affirms from his own experience, that "a well made *overshot* mill ground as much *corn* in the same time, with ten times less water." A difference of no less than

SIXTY to ONE!—between two writers, both mathematicians, both demonstrators.

Belidor also calculated the motion of the sails of a windmill, at a velocity beyond that of the wind in the greatest storms that are ever experienced. It was necessary, therefore, to obtain satisfactory results on practical questions of such general interest to the public. This, Mr. Smeaton, who stood at the head of his profession, of which, in fact, he was the father, in more senses than one, undertook and performed: his labours were directed to other purposes not less important, and with results not less satisfactory.

As the progress of wind is a matter of general concern, I shall add Mr. Smeaton's table of the rate at which it travels: observing, though well known, that the motion of a traveller, produces a wind TO HIM, though the air be calm; or that going against the wind, increases the effect of what is in action

Wind.	Miles. Hour.	Feet. Sec.
Hardly perceptible	1	1,47
Just perceptible	2	2,98
	3	4,40
Gentle, pleasant	4	5,87
	5	7,33
Pleasant brisk gale	10	14,67
	15	22,00
Very brisk	20	29,34
	25	36,67
High winds	30	44,01
	35	51,34
Very high	40	58,68
	45	66,01
Storm, tempest	50	73,35
Great storm	60	88,02
Hurricane	80	117,36
that tears up trees, destroys buildings, &c.	100	146,70

F. R.—Y.

MONEY.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—The following statement respecting that which gives life, vigour, and encouragement to every thing (*Pecunia obediunt omnia*,) and what no nation can do without, though iron, leather, and paper, have been used as substitutes, may find a corner in your MIRROR.

Perhaps few things have undergone more changes, and, at the same time, raised to a higher state of perfection, than the coinage of money; and more especially so, when we confine our researches to England, which at present enjoys a coinage unequalled in the world.

In turning over the sacred page, we find that *silver* was in circulation in Abraham's time, for he bought a piece of ground for a burying-place, for which he gave four hundred *shekels*, which was about fifty pounds sterling, as about half that sum of the shekels were of the smallest

kind; for the Jews had two kinds of *shekels*—one was equal to two shillings and six-pence, and the other to one shilling and three-pence. I have not discovered how long *shekels* existed before the time of Abraham, but I should not date it at any very distant period.

Chronology says, that money was first coined by Phidon, a tyrant of Argos, 894 years before Christ; and first used in England 25 years before the Christian era, but coined at Rome 269 years before the said era commenced. Hence it appears that the sacred and profane histories do not exactly agree concerning the *first coining* of money, for Abraham lived a long time before Phidon. But this may be somewhat set at rest by imagining, though *shekels* existed in Abraham's time, that they were not what could properly be termed coins, but merely *pieces* of silver of a certain value, and that Phidon first *stamped* money.

Sterling Money first coined in	} 1216
England	
Gold in ditto	1257
Shillings in ditto	1505
Copper in ditto	1672
The first public Bank was established at Venice, in	} 1550
The Bank of England in	
Bills of Exchange invented in England	} 1160
An Act passed to prevent the sending of any other money out of the kingdom, in	
	} 1381

Edward I. was the first who coined the penny, half-penny, and farthing *round*, they being before this period of the Norman forms, when only pence, with the image of a prince on one side, and the name of the city where it was coined on the other—with a cross so deeply impressed, that it might be separated or broken into halves, which were called *half-pence*; and if into four parts, they were called *four-things*, or, as we would say, *farthings*.

During the reign of the Norman kings, the coiners were punished by putting out their eyes and cutting off their hands, which punishments were numerous; for in King Stephen's time, every earl and baron erected his own mint. This practice continued until the reign of Henry the Second, who suppressed them all, and uttered the coin, and granted the liberty of coining only to certain cities and abbeys. His son, King Richard the First, caused money that was coined in the east part of Germany (much liked in England for its purity) called *Easterling* money, to be brought to perfection, which was called *Sterling*, or *Easterling* ;—

2 B 3

hence comes the derivation of sterling money. But we find that cutting in this age, although, according to some writers, the present age is the most vicious in every respect, prevailed to such an extent, that the money became so corrupted and clipped that it was obliged to be called in. Your's, &c.

A. B. C.

WAT TYLER,—AN ANCIENT BALLAD.

THE rebellion of Wat Tyler, Jack Straw, and others against King Richard the second; how Sir William Walworth, Lord Mayor of London, stabbed Wat Tyler in Smithfield, for which the king knighted Sir William, with five aldermen more, causing a dagger to be added in the shield of the city arms.

WAT TYLER is from Dartford gone,
And with him many proper men,
And he a captain is become,
Marching in field with life and drum :

Jack Straw another in like case,
From Essex flocks a mighty pace:
Hob Carter with his stragling train,
Jack Shepherd comes with him again ;

So doth Tom Miller in like sort,
As if he meant to take some fort :
With bows and bills, with spear and shield,
On Black-heath have they pickt their field.

An hundred thousand men in all,
Whose force is not accounted small :
And for King Richard did they send,
Much evil to him they did intend.

For the war which our noble king
Upon the commons then did bring :
And now because his royal grace
Denied to come, with their chase.

They spoiled Southwark round about,
And took the marshal's prisoners out :
All those that in the King's Bench lay,
At liberty they set that day.

And then they marcht with one consent
Through London with a rude intent ;
And to fulfil their leud desire,
They set the Savoy all on fire :

And for the hate that they did bear
Unto the Duke of Lancashire,
Therefore his house they burned quite,
Through envy, malice, and despite.

Then to the Temple did they turn,
The lawyers books eke did they burn,
And spoil'd their lodgings one by one,
And all they laid their hands upon.

Then unto Smithfield did they hie,
To St. John's place that stands thereby,
And set the same on fire flat,
Which burned seven days after that.

Unto the Tower of London then,
Fast trooped these rebellious men,
And having entered soon the same,
With divers cries and mickle shame ;

The grave lord chancellor then they took,
Amaz'd with fearful pitious look.
The lord high treasurer likewise they
Took from that place that present day

And with their hooting loud and shrill,
Cut off their heads on Tower-hill.
Into the city came they then,
Like leud disordered frantic men.

They rob'd the churches every where,
And put the priests in deadly fear.
Into the counters then they got,
Where men in prison lay for debt ;

They broke the doors, and let them out,
And threw the counter-books about,
Tearing and spoiling them each one,
And records all they light upon.

The doors of Newgate broke they down,
That prisoners ran about the town,
Forcing all the smiths they meet
To knock the irons from their feet;

And then like villains void of awe,
Followed Wat Tyler and Jack Straw.
Although this outrage was not small,
The king gave pardon to them all,

So they would part home quietly;
But they his pardon did despise,
And being all in Smithfield then,
Even threescore thousand fighting men.

Which there Wat Tyler then did bring
Of purpose for to meet the king.
And therewithall his royal grace,
Sent Sir John Newton to that place,

Unto Wat Tyler willing him
To come and speak with our royal king.
But the proud rebel in despair,
Did pick a quarrel with the knight.

The Mayor of London* being by,
When he beheld this villany.
Unto Wat Tyler he rode then,
Being in the midst of all his men:

Saying, traitor yield 'tis best,
In the king's name I thee arrest,
And therewith to his dagger start,
He thrust the rebel to the heart.

Who falling dead upon the ground,
The same did all the host confound:
So down they threw their weapons all,
And humbly they for mercy call:
Thus did the proud rebellion cease,
And after followed joyful peace.

Evans's Collection.

* Sir Wm. Waiworth, citizen and fishmonger.

The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM
NEW WORKS.

ON THE ECONOMY OF THE EYES.

BY DR. KITCHENER.

AFTER a certain age the relative sharpness of the sight of the eyes varies as much as does the quickness of the ears, the sense of seeing and of hearing begin to fail about the same time: there are few persons past 40 who cannot hear better with one ear than with the other. The eye least used soon becomes weak, and in the course of a short while almost useless. This fact is so little known, that I have frequently heard persons, who, up to the age of 40, have worked their right eye, and finding it beginning to fail, say, they must now begin to teach their left eye to see: however, as I told them, they found on trial, that the eye which had been idle was much more impaired than that which had been active. Spectacles are always preferable, because both eyes, by being kept in action, are kept in health. Vision is

brighter and easier and the labours of the eye is considerably lessened. Forcing the eyes to work at night even for a few moments after they are tired, will often disorder them during the whole of the following day: and is of all eye spoiling acts, the most mischievous..... *Want of mercy in this respect has prematurely ruined the eyes of thousands.* Nothing can be more detrimental to the organ of the sight than the clumsy practice of holding a glass by squeezing the *orbicularis muscle*: this cannot be done without distorting and distressing the mechanism of the eye. Green, or coloured glasses of any kind, veil objects with a gloomy obscurity, and can never be recommended, except to those who have to travel over a white sand, or are much exposed to any white glare, which cannot be otherwise moderated. Some folks, more nice than wise, among other ridiculous refinements, have recommended their green gauze or crape instead of green glass, under the pretence that while it moderates the light, it still admits the air, and is therefore cooler to the eyes. All coloured glasses increase the labour of the eyes, and soon bring them into such an irritable state as unfits them for all the ordinary purposes of life; there is scarcely an external or internal sense but may be brought by extreme indulgence to such a degree of morbid delicacy and acuteness, to render these organs which nature intended as sources of gratification—the frequent causes of disappointment and pain.

ACCOUNT OF AN APPARITION, FOREWARNING THE REV. MR. SHAW, OF SOULDERN, CO. OXON, OF HIS DEATH.

(In a Letter from Dr. Walker, fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, to the Rev. T. Offley.)

DEAR SIR,—I should have scarce mentioned any thing of the matter you now write about of my own accord; but since you have given yourself the trouble of inquiry, I am, I think, obliged in friendship to state all I can of the matter, and that I do the more willingly, because I can so soon produce my authority. The man to whom the apparition appeared was one Mr. Shaw, who had one of our college livings at Souldern, in Oxfordshire, nigh your brother. This gentleman, Mr. Grove, fellow of our college, called on last July, in his journey to the West of England, where he stayed a day or two, and promised again to call upon him on his return, which accordingly he did, and stayed three days with Mr. Shaw.

In that time, one night after supper, Mr. Shaw told him there happened a passage which he could not conceal from him, as being an intimate friend, and as one to whom the transaction might have something more relation than to another man. He proceeded, therefore, and told that about a week before that time, which was about July 28, as he was smoking and reading in his study about eleven or twelve at night, there came to him the apparition of Mr. Naylor, in the same garb he used to be, with his arms clasped before him. [*This was formerly a fellow of St. John's, and a friend of Mr. Shaw's, dead about two or three years before.*] Mr. Shaw not being wonderfully surprised, asked him how he did, and desired him to sit down, which Mr. Naylor did. They both sat a considerable time, and entertained each other with various discourse. After that, Mr. Shaw asked him after what manner they did in a separate state? He answered, far different from what they did here, but that he was very well. He inquired farther, whether there were any of their old acquaintance in that place where he was? He answered, No, not one. He farther proceeded, and told him, that one of their old friends (naming Mr. Orchard) should die very quickly, and that himself should not be long after. They mentioned several other people's names, but whose they are, or upon what occasion, Mr. Grove cannot, or does not, declare. Mr. Shaw then asked him whether he would not visit him again before the time? He answered, No, he could not, for he had but three days allotted him, and farther he could not go. Mr. Shaw then said, *Fiat Domini voluntas*, and the apparition left him. This is word for word what Mr. Shaw told Mr. Grove, and Mr. Grove told me. Now what surprised Mr. Grove was, that as he had in his journey home occasion to ride through Caxton, he called on one Mr. Clark, fellow of our college, and curate there, where, inquiring of college news, Mr. Clarke told him that Sir Arthur Orchard died that week, on August 6, which very much shocked Mr. Grove, and brought to mind the story which Mr. Shaw told him afresh. And about three weeks ago, Mr. Shaw himself died of an apoplectic fit *in the desk*, the very same distemper as poor Arthur Orchard. Now since this strange completion of the matter, Grove has told this relation, and stands to the truth of it; and that which confirms the thing itself and his veracity is, that he told the same to Dr. Balderston, the present vice-chancellor, above a week before Mr. Shaw's death; and when the news came to college, he was no way sur-

prised as other people were. And as for Mr. Shaw's part, it is the opinion of some men, that cannot digest the matter, that it was only a dream. But Mr. Shaw seemed to be as well satisfied of his waking *then* as at another time; and suppose it were so, the fulfilling of the things predicted is a valid proof of its being a true vision, let it be represented which way soever. And again, considering them both as men of learning and integrity, and (what farther my belief) Grove's incredulity in stories of this nature, the one would not have first declared, nor the other spread abroad the same, was not the matter itself serious and real. This is all that is told of the matter; the rest I leave to your discretion.

Yours, &c. EDM. WALKER.
Dunkin's Oxfordshire.

CHINESE CUSTOMS.

TURON, to which, as well as to the river and harbour, the natives give the name of Han-san, was little better than a village, but is said to have been, during the peace and prosperity of the country, more considerable place. The houses, which were low and chiefly built of bamboo, and covered with rushes, or the straw of rice, were, except about the market-place, interspersed with trees. Many of the best buildings are in the centre of gardens, planted with the areca-nut tree, and various other pleasing or useful shrubs. Behind the town were groves of oranges, limes, plantains, and areca-nut trees, in the midst of some of which were houses, and in others only remains of buildings. The opposite side of the river was divided into fields, surrounded by fences, and cultivated with tobacco, rice, and sugar-canes. The market in the town was plentifully supplied with all the vegetable produce of tropical climates, as well as with large quantities of poultry, particularly ducks; and, among other fowls, the black-bellied darter, a kind of bird so called from its supposed propensity to dart its sharp and long beak at any shining objects near it, particularly into any eye turned towards it; on this account those animals are brought to the Turon market with their eye-lids sewn together, to deprive them of the opportunity of discerning the eyes of those who come to purchase them.

There were no shambles or places containing the separated parts of animals killed for sale. At an entertainment however, given by the chief of the place to a party from the ships, many of the dishes, or rather bowls, upon the table, were filled with pork and beef, out into

small square morsels, and dressed with a variety of savoury sauces; other bowls contained stewed fish, fowls, and ducks; and many had fruit and sweetmeats. The number of bowls, piled in three rows, one above the other, exceeded certainly a hundred. Before each person were placed boiled rice to serve instead of bread, and two porcupine quills by way of a knife and fork. The spoons were made of porcelain, somewhat in the form of small shovels. After dinner an ardent spirit, made from rice, was served around in small cups. Wine does not seem to be in use, or known, though vines are said to grow spontaneously in the mountains. Had the art of stopping the fermentation of vegetable juices, before they passed from the vinous state, been understood by them, it is probable that it would be, in most instances, preferred to distilled liquor, to the use of which this people seem to be much addicted. More of the Cochinchinese spirit, not ill resembling what is called, by the Irish, whiskey, was drank by the host than the guests; though the former, by way of setting a good example, filled his cup to the brim, in a true European style of jovialty, and, after drinking, turned up his cup, to shew he had emptied it to the bottom. He afterwards accompanied the gentlemen in a short walk, and conducted them to an occasional theatre, where a comedy had been ordered by him upon the occasion, of which the mirth was excited, chiefly, as well as could be inferred from the gestures of the actors, by the peevishness of a passionate old man, and the humours of a clown, who appeared to have no small degree of merit in his way. The place was surrounded with crowds of people, and many of them perched upon the boughs of adjoining trees, from whence they might see, at an open part of the buildings, the spectators within doors, about whom they were, in this instance, more curious than about the actors upon the stage.—*Sir George Staunton's Account of the Earl of Macartney's Embassy to China.*

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

DINNER AT STATIONERS' HALL

SEATED at table at the late dinner at Stationers' Hall, I was quite astounded by the display of corporation costume. About every fifth man wore a robe, of one colour or another; about every tenth a gold chain; one in the hundred bore a broad badge of honour on his breast, in

the form of a silver plate; and there were civic dignitaries of various degrees, from members of the Stationers' Company up to the Lord Mayor. It was altogether a goodly company. I am fond of representative assemblies, shewing the props and ornaments of corporate power and glory; and here was an epitome of the greatness of the greatest city in the world! All the nauseous accessories of filthy trade were kept apart; and I saw before me the pith and marrow, without the details, of the warehouses, and banking-houses, and counting-houses, and custom-houses of London.

I was beginning to get entangled in rather an agreeable labyrinth of thought, when a loud buzz announced the coming of something more than common—some one superior to the "small deer" that dropped in one by one to fill up the herd around me. "The Right Honourable George Canning!" roared out in Stentorian tone, by the servant at the door (or the usher, or the secretary—for I am unaffectedly afraid of getting into mistakes,) was the signal for the entrance of the minister. He has a fine head certainly—Spurzheim could not deny it, and a corresponding person—I defy Chantrey to contradict me; but as I am not minister of the interior, "further this deponent knoweth not." Dinner, which had been kept waiting for him and his fidus Achates, Mr. Huskisson, was now evidently making its way towards the table in the next room; for I saw several knowing-looking fellows elbowing through the crowd, and going breast high towards the savoury odour which came in upon us, like a pack of fox hounds in full chase. I was hustled about without ceremony, and sadly puzzled what to do with myself, when to my great delight I espied a very pleasant fellow, whom I had frequently met at parties in the west end of the town, shoving his way towards me. I, like the tail of a well-pleased dog, was determined to be waggish on this occasion, and put on a look of anti-recognition. "How does my good friend?" cried he, stretching out his hand. "Well, God-a-mercy," replied I, as Hamlet did to Polonius. "Do you not know me?" asked he, taking the cue. "Excellent well; you are a fishmonger," said I. "Egad, you have it," cried he, laughing—"a sort of fishmonger, it is true—I am a place-hunter, my friend, just now; so come along: I saw your name on the sheriff's list, and I contrived to get you the seat next my own—in the very heart of the feast too."—"Not among the Aldermen, I hope," said I. "No, no; among the authors, you dog; in the feast of reason and the

flow of ——” “What, the deuce,” interrupted I, “have the Sheriffs had the cruelty to ask any of that tribe, and add to their irritability by a tantalizing taste of these doings?” “Ay, that they have,” replied he, “and I’ll lay my life on it, that, after you have spent this evening in their circle, you will allow *the tribe* to be the very essence of the invited.” We were soon seated at the end of one of the three tables which were appropriated for the leather and prunella part of the assemblage, and which chot down in parallel lines from the top piece, where sat the higher classes of the company—the city chiefs, the ministerial guests, Members of Parliament, Aldermen, &c. I quickly had occasion to rejoice in my situation, and began to make my friend useful as a shower of the lions. “Come now,” said I, “raise up your long pole (he’s a long-headed fellow,) and give me a nod of information as to the company. Who is he that handles the ladle so scientifically, and answers so courteously the many troublesome calls upon him?” “That’s Doctor K., to whom optics, and music, and astronomy, and gastronomy are all equally familiar, who is giving a practical lecture to his neighbours on ‘the art of exhausting and emptying a tureen of turtle soup.’” “And he yonder of the handsome countenance, with a foreign order round his neck, and looking altogether like the Lord Mayor of Literature?”—“Professor S., the German dramatic critic, who can pose our best poets on the phraseology of Shakspeare, and who has only the one fault of devouring the immortal bard entire, beauties and faults alike, just as that hungry common-councilman would eat a turtle holus-bolus, calipash and calipee indifferently with the offal.”—“Then that intelligent-looking man in spectacles?”—“B. the patriot, who extracted out of the dungeons of Boulogne prison some sharp thorns to strew over the rosy bed of the Bourbons.”—“Who is the next?”—“Come, come,” said my friend, “don’t think that I’ll enact the part of Macbeth’s witches, and tell you the history of all these choice spirits while that caldron is boiling on the table.—How do you like the soup, by the bye.”—“Egad, to speak the truth,” answered I, “I think ’tis mock turtle.” “Mock turtle, sir?” exclaimed a horror-stricken citizen, who overheard me, “Mock! good God, sir! have you had none of the green fat? Waiter! hand over that gemman’s plate. Doctor! have the kindness to fish out a prime piece of the flesh for this gemman. Not *that*, Doctor—some of the green, if you please.—Mock! mock turtle! do sir, do me the

favour just to let that *slip down*. Mock! well, what do you say now, eh?”—“I confess my ignorance, sir,” answered I, “and acknowledge your civility.”—“Eat, eat, sir,” said he, “and never mind compliments. Are you ready for a glass of turtle punch, sir?”—“Quite at your service, sir,” replied I. “Help yourself then out of that ’ere black pint bottle, and never mind me. Your health, sir!”

At this moment a band of wind instruments struck up a stunning strain from the gallery, and I moralized on the admirable management which thus gave this apropos interruption to every effort at conversation, leaving the company so good an excuse for attending solely to the more solid duties of the day. The music never ceased till the first course was removed; and the keen edge of appetite being by that time taken off, the countenances around me individually brightened up. The officially robed gentlemen, who had all sat down in their trappings, now threw them away, with the exception of the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, who still shone in all their glorious caparisons of scarlet, gold, and ermine.

The second course was served: the music began again; but the leader, like his prototype Timotheus, adapted his strains to the melting mood of the listeners, and allowed a free flow to the stream of wit that went round. Jokes old and new, bad puns, and quaint quotations, were quite the order of the day. One of the *litterati* was carving a haunch of venison. He sent a liberal portion to another of the elect—not the Lord Mayor or the Sheriffs. “I thank you for my venison, Master Shallow,” quoth the helped. “Master Page, much good may it do your good heart,” was the apt reply. “Ah!” cried a third, who was helped to a slice nearest the edge, “that was the most unkindest cut of all;” and immediately added, as the carver loaded his plate with sweet sauce, “Ohe! Jam satia.”—“Why, it isn’t *Jam*,” said a fourth—“we authors all eat jelly with our venison.”—“Ever since the days of *Aulus Gellius*,” muttered a fifth. A hundred puns and repartees, all full as bad, and therefore quite as pleasant, went round. “Voilà, mon ami, voilà la honte de l’Angleterre, aussi grande que le *tread-mill*! c’est cette fourchette-là,” exclaimed a talented-looking Frenchman to his opposite neighbour, having made various vain attempts to eat, with the aid of a two-pronged steel fork, some green peas which had been forced for this occasion. “Oui, mon cher,” replied his friend, “je vois bien qu’elle vous met aux travaux forcés.”—“What language

is that?" asked one of the Scotch authors. "Gallic," said B, "Nae, I'll be hanged af it's Gaelic," replied the Scot, "I dinna come frae the braes o'Bannock to be bamboozled that way."—"And who is the indignant Frenchman?" asked I of my friend. "Felix B." answered he, "one of the wittiest writers in the wittiest paper in Paris, the *Miroir*; he is just come over to comment on English customs, and he begins, you see, by a subject that has some point in it."

The table once more cleared, *Non nobis, Domine*, was warbled forth by the public singers with exquisite melody. Then came the toasts—then the speeches, all moderate and manly—just what a public character and a political oration ought to be; and in here paying my tribute to the talents of the performers, let me not forget the superexcellent toast-master, who, mounted on an eminence behind the Chief Magistrate's chair, with a glass in his hand, prepared the company for their duty by the oft-reiterated sounds of, "Are ye charged, gemmen?"—"Gemmen, clear off your charge!"—and then repeated the announcement of each successive toast, in a voice which, compared to the chairman's, was a culverin replying to a popgun, and which, when his Lordship called out, "Three times three!" answered, "Hip, hip, hurra!" as naturally as the Irish echo, that whenever any one cried, "How do you do this morning?" was sure to answer, "Very well thank ye!"

I wish I could now come to a climax worthy of my subject, and say in one short sentence all that it deserves. I can truly declare that I never spent a more sociable evening, nor witnessed a feast of greater propriety. On quitting my lodgings I had provided myself with a case of lancets, in the certainty of having my smattering of surgical skill called in to the aid of some suffocating gourmand; but I solemnly protest I never saw more temperance or decorum in words or action. The only vein I saw breathed during the day, was one of good fellowship and good humour. Men of many nations were there, English, Irish, and Scotch—with Germans, French, and other foreigners—but all, as it were, of one family. Men of all professions and parties, of the most opposite extremes and all touching. Lawyers and clients, reviewers and authors, smiling and chatting together—the wolf playing with the kid. Radicals and Tories, Lord Mayor and minister, bandying compliments—the lamb lying down with the lion:—all, in short, a scene of primitive simplicity and peace.

Attis Miscellany.

ORIGINAL LETTER OF THE POET THOMSON.

[IN No. 38 of the MIRROR we were enabled, by the kindness of a correspondent, to present our readers with some interesting recollections of the poet Thomson, which Dr. Evans has, with due acknowledgment, inserted in his Guide to Richmond. For the following letter we are indebted to the last number of the London Magazine.—It is without date or superscription.]

DEAR SIR,—I would chide you for the slackness of your correspondence; but having blamed you wrongeously* last time, I shall say nothing till I hear from you, which I hope will be soon.

There's a little business I would communicate to you before I come to the more entertaining part of our correspondence.

I'm going (hard task) to complain, and beg your assistance. When I came up here I brought very little money along with me; expecting some more upon the selling of *Widehope*, which was to have been sold that day my mother was buried. Now it is unsold yet, but will be disposed of as soon as it can be conveniently done—though indeed it is perplexed with some difficulties. I was a long time living here at my own charges, and you know how expensive that is: this, together, with the furnishing of myself with clothes, linen, one thing and another, to fit me for any business of this nature here, necessarily obliged me to contract some debts. Being a stranger, it is a wonder how I got any credit; but I cannot expect it will be long sustained, unless I immediately clear it. Even now, I believe it is at a crisis—my friends have no money to send me, till the land is sold; and my creditors will not wait till then. You know what the consequence would be. Now the assistance I would beg of you, and which I know, if in your power, you will not refuse me, is a letter of credit on some merchant, banker, or such like person in London, for the matter of twelve pounds; till I get money upon the selling of the land, which I am at last certain of, if you could either give it me yourself, or procure it: though you owe it not to my merit, yet you owe it to your own nature, which I know so well as to say no more upon the subject: only allow me to add, that when I first felt upon such a project, (the only thing I have for it in my present circumstances,) knowing the selfish inhumane temper of the generality of the world, you were the first person that offered to my thoughts as one to whom I had the confidence to make such an address.

* Sic in MS

Now I imagine you are seized with a fine romantic kind of melancholy on the fading of the year—now I figure you wandering, philosophical and pensive, amidst brown withered groves; while the leaves rustle under your feet, the sun gives a farewell parting gleam, and the birds—

Stir the faint note, and but attempt to sing.

Then again, when the heavens wear a more gloomy aspect, the winds whistle and the waters spout, I see you in the well-known cleugh, beneath the solemn arch of tall, thick, embowering trees, listening to the amusing lull of the many steep, moss-grown cascades; while deep, divine contemplation, the genius of the place, prompts each swelling, awful thought. I am sure you would not resign your place in that scene at an easy rate:—None ever enjoyed it to the height you do, and you are worthy of it. There I walk in spirit, and disport in its beloved gloom. This country I am in is not very entertaining; no variety but that of woods, and them we have in abundance. But where is the living stream? the airy mountain? or the hanging rock? with twenty other things that elegantly please the lover of nature. Nature delights me in every form. I am just now painting her in her most luxurious dress; for my own amusement, describing winter as it presents itself. After my first proposal of the subject—

I sing of winter, and his gelid reign;
Nor let a rhyming insect of the spring
Deem it a barren theme, to me 'tis full
Of manly charms: to me, who court the shade,
Whom the gay seasons suit not, and who shun
The glare of summer. Welcome, kindred glooms!
Drear awful wintry horrors, welcome all! &c.

After this introduction, I say, which insists for a few lines further, I prosecute the purport of the following ones:—

Nor can I, O departing summer! choose
But consecrate one plying line to you:
Sing your last tempered days and sunny balms
That cheer the spirits and serene the soul.

Then terrible floods, and high winds, that usually happen about this time of the year, and have already happened here (I wish you have not felt them too dreadfully); the first produced the inclosed lines; the last are not completed. Mr. Rickleton's poem on Winter, which I still have, first put the design into my head—in it are some masterly strokes that awakened me—being only a present amusement, it is ten to one but I drop it whenever another fancy comes across. I believe it had been much more for your entertainment, if in this letter I had cited other people instead of myself; but I must refer that till another time. If you have not seen it already, I have just now

in my hands an original of Sir Alexander Brands (the crazed Scots knight of the woeful countenance), you would relish. I believe it might make Mis^s John catch hold of his knees, which I take in him to be a degree of mirth, only inferior, to fall back again with an elastic spring. It is very [here a word is waggishly obliterated] printed in the Evening Post: so, perhaps you have seen these panegyrics of our declining bard; one on the Princess's birth-day; the other on his Majesty's, in [obliterated] cantos, they are written in the spirit of a complicated craziness. I was lately in London a night, and in the old playhouse saw a comedy acted, called Love makes a Man, or the Fop's Fortune, where I beheld Miller and Cibber shine to my infinite entertainment. In and about London this month of September, near a hundred people have died by accident and suicide. There was one blacksmith tired of the hammer, who hung himself, and left written behind him this concise epitaph:—

I, Joe Pope,
Lived without hope
And died by a rope.

Or else some epigrammatic Muse has belied him.

Mr. Muir has ample fund for politics in the present posture of affairs, as you will find by the public news. I should be glad to know that great minister's frame just now. Keep it to yourself—you may whisper it too in Mis John's ear. Far otherwise is his lately mysterious brother, Mr. Tait, employed. Started a superannuated fortune, and just now upon the full scent. It is comical enough to see him amongst the rubbish of his controversial divinity and politics, refurbishing up his antient rusty gallantry.

Yours, sincerely, J. T.

Remember me to all friends, Mr. Rickle, Mis John, Br. John, &c.

London Magazine.

* Mas ?

MY HARP.

FROM HOELTY.

My friends! when I am dead and gone,
Let my harp be laid by the altar-stone;
Under the wall with dead-wreaths hung
Of maidens who died so fair and young.

The traveller oft at eve shall stand
To gaze on that harp with the rosy band;
The rosy band o'er the small harp hung.
That flutters the golden chords among.

Those chords shall pour low melodies,
Soft uttered, soft as the hum of bees;
The children, allured from their sports around,
Shall mark how the dead-wreaths stir at the sound,

Ibid.

SONG—"There is not a breath."

THERE is not a breath on the breast of the ocean,
The sun-beams on yonder blue waves are
asleep:

The bright-feather'd tribes of the sea are in motion,

Or bask on the verdureless brow of the steep;
The bark is at rest, by the breezes forsaken,
And the mariner anxiously piles at the oar,
Till the fresh stirring gales of the twilight
awaken,

And waft him along to his cot on the shore.

Yet mournful I wander, though beauties surround me,

The glories of nature no raptures impart:
In her mantle of darkness affliction hath bound
me,

And dried up the fountain of peace from my heart:

The hopes that were dear, and the dreams that I cherish'd,

Like the prophet from Carmel, have taken
their flight:

And the shadows that brood o'er the bliss that
bath perish'd

Encompass my path with disaster and night.

Blackwood's Magazine.

Select Biography.

No. XX.

JAMES TYTLER.

To the Editor of the Mirror.

As the *Encyclopædia Britannica* is a work much read and admired by many, I shall esteem it a particular favour if you will be so obliging as to permit the following memoirs of James Tytler, the principal author thereof, to have a place in the next number of your MIRROR.

Hull.

T. A. C.

JAMES TYTLER was the son of a country clergyman, in the presbytery of Brechin, and brother to Dr. Tytler, the translator of Callimachus. He was instructed by his father in classical learning and school divinity, and obtained an accurate knowledge of the Latin and Greek languages, and an extensive acquaintance with biblical literature and scholastic theology. Having discovered an early predilection for the medical profession, he was put apprentice to a surgeon in Forfar, and afterwards sent to attend the medical classes at Edinburgh. While a medical student, he cultivated experimental chemistry and controversial theology with equal assiduity. Unfortunately his religious opinions, not deemed orthodox, or calvinistical, connected him with a society of Glassites, and involved him in a marriage with a member of the society, which terminated in a separation. He now settled at Leith as an apothecary, depending on the patronage of his religious connection; but his separation from the society, which happened soon after, with an unsteadiness that was natural to him, dis-

appointed his expectations. When he ceased to be a Glassite, he ceased to be a firm believer in the Christian revelation, and a zealous advocate of genuine Christianity; but he never afterwards held communion with any denomination of Christians. The neglect of his business was the unavoidable consequence of his attention to religious discussions; and having contracted debts to a considerable amount, he was obliged to remove to Berwick, and afterwards to Newcastle.—In both places he was employed in preparing chemical medicines for the druggists; but the liberality of his employers being insufficient to preserve an increasing family from the evils of penury, he returned to Edinburgh, in the year 1772, in extreme poverty, and took refuge from the molestation of his creditors within the precincts of the sanctuary of Holyrood House. At this period his wife deserted him and their five children, the youngest only six months old, and returned to her relations. He solaced himself for the privation of domestic happiness by composing a humorous ballad, entitled the "Pleasures of the Abbey," which was his first attempt in poetry. In the avocation of an author by profession, which he was now compelled to assume, he displayed a versatility of talent, and a facility in writing unexampled in the transactions of the press. He commenced his literary career by a publication entitled, "Essays on the most important subjects of natural and revealed Religion," which issued from the asylum for debtors, under the peculiar circumstances of being composed by himself at the printing case, from his own conceptions, without a manuscript before him, and wrought off at a press of his own construction, by his own hands.—He left this singular work, which was to be completed in two vols. 8vo. unfinished and turned aside, to attack the opinions of a new religious sect, called Bereans, in a "Letter to Mr. John Barclay, on the doctrine of Assurance," in which he again performed the functions of author, compositor, and pressman. He next set forth, with such assistance as he could find, a monthly publication, entitled—"The Gentleman and Lady's Magazine," which was soon abandoned for "The Weekly Review," a literary miscellany, which, in its turn, was discontinued in a very short time. These publications, unavoidably disfigured with many typographical deformities, made him known to the booksellers; and from them he afterwards found constant employment, in compilations, abridgments, translations, and miscellaneous essays. He now ven-

tured to leave the miserable apartments which he had long occupied in the sanctuary for debtors, for more comfortable lodgings—first at Restalrig, and afterwards in the city; and if his prudence and steadiness had been equal to his talents and industry, he might have earned by his labours a competent maintenance, which never fell to his lot. As he wrote for subsistence, not for the vanity of authorship, he was engaged in many works which were anonymous, and in others which appeared with the names of his employers. He was editor or author of the following works:—"The Weekly Mirror" (a periodical publication, which began in 1780)—"A System of Geography"—"A History of Edinburgh"—"A Geographical, Historical, and Commercial Grammar"—"A Review of Dr. Aitkins' Theory of Inflammation"—"Remarks on Mr. Pinkerton's Introduction to the History of Scotland"—"A Poetical Translation of Virgil's Eclogues"—"A General Index to the Scot's Magazine"—"A system of Chemistry," written at the expense of a gentleman, who was to put his name to it—unpublished. He gave his assistance in preparing the system of Anatomy, published by A. Bell; and was an occasional contributor to the "Medical Commentaries," and other periodical publications of the time. He was the principal editor of the second edition of the "Encyclopedia Britannica;" and finished, with incredible labour, a large proportion of the more considerable scientific treatise and histories, and almost all the minor articles. He had an apartment assigned him in the printing house, where he performed the offices of compiler, and corrector of the press, at the salary of *sixteen shillings a week!* When the third edition was undertaken, he was engaged as a stated contributor, upon more liberal terms, and wrote a larger share in the early volumes than is ascribed to him in the general preface. It was his misfortune to be continually drawn aside from the business of his employers by the delight he took in prosecuting experiments in chemistry, electricity, and mechanics, which consumed a great portion of his time and money. He conducted for some time, with success, a manufacturing process, for preparing magnesia, of which he was the inventor; but after he had disclosed his secret to the gentleman at whose expense it was carried on, he was dismissed, without obtaining either a share in the business or a suitable compensation for his services. He was the first in Scotland who adventured in a fire-balloon, constructed

upon the plan of Montgolfier. He ascended from Comely Garden, amidst the acclamations of an immense multitude; and descended at the distance of a quarter of a mile, owing to some unforeseen defect in the machinery. The failure of this adventure deprived him of the public favour and applause, and increased his pecuniary difficulties. He again had recourse to his pen for subsistence; and amidst the drudgery of writing, and the cares which pressed upon him daily, he exhilarated his spirits, at intervals, with a tune on the Irish bagpipes, which he played with much sweetness,—interposing occasionally a song of his own composing, sung with great animation.—A solace of this kind was well suited to the simplicity of his manners, the modesty of his disposition, and the integrity of his character, such as they were before he suffered his social propensities to violate the rules of sobriety. Forgetting his old friends, he associated with discontented persons, and entered into a deliberate exposition of the abuses of Government, in "A Pamphlet on the Excise;" and more systematically in a periodical publication entitled, "The Historical Register," which gratified malignity by personal invective and intemperance of language. He was concerned in the wild irrational plans of the British Convention; and published "A Hand-bill addressed to the People," written in so inflammatory a style, as rendered him obnoxious to Government. A warrant was issued to apprehend him; and he left his native country, and crossed the Atlantic for America, where he fixed his residence in the town of Salem, in the state of Massachusetts. There he established a newspaper, in connection with a printer, and continued it till his death, which happened in the year 1805, in the 58th year of his age.

The Novelist.

[No. LXV

ROTHELAN.—A ROMANCE OF THE ENGLISH HISTORIES.

BY JOHN GALT, ESQ.

IN the thirteenth century, there was a gallant soldier who had distinguished himself much in the wars of the time. His name was Edward de Crosby, Lord of Rothelan. During a visit to Italy, Lord Rothelan married an illustrious Florentine lady, and fell in the Scottish wars, during the minority of Edward the Third, leaving an infant boy (the hero of the romance), in Crosby House, London, under

the protection of his brother, Sir Amias de Crosby, an artful scoundrel, who, in order to dispossess his nephew, hesitates not to dishonour the mother, and dispute the legitimacy of the son; to aid his purpose, he calls to his confidence Ralph Hanslap, a cool, calculating villain, slow of speech, and quick of thought—wary in taking his aim, but speedy in the blow. Sir Amias gets young Rothelan kidnapped; he is taken to the Scottish camp at Durham, and sold, as a prisoner that will bring a profitable ransom, to an old captain, one Gabriel de Glowr, of Falaside. Sir Gabriel followed the army, not as a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry; in plain English, plunder was his object, and the sacking of Durham afforded him an opportunity of gaining it. On his return, however, he was met by the Musselburghers, who were determined to share in the spoil.

Their respectable magistrate, says the author, most cordially assented to this judicious proposal; and the wives forthwith, abandoning their creels and baskets, began to tie stones in the corners of their aprons, and to take off their stockings, putting stones into the feet thereof; so making them into weapons of powerful efficacy in the flourish of free fighting. We are not, however, inclined to admit the correctness of all this, having some historical doubts relative to the stockings.

When the Amazons of Musselburgh had thus girded their resolution, and thus armed themselves for battle, their valiant husbands drew their swords, and the whole party advanced with a determined air against their more successful neighbour.

The band of Gabriel de Glowr, seeing the approach of such a formidable array, halted on the heath, not daunted, but only troubled in mind on account of the danger which thus suddenly menaced their booty.

Clinkscales, for so the worthy magistrate of Musselburgh was called, separated his forces into two divisions. The burghers he drew up in a compact body, and halted them on the brow of a knoll, while the wives, acting as light infantry, nimbly extending to the right and left, formed themselves into two crescents, and moving at a double-quick time, flourished their weapons round their heads, like slingers preparing to throw, rushed in upon the bees and horses, and enclosed them within a circle. A parley ensued, in which Sir Gabriel de Glowr and Clinkscales agreed to divide the spoil.

Under the care of Sir Gabriel de Glowr young Rothelan remains some time, and is trained in warlike exercises, in order, no doubt, to aid Sir Gabriel, who was an

avaricious border chief, in his forays. At the battle of Neville's Cross, Rothelan is, however, rescued by the English, who convey him to London, where he meets his mother. The Lady Albertina, finding her marriage and the legitimacy of her son disputed, she sends to Italy for witnesses to prove their truth. Most anxiously do they wait for its arrival, and even the consolations of Adonijah are scarcely able to sustain the spirit of the afflicted lady.

At last news were brought to Adonijah that the ship was seen in the river; and the chronicler says, the story of Rothelan having become ale-house talk, the tidings of her approach caused a great movement in the town. Every man in London, who had heard of the lady's constancy and the Jew's friendship, desired to know the sequel, like a credulous child that is impatient for the retribution at the end of a tragic tale. But "there was," he observes "at this time a great thirst for strange matter among the people, the hectic of which, some of those who were astrological ascribed to malign aspects of the stars, and other signs and omens, which daily bore visible testimony to the credibility of certain baleful predictions and pestiferous prophecies, wherewith the whole of Christendom was then much troubled. The trees untimely budded, and brought forth unknown fruit, of which no lip could abide the taste; the ivy slackened her ancient hold of the wall, and shot out branches that bore wonderful leaves; great fishes were heard in the night moaning afar off in the sea; and there was a shower of worms. For an entire month the moon was not seen, and the nights were so dark, that it was feared she had wandered away from her sphere. A holy man seven times saw a mighty hand between him and the setting sun, and it held a great sand-glass run out, which was believed to be a token that the end of time was come. The sun itself grew dim and ineffectual; an eclipse overcame it like an eyelid, and there was a cry that his light was gone out. A fiery star appeared in Orion, and many thought it was the torch of the angel of the Judgment coming to burn the world. The earth trembled, and vast vestments, with the dark outlines of terrible forms, were seen hurrying to and fro in the skies; and a woman-child was born with two tongues."

Indeed, all historians agree, that, at this epoch, portents and prodigies became so rife, and yet continued so wonderful, that many thought and feared some new evil was confusing the germs of nature. The minds of all sorts of men were in con-

sequence excited to a state of wild and boding expectancy; inasmuch, that every new thing, to which aught of interest or curiosity attached, was magnified into something mystical and marvellous. Thus it happened, that the news of the vessel with the Florentines, though in itself of no seeming importance, is described as having been caught by the multitude as an event by which the destinies of the kingdom were to be affected. Thousands on thousands passed to the shores of the river to see her come; and boats went to meet her, as if she had been bringing home to them all the freightage of some great chance in their fortunes.

The Lady Albertina, with Rothelan and Adonijah, were among the first who hastened to greet her arrival, and they stood together at a window to see her pass to the moorings at London Bridge.

"It is strange," said the lady, "and what can it portend, that none of the boats go close to her, but all you see suddenly suspend their oars as they approach her?"

"She hath had a hard voyage," rejoined Rothelan; "look how dishevelled she is in the cordage. Some of her topsails too are hanging in rags; and I can see, as it were, strips of green moss down the seams of the others. They have surely been long unhandled."

Adonijah continued looking towards the ship, and appeared thoughtful and touched with care, as he said,

"Her voyage had been very long—all the way from the land of Egypt—but she was in Italy as she came, and her course hath been in the sunny days with the gracious gales of the summer; yet is she like a thing of antiquity, for those signs of waste and decay are as if oblivion were on board. They have not come of the winds nor of the waves."

"The crowd on the shores," added the lady, "grows silent as she passes."

"There are many persons aboard," said Rothelan.

"Yes," replied Adonijah, "but only the man at the helm hath for some time moved; all the others are in idleness—still, still. A cold fear is crawling on my bones, to see so many persons, and every one monumental."

"Some of those who are looking over the side," said Rothelan, partaking in some degree of the Jew's dread, "droop their heads upon their breasts, and take no heed of any object. Look at those on the deck; they sit as if they were indeed marble, resting on their elbows like effigies on a tomb."

"Merciful Heaven!" cried the Lady Albertina, "what horror does she bring?"

At that moment the boats assembled around the ship, suddenly made rapidly for the shore—many of the watermen stayed not till they reached the landings, but leaped into the river; then a universal cry arose, and the people were seen scattering themselves in all directions. Rothelan darted from his mother's side, and ran towards the spot, to which, instead of holding onward to the moorings, it was evident the vessel was steering to take the ground.

In his way thither he met his old friends, Sir Gabriel de Glowr and his lady, who, at his request, were still remaining in London. They, too, had been among the spectators, and were hurrying from the scene. The lady was breathless with haste and fear, her mantle was torn, and she had lost a shoe in her flight.

The Baron of Falaside, before Rothelan could inquire the cause of so singular a panic, looked at him wildly, and shook his head, dragging his lady away by the arm.

"Stop!" exclaimed Rothelan, "and tell me what is the cause of all this?" But they would not stop. He also addressed himself to others, but with no success. "Turn back, come back," every one said to him as he rushed against the stream of the crowd.

The pressure and tide of the multitude slackened as he advanced; and when he was within a short distance of the place where the ship had in the meantime taken the ground, he found himself alone. He paused for a moment: as yet he saw nothing to alarm, but only the man at the helm, who, the instant that the ship touched the ground, had leaped on shore, and was coming towards him.

Rothelan ran forward to meet him, in order to inquire how it was that all on board appeared so motionless; but scarcely had he advanced ten paces, when, casting his eyes forward, he saw that each of those who were leaning over the vessel's side, and resting on the deck, were dead men, from whose hideous anatomy the skin had peeled and the flesh had fallen. They had all died of the plague.

It is not only the witnesses of Rothelan's legitimacy that fall by the plague, for although the only man that arrives in the ship is excluded from every door, and wanders desolate until he falls down dead, yet the contagion is communicated to the city, where, in its malignancy, it engrossed the ill of all other maladies, and made doctors despicable. Of a potency equal to death, it possessed itself of all his armouries, and was itself the death or every other mortal distemper. The touch, yea, the very sight of the infected, was

deadly; and its signs were so sudden, that families seated in happiness at their meals have seen the plague-spot begin to redden, and have wildly scattered themselves for ever. The cement of society was dissolved by it. Mothers, when they saw the sign of the infection on the babes at their bosom, cast them from them with abhorrence. Wild places were sought for shelter; some went into ships, and anchored themselves afar off on the waters. But the angel that was pouring the vial had a foot on the sea as well as on the dry land. No place was so wild that the plague did not visit—none so secret that the quick-sighted pestilence did not discover—none could fly that it did not overtake.

It was as if Heaven had repented the making of mankind, and was shovelling them all into the sepulchre. Justice was forgotten, and her courts deserted. The terrified gaolers fled from the felons that were in fetters; the innocent and the guilty leagued themselves together, and kept within their prisons for safety; the grass grew in the market-places; the cattle went moaning up and down the fields, wondering what had become of their keepers; the rooks and the ravens came into the towns, and built their nests in the mute bellfries; silence was universal, save when some infected wretch was seen clamouring at a window.

For a time all commerce was in coffins and shrouds; but even that ended. Shrift there was none; churches and chapels were open, but neither priest nor penitent entered; all went to the charnel-house. The sexton and the physician were cast into the same deep and wide grave; the testator and his heirs and executors were hurled from the same cart into the same hole together. Fires became extinguished, as if its element too had expired; the seams of the sailorless ships yawned to the sun. Though doors were open, and coffers unwatched, there was no theft; all offences ceased, and no crime but the universal woe of the pestilence was heard of among men. The wells overflowed, and the conduits ran to waste; the dogs banded themselves together, having lost their masters, and ran howling over all the land; horses perished of famine in their stalls; old friends but looked at one another when they met, keeping themselves far aloof; creditors claimed no debts, and courtiers performed their promises; little children went wandering up and down, and numbers were seen dead in all corners. Nor was it only in England that the plague so raged; it travelled over a third part of the whole earth, like the shadow of an eclipse, as if some dreadful

thing had been interposed between the world and the sun-source of life.

Many friends of Rothelan died; but Sir Amias, followed at a distance by Ralph Hanslap, went murmuring every where in quest of the infection, but he could not die.

He confessed aloud, to every one he met, the wrongs he had done to the widow and the orphan, but no one heeded his tale; for all were flying, they knew not whither from the pestilence.

He ran to the house of Adonijah, the Jew, to make restitution. The door was open, and he rushed in; but a swarm of horrible flies came buzzing into his face, and he heard the sound of swine grovelling in the darkness within.

Ralph Hanslap, being summoned before the Bishop of Winchester, confessed to part of his knavery, and Rothelan is restored to his title and estates. He marries Blanche, the daughter of the Earl of Lincoln; and Adonijah, "whose household blood" had all perished by the plague, lives and ends his days with the Lady Albertina.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF A TAILOR'S DAUGHTER WITH A BARBER'S BOY.

THE tailor's daughter took the barber's boy
To be the partner of her grief and joy.
What force the power of Nature can control,
For still the needle turns towards the pole.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

ON Saturday will be published a Supplementary Number of the MIRROR, with an engraving.

The tale on which the Forest of Bondy is founded, and Lines on the Princess Charlotte, are out of date.

Bid, we forbid, unless he writes better.

The following are intended for insertion: *Alpheus*; *Archie Aitquis*; *J. H.-d.*; *W. F.*; *S. B. S. T.*; *G. W. L.*; *E. M. M.*; (whose former communication was received.) *E. T.-p.*; *John*; *R. A.*; *R. N.*; *J. P.*; *E. N.*; Lines to my Lyre; *F. R.-g.*, and *Arnold*.

Received *Henri*; *W. C. S.*; *Tyton*; *W. A. H.*; *L. Rogers*; *J. B.*; *Tom*; *G. L.-k.*; *Mr. Adams*, and *M. W. Q.*

The Life of Seneca; *Eagle Eye*; *W. D. T.*; *Z. Y.*, and *Rhadamanthus*, are inadmissible.

The Plan sent by *J. C.*, shall be attended to.

Will the Correspondent who sent us half a dozen small pamphlets in blue covers, give us some information respecting them and their author?

Printed and Published by *J. LIMBIRD*, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) and sold by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CXV.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1824.

[PRICE 2d.

Earthquake at Lisbon.



THE new science of geology has done much in making us acquainted with the various strata of which different portions of the earth are formed, and their consequent tendency to internal convulsion. From the investigations that have taken place, it is inferred that London will never suffer by an earthquake, though the early historians of the metropolis state that some shocks have taken place. Many other parts of the world are, however, less favoured by nature. In the year 17 of the Christian era twelve cities were destroyed in Asia by earthquake; in the year 377, a hundred and twenty cities were swallowed up in Macedonia; and in 1137, Catania was overturned, and with it 15,000 souls; one still more destructive was felt at Naples, in 1456, when 40,000 persons perished; but even this sweeping desolation is inferior in magnitude to the earthquake at Lisbon, in 1755, when, in the space of about eight minutes, the whole city was nearly destroyed, and with it 50,000 inhabitants. Then it was, as Milton says, that

“ Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat,
Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe.”
VOL. IV. 2 C

This earthquake extended over a tract of at least four millions of square miles, and pervaded the greater portions of the continents of Europe, Africa, and America; but its extreme violence fell on the south-western parts of Europe.

Lisbon had previously suffered much from an earthquake in 1531. In the last century it was remarked, that, since the commencement of the year 1750, less rain had fallen than had been known in the memory of the oldest of the inhabitants, unless during the spring preceding the calamitous event. The summer had been unusually cool; and the weather fine and clear for the preceding forty days. At length, on the first of November, about forty minutes past nine in the morning, a most violent shock of an earthquake was felt. Its duration did not exceed six seconds; but so powerful was the concussion, that it overthrew every church and convent in the city, together with the Royal Palace, and the magnificent Opera House adjoining to it; in short, not any building of consequence escaped. About one-fourth of the dwelling-houses were thrown down, and nearly 50,000 individuals perished. The sight of the dead bodies, and the

shrieks of those who were half buried in the ruins, were terrible beyond description. Self-preservation seemed alone to be consulted; and the most probable security was sought, by getting into open places, and into the middle of the streets. Those who were in the upper stories of the houses, were in general more fortunate than those who attempted to escape by the doors, many of the latter being buried beneath the ruins, with the greater part of the foot passengers. Those who were in carriages escaped the best, although the drivers and cattle suffered severely. The number of persons who perished in the streets and in the houses was greatly inferior to that of those who were buried beneath the ruins of the churches; for, as it was a day of solemn festival, these were crowded for the celebration of the mass. They were more numerous than the churches of London and Westminster taken collectively; and the lofty steeples in most instances fell with the roof, inasmuch that few escaped.

The first shock, as has been noticed, was extremely short, but was quickly succeeded by two others; and the whole, generally described as a single shock, lasted from five to seven minutes. About two hours after, fires broke out in three different parts of the city; and this new calamity prevented the digging out of the immense riches concealed beneath the ruins. From a perfect calm, a fresh gale immediately after sprang up, and occasioned the fire to rage with such fury, that in the space of three days the city was nearly reduced to ashes. Every element seemed to conspire towards its destruction; for, soon after the shock, which happened near high-water, the tide rose in an instant forty feet, and at the castle of Belem, which defends the entrance of the harbour, fifty feet higher than had ever been known. Had it not subsided as suddenly, the whole city would have been submerged. A large new quay sunk to an unfathomable depth, with several hundreds of persons, not one of the bodies of whom was afterwards found. Before the sea thus came rolling in like a mountain, the bar was seen dry from the shore.

The terrors of the surviving inhabitants were great and multiplied. Amid the general confusion, and through a scarcity of hands, the dead bodies could not be buried, and it was dreaded that a pestilence would ensue; but from this apprehension they were relieved by the fire, by which these bodies were for the greater part consumed. The fears of a famine were more substantial; since, during the three days succeeding the earthquake, an

ounce of bread was literally worth a pound of gold. Several of the corn-magazines having been, however, fortunately saved from the fire, a scanty supply of bread was afterwards procured. Next came the dread of the pillage and murder of those who had saved any of their effects; and this happened in several instances, until examples were made of the delinquents.

The great shock was succeeded about noon by another, when the walls of several houses which were still standing, were seen to open, from the top to the bottom, more than a quarter of a yard, and afterwards to close again so exactly as not to leave any signs of injury. Between the first and the eighth of November, twenty-two shocks were reckoned.

A boat on the Tagus, about a mile distant from Lisbon, was heard by the passengers to make a noise as if it had run aground, although then in deep water; the crews at the same time saw the houses falling on both sides of the river, in front of which, on the Lisbon side, the greater part of a convent fell, burying many of its inmates beneath the ruins, while others were precipitated into the river. The water was covered with dust, blown by a strong northerly wind; and the sun entirely obscured. On landing, they were driven by the overflowing of the waters to the high grounds, whence they perceived the sea, at a mile's distance, rushing in like a torrent, although against wind and tide. The bed of the Tagus was in many places raised to its surface; while ships were driven from their anchors, and jostled together with such violence, that their crews did not know whether they were afloat or aground. The master of a ship, who had great difficulty in reaching the port of Lisbon, reported that, being fifty leagues at sea, the shock was there so violent as to damage the deck of the vessel. He fancied he had mistaken his reckoning, and struck on a rock.

After the earthquake, several fountains were dried up; while others, after undergoing great changes, returned to their pristine state. In places where there had not been any water, springs burst forth, and continued to flow; several of these spouted to the height of near twenty feet, and threw up sand of various colours. On the hills rocks were split, and the earth rent; while towards the coast several large portions of rock were thrown from the eminences into the sea.

At Oporto, the earthquake was felt at the same time as at Lisbon. In the space of two minutes, the river rose and fell five or six feet, and continued to do so for four hours. At the commencement it ran with so much violence as to break a

ship's hawser. In some parts the river opened, and seemed to discharge vast quantities of air. The agitation of the sea was so great, about a league beyond the bar, that air was supposed to have been discharged there also.

Saint Ubes, a sea-port town about twenty miles south of Lisbon, was entirely swallowed up by the repeated shocks, and by the vast surf of the sea. Huge pieces of rock were detached at the same time from the promontory at the west end of the town, which consists of a chain of mountains containing fine jasper of different colours.

At Cadiz, the earthquake was not inferior in violence to that which swallowed up Lima and Callao, in Peru, towards the end of October, 1746, and was nearly of twice the duration, the latter having been felt for three minutes only. At ten minutes after eleven o'clock, a wave was seen coming from the sea, at the distance of eight miles, and at least sixty feet higher than usual. It dashed against the west part of the city, which is very rocky. Although its force was much broken by these rocks, it at length reached the walls, and beat in the breast-work, which was sixty feet above the ordinary level of the water, removing pieces of the fabric, of the weight of eight or ten tons, to the distance of forty or fifty yards.

At Madrid the shock was very sensibly felt soon after ten in the morning, and lasted five or six minutes.

At Gibraltar it was felt about the same time as at Madrid. Several of the guns on the batteries were seen to rise, and others to sink, while the earth had an undulating motion.

In Africa this earthquake was felt almost as severely as it had been in Europe. A great part of the city of Algiers was destroyed. At Arzilla, a town belonging to the kingdom of Fez, about ten in the morning, the sea suddenly rose with such impetuosity, that it lifted up a vessel in the bay, and impelled it with such force on the land, that it was shattered in pieces; and a boat was found two musket-shots within land from the sea. At Fez and Mequinez, great numbers of houses fell down, and a multitude of people were buried beneath the ruins. At Morocco, similar accidents occurred; and at Salle, also, much damage was done. At Tangier the earthquake began at ten in the morning, and lasted ten or twelve minutes. At Tetuan it commenced at the same time, but was of less duration: three of the shocks were so extremely violent, that it was feared the whole city would be destroyed.

In the city of Funchal, in the island of Madeira, a shock of this earthquake was

felt at thirty-eight minutes past nine in the morning. At three quarters past eleven the sea, which was quite calm, suddenly retired several paces; when, rising with a great swell, and without any noise, it as suddenly advanced, overflowed the shore, and entered the city. It rose fifteen feet perpendicular above high-water mark, although the tide, which there flows seven feet, was at half-ebb.

These were the phenomena with which this remarkable earthquake was attended in those places where it was most violent. The effects of it, however, reached to an immense distance; and were perceived chiefly by the agitations of the waters, or some slight motion of the earth. On the north, it reached as far as Norway and Sweden.

In many places of Germany the effects of this earthquake were very perceptible; but in Holland the agitations were still more remarkable. At Alphen on the Rhine, between Leyden and Woerden, in the afternoon of the first of November, the waters were agitated to such a violent degree, that buoys were broken from their chains, large vessels snapped their cables, smaller ones were thrown out of the water upon the land, and others lying on land were set afloat.

The agitation of the waters was also perceived in various parts of Great Britain and Ireland.

At Tangier, all the fountains were dried up, so that there was no water to be had till night. A very remarkable change was observed in the medicinal waters of Toplitz, a village in Bohemia, famous for its baths. These waters were discovered in the year 762; from which time the principal spring had constantly thrown out hot water in the same quantity, and of the same quality. On the morning of the earthquake, between eleven and twelve in the forenoon, this principal spring cast forth such a quantity of water, that in the space of half an hour all the baths ran over. About half an hour before this great increase of the water, the spring flowed turbid and muddy; then, having stopped entirely for a minute, it broke forth again with prodigious violence, driving before it a considerable quantity of reddish ochre. After this, it became clear, and flowed as pure as before. It still continued to do so; but the water was in greater quantity, and hotter than before the earthquake. At Angoulesme, in France, a subterraneous noise, like thunder, was heard; and presently after the earth opened, and discharged a torrent of water, mixed with red sand. At sea the shocks of this terrible earthquake were felt most violently.

Although both the pen and the pencil must fall in exhibiting a scene of desolation like that of the earthquake at Lisbon, yet we have given one of the many scenes of horror which it presented on this awful occasion.

A striking instance of the humanity of the British character is connected with the earthquake at Lisbon. No sooner did the news of this dreadful calamity reach England, than the British Parliament voted one hundred thousand pounds for the relief of the unhappy sufferers. This noble instance of national humanity was enhanced by the manner of conferring the benefit. A number of ships laden with provisions and clothing were immediately despatched to Lisbon, where they arrived so opportunely as to preserve thousands from dying of hunger and cold, who, destitute of the means of subsistence, were obliged to take up their abode in the open air; and but for this seasonable relief, must inevitably have perished.

TO MY LYRE!

BY MRS. BARON WILSON.

Echo of former happiness!

Relic of earlier—brighter hours!

Time has not made me love thee less,

Though sorrow's hand has crop'd life's flowers.

Come then! resume thy wonted tone

Companion!—long neglected laid

Now joy is past, and hope is flown,

I call thee, to mine aid!

Grief is the poet's patroness;

Her sable form and rugged brow,

Conspire far more his dreams to bless,

Than all that pleasure can bestow.

Come, then, thou nurse of visions wild,

Companion of the silent hour;

'Tis sorrow's voice—'tis sorrow's child,

That woo's thy soothing power!

It is not for the gay—

When pleasure's phantom's round them shine,

And mirth illumines each festive day,

To worship at thy shrine!

No!—'tis the hand of misery,

That best can wake thy soothing strain;

When grief's low voice, and sorrow's sigh,

Echo each note again!

My Lyre!—when first we met,

'Twas when youth's cloudless morning smil'd,

Ere fortune's glowing sun had set,

When hope, my heart beguil'd!

I thought thee, but a toy—

Fit to amuse life's idle hours;

And careless *Men*,—mid scenes of joy

I scorn'd thy gentle powers!

But now, I find thou art

A friend—when other friendships fall;

soother of the aching heart,

That tells to thee its tale

love thee—and I prize thee now,

More than when pleasure's sun was bright,

Since grief has circled round my brow,

Her deep, and starless night.

Come then—neglected Lyre!—

Now pleasure's lighter touch has flown;

The trembling hand that sweeps thy wire,

Is thine—and thine alone.

Thou need'st no rival fear

To lure my heart again from thee;

hail thee now, companion dear,

Sole partner in my misery.

EULOGIUM ON KNOWLEDGE.

BY THE REV. EDWARD IRVING.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—I have enclosed you an extract from a sermon delivered by the Rev. E. Irving, which I took in short-hand, July 18th, thinking it may be acceptable to some of your numerous readers.

I remain, your's, &c.

T. O.

“Beauty fades, strength languisheth, and fame is inconstant as the veering wind;—fortune changeth every moment, and riches take to themselves wings, and flee away like an eagle toward heaven: the appetites all grow dull, the eye grows dim, and the ear deaf to dulcet sounds—and all things ebb and flow, are lost, and soon forgotten. But knowledge!—knowledge almost defies those changes and fluctuations to which all human possessions are doomed. It is a thing so purely one's own; it doth so defy the power of man to take it from us; it doth so forecast in the mind, and procreate itself independent of all power and strength of man; and it can so little be bought with money, or be by a royal road approached—and it so inhabiteth the mind within, and defieeth the world without; and is so little subject to the fluctuations of fortune, and the wasting power of time; it is on all hands in so much request, so necessary to the illustration of things old, and to the propagation of things new—to the prosecution of enterprise, to the administration of government, and the practice of every art. Knowledge is so eagerly sought after by every power which striveth for the mastery in human affairs. Governors seeking men of knowledge to write them into favour, and their opponents seeking men of knowledge to write them out of favour;—and the vender of every ware seeking men of knowledge to exalt its praise; and even every amusement, except bear-garden and prize-fighting barbarities, being upheld by knowledge, and every projected measure advocated by knowledge. Thus the accomplishments of knowledge are so splendid, its advantages so manifold, that it seems ignorance not to adore, and profanation to decry it.

“Then, moreover, knowledge doth so beget, in those who possess it, such fortitude and firmness of mind. It so arms him around with divine armour, even like the Goddess of Knowledge, whom the ancients fabled to have sprung ready armed from the forehead of Jove: so that a son of knowledge seems as great in rags as man of power in his castle,

or a prince in his palace. Adversity cannot crush the man of knowledge, the contempt of man cannot abash him, and the threats of man cannot force him to recant. He retires to his secret place, and summons in his spiritual counsellors: he examines, he writes, he justifieth himself,—he publisheth to the world, and all his enemies are confounded; or, if they wish to make head against him, they must seek men of knowledge, for it can be overthrown by nothing but itself.

“Then again, knowledge is the mother of art and beauty—knowledge is the handmaiden (if I may so speak) who attireth the charms of nature, if not the mother of whom nature holds her chiefest charms; so that all which beautifies the face of the country, with all which makes the city magnificent, all that adorns our dwellings, with all that makes our persons comely to look upon, all that fills the market places with wares, and varies the occupation of human life, are the works of knowledge: without which, men were

a few scattered tribes of roving savages—fighting with brutal creatures for the mastery of the woods and caves in which they dwell. Aye, and though every thing we now behold were swept with the besom of destruction, nature stript of her decorations, and art divested of her resources, there is such a life-giving power in this immortal faculty of knowledge, that she would bring again in a few years the beauties of nature, and re-invent the resources of art, and cover the earth with her beautiful flowers and pleasant palaces.

“Knowledge is the support of greatness, which otherwise would die with the age that gave it birth. And a good book of former ages is a treasury which the intervening time hath striven in vain to stifle: it hath survived the things which were brought into existence along with it; and if it be a good book, it hath the probability of living to an unlimited age. In short, there is no end to the praises of knowledge.”

VICTIMS OF THE SPANISH INQUISITION.

THE following is a general recapitulation of the Victims of the Spanish Inquisition, from the year 1481 till 1808:

	Burnt Alive.	Burnt in Esty.	Condemned to the Gallies or Prisons.
From the year 1481 to 1491, during the administration of the General Inquisitor Torquemada.	10,220	6,840	97,371
From 1498 to 1507, under Deza	2,592	829	32,952
From 1507 to 1517, under the administration of Cisneros	3,564	2,232	48,059
From 1507 to 1521, under that of Adrian	1,620	560	21,835
From 1521 to 1523, interreign	324	112	4,481
From 1523 to 1538, under the administration of Manrique	2,250	1,125	11,250
From 1538 to 1545, under Tabera	340	420	6,520
From 1546 to 1556, under Loaisa, and during the reign of Charles V.	1,320	660	6,600
From 1556 to 1597, during the reign of Phillip II. ...	3,990	1,845	18,450
From 1597 to 1621, under Phillip III.	1,840	692	10,716
From 1621 to 1665, under Phillip IV.	2,852	1,428	14,080
From 1669 to 1700, under Charles II.	1,632	540	6,912
From 1700 to 1746, under Phillip V.	1,600	760	9,120
From 1746 to 1759, under Ferdinand VI.	10	5	170
From 1759 to 1788, under Charles III.	4	...	56
From 1788 to 1808, under Charles IV.	1	42
Total	34,658	18,049	288,214

Thus the general amount of the victims of the Spanish Inquisition, only from 1481 till 1808, amounts to 340,921, without comprising those that suffered exile or imprisonment, under the reign of Ferdinand VII., the number of which is very considerable.

If we were to add to these condemnations those that have taken place in the Peninsula, and other countries, under the domination of the Spanish Inquisition, such as Sicily, Sardinia, Flanders, America, and the Indies, &c., we should be terrified at the number of unfortunate

being the "Holy Inquisition" has condemned, to make them better Catholics.

The Inquisition has not only decimated the Spanish population by its *auto-da-fe*, but likewise in provoking civil wars and disturbances, and the expulsion of the Jews and Moors. More than five millions of inhabitants have left the beautiful soil of Spain, during the terrible Inquisition; and of that barbarous institution we may say the same as Montesquieu has said of one of the Emperors of the East:—"Justinian, who, either by his laws or the sword, exterminated sects in urging them to revolt, rendered a number of fertile provinces barren. He thought to have thus increased the number of true believers, but he had only diminished that of human beings."

DR. JOHNSON AND SOAME JENYNS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—In No. CXIII. of the MIRROR, you have inserted the epitaph on Dr. Johnson, by Soame Jenyns, Esq. but with no remark on the occasion of its being written. To those of your readers who have not Johnson's works, it may be gratifying to be informed that Jenyns never forgave him, on account of his severe criticism of the "Free Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil," which Jenyns published in 1757; but on the death of Johnson, he gave vent to his resentment in the petulant and illiberal *smock* epitaph above alluded to. Boswell in his "Life of Johnson," has a note, an epitaph in *retort*, on Jenyns, but does not give it as *his own*; yet as Murphy says, "he answered it by another equal in illiberality." I question not but that it proceeded from his pen, which, as it may amuse your readers, I copy for insertion.

G. W. L.

EPITAPH

Prepared for a creature not quite dead yet.

HERE lies a little, ugly, nauseous elf,
Who, judging only from its wretched self,
Feebly attempted, petulant and vain,
The "Origin of Evil" to explain;
A mighty genius at this elf displeas'd,
With a strong critic grasp the urchin squeez'd.
For thirty years its coward spleen it kept,
Till in the dust the mighty genius slept;
Then stunk and fretted in expiring snuff,
And blink'd at Johnson with its last poor puff.

NEGRO FUNERAL.

BY DR. PINCKARD.

SEEING a crowd in one of the streets, and observing a kind of procession, we followed the multitude, and soon found ourselves in the train of a negro funeral.

Wishing to witness the ceremony of interment, we proceeded to the burial ground with the throng. The corpse was conveyed in a neat small hearse, drawn by one horse. Six boys, twelve men and forty-eight women walked behind, in pairs, as follows, but I cannot say as deeply-afflicted mourners:—The females were neatly clad for the occasion, and mostly in white. Grief and lamentations were not among them; nor was even the semblance thereof assumed. No solemn dirge was heard—no deep sounding bell was tolled—no fearful silence held. It seemed a period of mirth and joy. Instead of weeping and bewailing, the followers jumped and sported as they passed along, and talked, and laughed, with each other in high festivity. The procession was closed with five robust negro fishermen, who followed behind playing antic gambols, and dancing all the way to the grave.

At the gate of the burying-ground the corpse was taken from the hearse, and borne by eight negroes, not upon their shoulders, but upon four clean white napkins placed under the coffin. The body was committed to the grave immediately on reaching it, without either prayer or ceremony; and the coffin, directly covered with earth. In doing this, much decent attention was observed. The mould was not shovelled in roughly with the spade, almost disturbing the dead, with the rattling of stones and bones upon the coffin, but was first put into a basket, and then carefully emptied into the grave; an observance which might be adopted in England, very much to the comfort of the afflicted friends of the deceased. During this process an old negro woman chanted an African air, and the multitude joined her in the chorus. It was not in the strain of a hymn or solemn requiem, but was loud and lively, in unison with the other gaieties of the occasion. Many were laughing and sporting the whole time with the fishermen, who danced and gambolled, during the ceremony, upon the neighbouring graves. From the moment the coffin was committed to the earth, nothing of order was maintained by the party. The attendants dispersed in various directions, retiring, or remaining, during the filling up of the grave, as inclination seemed to lead.

When the whole of the earth was replaced, several of the women, who had staid to chant, in merry song, over poor Jenny's clay, took up a handful of the mould, and threw it down again upon the grave of their departed friend, as the finishing of the ceremony, crying aloud—*"God bless you, Jenny! good-by! re-*

remember me to all friends & other side of the sea, Jenny! Tell 'em me come soon! Good-by, Jenny, good-by! See for send me good—to-night, Jenny! Good-by, good-night, Jenny, good-by!" All this uttered with mirth and laughter, and accompanied with attitudes and gesticulations expressive of any thing but sorrow and sadness.

From the grave-digger we learned that poor Jenny had been a washer-woman, and that the females who had so merrily sounded her requiem, had been her sud-associates. They had full faith in Jenny's transmigration to meet her friends at her place of nativity; and their persuasion that death was only a removal from their present to their former home—a mere change from a state of slavery to a state of freedom—did not barely alleviate, but wholly prevented the natural grief and affliction arising from the loss of a friend. They confidently expected to hear from poor Jenny, or to know her influence in the way they most desired, before morning.

The faith of these poor ignorant slaves, regarding a happy transmigration, after death, would seem calculated to lead them to the crime of suicide; and, accordingly, this effect of their superstition is said not to have been unfrequent among them. A tale is told of a singular remedy having been practised against this fatal expedient of the negroes. Several individuals of a gang having hanged themselves to escape from a cruel master, and others being about to avoid his severities by similar means, he prevented them, by the happy expedient of threatening to hang himself, also, carrying the whip in his hand, into their own country, where he would punish them ten times more severely than he had hitherto done. The stratagem is said to have succeeded.—Finding they could not, thus, escape from the tyrannic lash, they resolved, rather than receive disgraceful stripes among their African friends, to continue their existence under all the hardships of slavery.

TO EMMA ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

(For the Mirror.)

THAT in life's loveliest, happiest, path,
Sweet girl! thou long may'st stray
With heart as pure, and eye as bright,
And form as fair, and step as light,
As on this happy day—
That no dark clouds may intervene,
But thou with look as now, serene,
May'st view each storm pass on,
Shall ever be the ardent wish.
(O, might he seal it with a kiss.)
Of thy dear cousin.

JOHN;

SELECT MAXIMS.

(For the Mirror.)

A KING is to be envied for nothing so much as the supremacy of his power to do good; and if his inclinations be but equal to his power, he must necessarily be the happiest man in his realm.

Charles the Fifth used to say, "that the clemency of a prince is like the heat of the sun, which hardens *dirt*, while it softens *war*."

Many who seem to carry the liberty of the subject highest, serve them like trouts—tickle them till they catch them.

Profaneness in conversation too commonly passes for wit; whereas it is in truth a certain sign of the want both of judgment and manners.

The reading of most men is like a wardrobe of old clothes—seldom used.

The best way to prove the clearness of our understanding, is by showing its faults; as when a stream discovers the dirt at the bottom, it convinces us of the transparency and purity of the water.

A wise man thinks none his superior who has done him an injury, for he has it then in his power to make himself superior to the other, by forgiving it.

A fine coat is but a livery, when he who wears it discovers no higher talents than a footman.

Our passions are like convulsive fits, which, though they make us stronger for a moment, yet leave us much weaker afterwards.

Cowards are like sorry horses; they have just mettle enough to be mischievous.

Cruelty is so contrary to human nature that it is branded with the scandalous term *inhumanity*.

The real use of talking is almost lost to the world by the excessive custom of lying.

Antisthenes wondered at mankind that in buying an earthen dish, they were careful to sound it lest it had a crack, yet so careless in choosing friends as to take them flawed with vice.

Settle your disputes yourselves if you would make an end of them—would you prolong them, call in lawyers.

He who jests upon the deformities of nature, upbraids the god of nature.

Flattery is the base coin to which vanity gives currency.

What is wanting in *reason* upon an argument is too often supplied by *rage*.

The stoical scheme "supplying wants by lopping desires," is like cutting off our feet when we have no shoes.

JACOBUS.

SONNET TO L. E. L.

AUTHORSHIP OF THE "IMPROVISATRICE."
(For the Mirror.)

I've read those poets, who have struck the lyre
Of burning love with majesty sublime;
But never met with such poetic fire
As breathes, fair lady, in thy every line.
And hast thou lov'd with such deep agony,
And been so tost on hope's delusive wave,
Isabella, Lelia, and fair Rosalie,
Too plainly show that love has made thee slave.
Oh! what an artful wretch must that man be,
Who seeks a woman's smile and then destroys;
But there are those, who in cold vanity,
Can trifle with the heart and blast its joys!
Fair poetess! continue love's sweet strain,
For in thee Sappho, burning Sappho lives again!
J. W. C.

EARTH.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—The following beautiful lines were written by a *cow-boy* in Sussex, on a wall, with a piece of red chalk: they have only been inserted in a Sussex paper, and may be quite unknown to many London readers. I send them to you in order that they may be more generally known, through the medium of your widely circulating miscellany.

I am, &c. &c.

J. W. C.

*Earth goes on earth, glittering like gold;**
Earth goes to earth, sooner than 'twould;
Earth builds on earth, castles and towers,
Earth says to earth, all shall be ours.

Pronounced "gold."

The Topographer.

No. VI.

MINSTER CHURCH AND ABBEY,
IN THE ISLE OF SHEPPY,
KENT.

(For the Mirror.)

MINSTER, anciently spelt Mynstre, situate on a hill in the Isle of Sheppy, about three and a half miles (geographical distance) from Sheerness. The church is of considerable antiquity, as it was built nearly a century before the Conquest, and exhibits the remains of Saxon architecture: some suppose it to have derived its name from the Monastery or Minster, founded by Queen Sexburga for nuns, as an atonement for the atrocious crimes of her husband. It stands about a hundred feet from the church; however, very little of it now remains, having been destroyed by the Picts, who once ravaged the isle: between whom and the Saxons several battles were fought on the site of this and the opposite hill, denominated

now, Mill-Hill, from a windmill standing upon it. The abbey is supposed to have been built about the same period as the church, it being composed of similar materials; and from the short distance of the turret of the church, they are supposed, originally to have joined. At the east end of the church are to be seen Saxon mouldings, but they have been filled up several years; while the western extremity is of the Gothic order; a square tower attaches itself to the chapel, which is covered with ivy. There are also two aisles and a chancel; the southern entrance has Norman mouldings, and over the door is placed a sun-dial with this appropriate inscription, "Time how short." Upon entering we are reminded of "olden times;" the roof is supported by heavy pillars and high pointed columns; the floor lettered from one end to the other: at some parts the characters cannot be clearly distinguished, and at other places they are entirely effaced. By a staircase of many stone steps you may be conveyed to the top of the tower from the belfry; at its termination commences a flight which descends under the church, having communication with Shurland House by means of a subterraneous passage, but for many years, the entrance has been filled with human bones, and is used only for that purpose. In the north aisle there is a very old grave-stone in the shape of a coffin-lid, with a cross raised or cut out in the centre, it was a few years ago covered over during some repairs which the church was undergoing. On the floor before the altar are two brass figures, representing a knight and his lady: the knight is armed cap-a-pie, with a lion couchant at his feet, and a dog at his lady's: her mantle has on it three bars wavy. There is a place in the pavement immediately underneath them which once contained an inscription, but that unfortunately is gone; fifty or sixty years ago, an antiquarian clergyman, who had been some years officiating as curate, when he left, upon pretence of having the characters more deeply engraven in the brass, took it with him, but never returned it; no light of course can be thrown upon them, who, or what they were: the general hypothesis being, that they have lain there nearly 800 years. The legend is "that the knight came over with William the Conqueror, who gave him many acres of land on the island, with other emoluments;" this however must be left, and all that can be said, is, that the figures are very antique, which is demonstrated by their costume. In 1774, the curiosity of a church-warden prompted him to have the grave opened, which

he accomplished without removing the figures, by digging on either side, when he found they were separately in leaden ridged coffins, but very much bulged from the pressure of the earth. In the north wall is a white marble figure, from whose armour we discover him to be contemporary with Wolsey or the 5th Edward: his body is supposed to be in the wall, enclosed in a black stone chest; this is called Lord Chaney's monument. Directly opposite, on a high variegated marble base, in the shape of a ponderous chest, lies the effigy of a man in armour, cut out of dark hard stone, as large as life; it is very much defaced, from a prevailing practice among the country people of cutting out their initials: and from the idle and curious, who have broken pieces off the tomb, however there are a sufficient number of Latin characters not defaced which acquaint us, that he died in "MCCCCCLXXXIX." in Queen Elizabeth's reign. He came over to England from Spain on an embassy to her majesty, was taken suddenly ill, and died at the Nore, (which is but a few miles off Minster) and buried there by the queen's order: his remains, it is conjectured, are deposited in the chest, as it is unconnected with the pavement. Near the Spanish ambassador's monument, in the south wall, under a Gothic arch, is a very ancient tomb, which is the most remarkable. The monument is that of Sir Robert de Shurland, who resided at Shurland, in the Island of Sheppy. The mouldings are Gothic, and terminate at their base with lions couchant. The knight is represented in a lying posture, cross-legged, and his head resting on his helmet; close to the wall appears a horse's head as if emerging from the waves; on his left arm is a shield like that of a knight templar, and a page armed, stands at his feet. He was created a Knight-Banneret, by Edward the First, for his gallant behaviour at the siege of Carvalerock, in Scotland, in the thirteenth century. This monument like the others, have suffered greatly by being cut or broken by the mischievous. The vane on the tower of the church is in the figure of a horse's head; it consequently has procured it the name of the Horse Church. But there are various conjectures concerning the meaning of the horse; some pretend* it was an excellency he possessed in the art of training horses to swim; and others, among whom is Philpot, suppose it alludes to a grant of "wrecks of the sea" bestowed on him by Edward the First, extending as far as he could reach with his lance,

* Grose's Antiquities.

when mounted on his horse; "which grant or right," says the historian, "is evermore esteemed to reach as far into the water, upon a low ebb, as a man can ride in and touch any thing with the point of his lance." Philpot in continuation, remarks "his tomb is become the scene of much falsehood, and popular error; the vulgar having digged out of his vault many wild legends and romances, as namely:—that he buried a priest alive: that he swam on his horse two miles to the king, who was then near this isle, on ship-board, to purchase his pardon; and having obtained it, swam back to the shore, where being arrived, he cut off the head of his said horse, because it was affirmed that he had acted this by magic; and that riding a hunting a twelvemonth after, his horse stumbled and threw him on the skull of his former horse, which blow so bruised him, that from that contusion, he contracted an inward imposthumation, of which he died."

Very little doubt can be entertained, but that the head on the tower and the tomb, have some allusion to the history of Robert de Shurland, Lord Shurland. But the most popular legend is the following, in old English doggerel:

Of monuments that here they shew,
Within the church, we sketch'd but two:
One an ambassador of Spain's,
T'other Lord Shurland's dust contains;
Of whom a story strange they tell,
And seemingly believe it well.
The Lord of Shurland on a day,
Happ'ning to take a ride this way,
About a corpse, observed a crowd,
Against their priest complaining loud,
That he would not the service say,
Till somebody his fees should pay.
On this his lordship, too, did rave,
And threw the priest into the grave:
"Make haste, and fill it up," said he,
"We'll bury both without a fee."
But when he cooler grew, and thought
To what a scrape himself had brought,
Away he gallop'd to the bay,
Where at that time a ship did lay,
With Edward, England's king on board;
When (strange to tell,) this hair-brained lord
On horse-back swam to the ship's side
There told his tale, and pardon cry'd.
The grant with many thanks he takes,
And swimming still, to land he makes;
But on his riding up the beach,
He an old woman meets, a witch:
"This horse, which now your life doth save,"
Says she, "will bring you to your grave."
"You'll prove a liar," says my lord,
"You ugly hag." Then with his sword,
Acting a most ungrateful part,
The generous beast stabb'd to the heart.
It happened after many a day,
That with some friends as they walk,
And this strange story as they talk,
Became the subject of their talk:
When on the bank, by the sea-side,
"Yonder the carcass lies," he cry'd.
As 'twas not far he led them to,
And kick'd the skull up with his foot,
When a sharp bone pierced through his shoe,
And wounded grievously his toe,

Which mortify'd : so he was kill'd.
And the beg's prophecy fulfill'd.
See there his cross-legg'd figure laid,
And at his feet his horse's head.

GOSWOLD.

Ile of Sheppy.

Reminiscences.

No. VII.

BANNISTER.

"And all the men and women merely players."

CHARLES BANNISTER, father of John, went one stormy night into a coffee-house, in which there were several of his "familiar" as he termed them. "Heavens," said Charles, "what a wind! I never saw such a wind!" "See a wind Charles," said an old gentleman gravely from a corner, "what was it like?" "Why like to have blown my hat off."

Another evening, when three surgeons were present, as he entered the room, he said, with apparent concern and feeling, "There has been a dreadful accident at the end of the street!" "Accident, what, what is it?" said each of the surgeons, reaching their hats and canes, "Why, a gentleman in crossing that terrible place at the end of the street, has put out his leg." This was quite enough, a steep chase ensued, and in ten minutes they all returned breathless. "There is no accident!" "We can't find any one!" "The man has been removed!" burst at once from the disappointed doctors; "Why, probably," said Charles, "the man removed himself." "Oh, that's impossible where a leg was broken." "A leg broken," returned Bannister, "who heard but yourselves any thing of a broken leg?—I said, a gentleman in crossing the kennel, had put his leg out, and how the devil can a man cross a kennel without."

JOSEPH MUNDEN.

MUNDEN seeing a porter carrying a hare, stopped him with one of his inimitable looks to know if it was *his own hare* or a wig.

At the theatre one evening whilst Munden and Fawcett were dressing, the latter observing the former screwing up his face before a looking glass, asked him "if he had *bottled* his eyes?" "Yes, returned Munden, and I am now going to cork my eye brows."

When Covent Garden Theatre was destroyed by fire, Munden lost a fine collection of wigs, and the same night a sow of his littered. Upon condoling with him on the loss of his valuable wigs Munden

with a look which I shall never forget, said,

"'Tis true I've lost my wiggy,
But I've got an addition to my piggy"

ROBERT PALMER.

THE late Robert Palmer was in the early part of his life a *bill sticker*, which circumstance was pretty generally known to the performers. One evening being dressed for Sir Brilliant Fashion, he strutted into the green-room with sparkling buckles on his shoes and at his knees, and a brilliant ring on his finger; one of the company inquired if they were real, "I wear *nothing but diamonds*," replied Palmer, "I congratulate you," said John Bannister, "for I remember when you wore *nothing but paste*." This occasioned a war, which was heightened by Mrs. Jordan crying out, "*stick him against the wall, Bob—stick him against the wall*."

MRS. SIDDONS.

TWO of our celebrated poets were conversing on the actors; "Your admiration of Mrs. Siddons is so high," said Rogers, "that I wonder you never made open love to her." "To that magnificent and appalling creature! I should have as soon thought of *making love to the Archbishop of Canterbury*."

† †

The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM
NEW WORKS.

LORD BYRON.

From *Dallas's Recollections of Lord Byron*.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

IT was not without great difficulty that I could induce Lord Byron to allow his new poem to be published with his name. He dreaded that the old enmity of the critics in the north, which had been envenomed by his satire, as well as the southern scribblers, whom he had equally enraged, would overwhelm his "Pilgrimage." This was his first objection; his second was, that he was anxious the world should not fix upon himself the character of Childe Harold. Nevertheless, he said, if Mr. Murray positively required his name, and I agreed with him in opinion, he would venture; and therefore he wished it to be given as "By the Author or English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." He promised to give me some smaller

poems to put at the end; and though he originally intended his Remarks on the Romæic to be printed with the Hints from Horace, he felt they would more speedily accompany the "Pilgrimage." He had kept no journals while abroad, but he meant to manufacture some notes from his letters to his mother. The advertisement which he originally intended to be prefixed to the poem was something different from the preface that appeared. The paragraph beginning 'a Fictitious Character is introduced, for the sake of giving some connexion to the piece, which, however, makes no pretensions to regularity,'—was continued thus at first, but was afterwards altered.

"It has been suggested to me by friends, on whose opinions I set a high value, that in the fictitious character of 'Childe Harold,' I may incur the suspicion of having drawn 'from myself.' This I beg leave once for all to disclaim. I wanted a character to give some connexion to the poem, and the one adopted suited my purpose as well as any other. In some very trivial particulars, and those merely local, there might be grounds for such an idea; but in the main points, I should hope none whatever. My reader will observe, that when the author speaks in his own person, he assumes a very different tone from that of

'The cheerless thing, the man without a friend.'

I crave pardon for this egotism, which proceeds from my wish to discard any probable imputation of it to the text."

This it appears had been written before the death of his mother, and his mournful sojourn at Newstead afterwards. It was during that period that he sent me the advertisement, upon which he had interlined, after his quotation of

'The cheerless thing, the man without a friend,' at least till death had deprived him of his nearest connexions."

TAKING HIS SEAT IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

PASSING down St. James's-street, but with no intention of calling, I saw his chariot at his door, and went in. His countenance, paler than usual, showed that his mind was agitated, and that he was thinking of the nobleman to whom he had once looked for a hand and countenance in his introduction to the House. He said to me, "I am glad you happened to come in; I am going to take my seat; perhaps you will go with me." I expressed my readiness to attend him; while, at the same time, I concealed the shock I felt on thinking that this young man, who, by birth, fortune, and talent,

stood high in life, should have lived so unconnected and neglected by persons of his own rank, that there was not a single member of the Senate to which he belonged, to whom he could or would apply to introduce him in a manner becoming his birth. I saw that he felt the situation, and I fully partook the indignation. If the neglect he had met with be imputed to an untoward or vicious disposition—a character which he gave himself, and which I understood was also given to him by others—it is natural to ask how he came by that disposition, for he got it not from nature? Had he not been left early to himself, or rather to dangerous guides and companions, would he have contracted that disposition? Or, even had nature been cross, might it not have been rectified? During his long minority, ought not his heart and his intellect to have been trained to the situation he was to fill? Ought he not to have been saved from money-lenders, and men of business? And ought not a shield to have been placed over a mind so open to impressions, to protect it from self-sufficient free-thinkers and witty sophists? The wonder is, not that he should have erred, but that he should have broken through the cloud that enveloped him, which was dispersed solely by the rays of his own genius.

After some talk about the "Satire," the last sheets of which were in the press, I accompanied Lord Byron to the House. He was received in one of the antechambers by some of the officers in attendance, with whom he settled respecting the fees he had to pay. One of them went to apprise the Lord Chancellor of his being there, and soon returned for him. There were very few persons in the House. Lord Eldon was going through some ordinary business. When Lord Byron entered, I thought he looked still paler than before; and he certainly wore a countenance in which mortification was mingled with, but subdued by, indignation. He passed the woollack without looking round, and advanced to the table where the proper officer was attending to administer the oaths. When he had gone through them, the Chancellor quitted his seat, and went towards him with a smile, putting out his hand warmly to welcome him; and, though I did not catch his words, I saw that he paid him some compliment. This was all thrown away upon Lord Byron, who made a stiff bow, and put the tips of his fingers into a hand, the amiable offer of which demanded the whole of his. I was sorry to see this, for Lord Eldon's character is great for virtue as well as talent; and, even in a political

point of view, it would have given me inexpressible pleasure to have seen him uniting heartily with him. The Chancellor did not press a welcome so received, but resumed his seat; while Lord Byron carelessly seated himself for a few minutes on one of the empty benches to the left of the throne, usually occupied by the Lords in opposition. When, on his joining me, I expressed what I had felt, he said—“If I had shaken hands heartily, he would have set me down for one of his party, but I will have nothing to do with any of them, on either side; I have taken my seat, and now I will go abroad.” We returned to St. James’s-street, but he did not recover his spirits.

By the delay of the printer, Lord Byron’s maiden speech (in the House of Lords) preceded the appearance of his poem (“Childe Harold”). It produced a considerable effect in the House of Lords, and he received many compliments from the Opposition Peers. When he left the great chamber, I went and met him in the passage: he was glowing with success, and much agitated. I had an umbrella in my right hand, not expecting that he would put out his hand to me: in my haste to take it when offered, I had advanced my left hand. “What!” said he, “give your friend your left hand upon such an occasion?” I showed the cause, and immediately changing the umbrella to the other hand, I gave him my right hand, which he shook and pressed warmly. He was greatly elated, and repeated some of the compliments which had been paid him, and mentioned one or two of the Peers who had desired to be introduced to him. He concluded by saying, that he had, by his speech, given me the best advertisement for “Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage.”

THE EARL OF CARLISLE.

IN the satire of the “English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,” there was originally a couplet which, Mr. D. states, “was one of panegyric upon Lord Carlisle, at which I was not a little surprised, after what I had so lately heard him say of that nobleman; but the fact is, that the lines were composed before he had written to his Lordship, and he had given me the satire before he had made any of his meditated alterations. It is, however, curious that this couplet must have been composed in the short interval between his printing the poem at Newstead and his arrival in town, perhaps under the same feelings which induced him to write to Lord Carlisle, and at the same time. The lines do not appear in the print, but

are inserted afterwards in Lord Byron’s hand-writing. They are these:—

“On one alone Apollo deigns to smile,
And crowns a new Roscommon in Carlisle.”

This panegyric was converted, before the piece was printed, into the bitterest satire, and stood—

Roscommon! Sheffield! with your spirits fled,
No future laurels deck a noble head;
No more will cheer with renovating smile,
The pyraltic pulsing of Carlisle.

His Lordship was induced to suppress the following lines, which were written to precede what we have just quoted:—

Lords too are bards, such things at times befall,
And ’tis some praise in peers to write at all;
Yet did not taste or reason away the times,
Ah, who would take their titles with their rhymes,
In these, our times, with daily wonders big,
A lettered peer is like a lettered pig;
Both know their alphabet, but who, from thence,
Infers that peers or pigs have manly sense,
Still less that such should woo the graceful Nine;
Parnassus was not made for lords and swine.

RECEPTION BY THE PRINCE REGENT.

LORD BYRON (says Mr. D.) was the wonder of grey-beards, and the show of fashionable parties. At one of these, he happened to go early when there were very few persons assembled; the Regent went in soon after; Lord Byron was at some distance from him in the room. On being informed who he was, his Royal Highness sent a gentleman to him to desire that he would be presented. The presentation of course took place; the Regent expressed his admiration of “Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage,” and continued a conversation, which so fascinated the Poet, that had it not been for an accidental deferring of the next levee, he bade fair to become a visitor at Carlton-House, if not a complete courtier.

I called on him on the morning for which the levee had been appointed, and found him in a full-dress court suit of clothes, with his fine black hair in powder, which by no means suited his countenance. I was surprised, as he had not told me that he should go to Court; and it seemed to me as if he thought it necessary to apologize for his intention, by his observing, that he could not in decency but do it, as the Regent had done him the honour to say that he hoped to see him soon at Carlton-House. In spite of his assumed philosophical contempt of royalty, and of his decided junction with the Opposition, he had not been able to withstand the powerful operation of royal praise; which, however, continued to influence him only till flattery of a more congenial kind diverted him from the enjoyment of that which for a moment he was disposed to receive. The levee had

been suddenly put off, and he was dressed before he was informed of the alteration which had taken place.

It was the first and the last time he was ever so dressed, at least for a British Court. A newly-made friend of his

Lord Byron was more than half prepared to yield to this influence; and the harsh verses that proceeded from his pen, were, I believe, composed more to humour his new friend's passions than his own. Certain it is, he gave up all ideas of appearing at Court, and fell into the habit of speaking disrespectfully of the Prince.

SCENE IN SWITZERLAND.

'Twas sunset, and the Ranz des Vaches was sung,
And lights were o'er th' Helvetic mountains slung,
That gave the glacier tops their richest glow,
And tinged the lakes like molten gold below,
Warmth flush'd the wonted regions of the storm,
Where, Phoenix-like, you saw the eagle's form,
That high in Heav'n's vermilion wheel'd and soar'd,
Woods nearer frown'd, and cataracts dash'd and roar'd,
From heights bronzed by the bounding bouquetin;
Herds thinking roam'd the long-drawn vales between,
And hamlets glitter'd white, and gardens flourish'd green,
'Twas transport to inhale the bright sweet air!
The mountain-bee was revelling in its glare,
And roving with his minstrelsy across
The scented wild weeds, and enamell'd moss.
Earth's features so harmoniously were link'd,
She seem'd one great glad form, with life instinct,
That felt Heav'n's ardent breath, and smiled below
Its flush of love, with consentaneous glow.

Campbell's Theoric.

POWER LOOMS.

THE Power Loom is a modern invention of the late Dr. Cartwright, resident at Hollander-house, Kent, or at least if the invention be not new, its practical application is so. It appears from a letter from that gentleman, that his attention was first turned to the subject, by an observation made in the company of a number of Manchester gentlemen, at Matlock, in the summer of 1784, to the effect, that as soon as Mr. Arkwright's patent for frame-spinning expired, so many mills would be erected, and so much cotton spun, that hands could never be found to weave it. Impressed with the idea of the practicability of weaving as well as spinning by machinery, Mr. Cartwright bent his faculties to the construction of a power loom; this he effected, and in the year following obtained a patent to secure to himself the benefit of his invention. The first attempt was so rude and incomplete that he found it necessary to construct

another loom, and to obtain a second patent in 1787. To carry into effect his invention, he erected a weaving-mill, at Doncaster, but with so little success, that the mill was abandoned, and the projector sought and found a remuneration for his ingenuity and trouble from Parliament. Mr. Grimshaw, of Manchester, under the sanction of Mr. Cartwright, erected a weaving factory at that place, in 1790, which he filled with 500 power-looms; but before they had well got into motion, the factory was burnt down, and the prospect of success had not been sufficiently promising to induce its re-erection. In 1794, Mr. Bell, of Glasgow, invented another power-loom, but with little better success. In 1801, Mr. John Monteith, of Glasgow, erected a weaving factory, containing 200 looms, which after contending some years with difficulties, he increased to 300. Four years afterwards Messrs. James Finlay and Co. erected a weaving-mill, at Catrine, in Ayrshire, with better success. Afterwards other factories of the same description, and to a larger extent, were fitted up in Scotland; and in the year 1819, there were in Glasgow, or belonging to it, fifteen weaving factories, containing 2,275 power-looms, and producing about 8,000 pieces of cloth weekly. In England a factory for steam-looms was erected at Manchester, in 1806, with two others at Stockport, and a fourth at West Houghton; and by the application of Mr. Johnson's machine for the dressing of warps before they were put into the loom, many of the principal difficulties hitherto existing were removed. Before the invention of the dressing-frame, one weaver was required to each steam-loom, principally to carry on the dressing of the warp in small portions as it rolled from the beam; but at present a boy or a girl of twelve or fourteen years of age can attend two steam-looms, and can produce from these looms upwards of three times as much well-woven cloth as the best hand-weaver. Under these circumstances the number of power-looms are naturally increasing; in 1818, there were in Manchester, Stockport, Middleton, Hyde, Stayley Bridge, and their vicinities, fourteen factories, containing about 2,000 looms; in 1821, this number was increased to thirty-two factories, and 5,732 looms; and at present there are not fewer than 10,000 steam-looms at work in Great-Britain. Each of the steam-loom mills forms a complete manufacturing colony, in which every process, from the picking of the raw cotton to its conversion into cloth, is performed; and on a scale so large, that there is now accomplished in one single building as

much work as would in the last age have employed an entire district. The steam-looms are chiefly employed in the production of printing cloth and shirtings; but they also weave thicksetts, fancy cords, dimities, cambrics, and quiltings, together with silks, worsted, and woollen broad cloths.—*Baines's Directory*.—[Mr. Baines, who has taken his estimate of the number of steam-looms in Great Britain from Mr. Guest's recent publication, has stated it as only 10,000. There are now almost as many in Scotland alone, and nearly three times more in England. So rapidly has this branch of manufacture increased !]

MULE SPINNING.

SAMUEL CROMPTON, an inhabitant of Bolton, produced a machine which combined the principles of the spinning-jenny and water-frame, and was called from that circumstance a *Mule*. This valuable invention he gave to the public in the year 1780, and a small subscription, amounting to about one hundred guineas, served rather to express the sense of obligation felt by the manufacturers than to reward the ingenious mechanic. About twenty years afterwards, when the utility of the machine was more fully ascertained, another subscription was opened for him, and the sum of 400*l.* was added to the former acknowledgment. In 1812, the merits of Samuel Crompton's machine was brought by petition under the consideration of Parliament, and the sum of 5,000*l.* was awarded to the inventor out of the public purse. On this occasion several witnesses were called before the Committee, from whose testimony it appeared.—That previous to Mr. Crompton's invention of the Mule, the muslin manufacture had been attempted, without much success, but that since that period it had been progressively advancing; and that the quality of yarn which composes a great part of the cambrics and muslins of Great Britain could not be produced without that machine. It was calculated that at the time the investigation was proceeding, 70,000 persons were employed by Mr. Crompton's machine as spinners, and 150,000 as weavers, and that four-fifths of the cloth bleached in the neighbourhood of Bolton was spun by mules. It is painful to add, that Mr. Crompton embarked the sum voted to him by Parliament in trade, which proved unfortunate, and that he is now living in Bolton in very humble circumstances, with the consolation, however, that if he has not been so fortunate as to elevate himself in the world, he has done much towards the

elevation of others, who will, of course, feel it their duty to keep this public benefactor above the pressure of penury.

Baines's Directory,

THE ANGLO SAXONS.

FROM LINGARD'S ENGLAND.

Courts of Justice—Hall-Motes. The lowest species of jurisdiction known among the Anglo-Saxons was that of "*Sac and Soc*:"—the privilege of holding pleas and imposing fines within a certain district, and which was with few variations perpetuated in the manorial courts of the Norman dynasty. It seems to have been claimed and exercised with different modifications by all the greater, and by several of the lesser thanes. From the custom of holding these courts in the hall of the Lord, they were usually termed "*Hall-Motes*." From them are derived our present Courts baron, with civil and Courts Leet, with criminal jurisdiction.—Leg. 241, 242, 256. Hist. Elian. 490, 501. *Deomaday passim*.

Hundred-Motes.—Superior to the Hall-Mote, was the mote of the hundred, a large division of the county. It was under the presidency of the earldorman, or the reeve, accompanied by the principal clergy and freeholders. Once in the year was convened an extraordinary meeting, when every male above the age of twelve years, was compelled to attend; the state of the gilds or tythings (or associations of ten families) was ascertained; and no man was permitted to remain at large who could not provide a surety for his peaceable behaviour. In these courts offenders were tried, and civil causes decided. But sometimes when interests of great importance were at stake, or the parties belonged to different districts, the authority of a single hundred was thought insufficient. On such occasions, that the controversy might be brought before a more numerous, and less partial tribunal, the earldorman convoked an assembly of the contiguous hundreds, or of the third part of the county. The former was termed the Court of the *Laths*, and the latter of the *Trything*.

Burgh-Motes. In Burghs were held *burgh-motes*, corresponding with the *motes* of the hundred.

Shire-Motes.—Of this higher dignity, and more extensive jurisdiction was the shire-mote, or court of the county. It was held twice in the year;—in the beginning of May and October, every great

proprietor was compelled to attend in person or by his steward, or to send in his place his chaplain, bailiff, and four principal tenants. The bishop and earldorman, or earl, presided with equal authority, and their assessors were the sheriff and the most noble of the royal thanes. In their proceedings they began with those causes which related to the dues and immunities of the church; passed to the fines and forfeitures belonging to the crown; and ended with the controversies of individuals.

King's Court.—From the local courts above-mentioned,—the Hall-Mote, Hundred-Mote, and Shire-mote, appeals were allowed to the superior authority of the monarch, who, by his office, was supreme magistrate of the state: but as the king had other duties to perform, it was forbidden to bring any cause before him until it had been previously submitted to the decision of the inferior judges; a prohibition which was, however, frequently disregarded. Wherever the king was present, a court might be speedily assembled. To the thanes and clergymen who attended on his person, he added the prelates and nobility of the neighbourhood, and with their assistance, either pacified the parties, or pronounced a definitive judgment.

Witen-a-gemot.—The supreme tribunal was the "Mickle Synoth, or Witenagemoth," the great meeting or assembly of counsellors; which was regularly convened on the festivals of Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide, and occasionally at other times, as difficult circumstances, or sudden exigencies might require. The principal members seem to have been the spiritual and temporal thanes, who held immediately under the crown, and who could command the services of military vassals. The legal powers of this assembly have never been accurately ascertained; probably they were never fully defined. To them on the vacancy of the crown, belonged the choice of the next sovereign. In their judicial capacity they compromised or decided civil controversies among themselves; summoned before them state criminals of great power and connections: and usually pronounced the sentence of forfeiture and outlawry against those whom they found guilty. As legislators they undertook to provide for the defence of the realm, the prevention and punishment of crimes, and the due administration of justice.

PETER PINDARIC;

OR, JOE MILLER VERSIFIED.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S FAUX-PAS.

"GREAT men," they say, "have slender wits,"
At least, they're subject to strange fits
Of absentness of mind;
And while they give to planets laws,
In their behaviour would'rous flaws
In breeding we shall find.

Of faults in them so widely noted,
Who to fair science are devoted,
Should some require a proof;
I think I know a case in point,
Will put their noses out of joint,
And make them own its truth.

Sir Isaac Newton—(O, that name
Is coupled with eternal fame!)
Did, on a time auspicious, prove
The force of an all-conqu'ring love.
The subtle flame his soul receives,
And books and study now he leaves;
Descends from gazing on the skies,
To eulogise a lady's eyes;
And tells that they in brilliance far
Outlustre every radiant star.

Once with the lady he sat toying,
A *tit-a-tit* with her enjoying;—
And at a time so sweet, engrossing,
What lover would have thought of dozing?—
But as for smoking he'd a taking,
A twisted pipe his mouth was gracing;
Seated they were and all seemed ready;—
Sudden he stop'd, and look'd uneasy;
Then, as commanded by politeness,
He took her hand of dazzling whiteness.
"He'll surely kiss it," thought the lady;
And all her blushes she got ready.
Her hand he raised, and as he fingers,
The kiss seem'd bursting on her fingers;
"Oh, the timidity of some!"
The lady thought, as he begun
To puff away with double vigour;—
When lo! he raised the sweet fore-finger,
(Shame on the man who thus could shock her,)
To make it a tobacco-stopper!

NEMO.

Miscellanies.

INSTINCT OF SWALLOWS.

(For the Mirror.)

SIR.—A few years back, when Eaton-Hall, the residence of the Earl of Grosvenor, in Cheshire, was under repair, some swallows built one of their mud nests in the corner of a window in the front of the house. Their task had scarcely been completed, when a sparrow took possession of it one morning. The swallows tried every means in their power to eject her, but to no purpose; she seemed to defy them all to turn her out; she had taken possession, and was determined to keep it, pecking at them through the hole as they assailed her from without. This was observed by the workmen employed at that part of the building, and caused much amusement. However, it was not to last long; for the next day the swallows commenced the attack in great num-

bers, and finding all their efforts were ineffectual to turn the stranger out, they actually plastered up the hole of the nest with mud, and there left her imprisoned to starve to death. Two or three days after, the workmen, out of curiosity, forced the nest down with the end of a pole, and to their great surprise, found the sparrow dead; having been so enclosed that she had no means of getting out, and was actually starved to death.

I am, your's, &c.

R. C.

ORIGIN OF THE TERMS ATTORNEY AND SOLICITOR.

"IN the time of our Saxon ancestors," says a work entitled *Heraldic Anomalies*, "the freemen in every shire met twice a year, under the precedence of the shire, reeve or sheriff, and this meeting was called the Sheriff's Torn. By degrees, the freemen declined giving their personal attendance, and a freeman who did attend, carried with him the proxies of such of his friends, as could not appear. He who actually went to the Sheriff's Torn, was said according to the old Saxon, to go at the Torn, and hence came the word attorney, which signified one that went to the Torn for others, carrying with him a power to act or vote for those who employed him. I do not conceive, continues the writer, that the attorney has any right to call himself a solicitor, but where he has business in a court of equity. If he chose to act more upon the principles of equity than of law, let him be a solicitor by all means, but not otherwise; for law and equity are very different things; neither of them very good, as overwhelmed with forms and technicalities, but, upon the whole, equity is surely the best, if it were but for the name of the thing."

ORIGIN OF THE IRISH LINEN MANUFACTORY.

WHEN Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, was lord lieutenant of Ireland, he, at his own expense, imported and sowed a quantity of flax-seed, and the crop succeeding to his expectation, he next year expended 1,000*l.* for the same purpose, erected looms, procured workmen from France and Flanders, and at length was enabled to ship for Spain, at his own risk, the first investment of linen ever exported from Ireland. Exulting in the success of this favourite scheme, he foretold that it would prove the greatest means of enrichment which Ireland had ever enjoyed; and his sagacity is amply attested by the industry

and wealth which the linen manufactory continues to diffuse over that portion of the empire.

T. A—N C.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

POVERTY AND IDLENESS.

To be idle and to be poor have always been reproaches, and therefore every man endeavours, with his utmost care, to hide his poverty from others, and his idleness from himself.

A YOUNG Oxonian, on his return after the vacation, wishing to enjoy the sports of the field, purchased, to his loss, a horse that had been fired in all his legs; and consulting his friends as to a proper name for his hunter, one of them thought *CANNON-BALL* very appropriate, as it would not go without *FIRING*.

THE WISH.

SAID TO BE WRITTEN BY THE LATE
J. F. KEMBLE.

ARCHLY smiling, dimpled boy,
Son of Venus, God of love,
Grant my heart, the seat of joy,
Ever may thy temple prove;
Let me sing and laugh all day,
Sweetly pass my nights away;
Then arising taste with you
Blessings lasting, raptures new.

THE WAY TO MOUNT ZION.

DISPATCH'D on an errand t'ether day,
Pat O'Bryan
Of a tailor inquir'd the way to Mount
Zion.*

The tailor was pious: as he sat on his perch

He gravely replied, "Why Mount Zion's
the church."

"What a bothering lie," in a fury cried
Pat,

"For yonder's the church quite down in
the flat."†

* The name of a place in Bath

† The abbey church stands in a low part of the city.

TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

WITH the present Number of the MIRROR is published a Supplement, (price Two-pence,) containing the Spirit of the Almanacks, Pocket Books, and Christmas and New Years' presents, &c. for the year 1825.

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The Mirror

OF

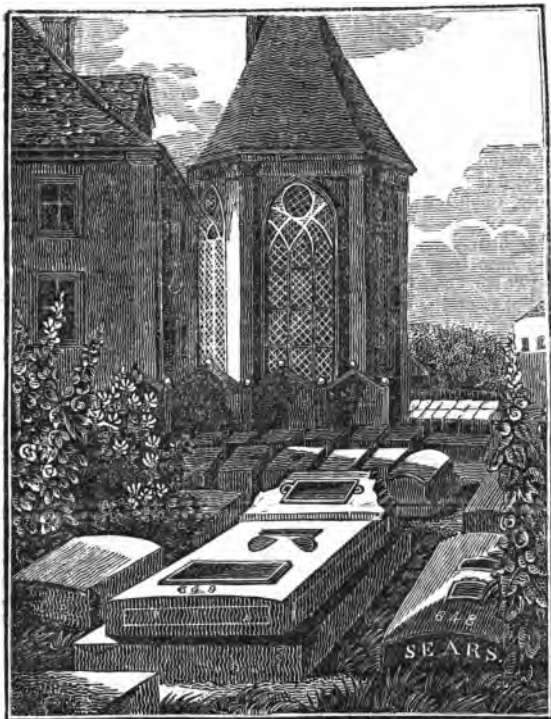
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CXVI.]

SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER.

[PRICE 2d.]

Tomb of Albert Durer.



In giving an account of that branch of periodical literature which only appears once a year, we have confined ourselves exclusively to English works, and that principally to Almanacks, Pocket Books, and New-Years' and Christmas Presents. For an engraving we have, however, resorted to one of the productions of our neighbours on the continent, where works of this class are even more numerous than in England. It is a view of the tomb of that great painter and engraver Albert Durer, from Kind's Taschenbuch, published at Leipsic.

Albert Durer was a native of Nuremberg, where he was born and died; and his talents entitled him to a monument from his countrymen. He was born May 20, 1471; and made such proficiency in his art, that at the age of twenty-six he ventured to exhibit his works to

the public. His first performance was a piece of the Three Graces, represented by as many female figures, having over their heads a globe, on which was inscribed the date of the year, 1497. He also engraved on wood the Life of Christ, in thirty-six pieces, which were so highly valued, that Mark Antonio Franci imitated them on copper, and sold them as the genuine productions of Durer. The latter hearing of the fraud, was so exasperated, that he set out for Venice, where he complained to the government of the wrong that had been done to him by the plagiarist; but could obtain no other satisfaction than a decree, prohibiting Franci from affixing Albert's name to those copies in future. The prints of Durer were so excellent, that when brought to Italy they incited the painters there to perfect themselves in that kind of art,

and to make them their model. Albert died April 6, 1528.

In a work like the MIRROR, which gives so many wood engravings, and has done more for giving an impulse to the art than all other works put together, no apology need be offered for giving a view of the tomb of its great master, Albert Durer.

Spirit of the Annual Periodicals.

THE periodical literature of this country has attained an extent and a character which renders it superior to that of every other nation. We have not only newspapers for every day in the week, but journals devoted to almost every distinct art or science, published at various periods from a week to a year. Since the MIRROR has been published, a portion of its pages have been devoted to the Spirit of the Public Journals, principally those published monthly; there is, however, another class of periodicals worthy of notice, we allude to those which are published at the close of every year, such as Almanacks, Pocket Books, Christmas and New Years' presents, &c. These are very numerous, so much so, indeed, that the bare list of their names would occupy a large portion of our sixteen closely printed pages, while some of them possess so much literary and graphic merit, as to entitle them to an extended notice, could we find room for it.

Thus circumstanced, we propose to give a critical and analytical account of the principal works published annually, and first of the Almanacks.

ALMANACKS.

ALTHOUGH etymologists differ as to the derivation of the word Almanack, yet there is little doubt it is from the *Al* and *manack* of the Arabs, which signifies a diary. The study of astronomy and astrology is very common among the Arabs; and is, indeed, a favourite amusement of pastoral life in all countries. The Arabs will not sow, reap, plant, travel, buy, or sell, or undertake any expedition or work, without previously consulting the stars, or, in other words, their almanacks or almanack-makers.

From the Arabs this art, or practice, passed into Europe; and those astronomical compositions have not only retained their Arabic name, but were, like them, for a long time interspersed with astrological rules for planting, sowing, bleeding, &c.—even to the cutting of the hair, and paring of the nails.

The Romans had their *Festi*, or *Kalendar*, in which the feasts, games, and

other ceremonies were recorded; they were of two sorts, the greater and less, or *Festi Magistrales* and *Festi Kalendares*. In the *Festi Magistrales* were registered the several feasts, with every thing relating to the gods, religion, and the magistrates,—the emperors, their birth-days, offices, days consecrated to them, and feasts and ceremonies established in their honour, or for their prosperity.

The *Festi Kalendares* are defined by Featus Pompeius to be books containing a description of the whole year—that is, ephemerides or diaries distinguishing the several kinds of days. Numa was the first who invented the *Festi*, who committed the care and direction of them to the Pontifex Maximus, whom the people used to go and consult on every occasion.

Regiomontanus appears to have been the first in Europe who reduced almanacks into their present form, gave the characters of each year and month, foretold the eclipses and other phases, calculated the motions of the planets, &c.—His first almanack was published in 1474.

The labours of astronomers, and the works they have published, have rendered almanack-making no very difficult matter, as will be seen by the following directions for the

CONSTRUCTION OF ALMANACKS.

By the help of good astronomical tables, or ephemerides, the construction of almanacks is extremely easy. The first thing to be done, is to compute the place of the sun and moon for each day of the year, or it may be taken from some ephemerides, and entered into the almanack; next find the dominical letter, and by means thereof distribute the calendar into weeks; then having computed the time of Easter, by it fix the other movable feasts, adding at the same time the immovable ones, with the names of the martyrs, the rising and setting of each luminary, the length of day and night, the aspects of the planets and other phases of the moon, and the sun's entrance into the cardinal points of the ecliptic, or two equinoxes and solstices.

ALMANACKS FOR 1825.

EAST, however, as almanack-making may be, we confess it is better to purchase them ready made, particularly as they present variety enough to suit all tastes, as we shall be able to show by noticing a few of the most prominent ones. It would lead us too far from our present purpose to give a history of almanacks in England, or an account of those in foreign countries; indeed, the very titles of these

published in England would alone fill our sheet; we shall, therefore, only describe the principal features in those which are the most popular. Poor Robin would, perhaps, claim the precedence; but yielding to the Vox Populi, we proceed to another;—stand forth, then, Francis Moore, Physician, while we explore the mysteries of thy

I. VOX STELLARUM;

Or, a Loyal Almanack for the year of Human Redemption, 1826, &c.

THERE is not, we are assured, one of our readers to whom Moore's Almanack is not familiar; the very day of its publication is an epoch in the history of the year, and for a month at least before that period, the farmer and the husbandman is reminded on the market day by his good dame, not to return without Moore: and when it does arrive, with what eagerness are the political prognostications devoured. Even the weather, the alpha and omega of the countryman, is on this occasion a secondary consideration.

There is nothing with which we are so pleased with Moore's Almanack as the confident tone in which the author speaks of the planets, not that at such a time they will do so and so, but that they have done, although he counts so long in advance. Thus, under the head of April, 1825, we find, "This and the preceding months have produced a variety of positions amongst the planets." Were we Œdipus enough to unravel the mysteries of Moore's Almanack, we would not do so for an empire, because we should deprive its readers of one of the greatest comforts of their lives—that of wonder and conjecture. How delightful a paradox we find in June, "A wolf in disguise gains his point. The gilded bait wounds insensibly." Mr. Moore is a sly dog; he has a hit at the Emperor of Austria for compounding with his English creditors, though he avows his opinion that "this modern Vandal of intellectual improvement can scarcely raise even a moderate sum in his extensive dominions." Why not out with the truth at once honest Francis, and state that Moore's Almanack produces a better revenue than many a German principality. In November a domestic event is to occur, and a hint is given which we hope will not be lost. List! O, List, to the warning.—

"Some mischief hatched by one of our modern Venuses. Old square toed Saturn should square off."

We are sure we need not describe the general contents of Moore's Almanack; the moral stanzas which decorate each month are equal to any similar produc-

tion of former years, and that is saying much. The sale of Moore's Almanack was at one time four hundred and thirty thousand annually. Whether it is more or less, at present, we know not. Allusion has been made to the facility of making Almanacks, but our readers will scarcely believe that Mr. Henry Andrews, of Boyston, who was the maker until within the last few years, received only twenty-five pounds a year for his labours from the Stationers' Company.

2. OLD POOR ROBIN.

An Almanack composed on a variety of subjects both ancient and modern, &c. Being the One Hundred and Sixty-third Edition. Written by Poor Robin, Knight of the Burnt Island, and well wisher to the Mathematics.

How the works of modern authors sink into insignificance compared with the immortal production of Poor Robin, of which he now presents the hundred and sixty-third edition: and yet the success of Poor Robin and his almanack is one of the most gross libels on public taste we ever knew. The writer affects the quaintness of the seventeenth century without its point, and what he wants in humour, he seeks to make up by indelicacy. Yet the very grotesque absurdity of the thing is amusing, and we can even laugh at Poor Robin in the hundred and sixty-third year of his age; indelicacy, however, in such a veteran, is scarcely excusable.

3. MERLINUS LIBERATUS.

An Almanack for the year of our Redemption, 1825. Being the first after Bissestle, and from the Creation of the World, according to the best history, 5883, and the one hundred and thirty-seventh of our Deliverance, by King William, from Popery and arbitrary Government; but the one hundred and forty seventh from the Horrid Popish Jacobite Plot. By John Partridge.

THIS Almanack does not differ materially from that of Moore; there are the same astronomical observations and calculations: and the Editor, like Moore, treats us with prognostics of the weather and prophecies as to the events of the year. The four lines, however, which head each month, are of a rather more respectable character than the doggerel of Moore. We quote Partridge's four lines for December:—

"The songsters that warbled so sweetly in Spring,
Are mute now as bees in a hive,
And wintery winds, snows, and hurricanes
bring,
Thus flashes up TWENTY-NINE."

4. THE CÆLESTIAL ATLAS;

Or, a New and improved Ephemeris for the year of our Lord, 1825, &c. By Robert White, teacher of the Mathematics. The seventy-sixth impression.

THE Cælestial Atlas consists of little more than a series of astronomical tables. With poetry Mr. White scarcely meddles, for we find but one solitary instance, and in which the word *task* is put as a rhyme for *last* and *past*. A punster would, however say, there is some *sterling* merit in it, and as a proof, quote as we do, the following account of the coinage.

New Gold Coin.—Gold is considered the standard metal; and there is no alteration either in weight or fineness from former coinages; the sovereign, or 20s. piece being 20-21 parts of the weight and value of a guinea, and the other pieces in the same proportion. Thus 934½ sovereigns weigh exactly 20 lbs. troy. Also, the real weight of the sovereign is 5 dwts. 3,274 grs., and that of the half sovereign, 2 dwts. 13,637 grs.

New Silver Coin.—The silver coins are also of the old standard fineness of 11 oz. 2 dwts. of pure silver to 18 dwts. of alloy; but 1 lb. troy of this standard is now coined into 66s. instead of 62s., as was formerly the case. So that of this coinage

	Dwts.	Grs.
One Shilling weighs.....	3	15 3-11
The Sixpence weighs.....	1	19 7-11
The Crown weighs.....	18	4 4-11
The Half-crown weighs..	9	2 2-11

It appears that the value of a pound of silver is 66s.; and of a pound of gold is 46 29-40 sovereigns, or £46. 14s. 6d. Standard gold is fourteen times that of the silver, and 7-44ths more.

5. THE LADIES' DIARY;

Or, complete Almanack for the year of our Lord, 1825. The hundred and twenty-second Almanack published of this kind.

ALTHOUGH the Ladies' Diary is very little known in town, yet we can assure our readers it is a great favourite in the country. In addition to the usual Calendar and astronomical observations, it contains enigmas, queries, and mathematical questions, the answers to the principal of which, of each class are rewarded with a certain number of copies of the work. The solutions to the enigmas are generally in verse—rhyme, however, is not necessary, for we find the word *prayer* intended to rhyme to *year, smile to toil, &c.*

One of the answers we shall, however, quote, being somewhat in our Peter Pindarical style. It is entitled

THE RUSTIC AND THE CURATE.

BY MR. J. HERDSON, NEWCASTLE, STAFFORDSHIRE.

ONE day, when beauteous Sol shone bright.

The verdant box, the hawthorn white,

With fragrance fill'd the air;

A plain and honest rustic went

From *Cage*, a hamlet near the Trent,

To wed a blooming fair.

All parties met, the *match* was made,

The curate smil'd, and quickly said,

"Five shillings due to me."

The rustic, in an earnest mood,

Pray'd him, from scripture how he could

Claim such a marriage fee?

The curate instantly replied,

"I take for granted that your bride

Is virtuous as you own,

Then Solomon does wisely show

A virtuous woman always to

Her husband is—a crown."

The words in italic are solutions to the enigmas of last year.

6. THE GENTLEMAN'S DIARY, OR THE MATHEMATICAL REPOSITORY,

An Almanack for the year of our Lord, 1825. The eighty-fifth Almanack published of this kind.

WHEN we state that the late celebrated mathematician Dr. Charles Hutton, was for many years the editor of one or both of the Diaries, and that they have been a greater stimulus to the study of the mathematics than all the periodicals in existence; we are sure our readers will not undervalue them. The Gentleman's Diary does not differ materially from that of the Ladies, save that the questions are more purely scientific. It however contains enigmas, charades, and rebuses, answers to which as well as the questions in the Mathematical Repository of the department of the Diary are rewarded with a certain number of copies. We repeat that from our own knowledge, the Ladies' and Gentleman's Diaries have been a powerful incentive to the study of the mathematics, and we know more than one gentleman who now ranks high in the scientific world that owes his first impulse to the study of these works.

7. SPECULUM ANNI;

Or, Season on the Seasons. By Henry Season, licensed Physician and student in the Celestial Sciences, near Devises.

THE Speculum Anni has reached its ninety-second edition: the worthy author not only gives us his predictions as to war and weather, but he is very liberal of his moral advice, teaching the young idea how to shoot, and proving (by Algebra we presume,) the way in which the passions of the mind influence the disposition of the body.

8. RIDER'S BRITISH MERLIN,

Compiled for his country's benefit by
Cardanus Rider.

MANY people travel, as the growing population of Australia bears witness, but how few write, for their country's benefit like Cardanus Rider. The British Merlin, however, reminds us more of the *Manach* of the Arabs than any of its contemporaries; it contains the calendar, university terms, and a hundred other good things besides, certain agricultural, horticultural, and physical formula; thus in January we are told to "uncover the roots of trees, plant quicksets," and "use no physic unless there be a necessity," a good hint to amateur valetudinarians. This little work contains much useful information, particularly a list of fixed fairs throughout the kingdom.

9. THE IMPERIAL ALMANACK;

Or, Annual Library Compendium of Astronomical, Statistical, Scientific, and interesting information for 1825.

THE Imperial Almanack is of a very miscellaneous character; it of course contains a calendar, and astronomical observations; besides there are the Jewish and Mahomedan Calendars, nomenclature of the months of various nations, origin of different festivals and saint days, chronological tables of remarkable events in the histories of Greece and Rome, with several useful tables.

10. GOLDSMITH, AN ALMANACK.

THIS almanack in addition to the usual diary, contains a list of the peers of the realm, members of the House of Commons, bankers, &c. One useful little article (among many others) we shall quote. It is a table of the

Foreign Coins in British value.

Crusade, Portugal	- - -	2s.	3d.
Dollar, Spanish	- - -	4s.	6d.
Ducat, Flanders, Holland, Ba-	- - -	9s.	3d.
varia, Sweden	- - -		
Prussia, Austria, and	- - -	9s.	4d.
Saxony	- - -		
Denmark	- - -	8s.	3d.
Spain	- - -	6s.	9d.
Florin, Prussia, Poland	- - -	1s.	2d.
Flanders	- - -	1s.	6d.
German	- - -	2s.	0d.
Guilder, Dutch	- - -	1s.	9d.
German	- - -	2s.	4d.
Livre, French	- - -	0s.	10d.
Louis d'or, ditto	- - -	20s.	0d.
Moidore, Portugal	- - -	27s.	0d.
Pagoda, Asia	- - -	8s.	9d.
Piastre, Arab	- - -	5s.	6d.
Spanish	- - -	3s.	7d.

2 D

Pistole; Spanish, Barbary	-	16s.	9d.
Italy	- - -	15s.	6d.
Sicily	- - -	15s.	4d.
Re, Portugal 27,400 of	- - -	0s.	1d.
A Mill Re	- - -	5s.	7½d.
Rial, Spanish	- - -	0s.	5d.
Rix Dollar, German	- - -	3s.	6d.
Dutch	- - -	4s.	4½d.
Hamburgh, Den-	- - -	4s.	6d.
mark	- - -		
Sweden	- - -	4s.	8d.
Rouble, Russian	- - -	4s.	6d.
Rupee, silver, Asia	- - -	2s.	6d.
gold, ditto	- - -	35s.	0d.

11. THE CLERGYMAN'S ALMANACK,

Compiled and arranged by Richard Gilbert, Accountant to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

12. WILLS'S COMPLETE CLERICAL ALMANACK.

THESE two almanacks contain much clerical information, and are principally intended for Members of the Established Church. The former contains the armorial bearings of the Archbishops and Bishops, and both have lists of the two Houses of Parliament.

13. THE EVANGELICAL DIARY;

A Religious, Historical, and Literary Almanack.

IN addition to the usual calendar, and several useful tables, this almanack contains a list of the Episcopal and Dissenting places of worship, the names of the Preachers, &c.

14. THE PROPHETIC ALMANACK;

Or, Annual Abstract of Celestial Lore for 1825. From the MSS. of Sir Willon Brachm.

THE Prophetic Almanack is only in the fifth year of its age. It commences with a "Descant upon the Lament of Ezekiel over Tyrus, conceived to typify the Doom of England;" and contains much that is to be found in most of the almanacks, such as the calendar, tables, &c.: it has merit, however, on the score of originality, not only in the ingenious descant to which we have alluded, but in several other respects, particularly its moral character. Sir Willon is, however, a bit of an alarmist, and either has, or wishes his readers to entertain, some fears that London will share the fate of Tyre and Jerusalem. What the designs of Providence are we pretend not to fathom; it is enough that we know they will be just, and that it is our duty to submit to them.

Sir Willon does not speak so decisively as to the state of the weather during each month, as he does of the events

which he gives under the head of "Timely Warnings and Wholesome Precepts." In January, we are told, there will be a great depression in the public funds, which would make us suspect Sir Willon is a great speculator on the Stock Exchange, but that his prognostics are so various. Thus in February he tells us, that "a great miser, unable to convey his hoards to the next world, to which he is about to take his departure, will enrich some very needy relations." We do not much care if some great miser is rendered uneasy by this announcement; but we hope no "poor relation" will neglect his or her business to wait for dead men's shoes. The prophecy is, however, a very safe one, for there is no doubt at least one miser dies every month; and that he cannot convey his wealth to another world, is a truism which we need not consult the stars or Sir Willon Brachan to prove.

15. AUSTRALASIAN ALMANACKS.

BUT the greatest curiosity in the shape of almanacks that we have to notice, is the Australasian Pocket Almanack, for the years 1822 and 1823. It is little more than half a century since New South Wales was discovered; and yet we find the colony so far advanced in civilization as to have its press, and even its almanack.

Who may be the "Francis Moore, Physician," the "Partridge," or the "Poor Robin," of Australasia, we know not; but certain we are that the almanack of New South Wales is in many respects less absurd, and in others equally as useful as the productions of that class in England; and in a few years we doubt not we shall have Australasian Ladies' and Gentlemen's Pocket Books, Diaries, &c. though Souvenirs, and Forget Me Not's would be rather awkward titles to be adopted by one part of the population, at least.

We have alluded to the utility of the Australasian Almanack; and we need only enumerate its contents in proof of our assertion. In addition to the usual astronomical details of an almanack, with the list of holidays, phases of the moon, table for finding the time of high water at Sydney and other places, we have a list of the successive governors,—a catalogue of all the sovereigns of Europe,—the British ministry,—orders of knighthood,—tables of weights and measures,—a ready reckoner,—"observations on the garden and the field,"—chronology of local occurrences,—telegraphic signals,—holidays at the Sydney Bank,—rates of labourers' wages,—fees and duties in the various offices,—market and fair duties,—

tolls at the different roads, ferries, and bridges,—post-office charges,—list of vessels arrived during the preceding year,—list of all the public officers in the colony,—military establishments, &c. The almanack for 1823, in lieu of the chronology of occurrences, gives government and general orders, a description of the boundaries of the several districts, &c. In an advertisement to the almanack of 1823, an apology is made for its want of typographical neatness; type had been expected from England, but had not arrived; the European ink, too, was exhausted, as well as some of Hobart Town manufacture, and the printer was obliged to make some himself; a plate was also intended, but it was found impracticable.

In some points this almanack differs from ours: there are no doggerel verses at the head of each page—no prophetic warnings about war or weather; but in each month "the usual state of the weather" is given, which to us, appears a much more rational method. As a curious contrast of the weather in England and Australasia, we make a few extracts from the almanack of the latter for 1823, and from Moore's Almanack for the present year:—

ENGLAND.

January 1 to 4.
Somewhat stormy,
with rain or snow.

January 10 to 15.
Windy, with snow
or cold rain.

June 1 to 30.
June begins with
warm weather. Rain
with thunder and
lightning. Fair and
bright to near the
end of the month.

July 1 to 15.
Hot, with thun-
der showers.

The winter of
Australasia; the
mornings and eve-
nings chilly; fogs
at Mawkesbury till
near noon; thin
ice observed till
some hours after
sun rise.

November.
Raw, cold, and
drizzly weather—
cold winds.

Hot parching
and blighting winds
now to be dreaded;
the heat becomes

intense—but little rain—as the month advances, the ardent rays of the sun are most powerfully felt, unless we have grateful intervening clouds.

Although we give this contrasted picture merely as a curiosity, yet, generally speaking, we must observe, that the climate of New South Wales is very fine, though of course, in a country of such extent, it must be variable, and will be subject to some alterations as it becomes more populated. From the Almanack for 1822, we select some of the most curious articles in the Chronology of Local Occurrences:—

1770. That part of the coast of New Holland, which constitutes the colony of New South Wales, was explored by that able and ever-to-be-lamented navigator Captain Cook, accompanied by the late Sir Joseph Banks, Bart. and other gentlemen of science.

1788. Colony taken possession of, and British colours displayed by Governor Phillip, Jan. 26.

1789. Bennelong a young native, was taken prisoner Nov. 5, and treated with the most hospitable kindness by Governor Phillip. He tried several times to escape; but being always disappointed in the attempt, became afterwards so congenial to the authority which held him only in reserve; that he was taken to England, and upon his return hither, assumed to himself the character of a chief. He was naturally barbarous in his manners; and so him is imputed the murder of one of his wives, and one or two of his children. Under Governor King he was hospitably protected. The Governor frequently clothed him, and he dined at the servants' table in the kitchen, at which presided Mrs. Dundas, the housekeeper, a worthy woman, and the butler, as worthy a young man. In England the liberal spirit of the British nation inclined itself to give him every species of encouragement; he dressed well; he lived well; and yet upon his return to the colony he fell off spontaneously into his early habits; and in spite of every thing that could be done towards him in the order of civilization, he took to the bush, and only occasionally visited Government house; but this was an early experiment, the twelve last years having shown that, under the sensitive appreciation of the human character, the poor abandoned native of New Holland is not unworthy of the civilizing trial.

1790. The first settler, selected from

the body of prisoners, was settled in this year; a man named James Ruse.

1791. Twenty male prisoners set out from Sydney, under the extraordinary idea that they could reach China by land travel; part perished in the woods, and the residue were brought in, in a perishing state, Nov. 21.

1794. A temporary church commenced building at Sydney, July.

1796. A play was performed, Jan. 16.

— Coal found at Port Stephen, in May. This was indeed a fortunate discovery for Port Jackson.

1798. Hail storm, May 14; many of the stones six inches in circumference.— They killed poultry in abundance; knocked down lambs; and were truly terrific even to the superior order of being—Man. This certainly was the most dreadful hail storm ever remembered; for the freezing in the atmosphere had been so extremely intense, that the shower was excessive, and its violence unendurable.

1803. *Memorable Execution.*—Joseph Samuels (for burglary) was thrice suspended; the cord first separated in the middle, and the criminal fell prostrate; on the second attempt, the ropes unrove at the fastening, and he again came to the ground; and when a third time launched off, the rope again snapped short. The provost marshal (Mr. Smith, a man universally respected), compassionating his protracted sufferings, represented these extraordinary circumstances to the governor, who was pleased to relieve him.

1806. *Memorable flood at Hawkesbury,* commenced March 20, and occasioned excessive devastation; began to abate the 23d. Wheat sold immediately afterwards at 70s. and 80s. per bushel; bread 4s. 6d. and 5s. per loaf of 2lbs., and scarcely procurable. Hardly any vegetables, and the colony reduced to a state of extreme want, little short of a famine.

1810. A numerous and voracious tribe of the caterpillar prevailed throughout the agricultural settlements. The fields and gardens were completely laid waste by them, at a time when the ears of wheat were full; and there was no possibility of ameliorating the disaster,—the crops suffered much.—Sept.

— The town of Sydney divided into five districts, and an active police appointed, with a watch-house to each district, Oct. 6.

These extracts will make our readers sufficiently acquainted with the Australasian Almanack, which is a literary curiosity.

We think we hear our readers exclaim

with Macbeth, "What, will the line stretch out to the crack o'doom." We do not say this; but to notice all the almanacks would leave us no room for any thing else; we therefore pass over the rest. The sheet almanacks, of which there are several, are principally devoted to commerce. They are surmounted with an engraving of the principal event of the year, and formerly the battles of Trafalgar, Salamanca and Waterloo graced them; now such is the effect of these "piping times of peace," that the almanack makers are compelled to content themselves with the puny battle with the Ashantees, the loss of the ship Fame, and a view of the Bank of England.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEARS' PRESENTS.

WE have given the precedence to almanacks as the oldest of our annual periodicals; it was not, however, to be expected that in a country where literature is so much cultivated our yearly publications should be confined to them; hence arose pocket books which contain a diary with or without an almanack, a table for memorandums, and literary selections: these have within the last few years been succeeded by works of a still higher character, combining the talents of the engraver with the beauties of literature, and forming the most elegant present of the kind, which one friend can present to another. On the continent, and particularly in Germany, works of this sort had long been common, and it was, perhaps, the only branch of literature in which we were behind our neighbours. To Mr. Ackermann, a public spirited bookseller, who has directed his attention principally to works of art, we are indebted for introducing this new branch of polite literature in his

FORGET ME NOT,

A Christmas and New Year's Present for 1825.

Of this work three volumes have already appeared, and they have led the way to an honourable competition. The volume for the ensuing year, (from which we have already given a tale, MIRROR, No. 109,) contains twelve beautifully-engraved copper-plates, and nearly four-hundred pages of letter-press, consisting of poems and tales in prose. It is got up in excellent style, and forms a very elegant Christmas, or new year's present, for which any one might feel grateful. Although we have already given one article from the *Forget me not*, yet we shall subjoin three others; they are not the best, perhaps, but the

tales are of too great length to quote; and first for

THE LOVER'S TOMB

"I'll gather my dark raven locks o'er my brow,
And the fleet wind my courser shall be,
And I'll haste to the place where the willow-trees

grow,

For my true love is waiting for me."

"Sweet maid, say not so—

In the grave he lies low."

"Oh! no, no; he lives and loves me!

"I see him at morning, I see him at eve,
I know his broad brow and sweet smile;
And he bids me no longer in solitude grieve,
For he will but tarry awhile."

"Sweet maid, he is dead—"

In the earth rests his head."

"Oh! no, no; he lives and loves me.

"He lives, though his cheek is more pale than o-
yore,
And the light of his bright eye is gone;
And when his wan fingers my brow traverse
o'er,

They are cold, they are cold as the stone."

"God help thee, sweet maid!

In the tomb he is laid."

"Oh! no, no; he lives and loves me!"

Not long did that fair maiden mourn for her love,
She soon slept in death by his side;
Yet, 'tis said, that when night hangs her banners
above,

Her spirit is oft seen to glide

Where the willow trees grow,

While she still says, "No, no,

Oh! no, no; he lives and loves me!"

HENRY NELLE.

Our next extract is entitled the

CONFESSIONS OF A FRENCH WOMAN.

"BORN and bred in Paris, I became in my earliest youth the toast of my native city. Heartily tired of the praises of my beauty, repeated every day, in verse and prose, in songs and poems, in companies and periodical publications, and calculating upon new fame and fresh admirers, I set out on my travels and quitted Paris and France. In Spain, in England, in Germany, in Italy—in short, wherever I went, I was disappointed in my expectations, and my pride was humbled. In every country I found a different standard of beauty. I resolved to leave this quarter of the globe, and journeyed to Asia: here I fared still worse. I shall say nothing of Turkey, Persia, or Circassia, because, on comparing myself with the beauties of those countries, I could not help feeling my inferiority; but when I reached China, I thought the people there would never have done laughing at my large eyes, my aquiline nose, my small ears, my apology for a mouth, my immense feet and my shoes, in each of which there was room enough for four Chinese feet. From China I proceeded to the Marian Islands: here the natives laughed just as heartily at my teeth and hair; for among them the height of beauty consists in black teeth and long white hair.

"In Arabia I made no conquests, for I

did not understand the art of colouring my eye-brows a coal-black, and of enlarging the eye considerably towards the temple by a stripe of the same colour; in short, I had not the excessively large black prominent eye, or the chalk white complexion of the beauties of the east. As the natives of the Alps had wondered to see me without goitre; so were the Hottentots astonished that I had not a flat nose, a body as big and as round as a barrel, and half-putrid intestines of animals twisted by way of ornament about my arms and legs. In America, in the southern province of Cumana, they found fault with me because my cheeks were not hollow, nor my face long and narrow, and because I was not large enough about the hips; for there they compress the head between two boards, and fasten tight bandages above the knee to produce these peculiarities of conformation. In North America I witnessed a quarrel between a negress and a white woman on the subject of beauty: both claimed the prize. 'Only look,' said the former, 'at my black shining skin, my thick coral lips, my white eyes, my woolly hair; how can your pale diseased look, your sickly blue eye, your little pursed-up mouth, your lank hair, hanging as if it had just come out of the water, compare with these?' The white woman was about to reply, but I took her aside and taught her, by my own experience and example, that we must not look for a general standard of beauty."

This is not only a descriptive picture of the people of various countries, but a good moral lesson, not only shewing what the poet Goldsmith expresses, that "our own best country is at home," but that such are the different opinions of beauty that even deformity when common, or, we ought to say, fashionable, since it is purposely created, is sometimes preferred to the perfection of nature. Our next and concluding extract from the *Forget me Not*, may, perhaps, be deemed rather anticipatory; such of our readers as think so, are, however, at liberty to defer the reading of it until

THE THIRTY-FIRST OF DECEMBER.

As if an angel spoke,
I hear the solemn sound. YOUNG.

HARK the deep-ton'd chime of that bell,
As it breaks on the midnight ear;
Seems it not tolling a funeral knell?

'Tis the knell of the parting year!
Before that bell shall have ceas'd its chime,
The year shall have sunk in the Ocean of Time.

Oh! many an eye that was beaming bright
As this year from its slumber arose!
Was dimm'd by anguish, or sealed in night,
Ere it reach'd its dreary close;
And hearts that in gladness were blooming then,
Have wither'd—O never to bloom again!

Yet the wind will grow calm, and the billow
will sleep,
And sorrow bring joy by its side;
And hours of delight o'er young spirits will
sweep,
And the lover be blest in his bride;
And blue eyes of beauty sustain'd by a tear,
Will yet beam at thy memory, thou happy Old
Year

To me, faded year, thou hast not been unkind,
Though my glimpses of sunshine were few;
I welcom'd thee calmly, part from thee re-
sign'd,
Nor breathe one reproach with adieu:
No, thanks to thy speed, that my pilgrimage here
By so much is shorten'd—then fare thee well,
Year!

Next in the goodly train of annuals comes
FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING; OR, THE
ANNUAL REMEMBRANCER.

*A Christmas Present, or New Year's
Gift for 1825.*

THIS is the second volume of *Friendship's Offering*, and it is but just to say that it is much improved since last year. It contains nearly three hundred pages of interesting articles in prose and verse; a Diary, with views at the head of each month, and fourteen copper plate engravings, including four sweet views of the cities of St. Petersburg, Constantinople, Berne, and Naples. The literary department includes local descriptions of the four cities we have just mentioned; tales from the pens of Mrs. Opie and Miss M. Edgeworth, and several pieces of poetry. There is also some original music, and several enigmas, riddles, and rebuses. The following are extracts:—

TO THE FLOWER CALLED "FORGET ME NOT."—BY MRS. OPIE.

FOND memory's flower, of azure die,
Permit thy bard one boon to crave;
When in death's narrow bed I lie,
Oh, bloom around my humble grave:
And if some tender, faithful friend
Should, led by love, approach the spot,
And o'er thy sowers admiring bend,
Then say for me, "Forget me not."

THE MENTAL THERMOMETER.

There is a good tale in *Friendship's Offering*, by Miss Maria Edgeworth, entitled the "Mental Thermometer." A merchant of the city of London dies, leaving a son very young, and a friend, a foreign gentleman, who becomes the guardian of his child, to whom he relates the fruits of his own experience as a guide for the youth in the following terms:—

"It is true I am in possession of an extraordinary secret—a secret I may deem invaluable. It has been the purchase of many years' toil and experience, the reward of the reflection, and the studies of a long life.

"I am a native of Italy, and my life has been spent chiefly in travelling

through different countries. There is no part of the globe which I have not visited, having uniformly kept one object in view, to which, thank Heaven, I have at last attained. 'You know,' continued he, 'my friendship to your father, and my particular attachment to you. I wish to give you some proof of my regard before nature calls me from you, and I think I have it in my power to leave you a gift truly worthy of your acceptance.' Here he paused.

"He drew carefully from beneath his vestment a small tube, of a substance which I had never before seen—it enclosed something which I concluded was a talisman. The old man put it into my hands: upon a nearer view, it appeared to me nothing more than a small instrument, constructed like one of our common thermometers, and marked into a great number of divisions: after I had examined it in silence for some time, my friend took it from me, and placed it near the region of my heart—when instantly a fresh phenomenon appeared, a multitude of new divisions became visible. 'There are many more,' said my friend, observing my astonishment: 'there are many more too nice to be discerned by the unassisted eye of man; but the longer and more attentively you regard them, the more you will be enabled to discover. 'But what is this liquor?' said I; 'or is it a liquor, which seems to move up and down in the tube? and what are those small characters which I perceive at the top and bottom of the instrument?'—'The bright characters which you see at the top of the crystal are Arabic,' said he, 'and they signify *perfect felicity*; the degrees which you perceive marked upon the crystal, form a scale of happiness, descending from perfect felicity to indifference, which is the boundary between pleasure and pain—and from that point commences the dark divisions of misery, which continue deepening in their shades as they descend, and increasing in distance from each other, till they touch the characters at the bottom, which signify the final bounds of human misery and *despair*. The liquor which you see contained in the tube,' continued he, 'is endued with the power of rising or falling in the crystal, in exact proportion to the pleasure felt by the person who wears it at any given period of his existence.' I cast my eye down the tube as he held it in his hand. 'Perfect felicity and despair,' I repeated, and sighed: 'how many of my fellow-creatures are doomed to feel the one, how few attain the other.' 'These extreme points,' said the good old man, 'recalling my eyes to the tube, 'though

apparently so far distant from each other, are equally dangerous. It will seldom, however, be found actually at these extremes, and the intermediate degrees it defines with unerring precision.' 'But,' said I, 'is it not enough for me to feel pleasure, to be convinced I feel it? and will not a little reflection ascertain the degree with sufficient accuracy?'—'Perhaps not,' said he, smiling at my presumption—'perhaps not so readily as you imagine. The want of precision in this circumstance is one of the first causes of mistakes which mankind fall into in their pursuits, especially the young and enthusiastic; reflecting little on the past, and forming great expectations from the future, they seldom rightly value their present sensations. Guided by the opinion, or the example of others, they mistake the real objects of happiness; and the experiments necessary to be tried, to set them right, must be often repeated to make any useful impression, that life itself passes away before they are convinced of their error, or before the conviction has been of any material advantage to them. Now such is the nature of this little instrument, that if you wear it next to your heart, it will invariably preserve its efficacy—in all the situations of life—in the most tumultuous assembly, as well as in the most tranquil solitude—at the moment when your soul is the most agitated—when your emotions are the most complicated—when you would not, or could not, enter into any strict scrutiny of your own heart, this little crystal will be your monitor: press it to your bosom, and ask yourself this question—What degree of pleasure or of pain do I now feel? The answer you will find distinct and decided. The liquor in the tube will instantaneously point it out upon the scale of happiness or misery—it will remain stationary, until you unlock the chain from around your neck, in your hours of retirement.'

"Now I began to comprehend the true use and value of this present, and retracting my hasty judgment, I expressed, in the warmest terms, my acknowledgment. 'Take it, my son,' said he, putting it into my hands; 'may you, in the course of your life, experience its utility as much as I have done—may it facilitate your improvement in virtue and wisdom, the only genuine sources of happiness: my life must now be near its close—my habits are fixed, and I have no further occasion for this monitor; yet, it has been so long my constant companion, that I can scarcely part with it, even to you, without reluctance. Promise, me, however,' added he, 'to send

me frequent and accurate accounts of the experiments you try with it; they will be an amusement to me in my retirement.' I readily made my friend the promise which he required, and having again thanked him for his present, I eagerly clasped the golden chain round my neck, and resolved to begin, as soon as possible, a series of observations.

"It happened, however, that the evening on which I had intended to commence these, I was visited by one of the most celebrated metaphysicians of that day, a friend of my father. To him I communicated the secret I had in my possession, and showed him my treasure. Envy flashed in his eyes; he pressed my thermometer to his heart. Instantly the liquor rose almost to the point of perfect felicity; then, fluttering, alternated between that and despair. 'Could I but possess this instrument for one month,' cried he, 'I could solve problems the most interesting to metaphysicians, and I could perfect my theory of the human mind.' Friendship, philanthropy, and to own the truth, some degree of curiosity to see how high the liquor would rise in the tube, if I should comply with his desire, decided my answer. 'Your wish is granted,' said I; and at that instant the liquor rose to the point of perfect felicity, with such violence, that the tube burst with a sudden explosion; and I, and the world, and the metaphysician, were deprived for ever of our intended experiments on the Menta Thermometer."

FROM THE ITALIAN.—By M. E. LLOYD.

Softer blow, ye gentle gales;
Smother'd dew, ye crystal streams;
Fresher bloom, ye scented vales;
Milder, Phoebus, dart thy beams;
Nymphs, more lightly tread the glade;
Shepherds, stricter silence keep;
While beneath the cooling shade,
Fair Erminia seeks to sleep."

The following calculation of time is worthy of being kept in remembrance:—

THE YEAR 1825.

The 1825th year of Christ.

5774th year after the Creation of the World according to Scaliger's computation, but the

5626th year after the Creation, according to Usserius. It is the

6538th year of the Julian period.

2901st year of the Olympiad.

2578th year after the building of Rome.

5666th year of the Jewish computation, which begins with the 17th of September.

1240th year after the Hegira, which commences on the 11th of April.

733rd year according to the modern Greek calendar.

368th year since the Reformation of Luther.

111th year since the Accession of the House of Brunswick.

6th year of the reign of Our Sovereign, George the Fourth.

THE LITERARY SOUVENIR;

Or, Cabinet of Poetry and Romance.

Edited by ALARIC A. WATTS.

MR. WATTS is favorably known to the public by a small volume of poems entitled "Poetical Sketches." He has, also, a pretty extensive literary acquaintance, of which he has availed himself to a great extent in the compilation of the *Literary Souvenir*, which is graced with original articles in prose and verse, from the pens of Sir Walter Scott; Campbell; Mrs. Hemans; the Rev. C. R. Maturin; Montgomery; L. E. L. author of the "Improvvisatrice;" James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd; Archdeacon Wrangham; Wifken; Mrs. Opie; T. K. Hervey; the late Ishmael Fitzadam, the Sailor Poet; The late Herbert Knowles; A. Sullivan; Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson, &c. &c. &c.

The editor has, also, supplied some poetical pieces of great beauty; there is upwards of fifty articles in all, including tales, Sketches of Society, and poetry of almost every description. The embellishments are beautifully executed, and include views of the Bay of Naples—The fortress of Saguntum—Kirkstall Abbey, &c., by eminent artists, together with three plates of fac-similes of the handwriting of the principal living poets of the day. The volume, which contains three hundred and ninety-four pages, is beautifully got up. Three of the poetical articles we subjoin.

THE CONVICT-SHIP.

By T. K. HERVEY, ESQ.

MORN on the waters—and, purple and bright,
Bursts on the billows the flushing of light;
O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,
See the tall vessel go gallantly on;
Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,
And her pennon streams onward, like hope, in
the gale;
The winds come around her, in murmur and
song,
And the surges rejoice as they bear her along;
See! she looks up to the golden-sunnet clouds,
And the sailor sings gaily aloft in the straits:
Onward she glides, with ripple and spray,
Over the waves—away, and away!

Bright as the visions of youth, ere they part,
 Passing away, like a dream of the heart!
 Who, as the beautiful pageant sweeps by,
 Music around her, and sunshine on high—
 Passes to think, amid glitter and glow
 Oh! there be hearts that are breaking below!
 Night on the waves!—and the moon is on high,
 Hung, like a gem, on the brow of the sky,
 Treading its depths in the power of her might,
 And turning the clouds, as they pass her, to
 light!

Look to the waters!—asleep on their breast,
 Seems not to the ship like an island of rest?
 Bright and alone on the shadowy main,
 Like a heart-cherished home on some desolate
 plain!

Who—as she smiles in the silvery light,
 Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,
 Alone on the deep, as the moon in the sky,
 A phantom of beauty—could deem, with a sigh,
 That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,
 And souls that are smitten lie bursting within?
 Who—as he watches her silently gliding—
 Remembers that wave after wave is dividing
 Becomes that sorrow and guilt could not sever,
 Hearts which are parted and broken for ever?
 Or deems that he watches, asleep on the wave,
 The death-bed of hope, or the young spirit's
 grave?

'Tis thus with our life; while it passes along,
 Like a vessel at sea, amid sunshine and song!
 Gaily we glide, in the gaze of the world,
 With streamers aloft, and with canvass un-
 furled;

All gladness and glory, to wandering eyes,
 Yet chartered by sorrow, and freighted with
 sighs:

Fading and false is the aspect it wears,
 As the smiles we put on, just to cover our tears;
 And the withering thoughts which the world
 cannot know,

Like heart-broken exiles, lie burning below;
 Whilst the vessel drives on to that desolate
 shore,

Where the dreams of our childhood are vanished
 and over!

FRIENDS.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

FRIEND after friend departs;
 Who hath not lost a friend?
 There is no union here of hearts
 That finds not here an end;
 Were this frail world our final rest,
 Living or dying none were blest.

Beyond the sight of time,—
 Beyond the reign of death,—
 There surely is some blessed clime
 Where life is not a breath;
 Nor life's affections transient fire,
 Whose sparks fly upwards and expire!

There is a world above
 Where parting is unknown;
 A love eternity of love
 Form'd for the good alone;
 And faith beholds the dying hero
 Translated to that glorious sphere!

Thou star by star declines,
 Till all are past away;
 As morning high and higher shines
 To purer and perfect day:
 Nor sink those stars in empty night,
 But hide themselves in Heav'n's own light.

THE GRAVE OF KORNER.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Charles Theodore Körner, the celebrated young
 German Poet and Soldier, was killed in a skir-
 mish with a detachment of French troops, on
 the 26th August, 1813, a few hours after the

composition of his popular piece, "The Sword
 Song." He was buried at the village of Wüb-
 bolin, in Mecklenburgh, under a beautiful oak,
 in a recess of which he had frequently de-
 posited verses composed by him while campai-
 gning in its vicinity. The monument, erected to
 his memory beneath this tree, is of cast-iron,
 and the upper part is wrought into a *Sword*
 and *Lyre*, a favourite emblem of Körner's,
 from which one of his works had been entitled.
 Near the grave of the poet is that of his only
 sister, who died of grief for his loss, having
 only survived him long enough to complete his
 portrait, and a drawing of his burial-place.
 Over the gate of the cemetery is engraved one
 of his own lines: "*Vergies die treuen Todten
 nicht.*"—*Forget not the faithful dead.*

GREEN wave the Oak for ever o'er thy rest!
 Thou that beneath its crowning foliage sleepest,
 And, in the stillness of thy Country's breast,
 Thy piece of memory, as an altar, keep'st!
 Brightly thy spirit o'er her hills was pour'd,
 Thou of the Lyre and Sword!

Rest, Bard! rest, Soldier!—By the Father's hand,
 Here shall the child of after-years be led,
 With his wreath-offering silently to stand
 In the hushed presence of the glorious dead.
 Soldier and Bard!—For thou thy path hast trod
 With Freedom and with God!

The Oak waved proudly o'er thy burial-rite
 On thy crowned bier to slumber warriors bore
 thee,

And with true hearts; thy brethren of the fight
 Wept as they vailed their drooping banners o'er
 thee;

And the deep guns with rolling peals gave token,
 That Lyre and Sword were broken!

Thou hast a hero's tomb!—A lowlier bed
 Is her's, the gentle girl, beside thee lying,
 The gentle girl, that bow'd her fair young head,
 When thou wert gone, in silent sorrow dying,
 Brother! true friend! the tender and the brave!
 She pin'd to share thy grave.

Fame was thy gift from others—but for her
 To whom the wide earth held that only spot—
 —She loved thee!—lovely in your lives ye were,
 And in your early deaths divided not!
 Thou hast thine Oak—thy trophy—what hath
 she?

Her own blest place by thee.

It was thy spirit, Brother! which had made
 The bright world glorious to her thoughtful eye,
 Since first in childhood 'midst the vines ye
 played,

And sent glad singing through the free blue sky!
 Ye were but two!—and when that spirit pass'd,
 Wee for the one, the last!

Wee, yet not long!—She linger'd but to trace
 Thine image from the image in her breast;
 Once, once again to see that buried face
 But smile upon her ere she went to rest!
 'Too sad a smile!—its living light was o'er,
 It answer'd her's no more!

The Earth grew silent when thy voice departed,
 The Home too lonely where thy step had led;
 What then was left for her, the faithful-hearted?
 Death, death, to still the yearning for the dead!
 Softly she perish'd—be the Flower deposed,
 Here, with the Lyre and Sword!

Have ye not met ere now?—So let those trust,
 That meet for moments but to part for years,
 That weep, watch, pray, to hold back dust from
 dust,

That love where love is but a fount of tears!
 Brother! sweet Sister!—peace around ye dwell!
 Lyre, Sword, and Flower, farewell!

* The Poems of Körner, which were chiefly
 devoted to the cause of his country, are strikingly
 distinguished by religious feeling, and a con-
 sideration of the Supreme Justice for the final deli-
 verance of Germany.

REMEMBER ME, A NEW YEAR'S GIFT;

Or, Christmas Present for 1825.

THIS is another of those annual volumes to which Mr. Ackermann's work has given rise. Had it been produced some years ago, when the Princess Amelia on her death bed presented her father, his late majesty, with a ring, on which the title "Remember me" was the posy, it would have been an excellent hit: at present that may seem doubtful. The *Remember Me* does not rest its claims to support on its superior graphic embellishments or good poetry, but to its botanical embellishments, which to say the truth, are very prettily coloured. The botanical descriptions are by Dr. Thornton. The literary articles, though not possessing much merit, are varied and amusing, though some of them are very stale. A couple of articles we give:—

"HOW MARRIAGES ARE CONTRACTED IN EGYPT.

"THE bride can never be seen till after she is married; she is always veiled. A person feeling an inclination to become a husband, applies to some individual who is reported to have daughters, and desires to know if any of them are to be disposed of. If the parent replies affirmatively the aspirant sends one of his female relations who has already been married, to examine their persons, and report accordingly. Should her representation be favourable, the future husband pays the father a stipulated sum, and on an appointed day all parties interested in the event, assist at the solemnisation of the wedding. The bride then repairs to the mansion of the bridegroom, who sees her for the first time in his life; and marriage here is, in its true sense, nothing more than a matter of money, for the highest bidder is sure to succeed with the father."

"ANECDOTE OF THE REV. GEORGE HARVEST.

"BEING desired to officiate one Sunday morning, at St. Mary's, in Oxford, a waggish acquaintance wrote the following burlesque upon the banns of matrimony, and which being duly put forward was read by Mr. Harvest, as follows:—

"I publish the banns of marriage between Jack Cheshire and the Widow Gloucester, Both of a parish that is seen Twixt Oxford and Paternoster: Who, to keep out the wind and weather, Hereafter mean to pig together; So if you wish to put in caveat, Now is the time to let us have it."

"At another time, having to preach, some wags stole his sermon out of his

pocket, and placing the leaves in different directions, returned the sermon. The Doctor began his discourse, read on regularly, but soon got bewildered and confused; he went on however until the laughing became general, the hoax was perceived, and he concluded with himself and the clerk only in the church."

A few pages of music, a calendar, and an album, conclude the "Remember Me."

BLOSSOMS AT CHRISTMAS AND FIRST FLOWERS OF THE NEW YEAR.

WE had just closed our account of works of this class when the *Blossoms at Christmas* reached us. The work is of the same class as those already noticed, and without any lofty pretensions; we do not hesitate to pronounce it an amusing miscellany, more so, indeed, than the *Remember Me*. Both, however, are entitled to much indulgence, as they are but beginnings. The *Blossoms at Christmas* are of a more topographical and antiquarian character than the other works of this description. Want of room precludes us from making an extract, but we may be induced to do so in a future Number of the MIRROR.

THE POCKET BOOKS FOR 1825.

NUMEROUS as the Almanacks are, the Pocket Books are still more so, and there is scarcely a sect or a profession of any character that has not one appropriated to it. There are Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books, Memorandum Books, Souvenirs, Remembrancers, &c. &c., and Diaries of a similar description under various names. They are of course of various merit: those appropriated to the useful are decidedly the best, for the literary execution of most of them, if original, is generally worthless, and if selected, is not in the best taste. Vauxhall songs, enigmas, charades, &c. generally form a prominent part in the Ladies' Pocket Books, with perhaps a tune or a dance: there is, however, much room for improvement in the whole of them. The Gentlemen's Pocket Books contain lists of the two houses of parliament, &c.;—and both are frequently embellished, and contain diaries, and ruled pages for memorandums. Amidst the mass that lie before us, we know not where to glean an extract; but to show our impartiality, we take one which is common to most of them, because it is useful to refer to, and we dare say is not in the possession of all our readers:—

BIRTH DAYS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.

KING George IV.	Born Aug. 12, 1762
Frederick, Duke of York	Aug. 16, 1763
William Henry, Duke of Clarence	Aug. 21, 1766
Queen Dowager of Wirtemberg	Sep. 29, 1766
Princess Augusta Sophia	Nov. 8, 1768
Princess Elizabeth (of Hesse Homberg)	May 22, 1770
Ernest Augustus, Duke of Cumberland	June 5, 1771
His Son, George Fred. Alex. Char. Ern. Aug.	May 27, 1819
Augustus Fred. Duke of Sussex	Jan. 27, 1778
Adolphus Fred., Duke of Cambridge	Feb. 24, 1774
His Son, George Will. Fred. Charles	Mar. 26, 1819
His daughter, Augusta Caroline Char. Eliz. Maria Sophia Louisa	July 19, 1822
Duchess of Gloucester	April 26, 1776
Princess Sophia	Nov. 3, 1777
William Fred., Duke of Gloucester	Jan. 15, 1776
Princess Sophia Matilda of Gloucester	May 29, 1773
*Leopold, Prince of Cobourg	Dec. 16, 1780
*Frederic, Prince of Hesse Homberg 1760
*Adelaide, Duchess of Clarence	Aug. 13, 1786
*Victoria, Duchess of Kent	Aug. 17, 1786
Her Daughter, Alexanderina Victoria	May 24, 1819
*Frederica, Duchess of Cumberland	Mar. 2, 1778
*Augusta, Duchess of Cambridge	July 25, 1797

Those marked with an asterisk are not of the blood royal of England, but only connected by marriage.

TIME'S TELESCOPE FOR 1826.

ELEVEN volumes of the Time's Telescope in eleven successive years, ought to entitle the author to a freehold in the domain of literature. It is indeed a work which combines more of the *utile et dulce* than any of the annual periodicals with which we are acquainted. The introduction generally consists of a treatise on

some branch of science. In the present year a History of English Sacred Poetry forms the introduction; it is written by Mr. Richard Ryan, a gentleman who has published a volume of poems on sacred subjects. The work contains an explanation of saints' days and holidays; illustrations of British history and antiquities; notices of obsolete rites and customs; sketches of comparative chronology; contemporary biography; astronomical occurrences; the naturalists' diary; a description of culinary vegetables, and original poems by living poets of eminence. There is also a fac-simile of Lord Byron's writing, and a Christmas carol set to music expressly for the work, and several other things to recommend it; however, the extracts we subjoin, or any others, can give but a feeble idea of its contents. The following are a few gleanings from it:—

ST. MARTIN'S LITTLE SUMMER.

THE few fine days which sometimes occur about the beginning of November, have been demoniated "St. Martin's Little Summer;" to this Shakespeare alludes in the first part of King Henry IV. (Act i. Sc. 2), where Prince Henry says to Falstaff, "Farewell, thou latter spring! farewell, *all-hallow summer!*" and in the first part of King Henry VI. (Act i. Sc. 2), Joan la Pucelle says,

"Assigned I am to be the English scourge.
This night the siege *surely* I'll raise;
Expect St. Martin's Summer, halcyon days,
Since I have entered thus into these wars."

ADDRESS TO THE MERMAID.

LATELY EXHIBITED IN LONDON.

COME, Mistress Mermaid, tell us, for you've seen
The deepe and things proud science places to
see;

Be kind, and say if you have ever been
In worlds the poets deck with imagery;
Say, as you floated on the green sea's billow,
Didst e'er see Neptune's car, or Amphitrite's
pillow?

Now, are there really coral caves below,
Or beds of amber, or of precious stone,
To which the blushing Nereids languid go,
In idle hours to recline upon?
And are there fays to fan them while they're
dreaming,
Whose wings seem like two diamonds purest,
gleaming?

Come, tell the truth, for none, dear Mermaid's,
by,

To stop you short, or tweak you by the nose,
Or contradict you, should you tell a lie—
As you the secrets of the deep disclose;
Therefore, be candid, and declare this minute,
The wonders of the sea, and all that's in it.

Alas! you're dumb, and cannot even say,
As quick you sped from giant sea to sea,
How many sharks you've numbered in a day,
Or if you fought them, or thought it best to
see:

Quite mate you are, and quite absurd the notion
From thee to pump the secrets of the ocean.

Farewell, dumb thing! perhaps the next we find
So long a time may not require to woo—
'Twill speak, perchance, and haply prove most
kind.

And tell us all we've useless sought of you—
Rare information yielding on the morning
She's clapt within the glass-case you're adorning.
RICHARD BYAN.

MR. JOSEPH ATKINSON.

MR. JOSEPH ATKINSON, who died in October, 1818, was a native of Ireland, and was treasurer of the Ordnance under the administration of the Earl of Moira. Mr. Atkinson was the intimate of Moore, Curran, and the rest of the galaxy of Irish genius; and was himself a poet of more than ordinary ability, as the following *jeu d'esprit*, addressed to his friend Moore on the birth of his third daughter, will evince:—

I'm sorry, dear Moore, there's a damp to your
joy,

Nor think my old strain of mythology stupid,
When I say that your wife had a *right* to a boy,
For Venus is nothing without a young Cupid.

But since Fate the boon that you wished for re-
fuses,

By granting three girls to your happy em-
braces,

She but meant, while you wandered abroad
with the *Muses*,

Your wife should be circled at home by the
Graces

He died in Dublin, at the age of seventy-five, and was sincerely regretted by all who knew him; being admired by the young for his conviviality, and respected by the aged for his benevolence and numerous good qualities.

NEW HYGROMETER.

THE following description of a new Hygrometer has been transmitted to us, and which we insert to exercise the ingenuity of our young readers in its construction.—This instrument consists of a plank, three feet in length and one in breadth, having in the middle a small cleft, or cut, eighteen inches long: along this cleft a little gilded sun, or any other ornament, rises and descends, agreeable to the change that is made in the air, from moist to dry, and from dry to moist; and marks, by means of a needle, the degree of drought or moisture on the two divisions that are on the right and left of the cleft, and marked D M. The division which is appointed to mark the change from dry to moist has its progression from above downwards, and the other, on the contrary, from below upwards. The needle, by which the little sun marks the degrees, has this peculiar property, that upon the least change that happens from dry to moist, or less dry, or less humid, it gives a half turn, and carries the longest of its ends on that division which goes from below upwards, or that which

goes from above downwards, following the change that is made from moist to dry, or from dry to moist, while its other end marks the division opposite.

The two divisions contain twelve spaces or degrees; and to mark more precisely even to the least change, there is, under the cleft, a circle marked on its border with two divisions of sixty parts each, whereof the progressions are opposite; and in the middle of this circle there is another needle which goes the whole round, whilst the little sun passes one of the twelve divisions or degrees, be it rising or falling, so shows, on the border of its circle, the parts or minutes of each of these degrees.

The origin of the changes that are observed in this instrument is nothing else but many little cords or twine artificially placed behind the board on pulleys, which cords, lengthening or shortening themselves, according as the air becomes dry or moist, causes the ornamental sun to rise or fall, and the needle within the circle to turn sometimes on the one side, and sometimes on the other.

THE SPIRIT OF THE PUBLIC JOURNALS FOR THE YEAR 1824.

THERE is one class of "Annuals" which we might be expected to notice, The Annual Register, but as it is not of course like an Almanack, published in advance, but on the contrary, many months, and sometimes even years, after the events it records, we shall pass it over lightly. The Annual Register contains a political history of the period, foreign and domestic occurrences, state papers, obituary statistical tables, extracts from new books, &c.

Imperial and Royal Calendars we pass over altogether, but there is one work which is entitled to notice. It is entitled the "Spirit of the Public Journals." It is the second volume of a new series, and contains a highly amusing selection of the best and most humorous articles which have appeared in the periodical works, including Newspapers, during the year 1824. The Editor appears to be very impartial in his selections, and has quoted some half dozen articles from the MIRROR, which we of course hope will be deemed sufficient evidence of his good taste and discrimination. Humorous police reports occupy a considerable space, and are illustrated with several clever wood-cuts, by Rowlandson, and the brothers Cruikshank. There is also a Chronology of the events of the year, and an Obituary: we ought to add, there are

some clever original articles by the editor, one of which we subjoin.

THE PIER AT MARGATE.

Oh! Margate is a charming place,
'Tis full of beauty, life, and grace,
And I've met many a lovely face
Upon the pier at Margate.

When Cynthia sheds a silver beam,
And London belles on down-beds dream,
'Tis sweet to hear the foaming stream
Beside the pier at Margate.

I love to see the dashing wave
The snow white cliffs of Britain lave;
I love to hear the night-storm rave
Around the pier at Margate

Though Ramsgate boasts a splendid pier,
More happy we in humbler sphere,
More sociable, more friendly here,
We walk the pier at Margate.

Oh! Margate is a charming place,
'Tis full of beauty, life, and grace,
And I've met many a lovely face
Upon the pier at Margate.

The following are from contemporary publications:—

THE LADY WITH THE DEATH'S HEAD.

It is not long since the French papers were amusing their readers with the story of a lady with a death's head: and if we recollect rightly, there was a journal on this side of the channel (the *Literary Gazette*) which staked its veracity on there being a blue stocking lady of the same description, who resided in the neighbourhood of Kensington. Both stories, however, were but a repetition of a very old date. The original heroine was a lady a *Tête de Maure*, and not a *Tête de Mort*, as our modern dealers in the marvellous have it. Two or three centuries ago, when negroes were not so commonly to be seen in Europe as at present, a lady with a blackamoor's head might perhaps be thought as terrific a phenomenon as a lady with a death's head would be in our days. The exact coincidence of the pronunciation of *maure* and *mort*, sufficiently explains the sources of the modern deviation.

The first time that we remember to have met with the story in its modern dress, is in a Number of the *Journal Historique de Colle*, for the year 1750, where it is thus briefly told: There is at present a girl to be married in a convent in Paris, who will receive an annuity of 30,000 livres if she resides in Paris, and 29,000 if she resides in the country. This portion will be settled on her future husband by the marriage contract. It is not required that the husband should be either rich, handsome, well-made, or possessing rank or education: he must, however, be an honest man, and endowed with plain common sense. The girl has a good

figure, possesses a considerable share of wit and understanding, and has been well educated: but—since there absolutely must be a *but*—she is obliged to wear a silver mask continually before her face, as her head, or at least her face, is precisely that of a skeleton. She is besides occasionally seized with convulsions and struggles similar to those of a dying person. Who will consent to marry her?

"GREEN GROW THE RUSHES, O!"

"The Duke of Sussex next proposed 'The City of London, and prosperity to the Trade thereof.' After which his Royal Highness called for *Green grow the rushes, O!*"

SONG, BY MR. BROADHURST,

With Variations suited to the occasion.

THERE'S nought but care on ev'ry ban!
As thro' the various Walks* they range:
What signifies the life o' man

An' 'twere not for the Stock Exchange!

Green grows the grass, we know,
Where commerce used to flourish so—
The sweetest hours that merchants spend
Are spent amongst the jobbers, O!

Give them a canny Loan, and then
They'll nurse it like a dearie,
And commerce and commercial men
May a' gae tapesalteerie.

Green grows the grass, &c.

For you see douse! ye sneer at this,

Ye're nought but senseless asses,

The wise men of the East declare

Scrip commerce far surpasses.

Green grows the grass, &c.

Auld *Sinking Fund* may proudly claim

This noblest work and job ers;

A' prettise land on merchants tried,

She syne hath made the jobbers!

Green grows the grass, we know,

Where commerce used to flourish so—

The sweetest hours that merchants spend

Are spent among the jobbers, O!

ON ONE WHO WAS RUINED BY GAIN ING A LAW-SUIT.

WHOE'ER takes counsel of his friends,

Will ne'er take counsel of the law:

Whate'er his means, whate'er his ends,

Still he shall no advantage draw.

Justice in vain may urge her plea,

May show that all is right and fair;

The lawyer, too, has had his fee,

And gain'd your suit—but left you bare.

LISTON'S DREAM.

As Liston lay wrapt in delicious repose

Most harmoniously playing a tune with his nose,

In a dream there appeared the adorable Venus,

Who said, "to be sure there's no likeness be-

tween us,

But to show that a goddess to kindness so prone

is,

Your looks shall soon rival the handsome Ado-

nis."

Liston woke in a fright, and cried, "Heaven pre-

serve me,

If my face you improve, zounds, Madam, you'll

starve me."

* Walks of the Royal Exchange.

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The Mirror

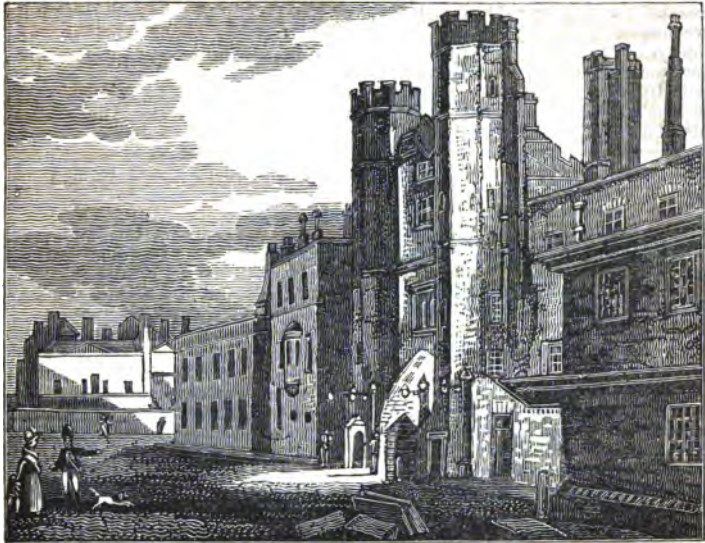
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CXVII.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1824.

[PRICE 2d.

St. James's Palace.



ALTHOUGH strangers in viewing the exterior of St. James's Palace, of which we give a view, pronounce it a residence unworthy the monarch of the first kingdom in the world, yet those who have had the opportunity of seeing the interior hesitate not to pronounce it as the best calculated to exhibit the "pomp and circumstance" of royalty of any palace in Europe. It is built on the site of an hospital for Lepers which was erected here before the conquest, by some pious citizens of London, and dedicated to St. James. Accommodation was provided for fourteen leprous females, and there was a provision for eight priests. The hospital was rebuilt in the reign of Henry III. On the suppression of religious houses, Henry VI. obtained possession of the ancient hospital, which he caused to be demolished, granting pensions to the sisters who were upon the establishment at this period.

According to tradition, Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, furnished the design for the present edifice, which was called the King's Manor of St. James. The king used this newly raised mansion only as a private residence; for he kept his court at the ancient Palace of Westminster,

and afterwards at that of Whitehall, when he had taken it from Cardinal Wolsey.

Queen Mary made her Manor of St. James, beyond Charing Cross, the place of her gloomy retirement during the absence of her husband, Philip of Spain; and here she terminated her detested life and inglorious reign.

James I. presented St. James's House, (for so it was called,) to his son, Prince Henry, who was making many internal improvements when his premature and lamented death arrested their progress.

King Charles I. added to the improvements of St. James's, when it appears to have assumed the title of a royal palace. Within its walls most of his children were born.

During the civil wars, St. James's Palace became the prison, for nearly three years, of James, Duke of York, afterwards James II., Henry, Duke of Gloucester, and the Princess Elizabeth; hence, after the execution of the King, the Duke of York, then in his fifteenth year, made his escape, disguised in female apparel.

The various changes which the interior of St. James's Palace has undergone, since

its spoliation during the usurpation of Cromwell, leaves us little opportunity of judging of its splendour in the time of Charles I. In the armoury, were twenty-nine antique statues, which were sold by the council of state: that they were valuable, may be inferred from the prices at which they were appraised.

The celebrated Cardinal Barberini, who protected the English resident at Rome, recommended Panzani to the king, who employed him as an agent to procure the finest pictures, statues, and other works of art in Italy. The cardinal, in gratifying the king's taste for collecting, hoped to gain him to the Romish persuasion; but the religious sentiments of the English monarch were too firmly rooted in principles to be shaken, although his queen, to whom he was devoted, used her utmost influence to convert him. "The statues go on excellently," says the Cardinal Barberini to Mazarine; "nor shall I hesitate to rob Rome of her most valuable ornaments, if, in exchange, we might be so happy as to have the king of England among the princes who submit to the apostolic see."

That this upright sovereign was not inclined to countenance the religion of the queen, appears from his answers to an application for erecting the chapel at St. James's. The priests of her majesty became importunate for such a building, declaring, that without a chapel mass could not be performed with the state worthy of a queen. "If the queen's closet, where they now say mass, is not large enough," said his majesty, "let them have it in the great chamber; and if that is not large enough, let it be performed in the garden; and if the garden will not serve their turn, then is the park the fittest place."

The collection of pictures that once decorated the walls of this palace, appears to have been of extreme value. Among the principal ones that were sold by order of parliament, were the twelve emperors, by Titian, for £1,200; eleven emperors, by Julio Romano, for £1,100; The Flaying of a Satyr, by Corregio, for £1,000; another picture of the same subject, by Corregio, for £1,000; King Charles on Horseback, for £150, &c. &c. The whole of this noble gallery was disposed of for the comparatively small sum of £12,049 4s.

The palace was furnished with a library of choice books, and a collection of valuable medals, which had nearly shared the fate of the pictures, in order to raise a sum to pay the arrears of some regiments of cavalry. Certain generals urged the council to dispose of them, but the learned Selden engaged his friend, Whitlocke,

then Lord Keeper of the Commonwealth, to apply for the office of librarian, which he obtained; but this did not prevent their being taken away, since the Duke of Ormond, in a letter dated April 2, 1649, mentions, "that all the rarities in the king's library at St. James's, are vanished."

An attempt was made during the reign of Charles II., to recover some of these valuable spoils; and it is evident, from the collection that belonged to James II., that many had been restored by purchase or by theft. All those pictures which were purchased by a great Dutch collector, Mynheer Reyntz, were repurchased by the states of Holland, of his executors, and presented to Charles II. by the Dutch ambassadors, who came to England to settle the peace.

During the reign of Charles II., St. James's Palace, was occupied by the Duke of York, who resided here occasionally, after he ascended the throne, and here many of the king's children were born, particularly James, afterwards known as the pretender, in a room now called the old bedchamber. The bed stood close to the door of a private staircase, which descended to the inner court, and was certainly situated so as to favour the belief of the "warming-pan plot."

When the Prince of Orange was marching to the capital, James II. sent an invitation to him at Windsor, to take up his residence at St. James's. Hither the Prince came with his suite, and soon after caused James to remove from the Palace of Whitehall. After the coronation of William and Mary, their majesties occasionally occupied St. James's, although their principal residence, when in town, was at Whitehall. On their majesties quitting St. James's, that palace was fitted up for George, Prince of Denmark, and Princess Anne, who long resided there in the placid enjoyment of connubial happiness; and, on the accession of Anne to the throne, it became the scene of a brilliant court.

George I., on succeeding to the throne, made the palace of St. James the royal residence. This King understood Latin accurately, and spoke French with fluency, though ignorant of the English language: his minister, Sir Robert Walpole, knew neither German nor French; hence all their conferences were held in the Latin tongue. His majesty had to learn the nature of the British constitution, and Sir Robert had difficulties to surmount, explaining many matters in which the new sovereign could not readily acquiesce. He desired to govern with honour; and the minister complained of the corruption

of his Hanoverian courtiers, particularly of their mercenary disposal of the king's favours. His majesty, who was good humouredly sarcastic, on occasion of one of these complaints, retorted, "is it not so in England?" and to illustrate the disinterestedness of his new servants in office at the court, observed, "Surely this is a strange country, for the first morning after my arrival at St. James's, I looked out of the window, and saw a park with walks, a canal, and gardens, which they told me were *mine*. The next day Lord Chetwynd, the ranger of *my* park, sent me a brace of carp, out of *my* canal; and I was told I must give five guineas to Lord Chetwynd's servants, for bringing me *my own* carp, out of *my own* canal, in *my own* park."

Soon after their accession to the throne, George II. and Queen Caroline removed from Leicester House to St. James's, and at no time, from its first occupation as a royal residence had so large and so various an establishment enlivened its ancient walls. Every apartment was inhabited; and the royal family of George II. appears to have here experienced an envied portion of domestic happiness. Their majesties took great delight in the healthful amusement of gardening, and encouraged every branch of horticulture.

A circumstance indicative of the humanity of his majesty, occurred in the palace about this time. The king having been informed that many of his subjects had the misfortune to be taken into slavery by the Barbary corsairs, gave orders to Mr. Zollicoffe, the British ambassador at the court of the emperor of Morocco, to negotiate for their release. In consequence of this royal interference, one hundred and forty natives of England, Scotland, and Ireland were liberated, and embarked at Tetuan for England. Previously to their returning to their respective homes, the redeemed captives assembled at the palace, and were presented to the king. Among the sufferers were several masters of vessels, who expressed their gratitude to the good sovereign. His majesty asked them many questions, and ordered them a handsome gratuity out of his privy purse. Many noblemen and gentlemen present at this interesting scene, influenced by his majesty's benevolence, made considerable contributions to their common stock.

On the death of George II., George III., then Prince of Wales, resided at Saville House, Leicester Square, but in a few days he removed to St. James's, where he immediately issued an order for holding a drawing-room every Thursday and Saturday. At this palace his majesty re-

ceived the hand of his illustrious consort. Here also his present majesty was born, and the baptisms of all the children of their majesties have been performed in the great council chamber, which was appropriated to that service.

On the night of the 21st of January, 1809, part of St. James's palace was consumed by an accidental fire which nearly destroyed the whole south-east angle, the most interesting and picturesque part of the ancient structure, and comprehending the king and queen's private apartments; those occupied by the Duke of Cambridge, some of the old state apartments, together with the French and Dutch chapels. Since which event, the palace has not been visited by the Sovereign but on a few public occasions, the courts having been held at her majesty's palace of Buckingham House, or at Carlton House; though, by some recent repairs, the palace of St. James's has been rendered worthy of the British court, and here his majesty held his last levees drawing-room during the present summer.

THE ASSASSIN; OR, PATRICK AND SHEELA.

(For the Mirror.)

Poor Patrick was manly, brave, and warm-hearted,
His Sheela was lovely, none fairer than she;
And oft has the tongue-tear of tenderness started,
Lest Sheela and Patrick dissever'd should be.

From children they prattled and rambled together,
Affection grew with them, and dwelt in each breast,
The wing'd dove of peace spread its white downy feather,
And Sheela with Patrick, was happy and blest.

The day, nuptial day, was set down to unite them,
Till which, Time, to them, seem'd to pause in its course;
Seem'd to pause, till some hell-barpy sprang up
to smite them,
And fix'd on that day for a final divorce.

Poor Patrick was struck — by an assassin wounded.
On the morn that his Sheela was dress'd for a bride;
'Twas the hate of a rival, his coffin-knell sounded!
'Twas the heart-stab to Sheela, who sicken'd and died.

And now, side by side, cold, breathless, and shrouded,
Lie Patrick and Sheela, like lovers still dear!
'Twas the mandate of fate that their *spring of life* clouded,
Yet dropt on the arrow that smote them, a tear!
UTOPIA.

THE CLAIMS AND RIGHTS OF THE SEX.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

We cannot sufficiently apologize for having so long mislaid, and consequently neglected, the powerful appeal of our fair correspondent, which we now leave to speak for itself, confident that any observation we could make would not add to the force of her arguments.—She is, however, too complimentary.—Ed.]

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR.—I have long been highly pleased with the manner in which you “hold THE MIRROR up to nature;” and I am often gratified, in no common degree, by the amusing and instructive picture it reflects of “living manners as they rise.” I might say a great deal more in your praise, but I am afraid I should not, in one short letter, be able to do justice either to your industry or your judgment. I must, however, acknowledge, that while I praise your literary ability, I am not inclined to bestow an equal degree of approbation upon your gallantry. I do not think, Mr. Editor, that the fair sex occupy that conspicuous place in your miscellany which their merits entitle them to demand. That you are an admirer of feminine talent and loveliness, I have no doubt; and I can confidently assure you, that you would more and more engage the affections and ensure the support of the ladies, if you would only follow (in a *literary way*, not *literally*) the courtly and gallant example of certain chivalrous knights of the “olden time,” and throw down your gauntlet in their defence. They have long wanted a champion; but, alas! “the age of chivalry is gone!” and unless you undertake the office, I know of no other remedy, than their entering the lists themselves in *propria persona*; for their sufferings, instead of diminishing by the influence of time, and the exercise of patience, two potent remedies for most human grievances, appear to “grow with their growth, and strengthen with their strength.” This almost hopeless state of things, you must allow, Mr. Editor, is quite appalling, and I am sure you will agree with me, that it requires some prompt and efficient remedy.

Your great predecessors, the Spectator, Tatler, and others, owed a large portion of their popularity to the influence of the ladies; and though they reprehended some foibles, and commented with great severity upon the omission of the *modesty-piece* which formerly decorated the stays, and shielded the bosoms of our maternal predecessors, and unreservedly condemned the too liberal display of a pretty ankle, yet they were neither slow nor unwilling to commend our virtues, and delivered

even their severest censures in a tone of delicacy and good-nature. But now, Mr. Editor, how miserably the case is altered! Cold and formal politeness is all that is yielded to female wit or beauty, virtue or learning. Our statesmen and poets seem long since to have lost that warm admiration for feminine talent which glowed in the bosoms of their forefathers. Where are now our Burkes and our Sheridans, who openly avowed their allegiance to the sacred cause of woman? Whence have fled those halcyon days of female splendour and triumph, when our Popes, our Addisons, and our Steeles, paid their homage at the shrine of the Graces? When Chesterfield enlivened the courtly circle by the brilliant witticism and the biting repartee? When even the churlish Johnson sometimes condescended to sacrifice his ill-humour and pedantry upon the altar of politeness, and added the sober dignity of the philosopher to the graceful ease and freedom which adorned the *conversaciones* of the elegant Thrale? When ———— But I must leave this part of my letter; it drives me mad to “look on *this* picture and on *that*,” to compare former attentions with present indifference.

To descend to these degenerate days. Why is the literature of the present day so unjustly silent respecting the merits of the fair sex? When were they mentioned, except to be abused, by those oracles of criticism and good-breeding, the Quarterly and the Edinburgh? Let their editors, Messrs. G***** and J*****y, begin to look about them, and pay their compliments accordingly; for really, Mr. Editor, if any future philosopher or historian were to form an opinion from the contents of these celebrated reveries, they might run some chance of imagining that the female part of the creation had become extinct. But these are not the only offenders. The whole tribe of magazines (always saving and excepting two choice monthly collections of nonsense and foolery, yclept “The Lady’s” and “La Belle Assemblée”) are no better. And particularly, why has the old “Gentleman,” Mr. Sylvanus Urban, forgot his ancient manners? But why am I reproving these, when they only share in the general contagion?

“The times are out of joint, oh! cursed spite
That wit and beauty cannot set them right.”

Indeed, so little are the ladies now thought of in comparison with the mighty bustle made about the Greek insurrection, the state of Spain, Parliamentary reform, or some other interesting topic of a similar description, that nine-tenths of the nation appear almost to have for-

gotten their existence, or condescend to notice it only for the amusement of grumbling at them! You must not, however, think, from this complaint, that I am at all desirous of seeing females participate in the noisy wranglings occasioned by these knotty questions. I willingly leave them to the consideration of our politicians and members of Parliament. I have no wish to see the fair sex follow the patriotic example of certain ladies of radical notoriety, and mount the hustings for the purpose of discussing the state of the national debt, or the corruption of the national representation. But as I am afraid I have already trespassed too much on your patience in this rambling letter, I shall briefly state the first of a long list of grievances I have to lay before you; and which, if you are a true knight, you will endeavour to redress. While you are performing this solemn duty, should some ill-natured member of Parliament, jealous of his privileges, move your committal to the Tower, or, more spiteful still, to Newgate, you may depend upon it that all the authority of the "little man in a big wig," as Jack Fuller, more facetiously than respectfully, denominated the Speaker, should not prevent us from taking exemplary vengeance upon the ill-starred wight.

Most of your fair readers know, I dare say, Mr. Editor, that whilst they are earnestly solicited to listen to the speeches that are annually made at Bible Society meetings (to their praise be it spoken, they always provide "seats for the ladies"); and that while their presence is earnestly desired at every charitable meeting in the metropolis; our legislators, who ought to be examples of good-breeding and gallantry, rigorously exclude them from the gallery on a debate night; and that the greatest lady in the land cannot enjoy the pleasure of hearing her liege lord invigorate their patriotism by his eloquence, unless she adopts the very unseemly mode of enveloping herself in an *inexpressible* disguise. How in their wisdom they might deal with the fair violator of their privileges, if discovered, I shall not presume to anticipate. Now, Mr. Editor, is this treatment decent?—Is it worthy of the most enlightened senate in the world?—Why should the fair sex be thus tacitly degraded by our senators, while they are so strongly solicited to enliven and adorn almost every other meeting?—Why should they not enjoy the gratification of listening to some of those eloquent harangues which have done honour to Britain? These are questions which I think they will not easily answer; and I could add a score more, if they were

2 E 3

not tiresome. Gratitude ought to influence them not a little; for every body knows how much they are indebted to the peeresses, when our gracious sovereign delivers his speech from the throne; they are then the brightest ornament the parliament can boast; and, I am sure, I may venture to assert that they enjoy by far the greater share of attention. The glitter of their diamonds, and the elegance of their waving plumes, shrink into nothing when compared with the expression which animates their eyes, or the dignified and graceful ease which distinguishes their mien! What a sad and dolorous appearance would our grave and reverend legislators present, if they were deserted by the females upon this interesting occasion! How miserably solemn and melancholy would they look, in spite of all their power and grandeur, if they were not enlivened by the presence of this brilliant assemblage of female grace and beauty! I really think his majesty would always order the parliament to be opened by commission, rather than encounter the stern dulness which would preside over such an unblest meeting!—One question more, and I shall commit our cause into your hands, (promising, by the bye, a little assistance from a select society of literary ladies, of which I am a member). What would have been the appearance of the coronation, if all the ladies had been excluded?

I am, Mr. Editor, for self and others,
Your's, respectfully
DIANA DASHWELL.

P. S. Should you insert this, we are determined (with your permission,) to give some of the detractors from female worth and excellence, the opportunity of viewing their own reflections in your "MIRROR."—VIVE VALE.

A HINT

From Anti-Dick as to the writer of the Epigrams on Dick, which have recently appeared in several successive numbers of the Literary Gazette, and signed "Smolt."

CHANGE but the name of Dick (I guess)
To Thom, and sure 'tis no sin to do it;
You then will have, add but an s,
The surname of this verse-tille poet.

His christian name too, that's no matter,
Though not to seem quite strange to that,
We'll fix on one, yes, somewhat longer,
But just for shortness call it Nat.
Panton Square. G. W.

WHAT YOU WILL.

THERE was a man; but mind, I don't say when,
Whether 'twas two days, or two cent'ries back,
Who had, oh, luckless chance! What had he
then?

Why that is quite another thing. Good lack
I really am quite in a quandary,
I can't begin without my dictionary.

Arn't you a pretty fellow to pretend
To write a verse, indeed? Well, I can't help it
In such a case, why thank God I've a friend,
My dictionary almost writes itself; it
Is upon my word the cleverest book;
But stay a moment, will my word be took?

There was a man who had, I'm told, two wives,
But not as most men have had them in tandem;
He had them both together,—yet he lives!
(But now poor man he's somewhat more at random.)

At Brighton, Bath, or Cheltenham, or Harrow-
gate,

His wives are gone;—where?—I hope through
the narrow gate.

For they are dead. And I think him a wiseman
Not having wiv'd again;—a scolding wife
Is worse than Pharaoh's plagues, or the excise-
man,

The lawyer, or the devil,—tied for life
To two; much scolding from them he derived
I'll lay five pounds;—I wonder he survived.

One morn just after it was light, 'tis said
They rais'd him on his latter end upright;
And then pull'd off his night-cap, and his head
Almost; with tagging at hair black and white;
The man e'er since this shocking whirligig
Fancy, has been obliged to wear a wig.

I really can't just now write any more:
I'm much afraid my fingers won't get over
The monstrous titillation; turning o'er
My dictionary's leaves. My muse won't move
her

Tongue; now here's my verse, and if you reck
o'them;

I hope to see them soon "*veluti in speculum.*"
Cambridge. THREASIES.

SONG OF DEATH, BY BURNS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—The following lines were written
by the far-famed Robert Burns, and may
vie with his much admired war song of
"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

PROCURATOR.

SONG OF DEATH.

Scene—A field of battle—time of day—evening.

The wounded and dying of the victorious army
are supposed to join in the following song:—

FAREWELL, thou fair day, thou green earth, and
ye skies,

Now gay with the bright setting sun:
Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear tender
ties,

Our race of existence is run.

Thou grim king of terrors, thou life's gloomy
foe,

Go frighten the coward and slave;
Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant, but know,
No terrors hast thou to the brave!

Thou strik'st at the dull peasant—he sinks in the
dust,

Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name;
Thou strik'st at the young hero— a glorious mark,
He falls in the blaze of his fame.

In the field of proud honour, our swords in our
hands,

Our king and our country to save;
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
O! who would not rest with the brave!

* I was induced to pen the above beautiful
composition upon seeing an illustration of it
among the collection of pictures at the Royal
Exhibition.

TO A LADY WITH A PRESENT OF SOME FFNS.

Go, ingenious artists, to her,
All ambitions to be prest;
Dear disclosers of sensation!
Agents of the gentle breast.

Whiter than your whitest feather,
Is the hand which you'll embrace;
Yet *more* white the fair affection,
Whose emotions you shall trace

Go, and take a charge upon you,
Passing tender, passing dear;
Oh, the trust you bear is wond'rous!
Gentle agents be sincere.

Every sacred secret making,
Gods! how precious ye will prove!
Softest sympathies imparting,
Are ye not the plumes of *Love*?

When first floating on the river,
Lovely was your limpid way;
Lovely was the silver surface,
Lovely was your wat'ry play.

But for pastime still *more* lovely,
Your sweet feathers now I send;
What *so* lovely, prithee tell me,
As the service of a friend?

Faithful to the fair deposits,
Your *least* stroke shall reach my heart:
In its elegant recesses,
Shall be *st*'d what you impart.

Then, dear instruments, I charge ye,
Often tempt my Emma's eyes;
Bid her press your downy feathers,
Bid her *speed* the soft replies.

Not the plumes, which line her pillow,
Half so delicate shall prove;
(When, all kind her pulses tremble)
As your downy shafts of *Love*.

Ye shall note her joy and anguish,
Gentle agents, be sincere!
Send me half each drop of sorrow;
Rob me not of half each tear.

Beauteous as the dews of morning,
When they bathe the lovely fow'r,
Are the lucid drops of *Feeling*,
When from *fondness* falls the show'r.

Mark, I claim my just *division*,
Mark, I promise *just return*;
Some of your white-wing'd associates
Must inform her how I mourn,

When long leagues our persons sever,
Ye our wishes shall convey;
Ye shall tell the pangs of *parting*,
Ye shall mark the *meeting* day.

Save me, pow'rs! that strike the pulses,
When invades the quick surprise,
Yonder comes the gentle Emma,
Hither she directs her eyes.

How the feather I am using
Trembles to the trembling heart!
Agents, here behold a pattern!
See a sample of your art.

Thus to me were *Emma* writing,
(And her thoughts like Henry's kind)
Sympathy would shake each feather,
All expressive of the mind.

Go then, take this charge upon you,
Passing tender, passing dear;
Oh, the charge you bear is wond'rous!
Gentle agents, be sincere.

APPROPRIATE NAMES AND OCCUPATIONS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

IN my perambulations through London and its vicinity, for a series of years, my attention has often been struck with the singular coincidence of Names and Occupations, which induced me to copy such of those as I considered amusing, or worthy of notice. I now send my list to you, and beg to state that they are all genuine. By a reference to a London Directory, a considerable portion of them may be found; and may be seen by those who are in the daily habit of passing through the streets of the metropolis.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

T. M.

Hazard and Co....	Lottery-office Keepers.
Goodluck and Co.	Ditto.
Mr. Winpenny ...	Stock Broker.
Sharp	Razor Maker.
Giblet	Poulterer.
Veal	Eating-house Keeper.
Cutmore	Ditto.
Lamb	Butcher.
Brewster	Innkeeper.
Goodale	Ditto.
Shrub	{ Keeper of Wine and Spirit Vaults.
Paste	Corn Chandler.
Mould	Cheesemonger
Mite	Ditto.
Sweet	Grocer.
Sawyer	Carpenter.
Board	Ditto.
Crabtree.....	Timber Merchant.
Wood	Boat Builder.
Blood	Surgeon.
Taylor	Tailor.
Rumfit	Ditto.
Remnant.....	Ditto.
Roadknight	Saddler.
Sadler	Livery-stable Keeper.
Groom	Ditto.
Read	Bookseller.
Page	Stationer.
Crotch	Musician.
Dance	Ditto.
Ball	Music Seller.
Wicks	Tallow Chandler.
Wolf	Furrier.
Stockings ...	Hosier.
Goldsmith ...	Jeweller.
Brown.....	Colourman.
White	Ditto.
Tanner	Leather Seller.
John Style...	Farmer.
Mrs. Tasker ...	{ Mistress of a Boarding School.
Grammar ...	Ditto.

The Selector ;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

BARBAROUS PUNISHMENTS IN INDIA.

January 26th.—For some time past, it has been discovered that a gang of persons have been digging under some of the pagodas, to possess themselves of whatever treasures are deposited beneath them, and a few days since, four persons were apprehended in the act. They were condemned to death. One of the servants came in this afternoon, and informed me he had been to see them executed.

Brother Judson and myself (Mr. Hough) hastened to the place. It was a most shocking scene! Four Burmans were fastened to a high fence, first by the hair of the head and neck, their arms were then extended horizontally, as far as they could be stretched without dislocation, and a cord tied tight around them; their thighs and legs were then tied in their natural position; they were ripped open from the lowest to the highest extremity of the stomach, and their vitals and part of their bowels were hanging out; large gashes were cut in a downward direction on their sides and thighs, so as to bare the ribs and the thigh bones: one, who I suppose was more guilty than the rest, had an iron instrument thrust side-long through the breast, and part of his vitals pushed out in the opposite direction. Thus, with the under jaw fallen, their eyes open and fixed, naked, excepting a small cloth round the middle, they hung dead.

February 7th.—This afternoon we heard that seven men were carried to the place of execution. We went to witness the affecting scene. On our arrival there, we heard the report of a gun, and looking about, we saw a man tied to a tree, and six others sitting on the ground with their hands tied behind them. Observing the man at the tree, we saw a circular figure painted upon his stomach, about three inches in diameter, for a mark to shoot at, for he was to die in this way. At that moment there was another discharge of a musket; but the shot again missed; a third and fourth time he was fired at, but without effect. At every shot there was a loud peal of laughter from the surrounding spectators. He was then loosed from the tree, and a messenger sent to the governor, who returned with a reprieve, his younger brother, who was one of the seven, was then tied to the

tree. The first shot slightly touched his arm; the second struck him in the heart, and he instantly expired; at the same moment, the remaining five, each at one blow, were beheaded. We went close to them, and saw their trunks, and their heads, and their blood. We saw a man put his foot on one of the trunks, and press it with as little feeling as one would tread upon a beast. Their bodies were then dragged along on the ground a short distance, and their heads taken up by the hair and removed. The two brothers, when condemned to die, requested to be shot, asking, at the same time, to be pardoned if the fourth shot should miss. The elder brother was therefore spared, while the fate of the other was more lamentable. The superstitious Burmans suppose, from the circumstance of the request of the two brothers, and the escape of the elder one, that some charm prevented his death.—*Judson's Mission to the Burman Empire.*

FUNERAL OF A PRIEST.

SEVERAL months since, a neighbouring priest died, or returned, for the Burmans think it undignified to say that a priest dies; his body was immediately wrapped up in tar and wax; holes were perforated through the feet, and some distance up the legs, into which one end of a hollow bamboo was inserted, and the other fixed in the ground; the body was then pressed and squeezed, so that its fluids were forced down through the legs, and conveyed off by means of the bamboos; in this state of preservation the body has been kept. For some days past, preparations have been making to burn this sacred relic, and to day it has passed off in fumigation! We all went to see it, and returned sorry that we had spent our time to so little profit. On four wheels was erected a kind of stage, or tower about twelve or fifteen feet high, ornamented with paintings of different colours and figures, and small mirrors. On the top of this was constructed a kind of balcony, in which was situated the coffin, decorated with small pieces of glass, of different hues, and the corpse, half of which was visible above the edge of the coffin, entirely covered with gold leaf. Around the tower and balcony were fixed several bamboo poles, covered with red cloth, displaying red flags at their ends, and small umbrellas, glittering with spangles; among which was one larger than the others, covered with gold leaf, shading the corpse from the sun. Around the upper part of the balcony was suspended a curtain of white gauze, about a cubit in

width, the lower edge of which was hung round with small pieces of isinglass; above the whole was raised a lofty quadrangular pyramid, graduating into a spire, constructed in a light manner of split bamboo, covered with small figures cut out of white cloth, and waving to and fro for some distance in the air. The whole, from the ground to the top of the spire, might measure fifty feet. This curious structure, with some living priests upon it, was drawn half a mile by women and boys, delighted with the sport, and in the midst of a large concourse of shouting and joyous spectators. On their arrival at the place of burning, ropes were attached to the hind end of the car, and a whimsical sham contest, by adverse pulling, was for some time maintained, one party seemingly indicating a reluctance to have the precious corpse burned. At length the foremost party prevailed, and the body must be reduced to ashes! Amidst this there were loud shoutings, clapping of hands, the sound of drums, of tinkling and wind instruments, and a most disgusting exhibition of female dancing; but no weeping or wailing. The vehicle was then taken to pieces, the most valuable parts of which were preserved, and the body consumed.

Ibid.

A SPANISH INN.

"HAST thou ever beheld the interior of a Spanish Casada, or Inn, good reader? If not, it were vain for me to attempt giving thee an idea of its total want of all comfort. The only room in the house in which a fire can be lighted is the '*lumbre*,' or kitchen; a large ill-furnished sort of hall, with a chimney sufficiently capacious to permit the assembling of twenty people round the dogs, on which billets of burning wood are laid for the combined purpose of cooking provisions and warming the guests. This cosy spot is, for the most part, taken full possession of by muleteers, carriers, and other travellers of that description; so that if the feelings of the wanderer is too nice to put up with the strong garlic flavours, and the manners of these recumbents, he must suffer the punishment due to over-refinement, by shivering in a bed-chamber by himself. But the furniture placed in these latter apartments is still less to the mind of an Englishman than that of the '*lumbre*' filthy blankets are heaped upon a mattress, such as I abstain from describing: broken chairs or stools are disposed at intervals round the walls. But for thy

life; 'gare, gare,' how thou liftest any part of the drapery either of thy dressing-table, or thy bed, otherwise thy garments will be peopled in an instant with active colonists whom thou wilt find it no easy business ever after to dislodge."—*The Stranger's Grave.*

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF GENTILITY.

THIS society held its first anniversary dinner at the Albion tavern in Aldersgate-street, on Wednesday last. It is the laudable object of this institution to rescue from vulgarity the inhabitants of the eastern parts of the metropolis; and when we consider the thousands of living beings who haunt the Royal Exchange, and who, in their eagerness to earn a penny, are too apt to drill holes in their manners, the utility of an establishment like the present must be obvious to the eye of blindness itself. The gallery was filled with elegantly dressed ladies, and the waiters spoke French. The dinner consisted of every delicacy in and out of season, and would have been unexceptionable if it had not been for the appearance of some roast beef and plum-pudding that appeared at the lower end of one of the tables. Several stock-brokers, who sat near those obnoxious articles, were seized with a faintness, which was only removed by the prompt substitution of a dish of *cotillettes aux concombres* and an *omelette soufflée*. One gentleman drank hock out of a white glass, and claret out of a green one, and was consequently desired to leave the room. An undertaker from Budge-row, during the singing of "Non nobis Domine," ejaculated "sed tuo," half a note too sharp; and an executor from Watling-street dropped his mourning-ring in his finger-glass. With the exception of the above accidents, the dinner passed off with the most edifying decorum. The following toasts were then drunk:

"The King,—and may he never forget his German tailor in Cork-street, Burlington-gardens!"

"The Duke of York, and the last new hussar uniform!"

"The Duke of Clarence, and success to the new ambassador's yacht!"

The noble chairman now rose, and begged the attention of the gentlemen present, while he explained the meaning of the latter part of the last-delivered

toast. It might not have occurred to every gentleman who heard him to do what he had himself recently done, namely, to visit in person the new ambassador's yacht then lying off Woolwich. Such a vessel, he was proud to say, was not to be matched in gentility by any vessel in his Majesty's navy. Cleopatra sailed not down the Cydnus in half so elegant a bark (*applause*). Cut-glass decanters, Sèvres china, Turkey carpets, or-molu inkstands, chintz hangings, graced every part of this truly genteel establishment. The rude rope that communicates between the tiller and the udder was cased in a mahogany coating, and he had actually seen Burke on the "Sublime and Beautiful" in a port-hole. The sailors, a race of men who called in a peculiar manner for the fostering aid of this establishment, were, on board the new ambassador's yacht, what sailors should be, perfect gentlemen. In such a vessel so manned and so decorated, if any thing should happen in the Atlantic, an ambassador would have the satisfaction of going to the bottom like a gentleman. One little anecdote he could not but communicate. It has hitherto been the heathen custom with sailors, when they want the aid of any of their brethren, to exclaim, with a corresponding hitch of their trowsers, "Lend a hand, ye lubbers!" In lieu of this ungentle salutation, he, the chairman, heard a remarkably modest well-dressed sailor on board the yacht in question, with a polite bow thus accost his brethren:—"Gentlemen, may I request your co-operation? (*great applause.*)"

Song from Miss Povey in the gallery, "Hail Politeness, Power Divine!"

Silence was then requested while the secretary read the report of the committee.

The committee commenced their report by drawing a parallel between London in its present state and as it existed fifty years ago. Gentility, at the period last mentioned, was confined to a few streets and squares westward, while all the rest of the metropolis was devoted to vulgarity. Since that period Bedford-square had shewn to an astonished aristocracy that traders could be as genteel as viscounts. (*Applause.*) In this square was first set that glorious example, since so well followed by more recent edifices, that human nature could not exist without two drawing-rooms, and communicating by folding-doors. Young children might require nurseries, and grown ones school-rooms: the father of a family might want his library, and the mother of it her store-room. But what, continued

the report, are wants like these, compared with the want of routs. (*Applause.*) Upon this plan, therefore, was every new house erected, from the massy structures in Connaught-place, to their humble brethren in Coram-street; and Vitruvius forbid that they should ever be erected upon any other principle! If the time should ever arrive when utility should shoulder the hod, and convenience handle the trowel, farewell to fashion, and good-b'ye to the Society for the Propagation of Gentility. (The secretary at this period of the report, drank a tumbler of champagne and water, and then resumed his labours.) The report next adverted to the Propagation of Gentility in Euston-square, and other environs of Gower-street, and proceeded to set forth a letter addressed, by a widow lady residing in the last-mentioned street, to the secretary, covering two notices which the writer alleged herself to have received from neighbours and tenants, expressive of the intention of the parties to quit their residences at Michaelmas-day then next ensuing. The two writers, who appeared to be of the softer sex, intimated no feeling of hostility as inducing them to take that step. They both of them ascribed it to an article which had appeared in a respectable monthly publication, entitled "Every-day People," in which it is insinuated that Gower-street is apt to be tenanted by persons of that stamp. (*Murmurs.*) The writers alleged that in transplanting themselves to Gower-street, the one from Hatton-garden and the other from the Crescent in the Minories, they were actuated by the laudable motive of being genteel, and something out of the common way: but, finding out of the common way: but, finding from the article in question, that those objects were not to be attained, or if attained, not prolonged in their present residences, they had resolved upon moving a little more westward, namely, to Alfred-place and Howland-street.

A gentleman in a genteel suit of black, at the middle table, here interrupted the secretary, and begged to know whether the houses in Gower-street possessed verandas to the windows of the first floor. One of the committee, in answer, regretted to be obliged to confess that, so far from this being the case, only one mansion, tenanted, he believed, by Mr. John Bannister, even possessed a balcony. He added, however, that since the publication of the pasquinade, to which allusion had been made, the inhabitants had generally determined upon the adoption of verandas. It had also been resolved to break the king's peace a little later at night, by a more prolonged sys-

tem of routing and quadrilling. The sons of three resident householders had determined to indulge the natives with an occasional *lark* at half-past two in the morning: and the daughters of seven other proprietors were learning to march, and taking lessons on the kettle-drum: Mr. Mac Adam was contracting to mud them and dust them in the latest fashion: and the wives of the tenants in general had come to a resolution of giving no balls without requiring the parties to appear in fancy dresses. The conversion of young policy-brokers, Blackwell-hall, factors, proctors, attorneys, and clergymen in deacon's orders, into Turks, pilgrims, kings of Prussia, Swiss peasants, and Spanish banditti, it was hoped and trusted, would in process of time enable the inhabitants no longer to groan under the appellation of "Every-day People." The gentleman in the genteel suit of black expressed himself satisfied.

Seag, Mr. Fitzwilliam—"Oh, what a town! what a wonderful metropolis!"

The chairman now begged, before the continuation of the reading of the report, to propose a toast. He had to draw the attention of the meeting to the memory of a departed nobleman, whom mankind in general, and this society in particular, were bound to reverence. But for him and his "Letters to his Son," where would our feet have been at this moment? Not turned out, but protruded forward in parallel lines, like those of a porter bending under the weight of two firkins of butter. Where would our finger nails have been? Not rounded in slightly semi-circles, but lengthened *ad infinitum*, like those of the poor benighted Brahmin, who makes nine millions of bows in one year to the blazing mid-day sun. He therefore begged to propose as a toast, "The immortal memory of Philip Dormer, Earl of Chesterfield." This toast was drunk in solemn silence, and with empty glasses.

The meeting was at this period thrown into a temporary confusion, owing to a dispute between two gentlemen who sat near the middle of the centre table. One of the gentlemen taxed the other with having been helped twice to soup, which his adversary retorted with a charge of having called for table-beer after his cheese. Both charges were verified by the testimony of one of the stewards. The gentlemen apologized for having committed two acts so flagrantly opposite to the rules of the Society for the Propagation of Gentility; and harmony was restored.

The report next adverted to the object which the society had the more particularly in view, namely, the propagation of

gentility eastward. "And here," said that document, "your committee, amid occasional causes for despondence, have much motive for continuing their labours. Gentility is greatly on the increase in Moorfields: a rout has been given in Cross-street, Finsbury; Stepney Fields are white for the harvest: a harp has been heard to vibrate in Crutched Friars: a footman in a white livery has been seen to deliver a card of condolence in Seething-lane: a book-club has sprung up in Trinity-square, and the dinner hour in the Minorities is half-past six for seven. (*Great applause.*) Your committee have further to report, that in individual instances, the effects of their labours is beginning to be gloriously apparent: two cutlers' apprentices were seen by the secretary to accost each other at an accidental rencontre in Aldgate on the Saturday preceding. These very individuals who six months ago would have seized each other's hands, and worked away as if they were pumping for dear life on board the Bellerophon, now satisfied themselves with a slight touch of their hat, a graceful drop of the chin and the eyelids, and a mutual soft exclamation, in which the usual health inquiry was Mac-Adamized into "Addy do." Your committee takes leave to doubt whether the thing could have been better done at the corner of Park-lane, Piccadilly. The report concluded by expressing the hope of the committee, that the meeting would not relax in its persevering efforts to uphold the Society, exhausted as its funds were, by a pretty general distribution of brass spurs for banker's clerks, agate necklaces for special pleaders' wives, Irish Melodies for coppersmiths' daughters, French kid gloves for journeymen printers, and cockades for brewers' grooms. The subscription was liberal, and the company departed in cabriolets at an early hour, after bestowing a merited compliment upon Mr. Kay for the genteel untavern-like appearance of his establishment.

New Monthly Magazine.

SPECIMENS OF A PATENT POCKET DICTIONARY,

For the use of those who wish to understand the meaning of things as well as words.

HEMP.—The neck-cloth, *alias* nec-quid, which rogues put on when they see company for the last time.

HOLIDAYS.—The elysium of our boyhood; perhaps the only one of our life. Of this truth Anaxagoras seems to have been aware. Being asked by the people of Lampsacus before his death whether he

wished any thing to be done in commemoration of him, "Yes," he replied, "let the boys be allowed to play on the anniversary of my death."

HONOUR.—Conventional legislation for the correction and government of all those points which the law does not reach.

HUNGER.—The universal stimulant of men and beasts; the same which gives the poor man his health and his appetite; the want of which afflicts the rich with disease and satiety.

JEALOUSY.—Tormenting yourself for fear you should be tormented by another.

IMMORTALITY.—of modern authors.—Drawing in imagination upon the future for that homage which the present age refuses to pay. At best a protracted oblivion.

LAUGHTER.—A faculty bestowed exclusively upon man, and which there is, therefore, a sort of impiety in not exercising as frequently as we can. We may say with Titus, that we have lost a day if it have passed without our laughing. The pilgrims at Mecca consider it so essential a part of their devotion, that they call upon the Prophet to preserve them from sad faces.

LEARNING.—Too often a knowledge of words and an ignorance of things; a mere act of memory, which may be exercised without common sense.

LOAN.—A means of robbing our successors for the purpose of destroying our contemporaries.

LOTTERY.—The only game of chance where you are certain to lose your money.

MELANCHOLY.—Ingratitude to heaven.

MILK, LONDON.—The joint production of the cow and the pump.

NOVEMBER.—The period at which every Englishman takes leave of the sun for nine months, and not a few of them for ever *Ibid.*

DEER HUNTING IN SOUTH AMERICA.

As the haunts of the fallow-deer or venays are generally far from the abodes of men, and as they live in continual alarm from the depredations of the host of enemies, beasts and birds of prey, and even reptiles, that beset them, but for the extraordinary instinct or sagacity nature has endowed them with, for their preservation, the race must long since have been extinct. The impenetrable mountains of the Cordilleras are inhabited by immense herds of these animals; a species of the stag-kind also sometimes herds amongst them, though, as there seems a great aver-

sion to this commixture, it must be considered as dictated by some necessary or instinctive policy. In those haunts are also to be met the *cabia montes*, or mountain-goat, so much admired for its symmetry of form and delicious flavour. The intricate and steep pathways leading to their couching haunts are mostly in clefts of rocky precipices, inaccessible to beasts of prey: and even a nimble dog can scarcely skip from rock to rock, to the outposts where their videttes are placed. Should any of them venture, they soon have occasion to repent their temerity.

It is not uncommon to see the jaguar, the tiger, &c., who have the hardihood to attack their outposts, hurled by the butting sentinels, the horned patriarchs of the flock, down a precipice of five or six hundred feet: so that, unless impelled by extreme hunger, they never attack them, except in their more open pastures. As those ravenous creatures are dormant during the day, the deer are then partly secure. At night a straggler from the community is sure of its fate; as the jaguars hunt in packs, and are very quick-scented. One trait of the South American deer is worthy of notice. In Europe, a hunted deer is driven from amongst the herd, and abandoned to its fate: here, the guardians of the flock succour even a stranger of their community. I apprehend, that during the fawning season the females and fawns suffer more than the males, as the young are obliged to be deposited in thickets, and the eagle and vulture are always watching overhead. The large brown snake is also a great destroyer of them, but the jaguar and wild-cat are their worst enemies. There are about four bucks to one doe in the herd, which shews what destruction there must be of the latter. The colours of the deer are various, and mostly beautifully dappled upon yellow, white, and dun. The stag is generally of a dusky brown. Hunting those animals is a source both of amusement and emolument to the Indian tribes in high latitudes, and they may be said to have brought it to high perfection. Having ascertained the haunts of the animals for about a week, the whole tribe assemble before day-break: some ascend the highest trees, to mark their progress; others couch under leaves, so as to impound them when they betake themselves to their fastnesses; then the whole tribe, men, women, and boys, stretch over a vast tract of country, and, assisted by their curs and horns, make every kind of hideous noises obliging them to quit their grazing spots while the dew is on the ground. As the deer assemble, they form in complete marching order, preceded by

the elder or patriarchs, while the bucks of the second class bring up the rear, to protect the females and young, and repel any attacks. In this manner they arrive at their haunts; while the Indians, advancing in all directions, prevent their retreat, by closing up all the embouchures or openings, and while the deer are forming in battle-array, prepare the instruments of destruction, viz. large lances, resinous torches, and nooses fixed to long poles. The women are also busy stuffing jaguar and tiger skins. The Indians, having made proper crevices, dug into the grit and brown rock which form the paths, advance. The images of the wild beasts are now presented, to intimidate the deer from breaking, which the bucks no sooner perceive than they make a violent effort to strike them into the gulf,—their animosity to those beasts being such, that they often pass or leap over a man to get at them. The Indians then strike, and hurl them into the abyss below, where the women are ready to hamstring or disable them, before they recover from their stupor. When the hunters can no longer provoke them to rush on the stuffed tigers, &c., they make signals to those overhead to throw lighted flambeaux amongst them. This causes them to make a desperate effort to escape, and when the Indians have hurled a sufficient number down the precipices, they suffer the females and the fawns, and some of the bucks, to escape. Indeed, they seem very much averse to destroying a doe at all, and always liberate the doe fawns. In those excursions they take on an average from four to five hundred. In taking the *Ciervo Grande*, or Large Stag, they seldom get more than from thirty to fifty; but of the mountain-goat they catch an immense number; they enter the caverns in the rocks by night, and pursue them by torch-light; and frequently yoke a great many of them together alive, although the flesh loses its flavour from the effort to domesticate them, and they scarcely ever lose their native wildness. A full-grown fallow-deer could be bought at Valencia for seven pisetos, or about five shillings British. During the hunting season, the Creoles sometimes hunt, but the Indians are more expert.

Monthly Magazine.

Useful Domestic Hints.

MEDICINAL PROPERTIES OF THE WILD VALERIAN.

Wild valerian is a medicine of great use in nervous disorders, and is particularly serviceable in epilepsies proceeding

from a debility of the nervous system. Some recommend it as procuring sleep, particularly in fever, even when opium fails; but it is principally useful in affections of the hysterical kind. The common dose is from a scruple to a drachm in powder, and an infusion from one or two drachms. Its unpleasant flavour is most efficaciously concealed by a suitable addition of mace; as its virtues reside entirely in an essential oil, it should not be exhibited in decoction or watery extract. Fabius Colonna, an Italian nobleman, engaged in political affairs, had an epilepsy from his birth, which the physicians were unable to cure. Being entirely worn out with the disease, he began the study of the ancient botanical writers, and in his research, found that it was cured by the valerian root. Hence he began the trial, and was soon completely restored. He advises to gather the root before the time of flowering, to reduce the same into powder, and take it in water, wine, or milk, on six successive mornings on an empty stomach, whence sweats will break out, and often the bowels will become relaxed, which are excellent signs. Fordyce recommends it highly in hemicrania, a pain affecting one side of the head only. Camerarius asserts that he found it very serviceable in jaundice, also in asthma; in which latter disease he accompanied it with a grain of opium. Cullen mentions that it is serviceable in hysteric and other spasmodic affections; and when it failed of producing any good, it arose from these disorders not being from any nervous affections, or from the badness of the drug. Haller mentions also its success in hysterics. Boerhaave pronounces that it is good against all diseases of the thorax, stomach, and uterus, wonderfully increasing the discharge from the latter, when too sparing, using an ounce or two of the bruised root as tea, sweetened with honey; he likewise mentions that it is an excellent vermifuge. He adds, that if the fresh leaves be bruised with wine, and applied to the parts, it is excellent in contusions; that thus it dissipates scirrhous tumours without suppuration; when suppuration has taken place, soon makes them heal; hence the common people always apply them in sordid ulcers. The valerian has been found successful in various cases of epilepsy, and a good nervous medicine; and in consumption, a tea made of it for breakfast has done considerable service. The oil of valerian deserves a trial in epilepsy, being said to have produced several extraordinary cures.

T. A. C.

ON THE MANAGEMENT OF CAULIFLOWER PLANTS, TO SECURE GOOD PRODUCE DURING THE WINTER,

By Mr. G. Cockburn.

I sow the seeds of the early cauliflower in a stout border, in the beginning of July, and as soon as the plants come up, I thin them out to twelve or fourteen inches apart, where I suffer them to remain, keeping them clean, and watering them occasionally, till about the middle of November, by which time they all produce heads from ten to thirty inches in circumference. As they are not hardy enough to bear more than three or four degrees of frost, I remove them at that time into a shed which will keep out ten degrees of frost, taking care to retain as much mould about their roots as possible, and to remove all their decayed leaves. In the shed they are planted in mould, keeping a space of about an inch between each head. In this state they are frequently looked over with care, their dead leaves removed, and those heads cut for present use, which shew any disposition to decay. When severe frost occurs, the plants are covered with dry short hay. By this management I have been able to send three dishes of cauliflowers to table every week during the autumn and winter until February.—*Transactions of the Horticultural Society.*

IMPURE WATER

The following is an old Lady's Specific for the cure of this inconvenience.

TAKE a piece of allum of the size of a nutmeg, dissolve it in a little hot water, and pour it in a pail of the impure water, and in a few hours the filth will be precipitated to the bottom, and the water at the top will be perfectly pure, and free from all taste arising from allum.

USE OF SULPHATE OF COPPER IN CROUP.

DR. H. Hoffman recommends the sulphate of copper as an excellent remedy in croup, especially after blood-letting. In slight cases he begins with giving from a quarter to half a grain every two hours; in those cases, however where there is also laryngites, or bronchites, three, four, or more grains are administered, so as to excite instant vomiting; by so doing, the doctor thinks that not only is the lymph expelled from the trachea, but also that the further secretion of it is prevented, so that the patient is very much relieved, and soon cured. After

copious vomiting has been produced, the medicine is to be given in small doses, in conjunction with digitalis. In support of the utility of the above practice, Dr. H. affirms that he has employed it with the greatest success during a period of ten years, in a great number of children affected with croup, without ever having lost a patient in that time, notwithstanding the disease was often at its height when he was first called in.

RECIPE FOR A SORE THROAT.

TAKE a glass of olive or sweet oil, and half a glass of spirits of turpentine: mix them together, and rub the throat externally, wearing flannel round it at the same time. It proves most effectual when applied early.

It is a fact, but not generally known, that the common strawberry is a natural dentifrice; and that its juice, without any previous preparation whatever, dissolves the tartareous incrustations on the teeth, and makes the breath sweet and agreeable.

RECIPE FOR PRESERVING LEATHER.

PUT the following articles in an earthen vessel, and melt them together over a slow fire:—half a pint of drying oil (boiled linseed oil); one ounce of bees wax; one ounce of spirits of turpentine; and half an ounce of Burgundy pitch.—If new boots or shoes be saturated with the above composition, and left to hang in a warm place for a week or ten days, they will not only be rendered soft and pleasant, but also impervious to wet (at least to a great degree), and will be very seldom found to crack at the sides.

IMPORTANT USES OF THE FARINA OF POTATOES.

(For the Mirror.)

IN the manufacture of sea bread or biscuit, the introduction of a portion of the farina materially improves the quality, and enables them to be kept good for a much longer period of time. In the state of flour it is peculiarly important as a sea store, on account of its imperishable nature, and in its general usefulness. It is an excellent substitute for rice, peas, or oatmeal, and will go much further than any of them in thickening the soup. In most parts of France it is extensively used as food in a great variety of forms. The economical people of that country being fully aware of its value, large manufactories are established in many

places for the purpose of separating the farina from the root, for sale. But such is our relish for foreign productions in preference to those of our own country, that if the potatoe flour were to be brought from the South Sea Islands, it would be highly extolled, and supply the present starch so much in fashion, called arrow root, which we go to the East and West Indies to obtain. It is, indeed, lamentable to think how many poor mothers go to the druggist or the grocer, and give as much money for an ounce of arrow root as they might obtain a pound of potatoe flour for, if manufactories were established for producing it in this country, as is done in France. The properties of potatoe flour and arrow root are precisely alike, they are both pure starch, and obtained by a similar process, from two bulbous rooted plants. An equal quantity of each, mixed and dissolved separately in equal proportions of water, make jelly like mucillages of the same consistence, not to be known from one another but by a slight difference in the taste. The sago and salop of the East, the tapioca and semolina of the West, the caisvan and conac of the South, and the potatoe farina of the North, are only so many different forms given to the same vegetable principle, namely, *starch*.

T. A.—N. C.

Miscellanies.

LOVE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE WORDS OF LOPE DE VEGA.

(For the Mirror.)

LET no one say that there is need
Of time for love to grow,
Ah, no! the love that kills indeed
Dispatches at a blow.

The spark which but by slow degrees
Is nurs'd into a flame,
Is habit, friendship, what you please,
But love is not its name.

For love to be completely true,
If death at sight should deal,
Shou'd be the first one ever knew,
In short, be what I feel.

To write, to sigh, and to converse,
For years to play the fool
'Tis to put passion out to nurse
And send one's heart to school.

Love all at once should from the earth
Start up full grown and tall,
If not an Adam at his birth,
His is no love at all.

††

RIDING A WHALE!

[The correspondent who sends us the following singular story, is a gentleman of great respectability, who has favoured us with his name, and assures us of its truth.—Ed.]

AN aged seaman, resident in Hull, and who for many years plied a ferry-boat be-

tween the garrison and the town, told a gentleman of high respectability, the following extraordinary story:—In the early part of his life, he had been employed in the Greenland fishery; and on a certain occasion, the harpooner of the boat in which he was stationed, having struck a whale, the fish either *spank-whewed* the boat, (that is, by a blow of its tail, sent the boat and the crew into the air together, which is sometimes the case,) or John fell over-board; be it which it might, in the end, he found himself mounted on the back of the whale! and had presence of mind enough, to put his hand in the *blower*, or *spout-hole*, in order to secure his seat, there being no time to put on either saddle or bridle.—On striking a fish, in general, it darts to the bottom of the sea with almost the velocity of lightning; but, in the present instance, John's pony kept his head above water, and majestically bore him on the bosom of the deep, in such a style and at such a rate as never mortal rode before; the boats all the while in full chase, and the crews, ever and anon, singing out, "hold fast John." After having, in this way, posted it a full mile, he was taken on board again, by his messmates, so that, although like John Gilpin of old, he travelled much faster and much farther than he intended when he set out, "He got safe home at last."

ORIENTAL LOVE-LETTER.

THE following letter was sent by the Persian ambassador, Abba Mirza, to an English lady who had made a deep impression on his excellency's heart:—

"When your glances dart like arrows from the bow of your eye-brow, millions of hearts are wounded. You now direct your shafts against a languishing soul; but though aimed at it for the first time, their aim could not be missed. When sharing with you the intoxicating cup of love, if an angel descended from Heaven were to appear at the gate of my palace, I would not open it. In vain the most fatal examples warn us not to enter the Bazaar of love; I heed them not, and constantly expose myself to new dangers I have thrown open the magazine of my soul; alas! I tremble lest the purchaser should enter it at my cost. My heart, sick with love for you, drinks with rapture the poisoned cup of death; but such are the transports I experience, that thousands must envy my lot. The dust of the threshold of your door is a precious ointment to my eye; why am I not permitted to enjoy it? A thousand afflictions weigh on the heart of the ambas-

sador; when separated from you, perhaps these lines may recal him to your memory."

KING ORTON.

AN eccentric character, who resided a few years back in the town of Kidderminster, named John Orton, but better known to the inhabitants of Kidderminster as King Orton, from the astonishing resemblance he bore in feature and habit to his late Majesty, had his vault made in Kidderminster old church-yard (whilst in perfect health), and on the stone top the following couplet of his own composition:—

"John Orton, a man from Leicestershire,
And when he dies he will lie under here."

This was done about ten years prior to his death, which was suddenly awful. "King'y Orton," though a publican by profession, had a knack of making candles without troubling the excise officers; but unluckily for him, the supervisor of the district caught king'y melting fat instead of boiling strong ale in his copper, and king'y in consequence was visited by the "law's stern gripe;" and on the day his effects were seized to pay the penalties adjudged against him, he was purchasing a joint of meat in the adjoining street, and whilst cursing the excise and its myrmidons, dropt down and expired.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

HUMAN NATURE.—A SIMILE,

BY AARON HILL.

Tender-handed touch a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.

So it is with common natures,
Treat them gently they rebel;
But be rough as nutmeg-graters,
And the rogues obey you well.

EPITAPH.

SIR.—In the church-yard of Waddington, Yorkshire, (the tombstones of which are mostly decorated with poetry), are the following epitaphs, at your service, from
ZETUS.

Here lies the body of George Elkins, a native of Bodmin, died here March 14th, 1779, in the sixty seventh year of his age. He was a good son, a good

father, and a good brother; and all his neighbours followed him to the grave.

Exactly opposite to this choice morsel of native simplicity, is the following singular inscription.

In memory of William Richard Phelps, late Boatswain of H. M. S. Invincible. He accompanied Lord Anson in his cruise round the world, and died April 21st, 1789.

When I was like you,
For years, not a few,
On the ocean I toil'd,
On the line I have broil'd,
In Greenland I've shiver'd,
Now from hardships deliver'd
Capsized by old Death.
I surrender'd my breath.
And now I lie snug,
As a bug in a rug.

THE PROPHETIC LAWYER AND CREDULOUS CLIENT.

WHEN Kit, in a fright,
To France took his flight,
His attorney full soon followed after;
Says he, "My good Sir,
Not an instant demur,
But return, 'tis a matter of laughter.

At a trifling expense,
We'll set up a defence,
You'll be safe, Sir, and brave all dis-
grace;
Then be not in pain,
For again in Mark-lane,
You undaunted shall show them your
face."

The court right well the learn'd advice
expounds,
Trifling expense, a mere two thousand
pounds;
His safety's well insured by lofty walls,
And when the pillory his head enthral,
'Twill show each man who that sad sight
beholds,
How law, the lawyer's prophecy unfolds.

EPIGRAM.

WHEN the Devil engag'd with Job's
patience in battle,
Tooth and nail strove to worry him out
of his life,
He robb'd him of children, slaves, houses,
and cattle,
But mark me—he ne'er thought of
taking his wife.

But Heaven at length Job's forbearance
rewards:

And at length double wealth, double
honour arrives;

Heaven doubles his children, slaves,
houses, and herds,

But we don't hear a word of a couple
of wives.

LINES

*Written on the reception of, and in
answer to, a Tax Paper.*

BY A REV. DIVINE.

No horse, or mule, or dog have I,
And but one cat, the mice to spy,
On me no men or boys do wait,
Nor do I want their work or prate.
I have no coach, or gig, or cart,
Nor do I use the whitening art,
When I am well, I use my feet,
And brush my head to keep it sweet.
To hunt a stag, or fox, or hare,
I have no time I do declare,
I do not even keep a gun,
Nor do I William like such fun.
On me then Sir! you have no claim,
For horses, coaches, dogs, or gun,
But when you have, I pay what's due,
No man you'll find more just or true.

R. S.

A COBBLER'S SIGN BOARD.

THE following *poetical effusion* of a
cobbler, is to be seen under a shop window
in Fetter-lane, nearly opposite Clifford's
Inn.

*Hear's the man that don't refuse,
To mend all kinds of boots and shoes,
My leather's good, my work is strong,
My charge is low, and not kept long.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Three Sonnets in November, *F. W. D., P. T. W.,
An Original Subscriber, Pasche, Andrew*, in
our next.

The following are intended for insertion:—
*R. B., F. C. N., J. W. E., Edward, J. C., Ma-
rienne, C. P. N., Clavis, Nemo.*

Some of the Hints of *G. T.* shall be attended
to, few however of our readers, we suspect,
would thank us for the Price of the Stocks.

Charles Palmer, to whom we return our
thanks, will see he has been anticipated.

The following are inadmissible:—*R. B.'s
Lines on the Death of Byron, Johannes,
S. P. S., "Let me chase those sighs away,"* and
a host of Poetic Epistles to Young Ladies.

The following remain under consideration:—
*T. R. Moore, Frederick, J. S., H. Landon,
M. G., A. P., John Barratt, G. O. U., W. G. P.,
W. L. G. N., A Constant Reader, Sleepy,
Schuler.*

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[PAGE 27.]

Town House, Maastricht.



MAESTRICHT is one of the largest and most ancient towns in the Netherlands, and one of the best fortified places in Europe. It is also remarkable for its well-paved streets and its public buildings, one of the chief of which is the Town-House. Of this noble structure

we present a correct view, from a drawing by a Flemish artist. It is built entirely of stone, and is surmounted by an elegant tower, with a fine chime of bells. It is quite isolated, and occupies the centre of the public square. The interior is as admirable in its arrangement, as the ex-

terior is ornamental; and in one of the rooms, which are of large dimensions, there is an excellent library.

The history of Maestricht is interesting. The possession of it was secured by the Emperor Charles V., at the diet of Augsburg, who united it to the duchy of Brabant, although it is insulated in the bishoprick of Liege. Maestricht revolted from Spain in the year 1750; and in the year 1579, the Prince of Parma besieged and took it, after a siege of four months, when it was pillaged and sacked, and about eight thousand persons miserably perished. The Spaniards kept possession of it till the year 1632, when Frederic Henry, Prince of Orange, laid siege to it again. The city was defended only by a garrison of twenty-five hundred men, under the command of the Baron de Loda, nephew to the Count de Motery, an officer of great experience, who chanced to be absent when the Prince of Orange formed the siege. That prince carried on his approaches with his usual caution, while the baron performed all that youth, fire, and an eager thirst of glory could inspire. With his only troop of cavalry he reconnoitred the disposition of the Dutch trenches, maintained a sharp conflict, and returned with a number of prisoners superior to his whole party; an advantage which so elated the inhabitants, that the whole, without distinction, even the clergy and women, determined to second the vigorous efforts of their intrepid governor, and labour in repairing the fortifications. A rally was made to burn all the surrounding houses, which could any way assist the approach of the besieged; but the garrison was repulsed with great slaughter. All the batteries being finished by the 14th of June, the rest of the month was employed in battering the walls, and advancing the works, which the besieged endeavoured to obstruct by a great number of vigorous sallies. Sometimes they proved successful, and in one sally they destroyed two batteries, filled up part of the trenches, and made prodigious carnage. Mean time the Spaniards, sensible that Maestricht was a town of the last importance, were collecting all their strength for its relief, and, not satisfied with their own forces, had recourse to the assistance of their allies. Gonzales de Cordova, with a body of forces drawn from the Palatinate, presented himself before the trenches, upon which he played with twenty-four pieces of heavy cannon; but endeavouring to force his way into the town, was vigorously repulsed by the French and English auxiliaries. The Sieur d'Estiaux particularly distinguished

himself in this affair, pursuing the enemy across the river with such impetuosity, that he penetrated the Spanish camp, threw it in great confusion, and retired with a considerable number of prisoners. Gonzales, collecting his dispersed troops, attempted to seize all the avenues leading to the Dutch camp, and thereby cut off their provisions; but the Prince of Orange took such measures as effectually baffled the project of the Spaniards. Six weeks had now been consumed in this siege, during which a variety of sallies and assaults were made, which gave it so much reputation, that volunteers flocked from all quarters of Europe, to learn the art of war under Prince Henry. On the 22nd of July, the Marquis de Santa Cruz arrived with his whole army before the trenches, and attempted to force a passage over the Meuse at Stockem, but his troops were so roughly handled, that he was forced to wait patiently for the arrival of his artillery and the German auxiliaries under Pappenheim, one of the best officers in the emperor's service. When the Prince of Orange understood that this reinforcement had joined the Spanish general, he redoubled his vigilance, placed stronger guards at all the posts, and ordered William of Nassau to join the camp with the troops he had levied in the neighbourhood of Nimmegean. Nor had Pappenheim reason to be satisfied with the reception given him by the Marquis de Santa Cruz and the Spanish officers, who were jealous of his reputation, and afraid he would arrogate to himself the whole honour of relieving Maestricht. To prevent this disgrace, he sent the Duke of Newburg with proposals to the Prince of Orange, for changing hostilities into a negotiation. Pappenheim, incensed at the usage, declared by a trumpet, that he was come with the imperial army to oppose the Dutch, and immediately advanced to force the prince's entrenchments. The Hollanders sustained the attack with great firmness, and at last drove back the Imperialists with prodigious slaughter. Pappenheim then entrenched himself opposite to Count Stirum's quarters, with intention to seize the first opportunity of throwing succours into the town. To second his design, the besieged made a sally, furiously attacked the English quarters, and filled the trenches with blood. Above four thousand British soldiers perished in this action, including the Lord Oxford and Colonel Williams.

After Pappenheim had fully examined the posts, the strength and situation of the besiegers, he disposed every thing for a second attack, and on the 18th of August

he planted his cannon, and drew up his army in order of battle. Two regiments of carbiners composed the van, followed by all the infantry, with fascines to fill up the trenches; the cavalry supported both wings. The attack was so impetuous, that notwithstanding the trenches were choked up with their dead, the Germans still pressed on, and obliged the Dutch to abandon their advanced works. The fight was obstinately maintained for three hours, when the Prince of Orange arrived with fresh troops, conducted by the Dukes de Candale and Bouillon, and a body of volunteers formed out of the flower of the French nobility. They attacked the Germans in flank with irresistible fury: the scale of fortune was now changed, and the Imperialists in their turn put in disorder, defeated, and driven from the entrenchments. The brave Imperialist was shocked to see the Spaniards cool spectators of the slaughter of his troops; he complained to the Marquis de Santa Cruz: but his application meeting only with ridicule, he determined once more to exert his valour, and demonstrate that he could finish his business without their assistance. A second time he returned to the charge: both sides of the Dutch camp were attacked, and he actually forced the trenches with his cavalry. He sustained the attack from one till seven in the evening, the Spaniards all the while remaining quiet spectators of his extraordinary efforts of gallantry and conduct. The artillery, musketry, grenades, bombs, and carbines, continued an unremitting discharge, and the clouds of smoke obscured the light, and made it impossible for the combatants to distinguish each other. Prince Henry, the Dukes de Candale and Bouillon, Count John Maurice of Nassau, and the French volunteers, opposed their utmost vigour to the fury of Pappenheim, who performed every duty of a soldier and great general. Perceiving his troops gave way, he erected gibbets behind, and forced them in despair to return to the attack, to avoid a more ignominious death. The garrison finding such astonishingly brave efforts made for their relief, resolved to contribute their endeavours, and sallying out vigorously upon the English quarters, made a considerable diversion, but were at last repulsed with loss, after an obstinate engagement. The Germans were discouraged by the defeat of the besieged. They had repeatedly come back to the charge, and were as often repulsed. Now they were fatigued, exhausted, and broken, while the Dutch poured in fresh to the attack, and relieved the troops that had suffered. After one furious unsuccessful

attempt, Pappenheim retired in tolerable order, leaving two thousand killed on the field, and nine hundred wounded prisoners. Prince Henry, finding himself disengaged from so formidable an opponent as the Imperial general, and having nothing to apprehend from the Spaniards, who seemed to lie encamped at a little distance, only to give testimony to his valiant exploits, pushed the siege with redoubled vigour. The British troops sprung a mine on the 20th of August, which destroyed great part of the ravelin; the garrison and burghers flew in crowds to the breach, where the Baron de Leda fought in person with amazing intrepidity, and after a bloody action, drove the besiegers back to their camp. Several women, mixed with the men, distinguished themselves, and extremely galled the assailants with their hand-grenades. Above three hundred British soldiers, and about eighty of the besieged, perished; several women likewise were slain and wounded. But this success served only to protract the siege, it could not determine the fate of the garrison. The breach was stormed a second time, and carried sword in hand; an incident which so alarmed the burghers, that in a body they besought the baron to save their lives and effects by a capitulation. After having used some fruitless endeavours to persuade them to continue their defence a few days longer, he signed the capitulation, and obtained the most honourable conditions.

In 1634, Maastricht was fruitlessly invested by the Spanish general, the Marquis d'Aydone; and in 1673, Louis XIV. invested it in person with a numerous army, and it surrendered in thirteen days. In the year 1676, the Prince of Orange being reinforced by the army of the Duke of Villa Hermosa, and the Comte de Waldeck, attempted to retake it; he employed the choicest of his troops, both infantry and cavalry, who fought on foot: he had already gained the counterscarp, and was preparing to storm the place, though repulsed three times: the besieged made a brave defence, animated by the example of Francis Calvo, a Catalan, commander of the city in the absence of Marechal d'Estrades, at that time attending the conference at Nimmegean. Calvo told the engineers that he did not understand the defence of places, but that he would fight to the last drop of his blood; disease had made great havoc in the prince's army; the Marechal Schomberg was advancing to the relief of the place; these circumstances all united together, compelled the prince to abandon the enterprise after a siege of fifty-one days, leaving

behind him part of his cannon and baggage, with the loss of upwards of eight thousand men. The prince was wounded in the hand, and the rhyngrave was killed in the siege. By the peace of Nimmegean, Maestricht was restored to the Dutch, and accordingly they took possession of it the 6th of November, 1678. At the same time the towns of Dalem, Fauquemont, and other places, were ceded to the Dutch, on condition that the Roman Catholics might be allowed the free exercise of their religion. In the year 1748, Maestricht was again invested by the French, on the 3rd day of April. The garrison consisted of imperial and Dutch troops, under the conduct of the governor, Baron d'Aylva, who defended the place with extraordinary skill and resolution. He annoyed the besiegers in repeated sallies; but they were determined to surmount all opposition, and prosecuted their approaches with incredible ardour. They assaulted the covered way, in which they effected a lodgment, after an obstinate dispute, in which they lost two thousand of their best troops; but next day they were entirely dislodged by the gallantry of the garrison. These hostilities were suddenly suspended in consequence of the preliminaries signed at Aix-la-Chapelle. The plenipotentiaries agreed, that, for the glory of his Christian Majesty's arms, the town of Maestricht should be surrendered to his general, on condition that it should be restored, with all the magazines and artillery. He accordingly took possession of it on the third day of May, when the garrison marched out with all the honours of war; and a cessation of arms immediately ensued.

THREE SONNETS, DESCRIPTIVE OF NOVEMBER.

(For the Mirror.)

I.

WRAPT in dim fogs, which make the day seem
night,
The hoar NOVEMBER treads unseen. We hear
His feet rustling through fallen leaves and sear;
We scent his yellow breath, that chokes us
quite;
We know he comes—that rheumy wheezing
wight—
And look for him with eyes grown dim and
blear,
That pry for distant things, yet see not near—
For blindness stumbles less than doubtful sight.
Happy are they who, in close domiciles,
Trim Learning's lamp, and Comfort's sparkling
fire—
Listening the while the hymning Muse's lyre,
Or Love's, or Friendship's talk,—which lightly
wiles
The tedious and dull time, with matters sweet,
That make the leaden hours, as footless mo-
ments feet.

II.

NATURAL APPEARANCE OF NOVEMBER.

FARTHER and farther rolls the sun's pale fire,
And the last flowers die on summer's corse;
The winter winds grow stronger voice and force,
As the woods feel, that fall beneath their ire,
Strewing the earth with their own funeral pyre;
And chafed rivers rave till they are hoarse,
Whilst Borcas, rushing forward his fierce
course,
Sweeps their white waves as they were Arion's
lyre.

Dark, sullen month, of cheerless days like
nights,
The homeless wanderers, the pined and poor,
Who nightly lie at Comfort's closed door,
Feel thy torpedo touch,—which coldly bites
Them to the heart, and stifles their hard
breath,
Till they die, senseless that their sleep is death!

III.

LONDON IN NOVEMBER.

Oh, mighty city! proud rival to proud Rome
(May never thou be rival of her fall!)
November's clouds hang o'er thee like a pall,
Muffling the mind with a funeral gloom.—
To me thou art no better than a tomb,
That buries life like death. I stifle call
On Help, who hears me not; and see my doom,
Yet cannot pass my loathsome dungeon's wall;
Stern Hardship holds me with short-reaching
chains,
That bind me, like a maniac, to the earth—
So that I may not forth to hear the mirth
And voice of winds and waves, and bird and
bee;
Nor once behold high mountains, vasty plains,
And watch the workings of earth, sky, and sea.

HYPOCHONDRIACUS.

ERROR IN THE ALMANACKS AS TO EASTER.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—I beg leave to direct the public attention through the medium of your valuable and widely circulated periodical, to a most glaring error in "Francis Moore, Physician," "White's Ephemeris," and I believe in every other Almanack published for 1825, I allude to the fixing of the Feast of Easter. It is a generally acknowledged fact that this feast falls on the first Sunday after the first full moon, on or after the 21st of March; and the Prayer Books inform us, even Moore himself has more than once asserted it, that if the full moon happens on a Sunday, Easter Day is consequently the Sunday after. In accordance with this, the full moon happening next year on the 3rd of April, which is a Sunday—Query, should not the feast fall on the Sunday following, the 10th of April. Perhaps some of your numerous and intelligent correspondents can elucidate the subject. Your's, &c.

A. H. D. PASCHE.

THE HISTORY OF CANDLES.

(For the Mirror.)

THE word candle comes from *candela*, and that from *candor*, of *candeo*, I burn. The Roman candles were at first little strings dipped in pitch, or surrounded with wax; though afterwards they made them of the Papyrus, covered likewise with wax; and sometimes of rushes, by stripping off the outer rind, and only retaining the pith. In religious offices wax candles were used; for vulgar uses those of tallow. Lord Bacon proposes candles of divers compositions and ingredients, and also of different sorts of wicks, with experiments of the duration, and the light of each. Good housewives are said to bury their candles in flour or bran, which, it is said, increases their durability, almost one half. Some speak of perpetual candles made of Salamander wood.—*See Pliny and Bacon.* The Chinese obtain from the tallow-tree, a kind of vegetable fat with which they make candles. The surface of their candles is sometimes painted red. Their wicks are made of various materials. For their lamps they use the Amiathus, which burns without being consumable in fire, but for candles they use a light inflammable wood. The candle makers at Munich have for several years past prepared tallow candles with wooden wicks. Candle-wood, are slips of pine about the thickness of the finger, used in New England and other colonies, to burn instead of candles, giving a very good light. The French inhabitants of Tortuga, use slips of yellow sandal-wood for candles, which yields a clear though greenish flame. In Otaheite they use for candles the kernels of an oily nut, annexed one above another, to a skewer that passes through them; the nuts answer the purpose of tallow, and the skewer that of a wick. Modern candles are well known to the Londoners from the Kensington mould to the twopenny flat. Venice is famous for wax candles, as well as Kensington. It is almost dusk; therefore, to save candle, I shall conclude.

P. T. W.

ON APPARITIONS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

I OBSERVED in a late number of the MIRROR, a marvellous and astonishing narrative of an apparition, communicated in a letter from Dr. Walker to the Rev. J. Offley. I know not if the writer of that letter is living, and whether, if "in

2 F 3

the body," your excellent publication ever meets his eye. I can only hope it does. And if I am correct in my wish, I beg he will just refer to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, May, 1783, where he may find this extraordinary story with only a little slight variation—namely, That this startling, appalling visit of the deceased, Mr. Naylor, to his *ci-devant* friend, Mr. Shaw, was not at Souldern, Oxon, but at Mr. Shaw's own rooms, in St. John's College, Cambridge; that the ghostly visitant was accoutred in canonical gown and cassock; Mr. Shaw, the visited, being at the same time seated at his library table, reading and smoking tobacco. They conversed together, the dead and the living, for some time very freely, says the story.

So far the narrative in the *Gentleman's Magazine*; and who for one moment ever doubted but that the whole was a dream? Gentlemen, in other places, as well as at College, indulge in reading and smoking, and are often found to relapse into day dreams, and why not in nocturnal ones? Who can believe that Mr. Shaw, not being wonderfully surprised, asked him, (*i. e.* the ghost,) *how he did, and desired him to sit down, which said spectre did.* What! a ghost popping in through the key-hole of my study door at the unearthly hour of twelve at night, clad "not in complete steel, but in "a suit of sables," sitting down by my invitation, opening his marble jaws and conversing with me freely, and I not wonderfully surprised, no more than if a living, instead of a defunct brother cantab had thus announced himself. Mr. Shaw, doubtless, was a man of great nerve, and possessed more than ordinary firmness, for instead of welcoming his approach, I should rather have said, "hence avaunt," and being gone, exclaim, "I am a man again." But as Lord Byron says, "Let that pass."

Mr. Shaw does not go on to state whether he asked the ghost to take a social pipe with him, and why not? It was not very friendly or social, to say the least. If ghosts can sit down and converse freely, both of the future and the past, surely they might blow a cloud or two. Really, some bounds ought to be set to the marvellous, or I know not whether the fancies of men may lead them. Nothing whatever occurred between these worthies but what might have passed in a well concocted dream; nor is the relator correct in inferring that the subsequent fulfilment of the predictions "is a valid proof of its being a true vision." Many events as remarkable have followed singular dreams; and we have the testimony of the Opium Eater, that men may

be "buried in stone coffins, with mummies and sphinxes for a thousand years." during the visions of only one night. Of John Beaumont, the celebrated author of the *Treatise on Evil Spirits*, it is related that he was a man of an hypochondriacal disposition, and while labouring under this corporeal affection, he said that he saw hundreds of imaginary men and women about him. He had two spirits, he informs us, who constantly attended him night and day for about three months, who called each other by their names. Several spirits would often call at his chambers and ask whether such spirits lived there, calling them by their names, and they would answer they did. One spirit which came for several nights together and rung a little bell in his ear, told him that his name was Ariel. The two spirits that constantly attended him, were, it seems, *ladies* of a brown complexion, about three feet in stature; they had both, black loose net-work gowns, tied with a black sash about the middle, and within the net-work appeared a gown of a golden colour, with somewhat of a light striking through it. Their heads were not dressed in top-knots, but they had white linen caps with lace on them, and over it a black loose net-work hood. And the story of the assessor to the Westminster assembly, Mr. White, of Dorchester, is as follows:—It appears that one night this gentleman was honoured with a visit from the arch-fiend himself, whom he treated with a cool contempt, which must have astonished his satanic majesty, "The devil in a light night stood by his bed-side." The assessor looked awhile, whether he (*Diabolus*) would say or do any thing, and then said, "If thou hast nothing to do I have, and so turned himself to sleep."

I am, your's, &c

F. W. D.

Queen Square, 30th Nov. 1824.

ERRORS IN "ROTHELAN."

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—You have occasionally pointed out blunders in the *Scottish Novels*, and I beg to point out a few errors in the *Romance of Rothelan*.

In vol. ii. p. 213, is this mistake, "He was alone when Ralph Hanslap brought him the notice; he read it, and returned it as a paper of no interest, and, without saying a word, moved two or three steps towards the door of the chamber. The squire remained fixed on the spot, following him with his calm and cautious eye. Suddenly, as if recollecting some

forgotten matter, Sir Aquias pounced, and threw his eyes towards Ralph Hanslap, holding out at the same time the slip of parchment which bore the notice. Hanslap took it; but neither made any remark."

Page 301, "Edmund the Third" is written instead of "Edward the Third."

Vol. iii. p. 91, Adonijah is made to say, "it was your husband, and I was far his elder," &c. whereas it should be "it was your son, and I was," &c.

I remain, Sir, your's, with much respect.
S. P. S.

LETTER FROM GENERAL WASHINGTON.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

B—— Hall,

July 2, 1824.

SIR,—The following is a literal copy of a letter new in my possession, written by the Founder of American Independence, to his tailor in London. The gentleman alluded to in the letter was, I believe the general's agent in England, of the firm of "Robert Cary and Co." merchants.—The *measure* spoken of in the postscript, is also in my possession. It is made of stiff paper sewed together, all the marks written upon it are in the general's hand writing.

Your obedient Servant,

CHRISTOPHER D——N

Virginia, 26th April, 1763.

MR. LAWRENCE,—Be pleased to send me a genteele sute of cloaths, made of superfine broadcloth, handsomely chosen;—I should have inclosed you my measure, but in a general way, they are so badly taken here, that I am convinced it would be of very little service; I would have you, therefore, take measure of a gentleman who wears well made cloaths of the following size, to wit: six feet high, and proportionably made; if any thing, rather slender than thick, for a person of that highth, with pretty long arms and thighs. You will take care to make the breeches longer than those you sent me last, and I would have you keep the measure of the cloaths you now make by you, and if any alteration is required in my next, it shall be pointed out. Mr. Cary will pay your bill, and I am, Sir,

Your very obedient humble servant,
GO. WASHINGTON.

Note.—For your further government and knowledge of my size, I have sent the inclosed, and you must observe, yt from ye coat end to No. 1 and No. 3, is ye size over ye breast and hips.

No. 2. over the belly, and
No. 4. round ye arm, and from ye
breeches end,

- To No. a. is for waistband.
b. thick of the thigh.
c. upper button hole.
d. knee band.
e. for length of breeches.

Therefore, if you take measure of a person about six feet high of this bigness, I think you cant go amiss; you must take notice that the inclosed is the exact size, without any allowance for seams, &c.

GO. WASHINGTON.

To Mr. Chas. Lawrence,
Taylor, in Old Fish-street, London.

ON DECORATING CHURCHES WITH EVERGREENS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—As the season is now approaching when the churches are, by annual custom, decorated with holly and other evergreens, it may, probably, be interesting to many of your readers to know the origin of the custom: every Englishman, I am sure, will view it with veneration when he reflects that it has been transmitted to us by the piety of our forefathers, and will therefore regret that a custom so pleasantly associated with their memories, and which has obtained in our church, from time immemorial, through all her revolutions and forms, should be sinking, as it is, into partial oblivion. The following notice of the subject is copied from an interesting work, by Mr. Henry Phillips, entitled the *Sylva Florifera*. Its insertion, I am sure, will oblige many of your readers, and among others.

Your very obedient servant,

WILLIAM PALIN.

Carshalton, Dec. 7th, 1824.

“We reverse the holly-branch with its spiny and highly-varnished foliage, which reflects its coral berries, as an emblem that foretells the festival of Christmas, and the season when English hospitality shines in roast beef, turkeys, and the national pudding.

“Tradition says that the first Christian church in Britain was built of boughs; and that the disciples adopted the plan, as more likely to attract the notice of the people, because the heathens built their temples in this manner, probably to imitate the temples of Saturn, which were always under the oak.

“The great feast of Saturn was held in December; and as the oaks in this country were then without leaves, the priests obliged the people to bring in boughs and sprigs of evergreens; and Christians, on

the twenty-fifth of the same month did the like; from whence originated the present custom of placing holly and other evergreens in our churches and houses, to shew the feast of Christmas is arrived.

“We presume the name of holly is a corruption of the word holy, as Dr. Turner, our earliest writer on plants, calls it *holp* and *holp-tree*; which appellation was given it, most probably, from its being used in holy places. It has a great variety of names in Germany, amongst which is *Christdorn*; in Danish it is also called *Christstorn*, and in Swedish, *Christtorn*, amongst other appellations; from whence it appears that it is considered a holy plant by certain classes in these countries.”

CHRISTMAS CUSTOM.

SIR,—Passing through the village of Hornchurch, Essex, last Christmas day, my attention was attracted to a crowd of villagers sallying forth to a field near the church, led by a man dressed in a farmer's frock with the head of an animal on the top of a long pole with an orange in its mouth, which afterwards I learnt to be the head of a boar.

I inquired from a person I met with the meaning of so novel a sight, and he informed me it was wrestled for every Christmas-day by the peasantry. If in your MIRROR of Amusement and Instruction you can give the origin of so singular a custom, you will much oblige

R. R.*

* We confess we do not know the origin of this custom, but doubt not that some of our readers can give an explanation.—Ed.

ADDRESS TO HEALTH.

DELIGHTFUL Health! return, return!
Nor leave me thus to weep and mourn!

Thy absence and delay:
Relieve me from these languid sighs,
Dispel the mist that clouds my eyes,
And bring the cheerful day.

In youth and hardy poverty,
My time flew sweetly on, with thee—
Thou wast my constant friend;
But now, when Fortune smiles upon,
And comforts please me, thou art gone
And all thy visits end.

Unlike the world, thou seek'st the shed,
The sunny field, and humble bed—
The cot, that is thine home:
Thou flyest the soft and easy chair,
Luxurious wines and sumptuous fare,
The couch and splendid dome.

Delightful Health! return, return!
Nor leave me thus to weep and mourn!
Thy absence and delay:
Relieve me from these languid sighs,
Dispel the mist that clouds my eyes,
Bring back the cheerful day,

E. K. K.

IMITATED FROM CATULLUS.

DEAREST Leobia! let me say
A thousand kisses from thy lip,—
Unmindful what remarks engage
The captious tongue of selfish age
Another thousand kisses give :
Let's live to love, and love to live.

Suns set and rise again ;—but we
Shall sleep out an eternity
When we once set. Bestow ! bestow
Another thousand kisses now.

Dear Girl! we'll now confuse the whole,
Lest some mean invidious soul
Should know the number given—and hate
The love he cannot imitate.

K. K. K.

LINES ON A BANK NOTE, BY BURNS.

THE following lines, in the handwriting of Burns, are copied from a Bank Note, in Mr. James Gracie's possession, of Dumfries. The note is of the bank of Scotland; and is dated as far back as the 1st March, 1786.

WAE worth thy power, thou cursed leaf!
Fell source o' a' my woe and grief!
For lack o' thee I've lost my lass!—
For lack o' thee I scripp my glass.
For the children of affliction
Unaided, thro' thy curs'd restriction,
I've seen the oppressor's cruel smile,
Amid his hapless victim's spoil.
For lack o' thee I leave this much-lov'd shore,
Never, perhaps, to greet old Scotland more.

R. B.—KYLE.

MOTHER EVE'S PUDDING.—A RECIPE.

If you'd have a good pudding, pray mind what you're taught,
Take two penny-worth of eggs when you've twelve for a groat:
Take of the same fruit which Eve did once cozen,
When pared and well chopped, at least half a dozen,—
Six ounces of bread. Let your maid cut the crust,
The crumb must be grated as small as the dust.—
Six ounces of currants from the stones you must sort,
Lest you break all your teeth, and spoil all the sport
Five ounces of sugar won't make it too sweet:
Some salt and some nutmeg to make it complete.
Three hours let it boil, without hurry or futter,
And then dish it up with some good melted butter.

RELICS OF RICHARD III.

THE oak bedstead which Richard the Third took with him, when he went to the famous battle of Bosworth, is now in the possession of Mr. Babington, at Rothley Temple, Leicestershire. It is very ponderous, and without being suspected, it was filled with pieces of gold. One hundred and twenty years afterwards, a servant at the inn sweeping under it, struck the bottom, and some gold coin fell out. She mentioned the circumstance to her mistress, and some thousand pieces were found in the bottom. head, and hollow

pillars. The mistress in consequence became rich; and two of her servants murdered her in the night and carried off the gold; but they were taken, and executed. The stone coffin in which Richard was buried, was taken up about a century ago, and converted into a horse-trough, at the White Horse inn, and its broken relics were preserved by Mr. Phillips, a bookseller, at Leicester, till they were destroyed by an accidental fire in 1796.

CITY CHARTER.

IN the second year of the reign of William the Conqueror, at the intercession of the Norman Bishop of London, he granted a charter to the citizens in their own language—a mighty favour at that time when the French tongue began to prevail. The charter consists of four lines and a quarter, beautifully written in the Saxon character, on a slip of parchment of the length of six inches and breadth of one, which is preserved among the city archives as a great jewel. The seal of the charter is of white wax, and being broken into divers pieces, they are sewed up and carefully preserved in an orange-coloured silken bag; on one side is the Conqueror on horseback; and on the reverse, he is sitting in a chair of state: the rim of the seal being almost gone, the only letters remaining are M. WILL. But the writing of the charter is very fair. The following is an exact translation of this curious and important document:—
“ William the King greets William the Bishop, and Godfrey the Portreve, and all the Burgesses within London, both French and English. And I declare that I grant you to be all law worthy, as you were in the days of King Edward; and I grant that every child shall be his father's heir, after his father's days; and I will not suffer any person to do you wrong. God keep you.”

ANDREW.

DE ORIGINE VITÆ ET MORTIS.

Qu an d tr vul str
os gnis irus isti de nere i rit.
Il san m chr fu l a rit.

Imitated and Translated.

THE ORIGIN OF LIFE AND DEATH.

cur f w d dis and p
A sed lend rought eath ease ain,
bles fr b br and ag

N. B. The second or middle line is to be read with the first and third, as the following:—
Quos anguis dirus tristi de vulnere stravit,
Hos sanguis mirus christi de funere lavit, &c.

Gate of St. Bartholomew's Hospital.



THE principal entrance of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, in Smithfield, is a fine specimen of Doric architecture. It was erected in 1702; and consists of a large arch, over which is a statue of Henry VIII. placed between the Corinthian pillars,—supporting a circular pediment adorned with two figures, emblematical of Sickness and Lameness. Above is a pediment with the royal arms. Of this gate our readers have a good view in the above engraving.

St. Bartholomew's Hospital, may claim as a benevolent institution an antiquity of more than seven centuries, having been originally founded in 1102, by Raherus, who is said to have been a minstrel to Henry I., and established a priory of black canons near it. The endowment of the hospital, which was for "brethren and sisters, sick persons, and pregnant women," was 306*l.*, and it received several additional bequests previous to the time of that great innovator Henry VIII., who, while he suppressed the monastery, preserved the hospital, and gave 500 marks a year to it, on condition that the city should give an equal sum. It was a death-bed bequest on the part of Henry, and not a very sincere one;—the property on which the

500 marks annually were insured was not only in a very ruinous state, but already charged with pensions, so that a very small sum, indeed, was available towards the support of the hundred poor sick of the city of London, for whom his apparently liberal bounty was intended.

The bad faith of the monarch was, however, but an additional incentive to the liberality of the citizens, who repaired the ruinous houses the monarch had bequeathed, which they did at an expense of 1,000*l.*, and provided the means of receiving 100 persons into the hospital so early as the reign of Edward VI., who incorporated it. The expenses of the hospital at this period amounted to 795*l.* a year; the king's endowment, after the repairs made by the city, produced the 500 marks,—a similar sum was given by the corporation, and the deficit was raised by the citizens.

No sooner did the funds admit of an increase of patients, than it was made so, that in the year 1660 the hospital maintained upwards of 300 sick or lame persons, at an expense of 2,000*l.* a year. The hospital, fortunately, escaped the dreadful conflagration of 1660, although several houses constituting a portion of its revenues were destroyed, but they

were almost immediately rebuilt by the citizens, and then became more productive than ever. Thus the hospital continued until the year 1730, when it was deemed necessary to rebuild the whole, and a subscription was raised for the purpose. Gibbs, who built the churches of St. Martin in the Fields and St. Mary le Strand, was selected as the architect, and under his direction the present structure was raised.

The building forms a quadrangle, with an inner court of considerable dimensions. The interior of the hospital is spacious and well arranged. The hall, which is large, contains several paintings, particularly one, representing St. Bartholomew holding the knife by which he was flayed alive, a portrait of Henry VIII., and another of Dr. Radcliff, who was a great benefactor to the hospital. The staircase is indebted to the gratuitous pencil of Hogarth, who has enriched it with a picture of the cripple at the pool of Bethesda, and another of the good Samaritan, as well as other paintings, in return for which he was elected a governor.

St. Bartholomew's Hospital, which formerly had two auxiliary establishments, in Kingland-road, and Kent-street, in Southwark, is open to accidents at all times, and there is considerable facility given to the admission of patients, who receive the best medical and surgical advice. The number of in-patients is about 5,000, and that of out-patients nearly 6,000 annually.

The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM
NEW WORKS.

MARTIN LUTHER.

The ruins of the Wartburg, an ancient residence of the Electors of Saxony, hang majestically above the town on a wooded eminence, overlooking the most beautiful portion of the Thuringian forest. It was here that the Elector did Luther the friendly turn of detaining him ostensibly as a prisoner, to secure him against the hostility of the church, whom his boldness before the diet at Worms had doubly incensed; and, among the few apartments still maintained in some sort of repair, is that in which the reformer lightened the tedium of his durance, by completing the translation of the Bible. In the pious work he was often interrupted by the devil, who viewed its progress with dismay, but who could not have been treated

with greater contempt by St. Dunstan himself than by the reformer. Having appeared in vain, not only in his infernal personality, but under the more seducing forms of indolence, lukewarmness, and love of worldly grandeur, he at length assumed the shape of a large *blue fly*. But Luther knew Satan in all his disguises, rebuked him manfully, and at length, losing all patience as the concealed devil still buzzed round his pen, started up, and exclaiming, *Willet du dann nicht ruhig bleiben!** hurled his huge ink-stand at the prince of darkness. The diabolical intruder disappeared, and the ink, scattered on the wall, remains until this, a visible proof of the great reformer's invulnerability to all attacks of the evil one.†

Tour in Germany.

THE LATE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

THE memory of Louisa may safely disregard the foul calumnies of French babblers, who lied and invented to gratify their unmanly master; if the character of a woman and a queen is to be gathered from her husband, her children, and her subjects, few of her rank will fill a more honourable place. She said herself, shortly before her death, "Posterity will not set down my name among those of celebrated women; but whoever knows the calamities of these times, will say of me, she suffered much, and she suffered with constancy. May he be able to add, she gave birth to children who deserved better days, who struggled to bring them round, and at length succeeded." She was not distinguished for talent, but she was loved and revered for her virtues; she had all the qualifications of an amiable woman, of a queen she had only the feelings. Every Prussian regarded her, and still speaks of her with a love approaching to adoration. It was not merely her beauty or female graces, richly as she was endowed with them, that captivated her husband's people; it was her pure, mild, simple, and affectionate character.

Major Köckeritz, an old veteran officer,

* Wilt thou not be quiet?

† I have often heard the above related in a different manner from this, by a relation who had been abroad, and had visited the place. It ran thus:—"Luther being busily employed in translating the bible, when Satan suddenly appeared, in *propria persona*, and began to torment him. Luther bore it patiently, till having made him make some mistake, he rose and threw his ink-stand at the head of the devil, which hit him, and the blood flew all over the wall, and his black majesty disappeared." He vouchsafed for the truth of this, and said that there certainly was red spots (similar to blood) upon the wall. How persons differ!

Nota by F. C. N.

was raised in the confidence of the king,* and frequently dined at the royal table. The queen observed that he always retired before coffee was brought in, and she learned from her husband, had accustomed himself to smoke a pipe along with his coffee, an indulgence which he could not enjoy in the presence of her majesty. Next day, when the major was about to retire as usual, the queen left the apartment for a moment, and returned with pipes and a box of tobacco: "There, major, I know you like tobacco as well as coffee; do you imagine I will not know an old friend's face through the smoke of his pipe?"

It would probably be going too far to follow, to its whole extent, the enthusiastic execration which the Prussians bestowed upon Bonaparte for the unfeeling insolence with which they assert him to have treated their idolized queen; but it was an unmanly exploit, to strive to hurt the feelings of a woman. "The object of my journey," said the queen to him, on his first visit after her arrival, "is to prevail on your majesty to grant Prussia an honourable peace." "How," answered Napoleon, in a tone of sovereign contempt, "how could you think of going to war with *me*?" "It was allowable," replied the queen, "that the fame of Frederick should lead us to overrate our strength, if we have overrated it."

While Berlin remained in his possession (Napoleon's), tongues and pens were ordered to ridicule and vilify the queen; nor did the emperor himself always blush at relating the lying calumnies invented to please him. A distinguished literary character had the boldness to say, in the very presence-chamber of Napoleon, "If his majesty wishes to be *thought* an emperor, he must first *learn* to be *more* of a knight; by encouraging these foul slanders against an absent and unfortunate woman, he only makes it *doubtful* whether he *even* be a man." *Ibid.*

* Frederick William of Prussia.

THE SAXON HEPTARCHY — KING EDGAR.

THE Saxons (upon their conquest) established an octarchy, or eight independent kingdoms in the island; namely, Kent, Sussex, Wessex, Essex, East-Anglia, Bernicia, Deira, and Mercia, though from the frequent union of Bernicia and Deira under one head, and at those periods bearing the common name of Northumbria, they have generally been considered as seven only. Among the monarchs of this octarchy there was frequently one whose authority was acknowledged by all,

or most of his cotemporaries. The title by which he was designated, was that of "Bretwalda," the wielder or sovereign of Britain. Whether he obtained it by the influence of his power, or received it from the spontaneous suffrage of his equals, is doubtful; nor do we know whether any duties or prerogatives were attached to his dignity. By Bede the title is given to seven of the Saxon princes; other historians enumerate eight, viz:—Alla of Sussex, Ceuwhin of Wessex, Ethelbert of Kent, Redwald of East-Anglia, Edwin, Oswald, and Oswio of Northumbria, and Egbert of Wessex.*

To Athelstan, who flourished towards the middle of the tenth century, belongs the glory of having established what has ever since been called the Kingdom of England. His predecessors, until the reign of Alfred, had been styled "Kings of Wessex." That monarch and his son Edward, assumed the title of "Kings of the Anglo-Saxons." Athelstan sometimes called himself "King of the English;" and at other times claimed the more pompous title of "King of all Britain." Under his crown all the countries originally conquered, and colonized by the Saxons, became united.

The most powerful and splendid, however, of the Anglo-Saxon monarchs, was Edgar, the nephew of Athelstan, who succeeded to the throne about the year 956 or 7. Proud of his ascendancy, he assumed the most lofty titles. He styled himself "King of the English, and of all the nations dwelling around, monarch of all Albion, and of the Kings of the Isles." We are assured that the princes of Scots and Britons did him service as vassals: and if we may believe one of his charters, all the islands between Britain and Norway, the city of Dublin, and the greater part of Ireland, had submitted to his authority. In lieu of the tribute which his predecessors had imposed on the Welch he exacted an annual present of the heads of three hundred wolves; and so effectual was the expedient, that in four years that race of ferocious animals was entirely extirpated. The ceremony of his coronation was performed at Bath with great solemnity, in the presence of an immense concourse of spectators. Thence he proceeded to Chester to receive the homage of eight princes, Kenneth of Scotland, Malcolm of Cumberland, Mac Orric of Anglesey, and the Isles, Jukil of West-

* The opinion that Egbert gave himself the title of first king of England, rests on no sufficient authority. Several of his predecessors had as good a right to it as himself; and his immediate successors contented themselves with the usual style of King of the West Saxons.

moreland, Jago of Galloway, and Howel, Dyfnwal, and Griffith of Wales. The ceremony was opened with a splendid procession by water on the Dee. Edgar stepping into his barge, seated himself at the helm; and the vassal kings, taking the oars, rowed him to the church of St. John the Baptist; the prelates and thanes followed in their barges, while the banks were lined with spectators, and the air resounded with acclamations. At his return he is said to have observed to those around him: "My successors may think themselves kings, when they can command the service of the like number of princes." Edgar died in the year 976, two years after his coronation. The Chron. Sax. has preserved parts of the poems made on the occasion. The following is a literal version of some of the papers:—"Here ended his earthly joys, Edgar, England's king, and chose the light of another world beautiful and happy. Here Edgar departed, the ruler of the Angles, the joy of the West Saxons, the defender of the Mercians. That was known afar among many nations. Kings beyond the baths of the sea-fowl worshipped him far and wide: they bowed to the king as one of their own kin. There was no fleet so proud, there was no host so strong, as to seek food in England, whilst this noble king ruled the kingdom. He reared up God's honour, he loved God's law, he preserved the people's peace, the best of all the kings that were before in the memory of man. And God was his helper: and kings and earls bowed to him: and they obeyed his will; and without battle he ruled all as he willed."—*Lingard's England*.

THE NEAPOLITANS.

MARRIAGES at Naples among the upper classes are, as every where else, decided by considerations of rank and fortune; but the rest of the population run into the opposite extreme. Matches are imprudently made in consequence of capricious and sudden inclinations, the nuptial vows are soon forgotten, recrimination and disgust follow close, and thence to infidelity there is but a step. The above remarks on the Neapolitan women admit, of course, of numerous exceptions—indeed there are to be met in this city many and many families in every rank of life, who might be taken for models of moral rectitude, the more to be admired on account of the temptations to which they stand exposed; among the better sort of tradesmen, the greatest regularity of habits prevail.

Apathy and carelessness are prevailing features of the Neapolitan character.—These people only live in the present; they drive away the idea of futurity as an unwelcome monitor, and whatever they do is marked with thoughtlessness and want of foresight. If a funeral passes by although it be that of a friend, *salute a noi*, long life to us, they exclaim, shrugging up their shoulders with undisguised selfishness.

All their desires are concentrated in enjoyment of the moment; *carpe diem* seems to be the universal precept. The same disposition renders them fond of gambling: that exercise, by rousing their dormant energies, possesses great charms for them; and the deceiving hope of making their fortune in one night, attracts crowds to the fatal table, where they generally complete their ruin. It is a common practice among many people in this country to promise any thing to captivate the friendship of a person present, without giving themselves the trouble of considering whether they will be able to perform what they have engaged themselves to do: consequently little trust is to be put in their words. When Vesuvius thunders aloud, or an earthquake threatens them with destruction—when fiery streams vomited from the roaring mouth of the volcano roll on, carrying devastation over the plains below—when the air is darkened by clouds of smoke and showers of ashes, the Neapolitans fall on their knees, fast, do penance, and follow the processions barefooted; but as soon as the roar has ceased, the flame has disappeared, and the atmosphere has recovered its wonted serenity, they return to their usual mode of life, they sink again to their former level, and the tinkling sounds of the *tamburrello* call them again to the lascivious dance of the *tarantella*.

A want of decorum and good breeding is observable in their manners. They are noisy and disorderly in their parties, indiscreet in their questions and reflections, and indelicate and vulgar in their language, vain, boastful, and exaggerating.

From what I have said, it will appear that I look upon Naples as one of the most corrupt cities in Europe. It is, however, a corruption different from that of other capitals, such as Paris or London; it is a mixture of the rudeness of a people half savage, for such is the state of the lower classes, with the vices of luxury and civilization fostered among the upper ones. It is a sad remark that the Neapolitans seem to have copied from the various nations that have successively

ruled over them, rather their bad than their good qualities; and this observation is particularly applicable to their intercourse with the French, their late masters.

In point of science and literature, the Neapolitans, although, generally speaking, they are behind the rest of the Italians, still can boast of many illustrious names among their countrymen. Most of their literary characters are unknown beyond the limits of their native country; among those whose names are more familiar, may be mentioned, Cardano, Bruno; and in the last century, Vico, Genovisi, two great logicians; Giannone, the author of the history of the Two Sicilies; Filangieri, who wrote on the science of legislation; Cerlone, the author of several comedies; the famous Galiani; Cavalier Filomarino, and the Padre della Torre, both celebrated naturalists; Mario Pagano; Russo; the two well-known physicians Cirillo and Cotugno; and many others. The most learned class in Naples is that of the lawyers; among whom are to be found many, who, besides a deep knowledge of their own profession, have also cultivated the muses to advantage, and who claim an acquaintance with the literature of other nations. The names of Gravina, Galanti, Saverio Mattei, and Nicola Vuletta, belong to this class.

The law is the only profession at Naples in which a man of abilities may hope to advance, and to reach the highest stations. The Neapolitan lawyers have in a certain manner the best part of the property of the kingdom in their hands, as there is hardly, perhaps, a landholder but has two or three causes pending before the courts. This is one of the greatest evils of this country; a lawyer and a suit are indispensable appendages of property. Some of the principal families have suits which have been carried on for a century, and for which a certain sum is yearly appropriated, although the business never advances, and at last the expenses swallow up the whole capital.

There are at present several literary characters in this country whose acquaintance is worth cultivating. Among the rest, the astronomer Padre Piazzi; a naturalist of the name of Lippi; Cuoco, author of *I viaggi di Platone in Italia*, and of an eloquent account of the revolution of Naples in 1799; the prince of San Giorgio, an antiquary and poet; the Marquis Berio, an elegant poet, and well acquainted with English literature; the duke of Ventignano, a tragic writer; the Marquis Montrone; the Marquis Cannello; and several others.

Mechanical arts have made little pro-

gress at Naples, although they boast of the china of their royal manufactory, of the cutlery of Campo Basso, the woollen cloths of Arpino, their guitars and strings, and their carriages, which are certainly the best specimens of their workmanship. Still, generally speaking, the arts are here in their infancy, and people who can afford to pay for the refinements of life are obliged to get them from France, England, and Germany. The articles of furniture made at Naples are clumsy, heavy, and unfinished; their doors, window-frames, and shutters, never close well, and admit the air through innumerable interstices, so that, on a rainy or chilly day, one is obliged to run out of the house to warm oneself. The best jewelers, milliners, tailors, and shoe-makers, are foreigners: the best *restaurateurs* are Milanese; the only circulating library is kept by a Frenchman; in the same manner the architect who has erected the colonnade in front of the king's palace, is a native of Lombardy; a German has established a cotton manufactory at Piedmonte, a small town about fifty miles from the capital; and the principal merchants and bankers at Naples are also strangers; all which is certainly not to the credit of the natives.

The best specimen of the state of the arts and manufactures in this country, is the yearly exhibition of the produce of national industry, which is open to the public in the month of May, in the lower apartments of the National Palace de' Studj. This people seem, in general, rather better imitators than inventors. There was also an exhibition of paintings by living artists, among which were some good landscapes by Cali, and some historical pieces and portraits by Falciani. Among the painters resident in Naples, must be mentioned Huber, a landscape painter, and a Swiss by birth, an artist of great genius; and Meyer, who excels in his views and costumes of this country, either in body colours or a l'acquarella.

From all that I have said, it will appear that the Neapolitans are possessed of many good natural qualities, which either are slumbering in them, or are not directed towards proper and beneficial objects; yet the elements exist with which many things might be effected: and the mass of the nation, particularly in the provinces, is rather below civilization than advanced to the extreme of corruption; their minds are like an unbroken soil, which contains all its primitive strength and fertility, and which, with the help of a skilful labourer, might bring forth an abundant and valuable harvest. An able and patriotic ministry,

enjoying the full confidence of the sovereign, could effect wonders in this country."

Visserrus's Italy and the Italians.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

DIGNITY OF THE TURKISH HOSPODAR.

FROM the moment that the Divan has fixed that this or that Drogman shall be promoted to the high dignity of Hospodar of Wallachia or Moldavia, the Prince takes the title of Highness, and surrounds himself with Wallachians and Moldavians, who by their fortune or character have the greatest influence among the Boyards and people of the province to which he is appointed. He promises to some places and appointments, to others the hands of his daughters, which always go with the highest offices. These promises are repeated, until the Prince, having seated himself in his government, does not feel it necessary either to keep them or to make any more.

The manner and behaviour of a Hospodar are sufficiently curious. His dignity is of a very different kind from that which usually distinguishes other great men when they condescend to be seen by their inferiors. When he appears in public or in his palace, if he walks, he lets his head hang down upon his breast, and half shuts his eyes; he feigns deafness, and pretends not to be able to hear when any question is put to him which he does not choose to answer. He never looks on one side, but keeps a constant direct stare, rolling a chaplet continually between his fingers, while with the other hand he chinks some newly-struck gold coin, called *Roubies*, which he keeps in his pocket for that purpose. If he speaks, it is with a very soft gentle voice and in a sing-song tone—a kind of recitative. This is the kind of dignity into which an intriguing and hypocritical Fanariote invariably sinks, either as the natural consequence of his former habits and his present elevation, or because it is understood to accord with the Fanariote notions of what is princely or Hospodariatic.

Nothing can equal the tender attentions of the Boyards, and especially the Boyards from the Fasar. The latter approach the person of the Hospodar with most remarkable eagerness; two or three of them seize his arms and raise him from the ground, so that in walking he scarcely reaches the floor with the point of his toes, while two or three other lords

take up the tail of his robe; and thus, with all the air of a wretched paralytic, he passes into his apartments, followed by a train of domestics. When he is put down there he throws away his chaplet, and, putting his money in his pocket, he snatches his pipe with some agility. At that instant a loud Stentorian voice is heard in the hall, when the Prince is seated: this is the cry of the *Tchaouche*, one of his grooms, for coffee and the coffee-bearer. The moment he has sung out *Cafe! Cafesi-Bachi*, the coffee-bearer of his Hospodariatic Highness appears with a little cup richly set with diamonds, which is immediately presented. If he wishes to take a meal, the same ceremonies take place. At mid-day a *Tchaouche* cries out a sort of speech to the steward, the butler, and the cup-bearer, and finishes with these words, and all of you, gentlemen, attached to the service of the table of his Highness prepare yourselves. Scarcely is the Prince seated at table, when thirty or forty unseen musicians strike up with their violins and Pan-pipes of fourteen reeds, known in this country by the name of *Miskals*. These musicians are the people known in this country by the name of gipsies, and in France of Bohemians: immense numbers of them inhabit Moldavia and Wallachia, and are called *Tringens*; some leading a settled life, and some, as elsewhere, wandering from place to place. They are said to be very admirable musicians, and capable of executing the richest compositions of Europe with rare precision, though they play entirely by ear, and do not know a single note.

The Prince never asks for any thing at table, all is prepared for him, his bread even is cut into little morsels, and every thing being offered to him, he refuses that which he dislikes. The wine is held in small glass decanters, and the cup-bearer, who is always one of his nearest relations, keeps standing behind him, constantly holding out to him a glass half-filled with it. When the meal is finished a *Tchaouche* utters the cry for coffee. It is by that time one o'clock, and another *Tchaouche* shouts out of a window to inform the city that his Highness has dined and is going to take coffee, and the instant after is going to take his repose. From that moment all is buried in the deepest silence, a universal calm spreads itself over the palace, where business of every kind is suspended.

It must not be supposed that this interval, of about three hours, is spent entirely by the Prince in sleep. He employs it, according as he understands it, for the

happiness of his subjects. These are his three hours of meditation, of freedom, and, nominally, of leisure, though it is often the time when he is most actively employed. At four o'clock the noise of the innumerable clocks of Bucharest, which amount to about two hundred, and also that of the *holy plates*, announce that the Prince is not to be supposed any longer asleep. The *holy plates* are certain pieces of copper suspended by two cords, which the priests before the introduction of bells used to strike with mallets, for the purpose of consoing the faithful. The usage is still preserved by the Moldavians, who call the sacred plates *Symandra*, the name they bore at Constantinople, when they were applied to the same use.

The dress of the Hospodar does not differ from that of a noble Turk at Constantinople, except in the head-dress. In place of the turban, he wears a cylindrical cap in imitation of the Kan of the Crimea, composed of yellow cloth, and covered round the lower part with sable. The Prince and the Boyards are alike distinguished from their inferiors by the length of their beards; but no subject, Boyard or not, is permitted to line his slippers with red—this is a privilege which the Hospodar reserves to himself.

London Magazine.

THE BOAR'S HEAD IN EAST-CHEAP.

THIS celebrated tavern is first mentioned in the reign of Richard II., when it was given by Walter Warden, under the description of "All that his tenement called the *Boar's Head in Eastcheap*," to a college of Priests founded by William Walworth, Lord Mayor of London, in the adjoining church of St. Michael, Crooked-lane.

Shakespeare is well known to have made this the place of meeting of *Falstaff* and his merry companions in the succeeding reign. *Dame Quickly*, the then supposed hostess, exclaims, in the Second Part of *Henry IV.* to the *Chief Justice*—

"O, my most worshipful Lord, an't please your Grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Chief Justice.—For what sum?

Hostess.—It is more than sum; my Lord, it is for all—all I have: he hath eat me out of house and home, he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his.

In Goldsmith's delightful essay, called "A Revertie at the Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap," amidst a good deal of fancy, the author gives us some particu-

lars of the real history of this place; which it appears, was, soon after the period alluded to, converted into a residence for the religious mentioned, and so continued until the dissolution of monasteries in the reign of Henry VIII. He is supposed to be addressed by the shade of *Dame Quickly*—

"My body was no sooner laid in the dust, than the prior and several of his convent came to purify the tavern from the pollution with which they said I had filled it. Masses were said in every room, relics were exposed upon every piece of furniture, and the whole house washed with a deluge of holy water. My habitation was soon converted into a monastery; instead of customers now applying for sack and sugar, my rooms were crowded with images, relics, saints, mistresses, and friars, instead of being a scene of occasional debauchery, it was now filled with continual lewdness," &c.

Stowe, in his History of London, first published in the reign of Elizabeth, again notices it as a tavern; and informs us, in speaking of its history, that the renowned Henry Prince of Wales was not the only one of the royal family whose youthful blood here led them into frolic and riot. His brothers *John* and *Thomas*, with their attendants, between two and three o'clock after midnight, raised such an uproar, that the mayor and under sheriff thought proper to interfere. This the princes took as an insult on their dignity. The magistrates were convened by the celebrated Chief Justice Gascoigne: they stood on their defence, and were honourably dismissed, it being proved that they did no more than their duty towards the maintenance of the peace.

Its re-establishment as a house of entertainment must have taken place very soon after the dissolution, if Goldsmith is correct in relating the following anecdote:—

"Kings themselves have been known to play off at *Primero*, not only all the money and jewels they could part with, but the very images in churches. The last Henry played away in this very room not only the four great bells in St. Paul's cathedral, but the fine image of St. Paul, which stood upon the top of the spire, to Sir Miles Partridge, who took them down the next day, and sold them by auction."

He continues—"The last hostess of note I find upon record was Jane Rouse. She was born among the lower ranks of the people; and by frugality and extreme complaisance, contrived to acquire a moderate fortune: this she might have enjoyed for many years, had she not unfortunately quarrelled with one of her

neighbours, a woman who was in high repute for sanctity through the whole parish. In the times of which I speak, two women seldom quarrelled that one did not accuse the other of witchcraft, and she who first contrived to vomit crooked pins was sure to come off victorious. The scandal of a modern tea-table differs widely from the scandal of former times; the fascination of a lady's eye, at present, is regarded as a compliment; but if a lady formerly should be accused of having witchcraft in her eyes, it were much better, both for her soul and body, that she had no eyes at all. In short, Jane Rouse was accused of witchcraft, and though she made the best defence she could, it was all to no purpose; she was taken from her own bar to the bar of the Old Bailey, condemned, and executed accordingly.

"Since her time the tavern underwent several revolutions, according to the spirit of the times, or the disposition of the reigning monarch. It was this day a brothel, and the next a conventicle for enthusiasts. It was one year noted for harbouring whigs, and the next infamous for a retreat to the tories. Some years ago it was in high vogue, but at present it seems declining. This only may be remarked, in general, that whenever taverns flourish most, the times are then most extravagant and luxurious."

A tablet in the church-yard behind the Boar's Head Tavern, Eastcheap, is said, in the *Universal Spectator*, to have recorded the death of a successor of Francis, "*Anon, anon, Sir,*"

"Here lieth the body of Robert Preston, late drawer, at the Boar's Head Tavern in Great Eastcheap, who departed this life A. D. 1730, aged 27 years.

Bacchus, to give the toping world surprise,
Furchas'd one sober son, and here he lies;
Though mur'd' among 'st full hogheads, he defied
The charms of wine, as well as other's pride.
O, reader, if to justice thou'rt inclin'd,
Keep honest Preston duly in thy mind;
He drew good wine, took care to fill his pots,
Had sundry virtues that outweigh'd his spots.
You that on Bacchus have the like dependance,
Pray copy Bob in measure and attendance,

Maitland, near this period, speaks thus of the Boar's Head, which appears to have been in great repute:—

"In this street (Eastcheap) is the Boar's Head Tavern, under the sign of which is wrote, *This is the Chief Tavern in London.* It is in this Tavern where some of the scenes of the poet Shakspeare's Henry IV. are laid, in which he introduces Prince Henry, Falstaff, and his companions."

A Boar's head, cut in stone, and fixed in the front of some modern houses, is

the only memorial that now marks the site of this ancient scene of conviviality which has for many years ceased to be a tavern, and is at present occupied by a wholesale perfumer. Goldsmith appears to have been unmindful of the original mansion being destroyed by the Fire of London, in his account of the Boar's Head. The introductory mention of it in his essay must only, therefore, be taken as a specimen of beautiful description:—

"Such were the reflections that naturally arose while I sat at the Boar's Head Tavern, still kept at Eastcheap. Here, by a pleasant fire, in the very room where old Sir John Falstaff cracked his jokes, in the very chair which was sometimes honoured by Prince Henry, and sometimes polluted by his immoral merry companions, I sat and ruminated on the follies of youth; wished to be young again: but was resolved to make the best of life while it lasted, and now and then compared past and present times together. The room also conspired to throw my reflections back into antiquity: the oak floor, the Gothic windows, and the ponderous chimney-piece, had long withstood the tooth of time," &c. The age of the tavern standing in his time was pointed out by the sculptured boar's head just mentioned, which was put upon its rebuilding, and bears the date 1668.

Morning Herald.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff,"—*Wotton.*

BARROW states the visiting ticket sent by the governor of Pe-tche-lee to the British ambassadors, was crimson paper, and of such dimensions, that a room of moderate size might have been papered with it.

EPIGRAM

On a lady observing it was dark, and that night had arrived.

THEN close thine eyes, sweet girl, I pray,
If you would have it night;
For while they shine it must be day,
They give such radiant light.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SEVERAL communications have been received, which shall be decided on in our next.

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Bethlehem, the Birthplace of Christ.



WE have more than once selected a scripture subject for an engraving, and no occasion can be more appropriate for giving a view of the city where the Messiah was born, than on the anniversary of that memorable day. The above view of Bethlehem is according to the best authorities, and will, we doubt not, be acceptable to most of our readers.

Bethlehem is situated at the distance of six miles from Jerusalem, in a fine country, blest with a salubrious air, and abundant fertility. The water is conveyed in a low aqueduct which formerly passed to Jerusalem. The *fons signatus* is a charming spring, yielding a constant supply of water to three large cisterns, one of which is still in good preservation. At a small distance from these, a beautiful rivulet called the *Delicia Solomonis* laves the herbage of the valley, and fertilizes several fine gardens, while the circumjacent soil is richly clothed with an elegant assemblage of fig-trees, vines and olives.

Bethlehem received its name, which signifies the *House of Bread*, from Abraham; and it was surnamed *Ephrata*, the Fruitful, after Caleb's wife, to distinguish

it from another Bethlehem, in the tribe of Zebulon. It belonged to the tribe of Judah, and also went by the name of the City of David, that monarch having been born there, and tended sheep in his childhood. Abijan, the seventh judge of Israel, Elimelech, Obed, Jesse, and Boaz, were, like David, natives of Bethlehem, and here must be placed the scene of the admirable eclogue of Ruth. St. Matthias the apostle, also received life in the village of Bethlehem.

The convent is connected with the church by a court enclosed with lofty walls. This court leads by a small side-door into the church. The edifice is certainly of high antiquity, and, though often destroyed and as often repaired, it still retains marks of its Grecian origin. On the pavement at the foot of the altar you observe a marble star which corresponds, as tradition asserts, with the point of the heavens where the miraculous star that conducted the three kings became stationary. The Greeks occupy the choir of the Magi, as well as the two other naves formed by the transom of the cross. These last are empty, and without altars.

Two spiral staircases, each composed of fifteen steps, open on the sides of the outer church, and conduct to the subterranean church, situated beneath this choir. At the farther extremity of the crypt, on the east side, is the spot where tradition reports the Virgin to have brought forth the Redeemer of mankind. This spot is marked by a white marble incrustated with jasper, and surrounded by a circle of silver, having rays resembling those with which the sun is represented. Around it are inscribed these words :—

HIC DE VIRGINE MARIA
JESUS CHRISTUS NATUS EST.*

At the distance of seven paces towards the south, after you have passed the foot of one of the staircases leading to the upper church you find the manger. You go down to it by two steps, for it is not upon a level with the rest of the crypt. It is a low recess hewn out of the rock—a block of white marble, raised about a foot above the floor, and hollowed in the form of a manger, indicates the spot where our Saviour was laid upon straw.

Two paces farther, opposite to the manger, stands an altar, which occupies the place where Mary sat when she presented the child of sorrow to the adoration of the Magi.

Nothing can be more pleasing or better calculated to excite sentiments of devotion than this subterranean church; and pilgrims salute on their knees the place of the nativity. The church is adorned with pictures of the Italian and Spanish schools representing the mysteries of the place, the Virgin and Child, after Raphael, the annunciation, the adoration of the wise men, the coming of the shepherds, and all those miracles of mingled grandeur and simplicity. The usual ornaments of the manger are of blue satin, embroidered with silver, and incense is continually smoking before the cradle of the Saviour.

Bethlehem was once a flourishing town, but is now a poor village, situated on an eminence in a fertile country. Many of the habitations are formed out of grottos, and the stables are in excavations of the earth and rock, so that any objection which may arise, so far as respects the place of the nativity being under ground, can have no foundation, but on the contrary, is rather confirmed by being so similar to the ordinary stables of the country. We cannot, perhaps, better close this account of the birth-place of Christ than by the following beautiful poem :—

* Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

BY HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

WHEN marshall'd on the mighty plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One Star alone of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.

Hark! Hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone, the Saviour speaks
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud—the night was dark
The ocean yawn'd—and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck I ceased the tide to stem:
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
It made my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm, and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moor'd!—my perils o'er,
I'll sing first in night's diadem,
For ever and for ever more,
The Star!—The Star of Bethlehem.

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS.

ALTHOUGH we have on several occasions given an account of the customs observed at various places at Christmas,* yet the subject is by no means exhausted, and we could easily fill a whole number of our MIRROR in detailing its several observances.

Among our ancestors there seems to have been a competition, who could best sustain the hospitality of Christmas, the citizens or the country people. Our ancestors considered Christmas in the double light of a holy commemoration, and a cheerful festival, and accordingly distinguished it by devotion, by vacation from business, by merriment, and hospitality. They were eagerly bent to make themselves, and every one about them, happy. With what punctual zeal did they wish one another a *merry Christmas!* and what an omission would it have been thought to have concluded a letter without the *compliments of the season!* The great hall resounded with the tumultuous joy of servants and tenants; and the gambols they played served as amusement to the lord of the mansion and his family, who, by encouraging every art conducive to mirth and entertainment, endeavoured to soften the rigour of the season, and mitigate the influence of winter.

Some of the barons and knights in the middle ages kept open house until twelfth-day, giving away beef, plum-pudding, and nut-brown ale. An earl of Gloucester, in days of old, used to entertain two hundred knights at his table during Christmas, at his manor, of Keynsham.

* See MIRROR, Nos. 8, 63, 64, 65; and 118.

There were thirty eel-pies smoking on his table on Christmas-day, and they were considered a great dainty. On the twelfth-day he gave a play, in which the principal character, Constance, Countess of Bretagne, married and buried three husbands, all in the space of about an hour. At the close of the festival, which included all the earl's vassals, the latter received each a silver groat at parting, on which they took up the flagon and waved it round their heads in honour of their noble donor.

Puttingham, a writer of Queen Elizabeth's days, in his *Art of English Poesie*, speaking of the country custom of keeping Christmas near that period, tells us, that supper at Christmas, was succeeded by gambols of various sorts, and sometimes the squire and his family would mingle in the amusements, or retiring to the tapestried parlour, would leave the ball to the more boisterous mirth of his household. "Then," says he, "would the blind harper, who sold his *fit of mirth for a groat*, be introduced, either to provoke the dance, or to rouse their wonder by his minstrelsy; his matter being for the most part stories of olden time—as the tale of Sir Topas, the Reportes of Bevis of Southampton, Guy, Earl of Warwick, Adam Bell, and Clymme of the Clough, and such other old romances or historical rimes, made purposely for recreation of the common people at Christmase dinners and bride-ales!"

Yet, if we are to believe Massinger, the country banquets were not to be compared to those in London. In his play of the *City Madam*, with the true pride of a citizen, he says,

"Men may talk of *country Christmasses*,
Their thirty-pound butter'd eggs, their pies of
carps tongues,
Their pheasants drench'd with ambergis, the
carcasses
Of three fat wethers bruin'd for gravy, to
Make sauce for a single peacock; yet their feasts
Were fests, compar'd with the city's."

Massinger then describes the city feast as containing "three sucking pigs served up in a dish, a fortnight fed with dates and muscadine that cost twenty marks a piece. The dishes," he adds, "were raised over one another, as woodmongers do billets, and most of the shops of the best confectioners in London ransacked to furnish out a banquet."

No persons knew better than the London citizens that

"'Tis merry in hall,
When beards wag all;"

and they took good care that their tables should be well covered during the whole of the Christmas holidays.

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At this period it was getting to be no uncommon thing for country gentlemen to spend their Christmas in London, an innovation which several authors complain of, and which seems by no means to have met with Queen Elizabeth's approval. This we learn from a letter in *Lodge's Illustrations of English History*. It is written by Sergeant Fleetwood to the Earl of Derby, New Year's Day, 1589, and contains the following passage: "The gentlemen of Norfolk and Suffolk, were commanded to depart from London before Xtemasse, and to repair to their counties, and there to keepe hospitalitie amongst their neighbours."

In *Stevenson's Twelve Months*, in the year 1661, the author notices the Christmas customs at that time. "Now," says he, "capons and hens, besides turkeys and ducks, with beef and mutton, must all die;—for in twelve days a multitude of people will not be fed with a little. Now plumbees and spice, sugar and honey, square it among pies and broth. Now a journeyman cares not a rush for his master, though he begs his plum-porridge all the twelve days. Now or never must the music be in tune, for the youth must dance and sing to get them a-heat, while the aged sit by the fire. The country maid leaves half her market, and must be sent again if she forgets a pack of cards on Christmas eve. Great is the contention of holly and ivy, whether master or dame wears the breeches; and, if the cook do not lack wit, he will sweetly lick his fingers."

Poor Robin, in his Almanack for the year 1677, with more truth than poetry, says,

Now grocer's trade
Is in request,
For plums and spices
Of the best.

Good cheer doth with
This month agree,
And dainty chaps
Must sweetened be.

Mirth and gladness
Doth abound,
And strong beer in
Each house is found.

Minc'd pies, roast beef,
With other cheer,
And feasting, doth
Conclude the year.

THE following satirical account of Christmas, is quoted from Read's weekly Journal of January 6, 1731:—

"My house," says this observer, "is directly opposite to a great church; and it was with much pleasure I observed from my window, last Christmas Day, the numerous poor that waited at the doors very liberally relieved; but my joy was soon over, for no sooner were the charitable congregation dispersed, but these wretches,

who before appeared the very pictures of misery, forgot their cant, and fell to quarrelling about the dividend: oaths and curses flew about amongst them very plentifully, and passion grew so high, that they fell hard upon one another's faults. In short, I learned from their own mouths that they were all impostors, oath men and women; and that, amongst their whole number, which was very large, there was not one object of charity. When they had tired themselves with scolding, they very lovingly adjourned to a neighbouring brandy shop, from whence they returned in a condition neither fit for me to describe nor you to hear.

"The next day I met with another wonder; for, by that time I was up, my servants could do nothing but run to the door. Inquiring the meaning, I was answered, the people were come for their *Christmas-box*: this was logic to me; but I found at last, that, because I had laid out a great deal of ready-money with my brewer, baker, and other tradesmen, they kindly thought it my duty to present their servants with some money for the favour of having their goods. This provoked me a little; but, being told it was the custom, I complied. These were followed by the watch, beadles, dustmen, and an innumerable tribe; but what vexed me the most was the *clerk*, who has an extraordinary place, and makes as good an appearance as most tradesmen in the parish—to see him come a-boxing, *alias begging*. I thought it was intolerable; however, I found it was the custom too, so I gave him half-a-crown; as I was likewise obliged to do to the bellman, for breaking my rest for many nights together.

"Having talked this matter over with a friend, he promised to carry me where I might see the good effects of this giving *box-money*. In the evening, away we went to a neighbouring ale-house, where abundance of these gentry were assembled round a stately piece of roast-beef, and as large a plum-pudding. When the drink and brandy began to work, they fell to reckoning of their several gains that day: one was called a stingy dog for giving but sixpence; another called an extravagant fool for giving half-a-crown, which perhaps he might want before the year was out: so I found these good people were never to be pleased. Some of them were got to cards by themselves, which soon produced a quarrel and broken heads. In the interim, came in some of their wives, who roundly abused the people for having given them money; adding, that, instead of doing good, it ruined their families, and set them in a road of drinking

and gaming, which never ceased, till not only their gifts, but their wages were gone. One good woman said, if people had a mind to give charity, they should send it home to their families: I was very much of her opinion; but, being tired with the noise, we left them to agree as they could.

"My friend next carried me to the upper-end of Piccadilly, where, one pair of stairs over a stable we found near a hundred people of both sexes, *some masked*, others not, a great part of which were dancing to the music of two sorry fiddles. It is impossible to describe this medley of mortals fully; however, I will do it as well as I can. There were footmen, servant-maids, butchers, apprentices, oyster, and orange-women, common prostitutes, and sharpers, which appeared to be the best of the company. This horrid place seemed to me a complete nursery for the gallows. My friend informed me, it was called a *threepenny hop*; and while we were talking, to my great satisfaction, by order of the Westminster justices, to their *immortal honour*, entered the constables and their assistants, who carried off all the company that was left; and, had not my friend been known to them, we might have paid dear for our curiosity.

"I believe I have almost tired you, as well as myself, with an account of the lower sort of diversions. I come next to expatiate on the *entertainment and good cheer I met with in the city*, whither my friend carried me to dinner these holidays. It was the house of an eminent and worthy merchant; and though, I have been accustomed, in my own county, to what may very well be called good house-keeping, yet, I assure you, I should have taken this dinner to have been provided for a whole parish, rather than about a dozen gentlemen. It is impossible for me to give you half our bill of fare; so you must be content to know that we had turkeys, geese, capons, puddings of a dozen sorts, more than I had ever seen in my life; besides brawn, roast beef, and many things of which I know not the names; mince-pies in abundance, and a thing they call *plum-pottage*, which may be good, for aught I know, though it seems to me to have fifty different tastes. Our wines were of the best, as were all the rest of our liquors; in short, the god of Plenty seemed to reign here: and, to make every thing perfect, our company was polite, and every way agreeable; nothing but mirth and loyal healths went round."

Such was the way in which our ancestors spent their Christmas; of late years,

however, it must be confessed that this festival has not been so honoured, though some of our nobility keep it up with a good portion of old English hospitality. In London, however, only two days, or rather one day, and an evening are devoted to it, Christmas Day and Twelfth Night; and the manner in which those are usually spent is well known, and has already been described in the *MIRROR* (Nos. VIII. and X.) We shall, however, subjoin a few other notices connected with this period.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

BOURNE deduces the word carol from *cantare*, to sing, and *rola*, an interjection of joy. It is an imitation of the *Gloria in excelsis* by the angels sung in the church itself, and by the bishops in their houses among the clergy. Fosbroke, in his "Encyclopædia of Antiquities," says, "it was usual in ancient feasts to single out a person, and place him in the midst to sing a song to God;" and Mr. Davies Gilbert states, that, till lately, in the West of England, on Christmas eve, about seven or eight o'clock in the evening, "cakes were drawn hot from the oven; cyder or beer exhilarated the spirits in every house; and the singing of carols was continued late into the night. On Christmas day these carols took the place of psalms in all the churches, especially at afternoon service, the whole congregation joining; and at the end it was usual for the parish clerk to declare, in a loud voice, his wishes for a merry Christmas and a happy new year to all the parishioners." Mr. Hone, in his curious work, the "Ancient Mysteries," says, "the custom of singing carols at Christmas prevails in Ireland to the present time. In Scotland, where no church feasts have been kept since the days of John Knox, the custom is unknown. In Wales it is still preserved to a greater extent, perhaps, than in England; at a former period, the Welsh had carols adapted to most of the ecclesiastical festivals, and the four seasons of the year, but at this time they are limited to that of Christmas. After the turn of midnight at Christmas eve, service is performed in the churches, followed by singing of carols to the harp. Whilst the Christmas holydays continue, they are sung in like manner in the houses, and there are carols especially adapted to be sung at the doors of the houses by visitors before they enter. *Llyfr Carolan*, or the Book of Carols, contains sixty-six for Christmas, and five summer carols; *Blodeugerdd Cymrii*, or the Anthology of Wales, contains forty-

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eight Christmas carols, nine summer carols, three May carols, one winter carol, one nightingale carol, and a carol to Cupid.

"On the continent the custom of caroling at Christmas is almost universal. During the last days of Advent, Calabrian minstrels enter Rome, and are to be seen in every street saluting the shrines of the Virgin mother with their wild music, under the traditional notion of charming her labour-pains on the approaching Christmas. Lady Morgan observed them frequently stopping at the shop of a carpenter. In reply to questions concerning this, the workmen who stood at the door said, that it was done out of respect to St. Joseph. I have an old print of this practice. Two Calabrian shepherds are represented devoutly playing at Christmas in a street of Rome, before a stone shrine, containing a sculpture of the infant Jesus in the Virgin's arms, lighted up by candles, with a relief under it of supplicating souls in purgatorial fire, inscribed "*Dite Ave Maria*." A young female, with a rosary, is praying on her knees before the sculpture. The shepherds stand behind and blow the bagpipes and a clarionet."

We shall conclude our notice of this subject with a beautiful ANGLONORMAN CAROL, translated by Francis Douce, Esq. from a manuscript of the thirteenth century, in the British Museum. (Bibl. Reg. 16 E. 8.)

ANGLONORMAN CAROL

Now lordings, listen to our ditty,
Strangers coming from afar;
Let poor minstrels move your pity,
Give us welcome, soothe our care:
In this mansion as they tell us,
Christmas wassel keeps to day;
And as the king of all good fellows,
Reigns with uncontrolled sway.

Lordings in these realms of pleasure,
Father Christmas yearly dwells
Deal out joy in liberal measure,
Gloomy sorrow soon dispels;
Numerous guests and viands dainty,
Fill the hall and grace the board;
Mirth and beauty, peace and plenty,
Solid pleasures here afford.

Lordings, 'tis said the liberal mind,
That on the needy much bestows,
From Heaven a sure reward shall find,
From Heav'n whence ev'ry blessing flows
Who largely gives with willing hand,
Or quickly gives with willing heart;
His fame shall spread throughout the land
His mem'ry thence shall ne'er depart!

Lordings grant not your protection
To a base unworthy crew;
But cherish with a kind affection,
Men that are loyal, good and true.
Chase from your hospitable dwelling
Swinish souls that ever crave;
Virtue they can ne'er excel in,
Gluttons never can be brave.

Landings, Christmas loves good-drinking
Wines of Gasconne, France, Anjou;
English ale, that drives out thinking,
Prince of liquors odd or new.
Every neighbour shares the bowl,
Drinks of the spicy liquor deep.
Drinks his fill without control,
Till he drowns his care in sleep.

And now by Christmas jolly soul!
By this mansion's generous sire!
By the wine and by the bowl,
And all the joys they both inspire!
Here I'll drink a health to all;
The glorious task shall first be mine
And ever may foul luck befall
Him that to pledge me shall decline

THE CHORUS.

Hail, Father Christmas! hail to thee!
Honour'd ever shalt thou be!
All the sweets that love bestows,
Endless pleasure waits on those,
Who like vassals brave and true,
Give to Christmas homage due.

WASSAIL AND WAITS; OR,
CHRISTMAS GAMBOLS

"The king doth wake to-night, and take his
rouse,
Keeps wassail, and the swaggering upspring
reels."
SHAKESPEARE.

WASSAIL, or was-beal, was the salutation of our ancestors on occasion of drinking to each other, signifying, "health be to you." It is a Saxon term, and is now only used at the time of Christmas. It anciently signified mirth and festivity; in this sense it is used in Hamlet and Macbeth. In modern days it is synonymous with Tom and Jerryism; and woe be to the steady citizen who late at night should meet (from the Rainbow or Offley's) the present wassailers, who might make him exclaim with the immortal Milton, "I'm loth to meet the rudeness and swell'd insolence of such late wassailers." In the reign of Henry VII. wassailing took place at the court on Twelfth Night. "When the steward cometh in at the doore with the wassel, he must crie three times, Wassel, wassel, wassel, and then the chaplain was to answer with a good song." In Holderness it is the custom to carry about with the wassel-cup an image of our Saviour, together with a quantity of roasted apples. In some parts of Yorkshire, the image and unroasted apples were used. The image seems to have been connected with wassailing originally, and to have become an appendage to the wassel-cup. Hence this ancient custom has been restricted to the convivial season of Christmas. The custom of roasting apples on Christmas eve still continues in some districts. The origin of the term wassel is traced to the story of Vortigern and Rowena, the daughter of Hengist. On their first interview, she kneeled before him, and presenting a cup of wine, said, "Hlaford Kyning, wass-

hail;" i. e. Lord King, health be to you. The king, being unacquainted with the Saxon language, asked the meaning of the terms, and being told that they wished his health, and that he should answer by saying *Drinc heil*: he did so, and commanded her to drink; then taking the cup, he kissed the damsel and pledged her. From this time the custom long remained in Britain, that whoever drank to another at a feast said, *wacht-heil*, and he that received the cup answered *drinc heil*. The wassel songs were sung during the festivities of Christmas, and in earlier times by the itinerant minstrels; of whom, with the practice, some remains may be traced in our present *waits* and *carols*. The wassel-cup was anciently placed on the tables of princes, as well as of abbots. In the eleventh volume of the "Archæologia," there is an engraving of one of these cups, which formerly belonged to Glastonbury abbey, and a dissertation upon it by Dr. Milner. The inside of the cup, which holds two quarts, is furnished with eight pegs, at equal distances, one below the other, in conformity with Edgar's law, to repress excess of drinking. This measurement allowed of half a pint to each person; no doubt this law was more honoured in the breach than the observance. The *waits* were attendant musicians on great personages, mayors, and bodies corporate, generally furnished with superb dresses, or splendid cloaks; they were in the service of the court in the reign of Edward IV. and had their regular allowances of coals, pitched candles, bread, ale, &c. &c.

P. T. W.

See Rees's Cyclopædia.

CHRISTMAS BOXES.

THE *Athenian Oracle* derives the origin of Christmas money from this:—The Romish priests had masses for almost every thing: if a ship went to the Indies, a priest had a box in her, under the protection of some Saint, and for masses, as their cant was, to be said to that Saint, &c. the poor people must put something into the priest's box, which was not opened till the ship's return. The mass at that time was called Christ-mass; the box called Christ-mass-box, or money gathered against that time, that masses might be made by the priests to the saints, to forgive the people their sins of that time; and from this, servants had the liberty to get box money, that they too might be enabled to pay the priest for his masses, well-knowing the truth of the proverb—"No panny, no Pater-noster." Mr. Fosbroke says the Roman *Paganalis*

were instituted by Servius Tullus, and celebrated in the beginning of the year. An altar was erected in every village where persons gave money. The apprentices' boxes were formerly made of pottery; and Aubrey mentions a pot in which Roman *denarii* were found, resembling in appearance an apprentices' earthen Christmas-box.

ST. STEPHEN'S DAY.

It was an ancient custom to gallop horses on St. Stephen's day, December 26, until they perspired, and then bled them to prevent their having any disorders during the ensuing year. This practice is supposed to have been introduced by the Danes. Blessings were also implored upon pastures.

ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

CONSECRATED wine was anciently sold by the priests on the 27th of December, the festival of St. John the Evangelist, to prevent the effects of poison, (because St. John had been forced to drink it) storms, &c.

INNOCENT'S DAY.

It was a popular superstition which in the remote parts of the island is not yet extinct, that no undertaking could prosper which was begun on that day of the week on which Childermas or Innocent's day last fell. The custom is thus alluded to in the old play, by some attributed to Shakspeare, of Sir John Oldcastle,

"Friday, quotha, a dismal day!
Childermas day this year was Friday."

Children were flogged by our ancestors not only for punishment but to fix things on their memory. Accordingly the children were whipped in their beds on the morning of Innocent's day by their parents, "in order that the memorie of Herod's murder of the Innocents might stick the closer." There were also processions of children on that day.

ODE ON CHRISTMAS.

(For the *Mirror*.)

In days of yore, ere the tyrannic hand
Of Saxon power, rul'd fair Albion's land;
Dark Paganism reigned, each art combin'd,
And sway'd the rude, untutor'd Briton's mind.
Alone, the Druid mark'd the sacred rite;
His word was law, and every action right;
Idolatry, a pow'rful host, prevail'd,
Mercy or sister Pity, nought avail'd.

See, 'bout yon altar's holy ground,
The bleeding victim lies;
While trembling, numbers firmly bound
Must fall a sacrifice

Of British youth, alas! the slow,
The young, robust, the gay,
A prey to fire! 'twas Pagan pow'r,
Alone that bore the sway.

Yet to rehearse the cruelties of old;
By Druids practis'd, by historians told,
Would terror strike, with horror fill the mind,
Unpleasing task, to other hands resign'd.
Ye favour'd Protestants of England's clime;
Are there no Druids living in your time?
No bigots thirsting for their fellow's blood!
Under a holy mask and seeming good?

Men whom religious zeal still feeds,
By superstition driv'n;
Who glory when the victim bleeds,
To please the God of heav'n.
Alas! that e'er the Christian age,
A blot like this should stain:
Lord! pardon their fanatic rage,
Their heinous acts restrain.

What, though the priest, tyrannic pow'r did wield,
The passive Briton blind obedience yield:
Though Pagan rites their willing hearts allur'd,
And Heathenism had their minds obscur'd:
By gratitude for favours they were sway'd,
And, * To the unknown God? due homage paid:
Around their temples, on the close of year,
To thank him for protection all drew near.

Too awful Ho! to hear their vows,
Too great to be ador'd;
And one for them must interpose,
Alas! they knew no Lord.
Unknown to them the ransom'd price,
That unloos'd the sinner's hands,
They offer'd their sacrifice,
To idols of their hands.

'Twas at the time their sacred altars blaze,
With sacrifices in Teutate's* praise,
The forest echo'd to the woodman's blow,
To yield the holly and the mistletoe;
Their sacred groves and temples to adorn:
(Those Druid emblems still by Briton's worn)
Then Christianity, bright gem appear'd
Salvation's cross, its heav'nly front appear'd
The Druid trembled—Paganism fear'd.

Like passing clouds o'er yon bright sun
Obscure his rays apace;
In glory burst! refugent shone!
With mercy, truth, and grace;
How sweet, divinely sweet it graces,
Of everlasting love;
A Saviour reigns, a Saviour brings
Forgiveness from above.

Unlike religion of that dreadful day,
When blood, and fire, and death did pave the way;
No sword was stained o'er with crimson dye.
No fire to urge the cause of the Most High!
Divine commission, all with mildness wrought,
The Christian's noblest aim, conversion brought,
The Briton heard, admir'd, he saw practis'd,
Believ'd the word of God, in faith baptis'd.

* Teutates and Hesus were the chief divinities of the ancient Britons, to whom the Druids offered human victims, it being an article in their creed, that nothing but the life of man could atone for the life of man. On solemn occasions they reared huge images, whose members wrought with ozers, they filled with living men and other animals, then setting fire to the images they burnt these miserable creatures as an offering to their cruel divinities. Thieves and robbers and other malefactors were preferred for this purpose, but if these were wanting, innocent persons were taken. Condemned criminals used to be reserved for five years, and on a certain day burnt altogether. Captives in war were also immolated in the same manner.

How blest the day ! how blest the hour,
Th' Almighty's work to crown ;
Our Lord and Saviour by his pow'r,
Idolatry threw down.
But O ! what madness in his plan,
How gracious are his ways,
He violence ne'er offer'd man,
But humble all his days.

When Jesus his disciples mission'd out,
To spread glad tidings all the world throughout,
Did he who was in love and mercy large,
Give to his ministers this direful charge ?
" Convey my sacred word through ev'ry land,
And with my Gospel take my dread command,"
They who believe th' Almighty pow'r shall save,
With hoary heads in peace shall find a grave.

" But unbelievers, who my word
Reject with proud disdain,
Exterminate with fire and sword,
And plunge mankind in pain,
Deluge from pole to pole with blood,
With horror fill the world,
Destruction like a foaming flood,
Around be vengeance hurl'd."

Was this the Saviour, and the monarch's word ;
This the command of heaven's first born Lord ?
Did he, be the type of innocence and love,
This satan-lik' infernal scheme approve ?
Amidst the agonising pains of death,
He show'd his mercy with his latest breath.
" 'Tis ignorance ! 'tis ignorance," he cried,
" Forgive ! forgive their sins," he said, and died.

To act, does mortal man presume ?
Or think to give the blow ;
How dare his Maker's part assume,
His thunder bolts to throw.
Behold thy work, infernal fiend !
Man's glory now is low ;
Know, he shall conquer in the end,
And triumph o'er his foe !

The convert Britons, numerous cattle bring,
Preparing God a solemn offering ;
To turn them back would discontent the crowd ;
The Christian fathers, thus proclaim'd aloud ;
" Our God is merciful, is just, is good,
Nor doth delight in sacrifice of blood :
Cease this vain work, lest ye his wrath provoke,
While pardon for your sins we will invoke.

Bid ev'ry one bring forth his beast,
Let each his offering slay ;
And unto God proclaim a feast,
On this auspicious day.
Sit round your temples ; slay and eat,
But first your voices raise :
With unfeign'd thanks, it is but meet,
Ye sing th' Almighty's praise.

And now a great, a joyful feast is made,
No longer sacrifice to idols paid ;
All shar'd alike, the rich, the poor, befriends,
And charity her fostering hand extends.
Though Christianity had widely spread,
And o'er the Briton genial influence shed ;
Still with desire for ancient rites they burn'd,
And at the annual close their feast return'd.

For Heathenism held a place,
Still left a stain behind ;
Nor could the Christian truths efface
Th' impression from the mind :
When men in future ages told
Our Saviour's natal day,
Their temples as in days of old,
With Druid pomp array.

My native country ! Britain's favour'd isle,
Whereon the eye of providence doth smile ;
Where heav'nly peace the olive branch extends,
And plenty with luxuriant gifts befriends
Thee, mistress of the world ! whose sons are
fir'd,
With virtuous love of liberty inspir'd ;

Whose powerful aid is sought by ev'ry land,
Whole nations fear thy frown—thy crushing
hand,
Where meek religion holds her placid reign,
And the fierce bigot doth assail in vain.
Yet in thy churches, temples of renown !
See Druid emblems, British altars crown,
There mistletoe, the sacred cross entwines,
In Pagan pomp array'd, with holly shines :
Away ! these relics of a heathen race,
Nor Christian temples e'er again deface,
Religions' banners pure would be unfur'd
And Britain hail'd the envy of the world !

CLAVIS.

CHRISTMAS RECREATIONS.

BLACKWOOD once devoted an entire number of his magazine to a single subject—the King's visit to Scotland—and designated it "The Royal Number."—We had almost resolved to follow the example, and make the present a "Christmas Mirror;" but we feared, that in the multiplicity of our readers a few might be found not even to relish old Father Christmas. We have, however, devoted a large space to the subject; and being anxious to pass from grave to gay, we shall insert a few varied and amusing recreations, for such of our readers as may wish to indulge in other amusements than those of whist, loo, speculation, &c. Our first extracts shall be from Dr. Hooper's Rational Recreations; and our readers from these specimens will see an explanation of many of the feats of legerdemain, at which they have, we dare say, been at some time or other much astonished.

I. THE CARD OF DIVINATION.

HAVE a pack, in which there is a longer card than the rest; open the pack at that part where the long card is, and present the pack to a person in such a manner that he will naturally draw that card. He is then to put it into any part of the pack, and shuffle the cards. You take the pack, and offer the same card in like manner to a second or third person; observing, however, that they do not stand near enough to observe the card each other draws. You then draw several cards yourself, among which is the long card; and ask each of the parties if his card be among those cards, and he will naturally say *yes*, as they have all drawn the same card. You then shuffle all the cards together, and, cutting them at the long card, you hold it before the first person so that the others may not see it, and tell him that is his card. You then put it again in the pack, and, shuffling them a second time, you cut again at the same card, and hold it in like manner to the second person, and so of the rest.

If the first person should not draw the long card, each of the parties must draw different cards; when, cutting the pack at the long card, you put those they have drawn over it, and, seeming to shuffle the cards indiscriminately, you cut them again at the long card, and shew one of them his card. You then shuffle and cut again in the same manner, and shew another person his card, and so on; remembering that the card drawn by the last person is the first next the long card; and so of the others.

This recreation may be performed without the long card in the following manner:—Let a person draw any card whatever, and replace it in the pack; you then make the pass, and bring that card to the top of the pack, and shuffle them without losing sight of that card. You then offer that card to a second person, that he may draw it, and put it in the middle of the pack. You make the pass, and shuffle the cards a second time in the same manner, and offer the card to a third person, and so again to a fourth or fifth.

2. THE FOUR CONFEDERATE CARDS.

You let a person draw any four cards from the pack, and tell him to think on one of them. When he returns you the four cards, you dexterously place two of them under the pack, and two on the top. Under those at the bottom you place four cards of any sort; and then, taking eight or ten from the bottom cards, you spread them on the table, and ask the person if the card he fixed on be among them. If he says *no*, you are sure it is one of the two cards on the top. You then pass those two cards to the bottom, and, drawing off the lowest of them, you ask if that is not his card. If he says *no*, you take that card up, and bid him draw his card from the bottom of the pack. If the person says his card is among those you first drew from the bottom, you must dexterously take up the four cards that you put under them, and placing those on the top, let the other two be the bottom cards of the pack, which you are to draw in the manner before described.

3. THE PENETRATIVE GUINEA.

PROVIDE a round tin box, of the size of a large snuff-box; and in this place eight other boxes, which will go easily into each other, and let the least of them be of a size to hold a guinea. Each of these boxes should shut with a hinge, and to the least of them there must be a small lock, that is fastened with a spring, but

cannot be opened without a key; and observe that all these boxes must shut so freely, that they may be all closed at once. Place these boxes in each other, with their tops open, in the drawer of the table on which you make your experiments; or, if you please, in your pocket, in such a manner that they cannot be displaced.

Then ask a person to lend you a new guinea, and desire him to mark it, that it may not be changed. You take this piece in one hand, and in the other you have another of the same appearance, and, putting your hand in the drawer, you slip the piece that is marked into the least box, and, shutting them all at once, you take them out. Then shewing the piece you have in your hand, and which the company supposes to be the same that was marked, you pretend to make it pass through the box, and dexterously convey it away. You then present the box (for the spectators do not yet know there are more than one) to any person in company, who, when he opens it, finds another, and another, till he comes to the last; but that he cannot open without the key, which you then give him; and, retiring to a distant part of the room, you tell him to take out the guinea himself, and see if it be that he marked.

This recreation may be made more surprising, by putting the key into the snuff-box of one of the company, which you may do by asking him for a pinch of his snuff, and at the same time conceal the key, which must be very small, among the snuff; and, when the person who is to open the box asks for the key, you tell him that one of the company has it in his snuff-box. This part of the recreation may likewise be performed by means of a confederate.

4. THE METAMORPHOSED CARDS.

PROVIDE thirty-two cards that are differently coloured, on which several different words are written, and different objects painted. These cards are to be dealt two and two, to four persons, and at three different times, shuffling them each time. After the first deal, every one's cards are to be of the same colour; after the second deal, they are all to have objects that are similar; and after the third, words that convey a sentiment.—Dispose of the cards in the following manner:—

Order of the Cards.	Colours.	Objects.	Words.
1	Yellow	Bird	I find
2	Yellow	Bird	In you
3	Green	Flower	Charming

Order of the Cards	Colours.	Objects.	Words.
4	Green	Flower	Flowers
5	White	Bird	To hear
6	White	Orange	Beauty
7	Red	Butterfly	My
8	Red	Flower	Notes
9	Red	Flower	In
10	Red	Butterfly	Shepherdess
11	Green	Butterfly	Lover
12	Green	Butterfly	Your
13	White	Flower	Of
14	White	Flower	An Inconstant
15	Yellow	Orange	Image
16	Yellow	Flower	Enchanting
17	White	Orange	Ardour
18	Yellow	Butterfly	My
19	Yellow	Butterfly	Phyllis
20	White	Bird	Birds
21	Red	Orange	Sing
22	Red	Orange	Dear
23	Green	Orange	And Sweetness
24	Green	Orange	The
25	Green	Bird	Of
26	Green	Bird	Present
27	Yellow	Flower	As
28	Red	Bird	Changes
29	Red	Bird	Bosom
30	Yellow	Orange	Me
31	White	Butterfly	Your
32	White	Butterfly	I long

The cards thus coloured, figured, and transcribed, are to be put in a case, in the order they here stand.

When you would perform this recreation, you take the cards out of the case, and show, without changing the order in which they were put, that the colours, objects, and words, are all placed promiscuously. You then shuffle them in the same manner as before, and deal them, two and two, to four persons, observing that they do not take up their cards till all are dealt, nor mix them together; and the eight cards dealt to each person will be all of one colour. You then take each persons cards, and put those of the second person under those of the first, and those of the fourth person under those of the third. After which you shuffle them a second time; and, having dealt them in the same manner, on the first person's cards will be painted all the birds; on the second person's cards, all the butterflies; on those of the third, the oranges; and on those of the fourth, the flowers. You take the cards a second time; and, observing the same precautions, shuffle and deal them as before; and then the first person, who had the last time the birds in his hand, will have the words that compose this sentence—*Sing dear birds, I long to hear your enchanting notes.*

The second person, who the last deal had the butterflies, will now have these words—*Of an inconstant lover your changes present me the image.*

The third, who had the oranges, will have this sentence—*As in my Phyllis, I find in you, beauty and sweetness.*

The fourth, who had the flowers, will have these words—*Charming flowers, adorn the bosom of my shepherdess.*

ENIGMAS, CHARADES, CONUNDRUMS.

ENIGMA I.

In every period of mankind, on me
Lovers have prest their lips with ecstasy;
Before me papists kneel, admire, adore,
And mercy from a pow'r's supreme implore;
Artists by me their bread of fame obtain,
The virtuosi wealth and influence gain;
Infants espouse me ere they language learn,
And eyes of children fondly to me turn:
I live in memories, yet in rooms am seen:
Endless varieties of me have been;
Speech I have none, yet virtues I convey,
And vices too, yet most in France some say:
Whate'er in poetry best represents
Descriptive nature, or the mind's intents,
The various arts and sciences and show,
But most to genius my perfection owe:—
I'm what a book should be, and yet I give
Life to the dead, and death to those that live.
Mine the sublime, the beautifully grand,
Is best beheld from most exalted land;
Earth, oceans, skies, beneath, around, above
Belong to me in every change they prove;
In fine then I have life—now reader tell
My name, and on my charming beauties dwell.

II.

In malice I constantly abound,
Yet never am in spite;
In every space I may be found,
Yet always out of sight.
If through all the globe you range,
You never me will find;
In Earth I'm seen—(it may seem strange)
By all that are not blind.
In vain your wit you rummage through,
There, me you'll never gain;
Tho' with your mind I've nought to do,
I'm always in your brain.
Now, let me tell you—in your search,
You'll find me soon with care;
Should patience leave you in the lurch
I'll join you in despair.

III.

NATURE in one wide commotion,
Troubled earth and air, and ocean,
Are the signs of my existence,
Of my power beyond resistance;
At my will are streams ascending,
Sea appearing, sky descending;
Mountains whelm'd beneath the billow,
Wane of mountain making pillow;
Rocks in sudden ruin hurld,
And chaos governing the world.
Fear me, fear me; but ne'er blame me;
Youth ingenious! only name me

CHARADES.

My first to support, even Erakine would try,
And my second would certainly make it;
My whole I am sure of whenever you are by,
And I heartily wish you to take it.

II.

A THING that's insipid—a comical fellow
 And dignity's mark in the East;
 Which may either be long, short, black, white or
 yellow,
 And is generally found in a beast.
 A creature portrays that appears in the spring,
 That you have often seen, but never heard sing.

III.

My first is a fish,
 My second a fish,
 My whole a fish.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why is a dandy like a haunch of venison?
2. Why are pens, ink, and paper, like fixed stars?
3. What word is that which by taking away the first letter makes you sick?
4. What is always invisible yet never out of sight?
5. Why is an empty room like a room full of married people?
6. Where did Noah strike the first nail of the Ark?
7. What is smaller than a mite's mouth?
8. Why is a lover like a gooseberry?
9. Why is swearing like an old coat?
10. When a man falls out of window, what does he fall against?
11. Where was Moses when his candle was blown out?

do ladies talk least in February?*

* Answers in our next.

LUCUBRATIONS IN AN APOTHECARY'S SHOP.

IN IMITATION OF GRAY'S ELEGY.

(For the Mirror.)

THE twilight curtains round the busy day,
 The sliding shutters close the tradesman's shop,
 The street lamp now emits its useful ray,
 And homeward speeds the bustling Doctor Slop.
 Now more assails the fever's burning rage,
 And all the symptoms greater strength acquire;
 Save their remission haply may presage
 Alleviation, while the pores perspire.
 Save that, from such a "well cramm'd magazine,"
 Of nauseous draught, or jalap that is sent,
 The counteracting pow'r shall intervene,
 And second Nature's salutary bent.
 Within these polish'd jars, these bottles scroll'd,
 Where meets the eye full many a mystic word:
 Each in good time its virtues to unfold,
 Galenic compounds of the shop are stored.
 The hasty call of cholick-writhing man;
 The woman struggling in hysteric fit;
 The gout fierce—racking every joint it can,
 Soon, soon shall move them from their shelfy seat.
 For these again the 'prentice shall commix,
 Or half-bred shopman *secund. art.* combine;
 No *data* given how this or that may fix
 On nerve, or brain, or marrow of the spine.
 Oft to their potency diseases yield,
 Their failure oft is harbinger of death;
 How weakly proof the doctor's sev'n-fold shield!
 How weak the patient almost out of breath!
 Let not derision mock their useful toil,
 The mighty vigils frequent they endure:
 Nor snug in bed, let other men revile
 Their star-light visits, while they lie and snore.

The glare of pharmacy, the M. D. name,
 And all that learning, all that study gives.
 Inhale alike the balmy breath of fame,
 On this alone the bold empiric lives.

Nor you, ye sick, impute to these the fault,
 If drugs intestinal commotion raise,
 When perching off o'er Cloacina's vault,
 Loud burst of crepitation your state betrays.

Can opening draught, or analectic pill
 Act to the occasion, and without a noise?
 Can any one dispute the doctor's skill,
 Or controvert the means which he employs?

Perhaps, in some loose village shop is train'd
 Some youth all pregnant with the healing art;
 Swoll'n with th' incipient knowledge he has
 gain'd,
 And all impatient when to play his part.

But dulness thro' his brain her misty steams,
 Wrapt in a muddy chaos has diffus'd;
 Curs'd ignorance dissolves his airy dreams,
 And pulls the fabric down that so amus'd.

Full many a dunce of highest air and strut,
 Divine Hygeia in her pasture feeds;
 Full many a fool is prevalent to put
 A faith in physic which he never needs.

Some numps' Sangrado, whom with utmost care
 The teacher's knowledge never cou'd inform;
 Some embryo Brodum may initiate there
 Some Ching the enemy of every worm.

Th' applause of credulous boobies to command
 The coins of gold and silver to receive,
 To scatter poison o'er the British land,
 And make the vulgar what they will believe.

Their lot may be, nor circumscrib'd alone
 Their growing riches to the flaunting gig;
 In splendid chariot soon they may be known,
 And save their heads forsooth to wear a wig.

The struggling pangs of conscience to restrain,
 To shoot the well-mark'd folly as it flies,
 And still to advertize again, again
 May be the "ne plus ultra" they devise.

Close on the Opifer's quick posting heels,
 The fatal Sisters often seem to tread;
 Amid the mortar-ringing sonorous peals,
 The Tyro counts the many patients dead.

Yet e'en these boys in practice to advance
 Some showy letter'd board fix'd on high,
 With threefold epithet their claim t' enhance,
 Attracts the notice of the passer by.

Their name, their occupation thus inscrib'd,
 The place of long experience do supply;
 And many a technic phrase they have imb'd,
 Console survivors when their kindred die.

For who so callous to consanguine calls,
 Their dearest friends without a pang resent;
 See them enclos'd within their wooden walls,
 Nor shed one briny tear, nor aught repine.

On some fam'd recipe the sick rely,
 Some aid medicinal they're wont to crave;
 E'en to the last, still circulates their cry,
 O, give me physic, physic I must have!

For thee, who mindful of thy own estate,
 Dost in these lines thy cogitations trace,
 If chance, in self-sufficiency elate,
 Some wounded spirit threaten thy disgrace.

Haply some animated friend may say,
 "O! have I seen him in this playful mood
 Dashing from out his pen the ink away,
 To blot the unworthy name, and glore the good.

* There in his parlour have I seen him sit,
 Where clam'rous brats in confluence swarm
 around;
 Gaily abstracted in poetic fit,
 Nor voice has reach'd him of tumultuous sound.

Clos'd in a room, from all access secur'd,
Pacing its floor I have seen him walk about;
Now culling from his pate th' ideas stor'd,
At ev'ry turn intent to call them out.*

One day I mis'd him when I gave a call,
Nor in the parlour, nor at home was he:
saw his wife, nor did she know at all
Or how engag'd, or where her spouse might be.

The next, with book in hand, in elbow-chair,
Twing'd with incipient gout, I saw him sit;
A table spread with manuscript stood near,
Observe what follows, which he said he writ:

EULOGY.

MAIL to the science, fraught with heav'n born
lore,

Which combats ugly shapes of dire disease:
Fair science emanating more and more,
And still expanding strength to health and
ease.

Large is the blessing that her sons diffuse;
A recompense to some is largely given,
The deeds of some ingratitude pursue,
Or stinted fee from forth the flat is driv'n.

No higher praise to any art applies,
Than praise to this so eminently due:
What Cicero advanc'd I deem most wise,
I mean to place it now before your view.

* Nulla in re homines propius ad Deos accedunt
quam salutem hominibus dando.*

In nothing to the Gods so near approach we
mortals,
As when by giving physic, we blockade Death's
portals.

D. S.

INTRODUCTION AND MEDICAL PROPERTIES OF COFFEE.

THE earliest account we possess relative to the history of coffee, says Mr. Ellis, in his "Observations on its Culture and Use, as an Article of Diet and of Commerce," is taken from an Arabian manuscript in the library of the French king. According to this authority, the use of coffee was first introduced into Persia and Turkey in the fifteenth century of the Christian era, but had been drank in Ethiopia from time immemorial. In 1652, this exotic beverage reached London, by means of a Greek servant, named Pasqua, the first who sold coffee in Britain, and kept a house for that purpose in George-yard, Lombard-street.

Other accounts state that Nathaniel Conopius, a native of Crete, was the first who introduced it for his own use. He was educated in the Greek church, and became primore to St. Cyril, patriarch of Constantinople, upon the strangling of whom by the vizir, the grand signior of the Turks being not then returned from the siege of Babylon, he came to England and addressed himself, with credentials, from the English agent in Constantinople, to the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, Laud, who allowed him maintenance in Baliol College, Oxon, where he took the degree of bachelor in divinity in 1642, and on his return home

became bishop of Smyrna. While he continued in Baliol College, he made the drink, for his own use, called coffee, and usually drank it every morning, being the first, as the ancients of the house assert, that ever was drank in Oxon.

Antony Wood says, that in 1656, a Jew, named Cirques Jobson, born near Mount Libanus, opened a coffee-house in Oxford, between Edmund Hall and Queen's College corner; and after remaining there for some time, he removed to London, and sold it at Southampton-buildings, Holborn, and was living there in 1671.

Good Turkey coffee, says Forsyth in his Dieteticon, is by far the most salutary of all liquors drunk at meal-time. It possesses nervine and astringent qualities, and may be drunk with advantage at all times, except when there is bile on the stomach. It is said to be a good antidote against an over-dose of opium, and to relieve obstinate spasmodic asthmas. For the latter purpose, the coffee ought to be of the best Mocha, newly burnt and made very strong, immediately after grinding it.

Sir John Pringle commonly ordered one ounce for a dose; which is to be repeated fresh, after the interval of a quarter or half an hour; and which he directed to be taken without milk or sugar.

If coffee be drank warm within an-hour after dinner, it is of singular use to those who have head-ache from weakness in the stomach, contracted by sedentary habits, close attention, or accidental drunkenness. It is of service when the digestion is weak; and persons afflicted with the sick head-ache are much benefited by its use, in some instances, though this effect is by no means uniform.

Dr. Moseley observes, that "the extraordinary influence which coffee, judiciously prepared, imparts to the stomach, from its tonic and invigorating qualities, is strongly exemplified by the immediate effect produced on taking it when the stomach is overloaded with food, or nauseated with surfeit, or debilitated by intemperance. To constitutionally weak stomachs, it affords a pleasing sensation; it accelerates the process of digestion, corrects crudities, and removes colic and flatulencies. Besides its effect in keeping up the harmony of the gastric powers, it diffuses a genial warmth that cherishes the animal spirits, and takes away the listlessness and languor which so greatly embitter the hours of nervous people, after any deviation to excess, fatigue, or irritability."

F. R.—Y.

BENEVOLENCE.

"The other day," said Dick to Joe,
Near Bedlam's confines groping,
"Whene'er I hear the cries of woe,
My hand is always open."
"I own," said Dick, "that to the poor
You prove it every minute;
Your hand is open to be sure,
But then *there's nothing in it.*"

† †

DESCRIPTION OF THE PALM TREE.

THE palm tree is extremely large, tall, and majestic, and its beauty and utility exceed description. In the kingdom of Quara it supplies the inhabitants with food, drink, and clothes. At a certain season of the year they tap the trunk, and receive the wine in vessels, of which they draw great quantities, the quality of which is very delicious. The leaves are large and soft, of a silky nature, and, when dried and rent in pieces, have the appearance of English flax, which the inhabitants manufacture for clothing and other purposes. This remarkable tree likewise produces a plant or substance which has both the appearance and taste of a cabbage, which grows between the branches. It likewise produces a nut resembling a cocoa, which contains a kernel, in which is a large quantity of milk, very pleasant to the taste; the shell is of a hard substance, and of a very beautiful appearance, and is used for basins, bowls, and similar vessels. As the natives of that country worship the sun, moon, and stars, their places of worship are under the shade of the palm tree, and consequently are divided into small congregations. They assemble early in the morning; they continue upon their knees, with their hands held up in profound silence, until the sun is at a certain height; then a priest gives a signal, and they rise and retire home.

Reminiscences.

No. VIII.

"What's honesty?" the lawyer cried,
"What good does it return you?"
"What's that to you," the priest replied,
"I'm sure it don't concern you."

As sober as a judge is a proverb in England. In the sister kingdom, however, gravity does not appear to be the order of the day, and Lord —— is certainly a "right merry and conceited" personage. A young barrister having a motion paper upon the subject of a county bridge, on which, though a matter of course, he made a very lengthened harangue. His lordship interrupting him said, "As this motion is about a *bridge*, I must

move an *abridgement*." "Ah, my lord," exclaimed the barrister, taking the hint, and his seat at the same time, "that is a very *arch way* of getting rid of it."

There are two gentlemen at the Irish bar named Hope and Joy; it happened that both these gentlemen were retained in one cause, which being called on out of turn, and when Mr. Joy was not present, Mr. Hope got up, and with his usual suavity of manner, requested that as Mr. Joy was detained in the other court, his lordship would allow the cause to stand over till the next day. The judge, with great good humour, immediately replied, "as

'Hope told a flattering tale,
That Joy would soon return'—

he would let the cause stand over."

Mr. Bearcroft and Mr. Espinasse were once opposed to each other in a cause, and the latter who was for the plaintiff, in a witty address to the jury, to heighten the savour of his discourse, took the liberty to curtail Mr. Bearcroft's name, and to call him *Bear*. Bearcroft began his reply in these words:—"Gentlemen of the jury, my learned opponent has for his own amusement and the gratification of the court, curtailed my name; he cannot, therefore, be offended if I take a corresponding liberty with his: instead, therefore of calling him Espinasse, I shall gentlemen, call him *Ass*."

The present Sir William Garrow, when at the bar, was endeavouring, by the examination of an old woman, to prove the tender of a debt before the action was brought, which would have been fatal to the plaintiff. The old lady, however, was too wary, and nothing satisfactory could be elicited from her. The present Master Jekyl (then also at the bar,) observed this wordy war, and taking a slip of paper, wrote upon it, and handed it to Garrow, who immediately sat down laughing immoderately at the lines on the paper, which were these:—

"Garrow forbear, that tough old jade
Will never prove a *tender made*—(maid).

On a trial in the King's Bench, Erskine, in one of those animated addresses which made him, perhaps, the most effective pleader of modern times, frequently appealed to "his conscience." Garrow was for the defendant, and combated the plaintiff's proofs inch by inch. "My lord," said Erskine, at length, fretfully, "I declare solemnly, I have brought nothing into court that is not at once

customary and necessary for me to bring within these walls." "My lord," laughingly, rejoined G, "what then did my learned friend mean by the *subpenas* to his conscience?"

+ †

The Selector ;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

AT the time when Mesmer made so much noise in Paris with his magnetism, M. Campan, my husband, was his partisan, like almost every person who moved in high life. To be magnetized was then a fashion; nay, it was more, it was absolutely a rage. In the drawing-rooms nothing was talked of but the brilliant discovery. There was to be no more dying; people's heads were turned, and their imaginations heated in the highest degree. To accomplish this object, it was necessary to bewilder the understanding; and Mesmer, with his singular language, produced that effect. To put a stop to the fit of public insanity was the grand difficulty; and it was proposed to have the secret purchased by the court. Mesmer fixed his claims at a very extravagant rate. However, he was offered fifty thousand crowns. By a singular chance, I was one day led into the midst of the somnambulists. Such was the enthusiasm of the numerous spectators, that in most of them I could observe a wild rolling of the eye, and a convulsed movement of the countenance. A stranger might have fancied himself amidst the unfortunate patients of Charenton. Surprized and shocked at seeing so many people almost in a state of delirium, I withdrew, full of reflections on the scene which I had just witnessed. It happened that about this time my husband was attacked with a pulmonary disorder, and he desired that he might be conveyed to Mesmer's house. Being introduced into the apartment occupied by M. Campan, I asked the worker of miracles what treatment he proposed to adopt; he very coolly replied, that to ensure a speedy and perfect cure, it would be necessary to lay, in the bed of the invalid, at his left side, one of three things, namely, a young woman of brown complexion; a black hen; or an empty bottle. Sir, (said I,) if the choice be a matter of indifference, pray try the empty bottle.

M. Campan's side grew worse; he experienced a difficulty of breathing, and

a pain in his chest. All the magnetic remedies that were employed produced no effect. Perceiving his failure, Mesmer took advantage of the periods of my absence to bleed and blister the patient. I was not informed of what had been done until after M. Campan's recovery. Mesmer was asked for a certificate, to prove that the patient had been cured by means of magnetism only, and he gave it. Here was a trait of enthusiasm! Truth was no longer respected. When I next presented myself to the queen, their majesties asked what I thought of Mesmer's discovery. I informed them of what had taken place, earnestly expressing my indignation at the conduct of the barefaced quack. It was immediately determined to have nothing more to do with him.

Private Journal of Madame Campan.

PRIESTLY ARTIFICE.

THE Abbé B*** one day told Madame Campan that, during his residence in Italy, he frequently saw in the public streets, monks of various orders, mounted on chairs or planks of wood, preaching, or holding conferences. When these conferences took place in the churches, a Christ, as large as a child, whose head was made to move by means of a spring, was supported by one of the chorister boys, concealed within the pulpit. During these conferences, the priests addressed the Christ, and inquired whether he would permit or forgive such or such things; and by help of the spring, which was moved by the boy, the Christ bowed in token of assent, or shook his head by way of disapproval, just as the priest thought proper to determine.

When M. B*** told us this, I said, Never repeat such a story again. I cannot conceive that the clergy would tolerate things of a nature calculated to turn into ridicule the most holy of all religions. These facts, replied the Abbé, are well known to travellers. At Naples they make St. Januarius weep. I only relate what I saw. *Ibid.*

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

ENGLISH, IRISH, AND SCOTCH MANNERS.

THE Englishman goes straight forward to his purpose; the Scotsman takes occasional deflections, when he calculates that they will either shorten the road or facilitate the ascent; and the Irishman flies sometimes to the one side, sometimes to the other, tumbles down in his violence,

and often ends where he began. In his mental powers the Englishman is persevering but slow; the Scotsman is more intense and varied, but he sticks not so pertinaciously to a single subject; and the Irishman has the rush of the wind, and also its lightness. An Englishman in power is haughty and distant—he relies on his own schemes, and counts not on the favour or the assistance of other men: a Scotsman in power is apt to be more intriguing, and, for the vanity of serving his connections, will allow himself to do things which an Englishman would call mean: an Irishman in power is apt to lose his interest in the gratification of his vanity, and become the dupe of those who minister to his passions.

The poor Englishman takes his toil as lightly as he can, and counts the hours till he shall enjoy the Sunday's idleness and the Sunday's dinner. When young, he boasts of the dexterity of his fists and the strength of his muscles; takes his wages with a growl, and thanks you not though you overpay him; and when he is old, he boasts that England is his country, and marches away to the workhouse with a feeling of independence. He appears to have no wish either to arrive at a more elevated station himself, or to put his family in a way of doing so. The poor Scotsman chaffers about the amount of his wages, hoards it with the greatest parsimony, and consoles himself, that in consequence of the way in which he has spent his savings, one, at least, of his sons will be a Gentleman. When he is young, he prides himself on the fashion of his coat and the beauty of his sweetheart; and when old, he continues to labour rather than be burdensome to any body. The poor Irishman drudges hard for little; and seeks his pleasure in warm protestations of friendship—demonstrated, perhaps, by the cudgel. When young, his glory is his brawl and his amour; when old, the grave is his shelter.

Enter an English court of justice, it seems a cold formality; and a man is sentenced to be hanged with the same *sans froid* as if he were only to pay a fine. In Scotland, the same scene is solemn and impressive. In Ireland, it appears a perfect battle-field. The English public speaker proceeds by forms and facts; the Scottish, by argument from first principles; and the Irish, by an appeal to the passions. The first are clear; the second subtle; and the third vehement. A man is banished from Scotland for a great crime; from England for a small one; and from Ireland, morally speaking, for no crime at all. Hence, in New South Wales, an Irish convict may

be a good man; an English passable; but a Scottish is invariably a villain.

European Review.

STANZAS TO AN ITALIAN AIR.

Thou art fresher than the dawning
Of a spring-day, when young morning
Is her radiant face adorning,
By the mirror of the deep;
But as mellow as the twilight
Shed at eve through gothic skylight,
Is the lustre of thine eye-light,
Ere it languishes to sleep.

Yet it is not only, dearest,
That thy lover's heart thou cheerest,
When before him thou appearest
In thy beauty's bright array;
Such a summer-sun is glowing
In the bliss of thy bestowing;
That in vain is all thy going,
Thou canst warm him though away.

While the goblet's wave is dancing,
And the eye of beauty glancing,
Every drop and smile enhancing,
Comes the memory of thee.
And in truth, the rosy wine, love,
And the looks that on it shine, love,
If the pledge be not to *thine*, love,
Have but little charm for me.

Though, alas! my passion's chain, dear
Bring me many an hour of pain, dear,
Yet, believe me, ne'er again, dear,
Would I willingly be free;
For the moon that sets in motion,
Kindles too the tide of ocean,
And if thine my heart's commotion,
Yet its light is all from thee.

European Magazine.

Miscellanies.

ACCOUNT OF A CARNATION, VIEWED THROUGH A MICROSCOPE.

FROM an elegant bouquet, I selected a carnation, the fragrance of which led me to enjoy it frequently and near. The sense of smelling was not the only one affected on these occasions; while that was satiated with the powerful sweet, the ear was constantly attracted by an extremely soft but agreeable murmuring sound. It was easy to know that some animal within the covert must be the musician, and that the noise must come from some little creature suited to produce it. I instantly distended the lower part of the flower, and placing it in full light, could discover troops of little insects frisking with wild jollity among the narrow pedestals that supported its leaves, and the little threads that occupied its centre.

What a fragrant world for their habitation! what a perfect security from all annoyance in the dusky husk that surrounded the scene of action. Adapting a microscope to take in at one view the whole base of the flower, I gave myself an opportunity of contemplating what they were about, and this for many days together without giving them the least

disturbance. Thus I could discover their economy, their passions, and their enjoyments. The microscope on this occasion had given what nature seemed to have denied to the objects of contemplation.

The base of the flower extended itself under its influence, to a vast plain; the slender stems of the leaves became trunks of so many stately cedars; the threads in the middle seemed columns of a massy structure, supporting at the top their several ornaments; and the narrow spaces between were enlarged into walks, parterres, and terraces. On the polished bottom of these, brighter than Parian marble, walked in pairs, alone or in larger companies, the winged inhabitants: these, from little dusky flies, for such only the naked eye would have shown them, were there raised to glorious glittering animals, stained with living purple, and with a glossy gold, that would have made all the labours of the loom contemptible in the comparison. I could at leisure, as they walked together, admire their elegant limbs, their velvet shoulders, and their silken wings; their backs vieing with the empyrean in its blue; and their eyes each formed of a thousand other colours, out-glittering the little planes, and brilliant above description, and almost too great for admiration. I could observe them here singling out their favourite females—courting them with the music of their buzzing wings, with little songs formed for their little organs, leading them from walk to walk among the perfumed shades—and pointing out to their taste the drop of liquid nectar just bursting from some vein within the living trunk. Here were the perfumed groves, the more than myrtle shades of the poet's fancy, realized. Here the happy lovers spent their days in joyful dalliance, or, in the triumph of their little hearts, skipped after one another from stem to stem among the painted trees, or winged their short flight to the close shadow of some broader leaf, to revel undisturbed in the heights of all felicity.

FAWCET.

AGES OF THE PRESENT ROYAL FAMILY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

THE following are the ages of the present royal family of Great Britain, for the current year 1824:—1. the King, 62.—2. Duke of York, 61.—3. Duke of Clarence, 59.—4. Queen of Wurtemberg, 58.—5. Princess Augusta Sophia, 56.—6. Princess Elizabeth, 54.—7. Duke of Cumberland, 53.—8. Duke of Sussex, 51.—9. Duke of Cambridge, 50.—10. Princess Mary 48.—11. Princess Sophia, 47.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wolton.*

LEFT-HANDED PLEA.

A PRISONER in the bar at the Mayor's Court, Philadelphia, being called on to plead to an indictment for larceny, was told by the clerk to hold up his *right* hand. The man immediately held up his left hand. "Hold up your *right* hand," said the clerk. "Please your honour," said the culprit, still keeping his left hand up—"Please your honour, I am left-handed."

SINGULAR LETTER.

THE following letter was actually written to a merchant at Norwich:—

"SIR,—This is to acquaint you or your heirs that I heard you was dead; but I packed up some wool before you was so, tho' I could not send it before I knew whether you was or no, and what circumstances you died in. I beg a speedy answer, and remain, &c." ††

EPITAPH ON JOHN

DEATH came to John
And whisper'd in his ear,
You must die, John,
D'ye hear?
Quoth John to Death,
The news is bad.
No matter, quoth Death,
I've said!

* It was his usual custom in company when he told any thing, to ask "d'ye hear?" and if any said he did not hear him, John would reply, "no matter, I've said" ††

TO CLOE.

To tell the truth, my pretty maid,
I would not often see thee;
For soon, alas! I should be dead,
Thine eyes would quickly kill me.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND THE PUBLIC.

Two numbers of the MIRROR will be published next Saturday. The first will contain a Portrait on steel, with a Memoir of a distinguished individual, with the Index, Title, Preface, &c. to Vol. IV.

The other Number (121) will be the first of a new volume, containing two engravings, and numerous interesting articles, calculated, we hope, to ensure us the support of all our old friends, and to bring us (as usual on the commencement of a volume of the MIRROR) a large accession of new ones.

We are very reluctantly still compelled to defer our Answers to Correspondents until next week.

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OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER.

[PRICE 2d.

Biographical Memoir

OF THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE GEORGE CANNING, M. P.

Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, &c. &c. &c.

A WRITER, whose deep insight into the human character was never surpassed, has divided the means of acquiring eminence or distinction into three branches. Some men, he says, are born great; others achieve greatness, and some have it thrust upon them. If we were to point out to what class the subject of our memoir belongs, we should unhesitatingly say the second, since the distinguished offices he has held, and which he now holds, were neither hereditary nor thrust upon him, but solely achieved by his talents. It is true that Mr. Canning was of a respectable family, and that he enjoyed the benefit of an education at Eton College and Oxford University; but still, neither the fortune nor connexions of his family were such as to give him hope of success in public life, except by the mere dint of his own genius.

It is the proud boast and privilege of an Englishman that, while in most countries, honours and rewards are almost exclusively confined to those who have the adventitious circumstance of birth to recommend them; here the cottage and the castle furnish candidates for the first offices which the sovereign of a free people has to bestow. The mother in her wretched hovel, while nursing her infant son, may view him with an honest pride, and indulge in no idle dream of his future greatness, conscious that if he possesses energy and talents, the road to fame and fortune is open to him, and he may aspire to that station in life which shall make him not only the confidential servant of the state, but the companion of peers, and even princes.

The great number and excellence of our public schools are a first step towards success, and the system of equality, which, in general, is maintained at them, to the exclusion of titular distinction, is another great advantage, and aids the formation of those friendships which are often valuable and lasting. It is fre-

quently from the companions of his early studies that the ingenious youth selects his future friends. It is at our public schools and universities that the young nobleman discovers the favoured client of a future day in his present companion: the embryo clergyman or lawyer frequently finds a patron in a school-fellow; and it is well known, that from the intimacies of a college life, an habitual intercourse has frequently originated which has led to the attainment of the first honours, of the bar, the pulpit, and the senate.

That Mr. Canning, in some degree, profited by these circumstances is more than probable, though his talents are of too commanding an order to have lain long neglected, even without the aid of private friendship, to bring them forth. If, however, Mr. Canning was neither indebted to his ancestors' title or fortune, he is the heir to hereditary talent. His father, George Canning, Esq., was descended from a respectable family in Ireland. Having displeased his parents by an early marriage with a young lady without fortune, but beautiful and accomplished; he left his native country for London, where he lived on an allowance by his father of not more than £150 a year. Mr. Canning thus circumstanced entered himself in the society of the middle temple, but died a short time after he had been called to the bar, and before he had any opportunity of distinguishing himself, which there was no doubt he would have done, as he was a gentleman of considerable literary attainments. "He was," says one of his biographers, the author of "several excellent tracts in favour of public liberty;" but he is better known as a poet than a politician. It was the father of the present distinguished senator and statesman that wrote the verses supposed, by a poetical licence, to have been written by Lord William Russel to Lord William Cavendish, on the night preced-

ing his execution. This epistle, which is dated from Newgate, on the night of Friday, July 20, 1683, thus commences:—

“ Loer to the world, to-morrow doom'd to die,
Still for my country's weal my heart beats high.
Though rattling chains ring peals of horror round,
While night's black shades augment the savage sound,

Midst bolts and bars the active soul is free,
And flies, unfetter'd, Cavendish, to thee!

“ Thou dear companion of my better days,
When hand in hand we trod the paths of praise;
When leagu'd with patriots we maintain'd the cause

Of true religion, liberty, and laws,
Disdaining down the golden stream to glide,
But bravely stemm'd corruption's rapid tide;
Think not I come to bid thy tears to flow,
Or melt thy gen'rous soul with tales of woe.
No; view me firm, unshaken, undismay'd,
As when the welcome mandate I obey'd.
Heavens! with what pride that moment I re-
call!

Who would not wish, so honour'd, thus to fall?
When England's genius hov'ring o'er inspir'd
Her chosen sons, with love of freedom fir'd,
Spite of an abject, servile, pension'd train,
Minions of power, and worshippers of gain,
To save from bigotry its destin'd prey,
And shield three nations from tyrannic sway.”

The parting address to Lady Rachel Russell is quite characteristic of that conjugal affection which is known to have been so dearly cherished by this ill-fated but highly accomplished pair.

O! my lov'd Rachel! all-accomplish'd fair!
Source of my joy, and soother of my care!
Whose heavenly virtues and un fading charms,
Have bless'd, through happy years, my peaceful arms!

Parting with thee, into my cup was thrown
His hardest drops, else had not fore'd a groan!
But all is o'er—these eyes have gaz'd thy last—
And now the bitterness of death is past.”

Mr. Canning also wrote several other fugitive pieces of considerable merit, and died on the 11th of April, 1771, soon after the birth of his son, the subject of the present memoir. Mr. Canning was interred in Mary-le-Bonne new burying ground, and on his tomb is the following inscription by his widow:—

“ Thy virtue and my woe no words can tell!
Therefore a little while, my George, farewell!
For faith and love like ours, Heaven has in store
Its last, best gift—to meet and part no more.

The care of young Canning's education devolved on an uncle, a respectable merchant in London, by whom he was sent to Eton. Here his progress was so rapid as to obtain him a distinguished rank among his contemporaries; and at the age of fifteen, we find him one of the senior scholars. This period, which may justly be considered as the Augustan age of Eton, was distinguished by one very remarkable circumstance, that of publish-

ing a literary periodical work, supported almost exclusively by the talents of the scholars: this was the *Microcosm*; the first number of which appeared on the 6th of November, 1786; and it continued to be published in weekly numbers until the 30th of July, 1787. The second number was written by Mr. Canning, then only fifteen years of age; he wrote twelve papers in all, principally of a humorous or satirical cast, as will be seen by the extracts which we subjoin. The work was altogether highly creditable to young men of fifteen or sixteen years of age, both as to the talents with which it was conducted, and to the degree of application required amidst the seductions of juvenile amusements on one hand, and the laborious duties enforced in a public school on the other.

From Eton Mr. Canning proceeded to Oxford, and was entered of Christ Church College, whither his fame for talents had preceded him; during his residence in this eminent college he was distinguished for his attention to his studies, and for the classic elegance and vigour of his Latin productions. Mr. Canning was not of a disposition to indulge in academic repose, would his income have permitted it; his talents had already pointed him out as a senator, and on repairing to London he entered one of the inns of court, and was a member of an institution in Bond Street, formed for the purpose of acquiring a facility of public speaking by discussion: nor did he neglect to mingle with the world while thus cultivating the graces of oratory; he renewed his acquaintance with the young men with whom he had studied at Eton and Oxford, and became acquainted with Sheridan and Fox at the table of his uncle, who was one of the most strenuous friends of Mr. Wilkes.

In 1793, Mr. Canning entered on a new field worthy of his talents and exertions; it was in this year that he entered parliament, Sir Richard Worsley having vacated his seat for Newport, in the Isle of Wight, for the purpose of making room for him. No sooner had he taken his seat in the House of Commons than it was expected he should take part in the debates. Mr. Sheridan had made known his precocious talents, or rather stated them to the House, for they were no secret either within or without its walls, and no opportunity was neglected in order to draw him forth; it was not, however, until the 31st of January, 1794, that Mr. Canning made his maiden speech. The subject of discussion was the treaty between his Britannic Majesty and the king of Sardinia. In this speech

he boldly vindicated the war in which this country was then engaged, and concluded with declaring, that considering the treaty as an essential part of an extensive system for bringing the war to a fortunate conclusion, it should have his support :—

From this period Mr. Canning took a part in almost every debate of any importance, and the administration of that day was much indebted to him for his support. On the third reading of the bill for vesting new powers in the government on the 17th of May, 1794, Mr. Canning entered the list against Mr. (now Earl) Grey who found him a powerful opponent.

Mr. Canning had by this time been appointed one of the joint secretaries of state under Lord Grenville; and on the dissolution of parliament, he was returned for Wendover. He continued to support the administration of Pitt, and distinguished himself by his hostility to the slave trade. On the discussion of that subject, on the 1st of March, 1797, Mr. Canning combated the horrid traffic with all the zeal and talents of his powerful mind. After dissecting with great acuteness the arguments of the members who were in favour of the slave trade, and shewing their fallacy, he thus described the base traffic.

“What is the case with the slave trade? Was it in its outset only that it had any thing of violence, of injustice, or of oppression? Were the wounds which Africa felt in the first conflict healed, or were they fresh and green as at the moment when the first slave ship began its ravages upon the coast? Were the oppressors and the oppressed so reconciled to each other that no trace of enmity remained? Or was it in reason, or in common sense, to claim a prescriptive right, not to the fruits of an ancient and forgotten crime, committed long ago, and traceable only in its consequences, but to a series of new violences to a chain of fresh enormities, to cruelties not continued but repeated, and of which every individual instance, inflicted a fresh calamity, and constituted a fresh, a separate and substantive crime.”

Mr. Canning was now considered an able debater, and there was, perhaps, no member of the house, Mr. Pitt excepted, who so often came in collision with the powerful opposition of that period. On the resignation of Mr. Pitt, and the dissolution of his administration, Mr. Canning retired from office; but, although he disapproved of the treaty of Amiens, he neither spoke nor voted on its discussion. At a future period, however, he assailed Addington's administration with

great force, and by a succession of spirited attacks, he threw such odium on it as mainly contributed to its overthrow. It was in such bold terms as these that he arraigned the minister and his adherents :—

“Away with the cant of measures, not men! the idle supposition that it is the harness, and not the horses, that draw the chariot along. No, sir; if the comparison must be made, if the distinction must be taken, *men* are every thing; measures, comparatively nothing. I speak of times of difficulty and danger, when systems are shaken, when precedents and general rules of conduct fail. Then it is that not to that or this measure, however prudently devised, however blameless in execution, but to the energy and character of individuals, a state must be indebted for its salvation. Then it is that kingdoms rise or fall, in proportion as they are upheld, not by well-meant endeavours, laudable though they may be, but by commanding, over-awing talents; by able men

“I do think that this is the time when the administration of the government ought to be in the ablest and fittest hands. I do not think that the hands in which it is now placed, answer to that description. I do not pretend to conceal in *what quarter I think that fitness most eminently resides.*”

An honourable baronet having remarked, that “those only wished to displace the ministers who look for power, or emoluments, or honours, from their removal,” Mr. Canning, in a happy vein of irony, retorted the imputation on the baronet; but gravely admonished him in the words of Virgil—

« *Litus ama; altum alli teneant.*”

“Keep thou close to the shore; let others venture on the deep.”

On the resignation of Mr. Addington, Mr. Pitt re-assumed the reins of government, and Mr. Canning succeeded Mr. Tierney as Treasurer of the Navy, and was at the same time honoured with a seat at the Council Board. Mr. Pitt found him a powerful ally; and during his absence from power, was much indebted to the friendship of Mr. Canning for writing a song for the anniversary of the ex-premier's birth-day on the 29th of May, 1802, “The Pilot that weathers the storm,” which became exceedingly popular. A statesman of Mr. Canning's talents could not long be confined to the drudgery of an under secretaryship, and he was appointed principal secretary of state for foreign affairs.

It was while in this situation, and when

the late Marquis of Londonderry (then Lord Castlereagh) held the office of secretary of state in the colony and war department, that a disagreement took place between them, which terminated in a duel. The challenge was given by his Lordship, and accepted by Mr. Canning; and at six o'clock, on the morning of the 21st of September, 1809, the parties met near the telegraph, Putney heath. Lord Castlereagh was attended by the present Marquis of Hertford, and Mr. Canning by Mr. Ellis. After taking their ground, they fired by signal, and missed; but no explanation taking place, they fired a second time, when Mr. Canning received his adversary's ball in his thigh: he did not fall from the wound, nor was it known by the seconds that he was wounded, and both parties stood ready to give or receive further satisfaction, when Mr. Ellis perceiving blood on Mr. Canning's leg, the seconds interfered. Mr. Canning was conveyed to his house, Gloucester Lodge, at Brompton, where he was for some time confined; but as the bone of the thigh was not fractured, he recovered sufficiently to attend the levee on the 11th of October, and resign his seals of office, as did Lord Castlereagh also; and it is said his late Majesty expressed his strong disapprobation of ministers settling cabinet disputes by the pistol. Much difference of opinion prevailed on this dispute, and the friends of each party put forth a statement of the circumstances, without ever clearing up the subject; and it is difficult to believe that both were not in some degree to blame.

Mr. Canning was afterwards appointed ambassador to Lisbon; and he has since been president of the India Board, a situation in which he displayed so intimate an acquaintance with the affairs of Hindostan, and the nature of our power there, as led to his appointment to the governor generalship of India. This was on the 16th of March, 1822, and he was just on the point of quitting England to assume his important trust, when a vacancy occurred in the British cabinet by the death of the Marquis of Londonderry. Public opinion at once fixed on Mr. Canning as his successor; but whether he hesitated in taking the appointment, or some negotiations were entered into for a more extended change in the administration, or the measures of government, seems doubtful; however, on the 17th of September, 1822, he took the oaths and received the seals of office as secretary of state for foreign affairs, which office he now fills with so much honour to himself and advantage to his country.

Ours is a literary work, and we depre-

cate politics; but if peace at home and abroad, an increasing revenue and a reduction of taxes, commercial prosperity and increasing manufactures are signs of good government, (and we know no better test,) then must the administration, of which Mr. Canning is so distinguished a member, be considered fully entitled to that public confidence which it possesses, and to all the popularity it enjoys.

As a statesman, Mr. Canning displays views at once liberal and profound. As an orator, his speeches have long been distinguished for their purity of language and bursts of extemporaneous energy; while his vast command of metaphor, which he never uses inappropriately or without effect, frequently mingles all parties in one common admiration. Lord Byron, whose opposite politics prevent all suspicion of an undue bias in favour of Mr. Canning, has in more than one of his works paid the highest compliment to him. "Canning," said he, "is a genius, almost an universal one, an orator, a wit, a poet, and a statesman;" and in one of his Lordship's latest poems, speaking of the British administration, he thus notices the subject of this memoir:—

"Yet something may remain, perchance, to chime
With reason, and, what's stranger still, with rhyme;
Even this thy genius, CANNING! may permit,
Who, bred a statesman, still was born a wit,
And never, even in that dull house, couldst tame
To unlearned prose thine own poetic flame;
Our last, our best, our only Orator,
E'en I can praise thee."

"As an author," says a recent writer, "Mr. Canning will not probably reap his full measure of fame in his life-time; for, with the exception of his juvenile efforts in "The Microcosm," and his political satires in the "Anti-jacobin," he has furnished few opportunities of identifying him. The satires of Mr. Canning are now only considered as brilliant effusions of wit and humour, but when they first appeared, they possessed considerable political importance; and while they rendered a few grave politicians extremely ridiculous, they combatted with great force a more formidable enemy—French jacobinism."^{*}

Mr. Canning married a daughter of the late General Scott, by whom he has had several daughters and a son, a promising youth, who died about four years ago, and to whose memory he inscribed a beautiful epitaph. In all the relations of domestic life Mr. Canning is allowed to be one of the most amiable of men: in

* Poetical Works of the Right Hon. George Canning, comprising the whole of his Satires, Odes, Songs, &c.

person he is tall and well made, his step quick and firm, his voice harmonious, his utterance quick but distinct, his emphasis strong without effort; and, as a contemporary writer well observes, "he has a set of features, every one of which performs its part in telling what is passing in his mind;" his habits of sobriety give him vigour, and in all probability will give him long life. The portrait we present of this distinguished individual is an admirable likeness, and will convey a better idea of him than the most laboured description.

We have already alluded to the literary attainments, as well as splendid eloquence, of Mr. Canning; and it is much to be regretted, that of the former he has given the world so few specimens in mature life, since even while a school-boy he gave the highest promise, both as a poet and an essayist. It may, however, be sufficient for his literary fame to state, that the work to which his juvenile efforts were contributed, is deemed worthy of being incorporated with the British Essayists, and placed on the same shelf with the productions of Addison, Swift, Steele, and Johnson.

Leaving, then, the political character of Mr. Canning to be duly estimated by those who have been attentive to the proceedings of the British Government, during the period that he has been a prominent member of the administration, we proceed to give a few extracts from his writings. It is not necessary to state, by way of apology, that the articles from which the following are extracts, were written when Mr. Canning was only about sixteen years of age, since they would do honour to maturity. Our first extract we shall entitle—

THE ANALOGY BETWEEN THE ART OF WEAVING AND POETRY.

"THERE are in Turkey a body of men, against whom universal contempt is indiscriminately, as well as undeservedly directed; and these are the worshipful company of grocers. Insomuch, that should any member of a noble family have disgraced himself and his connexions, by living a life of tranquillity, or, what is worse, dying in his bed—that is, a natural death, his name is never pronounced by his relations but with disapprobation and disgust; and his memory is consigned to infamy, for having, as they say, lived and died like a rascal, or grocer.

"The person who has now the honour to address you, is a member of a community, who, by the courtesy of England, are like the rascals of Turkey, collectively

involved in the most indiscriminate ridicule, the most comprehensive contempt; I say collectively, sir, because, individually, we are allowed to have no existence; the wicked waggery of the world, judging nine weavers and nine tailors requisite to the formation of a man. Yes, sir, to so high a pitch have they carried the disrespect in which these professions are held, that in the eyes of 'the many' (as the poet calls them), to address a man by the appellation either of a weaver or tailor, implies not only, as formerly, a reflection on his horsemanship, but on his personal courage, and even his personal existence.

"I, sir, am a weaver; I feel for the injured dignity of my profession; and since, thanks to my own genius, and two years and a half of education at an academy on Tower-hill, I have a very decent acquaintance with the classics; that is, I know them all by name, and can tell Greek when I see it, any day in the week; and since, as far as Shakspeare's plays and the Monthly Magazines go, I have a very pretty share of English book-learning; from these considerations, Mr. Griffin, I think myself qualified to contend, not for the utility and respectability only, but for the honour of the art of weaving. Tailoring, as it is secondary to weaving, will of course partake of the fruits of my labours: as in asserting the dignity of the one, I maintain the credit of the other.

"To this end, Mr. Griffin, I shall not appeal to the candour of my readers, but shall provoke their judgment; I shall not solicit their indulgence, but by the force of demonstration will claim their assent to my opinion.

"Poetry, sir, is universally allowed to be the first and noblest of the arts and sciences; insomuch, that it is the opinion of critics, that an epic poem is the greatest work the human mind is capable of bringing to perfection. If then I can prove, that the art of weaving is in any degree analogous to the art of poetry; if this analogy has been allowed by the whole tribe of critics! so far, that in speaking of the latter they have used the terms of the former, and have passed judgment on the works of the poet in the language of the manufacturer; nay, if Poetry herself had condescended to imitate the expressions, and to adopt the technical terms into her own vocabulary; then may I surely hope, that the sanction of criticism may challenge the respect and the flattery of poetry (for imitation is the highest degree of flattery) may claim the admiration of mankind.

"First then with regard to criticism;

to select a few examples from a multitude of others, are we not entertained in the works of Longinus and the Gentleman's Magazine, with delectable dissertations on the weaving of plots and the interweaving of episodes? Are we not continually informed, that the author unravels the web of his intrigue, or breaks the thread of his narration? Besides these, a friend of mine, a great etymologist, has assured me, that Bombast and Bombasin originally sprung from the same root; and fustian, every body knows, is a term applied indifferently to passages in poetry, or materials for a pair of breeches. So similar is considered the skill employed in the texture of the epic poem and a piece of broad cloth: so parallel the qualifications requisite to throw the shuttle and guide the pen.

"I was not a little pleased the other day to find, in the critique of one of the most eminent writers of the present day, the works of a favourite poet styled a Tissue. An idea then occurred to me, suggested perhaps by my partiality for my profession, which I am not without some faint hope of one day seeing accomplished.

"By a little labour and ingenuity, it might surely be discovered, that the works of different authors bear a considerable affinity (like this of the Tissue) to the different productions of the loom. Thus, to enumerate a few instances, without any regard to chronological order, might not the flowery smoothness of Pope be aptly enough compared to flowered satin?—Might not the compositions of all the poets laureate, ancient and modern, very properly be termed Princes Stuff! And who would dispute the title of Homer, to Everlasting! For Shakspeare, indeed, I am at a loss for a comparison, unless I should liken him to those shot silks, which vary the brightness of their hues into a multitude of different lights and shades. And would orthography allow of the pun, I might say, that there are few poets but would be proud to be thought worthy of the green baize.

"For proof of the use which poetry makes of the weaver's dictionary, *vide* ten thousand Odes on Spring; where you may catch the fragrance of the damask rose; listen to the resting of the silken foliage; or lie extended with a listless languor, pillowing your head upon the velvet mead; to say nothing of Nature's loom, which is set to work regularly on the first of May, to weave variegated carpets for the lawns and landscapes. Now, Mr. Griffin, these similitudes, though very pretty and very *a propos*, I own I am not perfectly satisfied with. The

Genoese certainly excel us in the articles of velvets; and the French silks are by many people far preferred for elegance to any of English manufacture. I appeal then to you, Mr. Griffin, if these allusions would not be much more delightful to British ears, if they tended to promote such manufactures as are more peculiarly our own. The Georgics of Virgil, let me tell you, sir, have been suspected by some people, to have been written with a political, as well as poetical view; for the purpose of converting the victorious spirits of the Roman soldiery from the love of war, and the severity or military hardships to the milder occupations of peace, and the more profitable employments of agriculture. Surely, equally successful would be the endeavours of our poets, if they would boldly extirpate from their writings every species of foreign manufacture, and adopt, in their stead, materials from the prolific looms of their countrymen. Surely, we have a variety which would suit all subjects and all descriptions;—nor do I despair, if this letter has the desired effect, but I shall presently see landscapes beautifully diversified with (all due deference being paid to alliteration) plains of plush, pastures of poplin, downs of dimity, vallies of velveret, and meadows of Manchester. How gloriously novel would this be; how patriotically poetical an innovation; which nothing but bigotted prejudice could object to, nothing but disaffection to the interests of the country could disapprove."

We believe it cannot be denied, that since the accession of Mr. Canning to the British Cabinet, a more friendly disposition towards the Greeks has been manifested by the British Government, than during the time of his predecessor,—and that, too, without infringing on those principles of neutrality, which our relations with Turkey, as well as the law of nations, renders it an imperative duty to respect.

Mr. Canning's partiality to Greece, and wishes for Grecian liberty, are not of recent adoption: they were manifested while at Eton, in the following beautiful poem on

THE SLAVERY OF GREECE

UNRIVALL'd Greece! thou ever honour'd name,
Thou nurse of heroes dear to deathless fame!
Though now to worth, to honour all unknown,
Thy lustre faded, and thy glories flown,
Yet still shall memory with reverted eye
Trace thy past worth, and view thee with a sigh.
Thy freedom cherish'd once with fostering hand,
And breath'd undaunted valour through the land.
Here the stern spirit of the Spartan soill,
The child of poverty, inur'd to toll,
Here lov'd by Pallas and the sacred nine,
Once did fair Athens' towing glories shine.

To bend the bow, or the bright falchion wield,
To lift the bulwark of the brazen shield,
To toss the terror of the whizzing spear,
The conqu'ring standard's glitt'ring glories rear,
And join the mad'ning battle's loud career.
How skill'd the Greeks; confess what Persians slain

Were strew'd on Marathon's ensanguin'd plain;
When heaps on heaps the routed squadrons fell,
And with their gaudy myriads peopled hell.
What millions bold Leonidas withstood,
And sealed the Grecian freedom with his blood;
Witness Thermopylæ! how fierce he trod,
How spoke a Hero, and how mov'd a God!
The rush of nations could alone sustain,
While half the ravaged globe was arm'd in vain.
Let Leuctra say, let Mantinea tell,
How great Epaminondas fought and fell!

Nor war's vast art alone adorn'd thy fame,
"But mild philosophy endear'd thy name,"
Who knows not, sees not with admiring eye,
How Plato thought, how Socrates could die?

To bend the arch, to bid the column rise,
And the tall pile aspiring pierce the skies,
The awful scene magnificently great,
With pictur'd pomp to grace, and sculptur'd state,

This science taught; on Greece each science shone,

Here the bold statue started from the stone;
Here warm with life the swelling canvass glow'd;
Here big with thought the poet's raptures flow'd;
Here Homer's lip was touch'd with sacred fire,
And wanton Sappho tun'd her amorous lyre;
Here bold Tyrtæus rous'd the enervate throng,
Awak'd to glory by th' inspiring song;
Here, Pindar soar'd a nobler, loftier way,
And brave Alcæus scor'd a tyrant's sway;
Here gorgeous tragedy with great control
Touch'd every feeling of th' impassion'd soul;
While in soft measure tripping to the song
Her comic sister lightly danc'd along.—

This was thy state! but, oh! how chang'd thy fame,

And all thy glories fading into shame.
What! that thy bold, thy freedom-breathing land

Should crouch beneath a tyrant's stern command!

That servitude should bind in galling chain,
Whom Asia's millions once oppos'd in vain;
Who could have thought? who sees without a groan,

Thy cities mouldering, and thy walls o'erthrown.
That where once tower'd the stately solemn fane,
Now moss-grown ruins strew the ravag'd plain,
And unobserv'd but by the traveller's eye,
Proud, vaulted domes in fretted fragments lie,
And the fall'n column on the dusty ground,
Pale ivy throws its sluggish arms around.

Thy sons (sad change!) in abject bondage sigh;
Unpiled toil, and unlamented die.
Groan at the labours of the galling oar,
Or the dark caverns of the mine explore.
The glitt'ring tyranny of Othman's sons,
The pomp of horror which surrounds their thrones,

Has awed their servile spirits into fear,
Spurn'd by the foot they tremble and revere.
The day of labour, night's sad, sleepless hour,
Th' indictive scourge of arbitrary power,
The bloody terror of the pointed steel,
The murderous stake, the agonizing wheel,
And (dreadful choice) the bowstring, or the bow!
Damps their faint vigour, and unmans the soul.
Disastrous fate! still tears will fill the eye,
Still recollection prompts the mournful sigh;
When to the mind recurs thy former fame,
And all the horrors of thy present shame.

So some tall rock, whose bare, broad bosom high,

Tow'rs from the earth, and braves th' inclement sky;

On whose vast top the black'ning deluge pours,
At whose wide base the thund'ring ocean roars;
In conscious pride its huge gigantic form
Surveys imperious and defies the storm.

Till worn by age, and mould'ring to decay,
Th' insidious waters wash its base away,
It falls, and falling cleaves the trembling ground,
And spreads a tempest of destruction round.

The next is part of a very playful article, which part we shall designate a

LICENSED WAREHOUSE FOR WIT.

"I PROPOSE, if I meet with proper encouragement, making application to Parliament for permission to open '*A Licensed Warehouse for Wit*,' and for a patent, entitling me to the sole vending and uttering wares of this kind, for a certain term of years. For this purpose, I have already laid in *Jokes, Jests, Witticisms, Morceaux*, and *Bon-Mots* of every kind, to a very considerable amount, well worthy the attention of the public. I have *Epigrams* that want nothing but the sting; *Conundrums*, that need nothing but an explanation; *Rebusses* and *Acrostics*, that will be complete with the addition of the name only. These being in great request may be had at an hour's warning. *Impromptus* will be got ready at a week's notice. For common and vernacular use, I have a long list of the most palpable *Puns* in the language, digested in alphabetical order; for these, I expect good sale at both the universities. *Jokes* of all kinds, ready cut and dry.

"N. B. Proper allowance made to gentlemen of the law going on circuit; and to all second-hand venders of wit and retailers of repartee, who take large quantities.

"N. B. *Attic Salt* in any quantities.

"N. B. Most money for old *Jokes*."

But, perhaps, the cleverest of Mr. Canning's *Essays* is No. 2 of the *Microcosm*. It is directed against the vice of swearing, and has for its motto,

Juraro—et fallere Numen.
To swear and forswear.

Nothing can be happier than the irony with which he attacks this contemptible practice. We have only room for a short extract.

"I remember to have heard of a person of great talents for inquiry, who, to inform himself whether the land or the water bore the greater proportion in the globe, contrived to cut out, with extreme nicety, from a map, the different portions of each, and by weighing them together, decided it, in favour of which it is not now material:—Could this experiment be made with regard to the proportion which oaths bear to the rest of our modern conversation, I own I am not without my suspicions, that the former scale would in some cases preponderate; nay, certain I am, that these harmless expletives constitute considerably the *weightiest* part in the discourse of those, who, either by their

own ignorant vanity, or the contemptuous mock-admiration of others, have been dignified with the title of **BUCKS**. And this indeed, as well in that smaller circle which falls more immediately under my observation, as in the more enlarged society of **men**; among whom, to a **BUCK** who has the honour to serve his majesty, a habit of swearing is an appendage as absolutely essential as a cockade or a commission: and many a one there is among this order, who will sit down with equal ardour and self-complacency, to devise the cut of a coat, or the form of an execration.

"Nay, even the *female* sex have, to their no small credit, caught the *happy contagion*; and there is scarce a mercer's wife in the kingdom, but has her innocent unmeaning imprecations, her little oaths '*softened into nonsense*,' and with squeaking treble, mincing blasphemy into *oddbodikins, stitterkins*, and such-like, will '*swear you like a sucking dove, ay, an it were any nightingale*.'

"That it is one of the accomplishments of *boys*, it is more than sufficiently obvious, when there is scarce one, though he be but five years old, that does not lisp out the oaths he has heard drop from the mouths of his elders: while the happy parent congratulates himself on the early improvement of his offspring, and smiles, to discover the promising seeds of manly wit in the sprightly sallies of puerile execration. On which topic I remember to have heard an honest Hibernian divine, whose zeal for morality would sometimes hurry him a little beyond the limits of good grammar, or good sense, in the height of declamation, declare, that '*the little children, that could neither speak, nor walk, run about the streets blaspheming*.'

"Thus then, through all ranks and stages of life, is swearing the very hinge of conversation! It is the conclusive supplement to argument, the apology for wit, the universal medium through which every thought is conveyed; and as to the violent passions, it is, (to use the words of the poet) '*the very midwife of the mind*;' and is equally serviceable in bringing forth the sensations of anger or kindness, hope or fear; the ecstasies of extravagant delight, or the agonies of comfortless despair. What mortal among us is there, that, when any misfortune comes on him unexpectedly, does not find himself wonderfully lightened of the load of his sorrow, by pouring out the abundance of his vexation in showers of curses on the author of his calamity? What gamester, who has reduced himself from opulence to beggary, by the intemperate in-

dulgence of a mad infatuation, does not, after sitting down and venting his execrations for half an hour against his ill fortune and his folly, get up again greatly relieved by so happy an expedient?"

After ridiculing this too prevalent practice he recommends that some adept should teach it for the benefit of others, and after un-Englishing his name, get an advertisement drawn up, professing that

"Having added to the early advantages of a Billingsgate education, the deepest researches, and most indefatigable industry, &c. &c. he now stands forth as an apt and accomplished teacher of the never-to-be-sufficiently extolled, the all-expressive, all-comprehensive, &c. &c. *Art of Swearing*. Ladies and gentlemen instructed in the most fashionable and elegant oaths: the most peculiarly adapted to their several ages; manners, and professions, &c. &c."

ANSWERS

To the *Enigmas, Charades, and Conundrums, in our last*.

1. A picture.
2. The letter A is always found
In air and earth and sea,
Though it ne'er ventures on the ground,
Nor rests in you and me.
3. An earthquake.

CHARADES.

1. Pleasure.
2. Water-wag-tail.
3. Codling.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Because he is a bit of a buck.
2. They are stationary.
3. Music.
4. The letter I.
5. Because there is not a single person in it.
6. On the head.
7. That which enters it.
8. Because he is easily made a fool of.
9. Because it is a bad habit.
10. His will.
11. In the dark.
12. Because it is the shortest month.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Guylm Sate's Cambridge Worthies, J. M. Clary, P. T. W., ††, Clavis, T. A. N. C., The Secret Bandit, a Danish translation, and Dunstan, in our next.

The favours of *Amicus, F. S. W., W. S. P., Hypochondriacus, Augustus, P. C., W. W. C., J. S.*, are intended for early insertion, *Diabolus, Carnarvon, and the Ghost of Johnson*, are inadmissible.

An *Amateur Artist* is informed that original views will be very acceptable; and any prints or drawings transmitted to the Editor will be carefully returned if requested. If a description of the subject, or a reference where it is to be found, is sent with it, the favour will be increased.

A *Publisher* is informed, that we have not seen the work from which he wishes us to make extracts.

Several letters from correspondents remain under consideration.

Errata.—P. 459, col. 1, line 25 from the bottom, for "julep," read "julep;" line 3 from bottom, for "mighty" read "nightly;" col. 2, line 9, for "analectic," read "analeptic."

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